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WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

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OF

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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Who are those men that pass us? men well-girt (To Mathe and Wolff.) (308) 672
Who smites the wounded on his bed, (206) 654
Why have the Graces chosen me (228) 659
Why, O true poet of the country! why (To an aged Poet (316) 674
Why, why repine, my pensive friend, (134) 644
Will mortals never know each other's station (141) 645
With frigid art our numbers flow (For an Urn in Thorest Park. (100) 636
With rosy hand a little girl prest down (152) 646
Work on marble shall not be, (235) 660

Y.

Ye little household gods, that make (213) 655
Ye walls! sole witnesses of happy sighs, (49) 624
Yes, in this chancel once we sat alone (108) 637
Yes; I write verses now and then, (187) 651
Yes, we shall meet (I knew we should) again, (48) 624
Yesterday, at the sessions held in Buckingham, (263; 663
You hate amid the pomp of prayer (138) 644
You little pert and twittering pet, (96) 635
You love me; but if I confess (166) 648
You may or you may not believe (244) 661
"You must give back," her mother said, (129) 642
You see the worst of love, but not the best, (38) 623
You smiled, you spoke, and I believed, (68) 626
You tell me I must come again (42) 623
Youth but by help of Memory can be sage: (231) 659
Youth is the virgin nurse of tender Hope, (80) 627

IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS.

Avoid a mistake in attributing to the writer any opinions in this book but what are spoken under his own name. The introduction of characters now or recently existing has been censured; but among the relics of antiquity the censurer probably has been gratified at finding an allusion to the contemporaries of the authors: let him be consistent and acquiescent, and believe that the dialogues now before him may be also among the relics of antiquity. A few public men of small ability are introduced, to show better the proportions of the great; as a painter would situate a beggar under a triumphal arch, or a camel against a pyramid.

RICHARD I. AND THE ABBOT OF BOXLEY.

THE abbot of Boxley was on his road to Haguenau in search of Richard, and the appearance of the church-tower in the horizon had begun to accelerate his pace, when he perceived a tall pilgrim at a distance, waving his staff toward some soldiers who would have advanced before him: they drew back.

"He may know something of the Lion-heart," said the abbot, spurred his horse onward, and in an instant threw himself at the pilgrim's feet, who raised and embraced him affectionately.

Abbot. O my king! my king! the champion of our faith at the mercy of a prince unworthy to hold his stirrup! the conqueror of Palestine led forth on foot! a captive! a captive of those he commanded and protected! Could Saladin see it . . .

Richard. The only prince in the universe who would draw his sword for me against the ruffian of Austria. He alone is worthy to rescue me who hath proved himself worthy to fight me. I might have foreseen this insult. What sentiment of magnanimity, of honour, of humanity, ever warmed an Austrian bosom?

Tell me, declare to me, abbot, speak it out at once . . . is this the worst of my misfortunes? Groans burst from me; they cleave my heart; my own English, I hear, have forsaken me: my brother John is preferred to me . . . I am lost indeed. What nation hath ever witnessed such a succession of brave kings, two hundred years together, as have reigned uninterruptedly in England? Example formed them, danger nurtured them, difficulty instructed them, peace and war in an equal degree were the supporters of their throne. If John succeed to me, which he never can by virtue, never shall by force, and I pray to God never may by fortune, what will remain to our country but the bitter recollection of her extinguished glory? I would not be regretted at so high a price: I would be better than the gone, presumptuous as is the hope, but may the coming be better than I! Abbot, I have given away thrones, but never shall they be torn from me: rather than this, a king of England shall bend before an emperor of Germany*, but only to rise up again in all his majesty and strength.

Abbot. God grant it! Abandoning a king like

* Opinions have changed on most things, and greatly on titles and dignities. A consul is appointed to reside in a seaport: a Roman senator was often, in political weight and in landed property, beneath the level of an English gentleman; yet not only a Roman senator, but a Roman citizen, held himself superior to kings. It might well be permitted our Richard to assume a rank above any potentate of his age. If almanacks and German court-calendars are to decide on dignities, the emperors of Morocco and Austria shall precede the kings of England: learned men have thought otherwise. On this subject hear Leonardo Aretino.

"Quid enim mea refert quemadmodum barbari loquantur, quos neque corrigere possum si velim, neque magnopere velim si possim? De rege tamen et imperatore idem sentio quod tu, et jampridem ridens barbariem istam, hoc ipsum notavi atque redargui. Tres enim gradus majorum dignitatum apud Romanos, de quorum principe loquimur, fuere: rex, dictator, imperator. Ex his suprema omnium potestas rex est; post regem verò secundum tenuit dignitatis locum dictatura; post dictaturam imperium *tertio gradu* consequitur. Hujusce rei probatio est, quod Octaviano imperatori optime se gerenti Senatus Populusque Romanus dignitatem augere, pro imperatore dictatorem facere decrevit, quod ille non recepit, sed flexo genu recusavit, quasi majoris statûs majorisque invidiæ dignitatem existimans. Imperatoris nomen modicum ac populare, si ad Dictatoris fastigium

Richard, we abandon our fathers and children, our inheritance and name: far from us be for ever such ignominy! May the day when we become the second people upon earth, Almighty God! be the day of our utter extirpation!

Richard. I yet am king, yea, king am I more than ever, who even in this condition rule over hearts like thine.

Genii and angels move and repose on clouds; the same do monarchs, but on less compact ones, and scarcely firm enough for a dream to pillow on. Visions of reluctant homage from crowned heads, and of enthusiastic love from those who keep them so, have passed away from me, and leave no vacancy. One thought commemorative of my country, and characteristic of my countrymen, is worth them all.

Abbot. Here are barely, I reckon, more than three-score men; and, considering the character both of their prince and of their race, I cannot but believe that the scrip across my saddlebow contains a full receipt for the discharge of my sovran. Certain I am that little is left unto him of the prize he made in the caravan of Egypt.

Richard. The gold and silver were distributed among my soldiers; for the only prizes worthy of me were Saladin and Jerusalem. I have no hesitation in esteeming Saladin not only above all the potentates now living, which of a truth is little, but, from what hath been related to me, above all who have ever reigned; such is his wisdom, his courage, his courtesy, his fidelity; and I acknowledge that if I had remained to conquer him, I would have restored to him the whole of his dominions, excepting Palestine. And the crown of Palestine which of the crusaders should wear? which among them could have worne it one twelvemonth? I would do nothing in vain; no, not even for glory. The Christian princes judged of me from their own worthlessness: Saladin judged of me from himself: to them he sent pearls and precious stones, to me figs and dates; and I resolved from that moment to contend with him and to love him. Look now toward the Holy Alliance. Philip swore upon the Evangelists to abstain from aggression in my absence. Collecting an army on the borders of Normandy, he protests that his measures are pacific, invokes heaven against usurpers, and invades the province. He would persuade me, no doubt, that a squadron of horse on the low grounds is a preventive of agues, and a body of archers on the hills a specific for a fever. Ay, abbot, and his bishops lead him forth and light him on: his nobility follows him with alacrity and applause. In the whole extent of France there is neither sword nor crozier unsullied by perjury. Where upon earth was there ever a people so ready to swear and to forswear, to fight and to fly? Equally enthusiastic in opposite causes, and embracing them without breathing betwixt, their enthusiasm is always in proportion to their number. A Frenchman, like a herring, loses his course when he loses his company, and his very instinct (in truth he has little else) forsakes him. The bravest kings with him are those who cast down conscience the most readily, and those whose appetites are the most grovelling are the best. As in the black-puddings of our country-folk, if blood is wanting, it must be made out by fat*.

Abbot. Times ought to be very quiet, and nations very prosperous, when rulers are valued like bears and porpoises for their fur and grease. The perfidy of a rival may justly have excited the disdain, but ought never to have turned aside the arms, of Richard. The cause of truth and righteousness is thine, O king! and when hast thou deserted what thou hast once upholden?

Richard. Saladin was defeated and Jerusalem would have fallen; but God will forgive me if, leaving his bones and sepulchre to his own care and protection, I chastise a disloyal rather than a loyal enemy.

Abbot. I wish my liege could have taken him prisoner, that he might have saved such a soul by infusing into it the true faith under baptism.

Richard. Ay, that indeed were well. Tunny-fish under oil, men under baptism, those alone of both creatures are worth a November melon. So said the bishop of Hermopolis one day after dinner; and I wish he could have kept awake and sober, to edify us more at large thereupon.

A word in your ear, my abbot. Saladin lives in a country where prophet comes after prophet, and each treads out the last vestige from the sand. I am afraid it would not hold.

Abbot. Better as it is then.

Richard. There are many in foreign parts who

comparetur. Majorem vero esse regiam potestatem quam dictaturam ex eo potest intelligi, quia Julius Cæsar, Dictator cum esset, affectavit Regem fieri."

The dignity of a sovran does not depend on the title he possesses, which he may with equal arrogance and indiscretion assume, but on the valour, the power, the wealth, the civilisation, of those he governs. This view of the subject the Aretine has not taken.

Rank pretends to fix the value of everyone, and is the most arbitrary of all things. Roman knights, corresponding for the most-part in condition with our wealthier yeomanry and inferior esquires, would have disdained to be considered as no better or more respectable than the kings they hired. In our days, an adventurer to whom a petty prince or his valet has given a pennyworth of ribbon, looks proudly and disdainfully on anyone who has nothing else in his button-hole than the button.

Few authors are sounder than Plutarch; and no remark of his more judicious than the following on Juba; at which however there is not a deputy-commissary or under-secretary who would not laugh.

"His son, named also Juba, was carried in triumph while yet a child: and truly most happy was his imprisonment, by which, barbarian as he was, he came to be numbered among the most learned writers."

* The ancient fare of our kings differed from that of the commonality in plenteousness only. If Richard did not dress his own dinner, like Achilles, he knew at least the composition of the few plain dishes then in use. Indeed the *black-pudding* was of such moment that it shook the whole christian world. Michael Cellularius, patriarch of Constantinople, condemned the Bishop of Rome, Leo IX. for eating unleavened bread in the eucharist, and *black-pudding* at home.

cannot be brought to comprehend how a sprinkle of water should prepare a man's eternal happiness*, or the curtailment of a cuticle his eternal misery.

Abbot. Alas, my liege, society is froth above and dregs below, and we have hard work to keep the middle of it sweet and sound, to communicate right reason and to preserve right feelings. In voyages you may see too much and learn too little. The winds and waves throw about you their mutability and their turbulence. When we lose sight of home, we lose something else than that which schoolboys weep for.

Richard. By the keenness of your eye, compassionate as it is, I discover, my good abbot, that you have watched and traced me from the beginning of my wanderings. Let me now tell my story . . to confession another time. I sailed along the realms of my family: on the right was England, on the left was France: little else could I discover than sterile eminences and extensive shoals. They fled behind me: so pass away generations; so shift and sink and die away affections. In the wide ocean I was little of a monarch: old men guided me, boys instructed me; these taught me the names of my towns and harbours, those showed me the extent of my dominions: one cloud, that dissolved in one hour, covered them.

I debark in Sicily, place my hand upon the throne of Tancred, and fix it. Again we sail, and within a day or two behold, as the sun is setting, the solitary majesty of Crete, mother of a religion, it is said, that lived two thousand years. Onward, and many bright specks bubble up along the blue Egean; islands, every one of which, if the songs and stories of the pilots are true, is the monument of a greater man than I am. We leave them afar off . . . and for whom? For creatures of less import than the sea-mews on their cliffs; men praying to be heard and fearing to be understood, ambitious of another's power in the midst of penitence, avaricious of another's wealth under vows of poverty, and jealous of another's glory in the service of their God. Is this Christianity? and is Saladin to be damned if he despises it?

Before I joined my worthy brotherhood of the faith, I was tossed about among the isles and islets, which in some places are so thickly set, you may almost call them sea-stars.

A sailor's story is worth little without a tempest: I had enough of one to save my credit at the fireside and in the bower.

The despot or emperor of Cyprus* (I forget his title) threw into prison the crew of an English vessel wrecked on his coast; and, not contented with this inhumanity, forbade the princess of Navarre my spouse, and the queen of Sicily who attended her, to take refuge from the storm in any of his ports. I conquered his dominions, with the loss, on my part, of a dinner, two men, and a bridle. He was brought before me. My emperor had an aversion to iron in every form: therefore I adorned his imperial feet with a silver chain, and invited him to the festivities of my nuptials with Berengere, followed by her coronation as queen of Cyprus. We placed his daughter under the protection of Jane†, knowing her sweet temper and courtesy, and reminding her that a lady of rank rises one step higher by misfortune. She hath exchanged the cares of a crown for the gaiety of a court, and I hope that what she lost as princess she will gain as woman. I intend to place her suitably in marriage, and her dowry shall be what my treasury is at the time.

Abbot. We have only to consider now what lies before us. Could not my liege have treated with the Duke of Austria?

Richard. Yes, had he been more nearly my equal. I punished his neglect of discipline: it became in his power to satiate his revenge. Henry is mercenary in the same degree, but perhaps less perfidious, certainly less irritated and hostile. No potentate can forgive the superiority of England: none can forget that I treated him as a trooper and dependent, and that the features of my contempt were too broad for any mask in all the rich wardrobe of dissimulation. Henry alone is capable of ensuring my return. I remember the fate of Robert; and if I am not presently in London, I may be in Cardiff.

Those who have abandoned me must ransom me; I myself will dictate the conditions, and they shall be such as no emperor of Germany can refuse‡.

Ride on with me.

* If Richard had lived a few centuries later, he would surely have been less a freethinker than we hear he was. Fra Sebastiano di Giesu related to Pietro della Valle, that a Persian *male-witch* (stregone) taken in the fact of witchcraft, was asked whether he could eat the heart of a Portuguese captain, in the same manner as he had just eaten the heart of a cucumber; that is, merely by looking at it. He replied in the negative; for that the Franks had in the breast something like a coralet, of such hardness that no witchery could penetrate it; which, beyond doubt, says Pietro, can be nothing else than the virtue of baptism, the armour of faith, and the privilege of being sons of the Church. This honest traveller falls, in almost every letter, on some unlucky comparison between the idolatry of his native country and of those he visits. "It appears," says he, "that a great part of the worship paid to their idols, consists in nothing but music and singing, &c. to pass the time gaily and luxuriously." He speaks of the right reverend their fly-flappers as "making a wind and driving off the flies from the idols in the palanquin, *offering that obsequiousness which we use toward the Pope, with fans made from the tails of white peacocks.* And there were not wanting about the idols many of their *religious*, and many many torches, with the splendour whereof the night was lighted up." Who would not imagine this description to have rather been made by a Hindoo in Rome, than by a Roman in Hindostan?

* Isaac the usurper of Cyprus styled himself emperor.

† Queen of Sicily.

‡ *Emperor* is the title usually given to the heads of the Germanic league: but in fact there never was an *emperor of Germany*. Adrien Valois, in a letter to Albert Portner, writes thus: "Legi Conringii librum *de finibus Imperii Germanici*, cujus libri titulum jure quis arguat; nullum enim imperium Germanicum fuit unquam, nullum est hodieque; nec imperator etiamsi in Germaniâ sedem habeat, Germanorum imperator est, sed, ut ipse se more majorum appellat, rex Germaniæ et Romanorum

LORD BROOKE AND SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

*Brooke.** I come again unto the woods and unto the wilds of Penshurst, whither my heart and the friend of my heart have long invited me.

Sidney. Welcome, welcome! How delightful it is to see a friend after a length of absence! How delightful to chide him for that length of absence, to which we owe such delight.

Brooke. I know not whether our names will be immortal; I am sure our friendship will. For names sound only upon the surface of the earth, while friendships are the purer, and the more ardent, the nearer they come to the presence of God, the sun not only of righteousness but of love. Ours never has been chipt or dimmed even here, and never shall be.

Sidney. Let me take up your metaphor. Friendship is a vase which, when it is flawed by heat or violence or accident, may as well be broken at once; it can never be trusted after. The more graceful and ornamental it was, the more clearly do we discern the hopelessness of restoring it to its former state. Coarse stones, if they are fractured, may be cemented again; precious ones, never. And now, Greville, seat yourself under this oak; since, if you had hungered or thirsted from your journey, you would have renewed the alacrity of your old servants in the hall.

Brooke. In truth I did; for no otherwise the good household would have it. The birds met me first, affrightened by the tossing up of caps; and by these harbingers I knew who were coming. When my palfrey eyed them askance for their clamorousness, and shrank somewhat back, they quarrelled with him almost before they saluted me, and asked him many pert questions. What a pleasant spot, Sidney, have you chosen here for meditation! a solitude is the audience-chamber of God. Few days in our year are like this: there is a fresh pleasure in every fresh posture of the limbs, in every turn the eye takes.

> Youth! credulous of happiness, throw down
> Upon this turf thy wallet, stored and swoln
> With morrow-morns, bird-eggs, and bladders burst,
> That tires thee with its wagging to and fro:
> Thou too wouldst breathe more freely for it, Age!
> Who lackest heart to laugh at life's deceit.

It sometimes requires a stout push, and sometimes a sudden resistance, in the wisest men, not to become for a moment the most foolish. What have I done? I have fairly challenged you, so much my master.

Sidney. You have warmed me: I must cool a little and watch my opportunity. So now, Greville, return you to your invitations, and I will clear the ground for the company; for Youth, for Age, and whatever comes between, with kindred and dependencies. Verily we need no taunts like those in your verses: here we have few vices, and consequently few repinings. I take especial care that my young labourers and farmers shall never be idle, and I supply them with bows and arrows, with bowls and ninepins, for their Sunday evening*, lest they drink and quarrel. In church they are taught to love God; after church they are practised to love their neighbour; for business on work-days keeps them apart and scattered, and on market-days they are prone to a rivalry bordering on malice, as competitors for custom. Goodness does not more certainly make men happy than happiness makes them good. We must distinguish between felicity and prosperity: for prosperity leads often to ambition, and ambition to disappointment: the course is then over; the wheel turns round but once; while the re-action of goodness and happiness is perpetual.

Brooke. You reason justly and you act rightly.

imperator." Here we see the *rex* is before the *imperator*: if in the patents of Charles the fifth it is otherwise, the reason is that the title of king is applied to the dominion of several states which his ancestors had acquired more recently. Valois proceeds: "Si tamen Romanorum imperator vocari debet qui urbi Romæ non imperat, et ab episcopo ecclesiæ Romanæ, Romæ, ac senatûs populique Romani sententiâ, dudum desiit consecrari." This letter is not printed among the works of Valois or his brother, but is of unquestionable authenticity, and may be found entire in the *Amœnitates Literariæ* of Schelhorn, Tom. V. p. 542. Valois was a good scholar, but he erre in his latinity when he objects to the expression *imperium Germanicum*, for that expression would be correct whether Germany were governed by a king, an emperor, an aristocracy, or a democracy. The Roman state was just as much *imperium Romanum* under the consuls and tribunes as under Tiberius or Caligula. The justice of the remark made by Valois is proved by the patents of Charles V, which always began, "Carolus V, divinâ favente clementiâ, Romanorum Imperator Augustus, *ac rex Germaniæ*, Hispaniarum, utriusque Siciliæ, Hierusalem, Hungariæ, &c." The late emperor of Austria formally laid down a title which never belonged to him: he and all his ministers were ignorant of this, and it may be doubted whether there was a statesman in Europe who knew it.

* Lord Brooke is less known than the personage with whom he converses, and upon whose friendship he had the virtue and good-sense to found his chief distinction. On his monument at Warwick, written by himself, we read that he was servant of Queen Elizabeth, counsellor of King James, and friend of Sir Philip Sidney. His style is stiff, but his sentiments are sound and manly. The same house produced another true patriot, slain in the civil wars by a shot from Lichfield minster. Clarendon, without any ground for his assertion, says there is reason to believe he would have abandoned his party and principles. The family is extant: a member of it was created Earl of Warwick by George II. for services as Lord of the Bedchamber.

* Censurable as this practice may appear, it belonged to the age of Sidney. Amusements were permitted the English on the seventh day, nor were they restricted until the puritans gained the ascendancy. Even labour on certain occasions was not only allowed but enjoined. By an order of Edward VI. the farmer was encouraged to harvest upon the Sunday, and in the same article it is called a great offence to God to be scrupulous and superstitious in foregoing such operations. Aylmer, bishop of London, used to play at bowls after the service; and, according to Strype, when the good prelate was censured for it, he replied that the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath.

Piety, warm, soft, and passive as the ether round the throne of Grace, is made callous and inactive by kneeling too much: her vitality faints under rigorous and wearisome observances. A forced match between a man and his religion sours his temper, and leaves a barren bed.

Sidney. Desire of lucre, the worst and most general country vice, arises here from the necessity of looking to small gains; it is however but the tartar that encrusts economy.

Brooke. I fear Avarice less from himself than from his associates, who fall upon a man the fiercest in old-age. Avarice (allow me to walk three paces further with Allegory) is more unlovely than mischievous, although one may say of him that he at last

> Grudges the gamesome river-fish its food,
> And shuts his heart against his own life's blood.

Sidney. We find but little of his handywork among the yeomanry, nor indeed much among those immediately above. The thriving squires are pricked and pinched by their eagerness to rival in expenditure those of somewhat better estate; for, as vanity is selfishness, the vain are usually avaricious, and they who throw away most, exact most. Penurious men are oftener just than spendthrifts.

Brooke. O that anything so monstrous should exist in this profusion and prodigality of blessings! The herbs, elastic with health, seem to partake of sensitive and animated life, and to feel under my hand the benediction I would bestow on them. What a hum of satisfaction in God's creatures! How is it, Sidney, the smallest do seem the happiest?

Sidney. Compensation for their weaknesses and their fears; compensation for the shortness of their existence. Their spirits mount upon the sunbeam above the eagle; and they have more enjoyment in their one summer than the elephant in his century.

Brooke. Are not also the little and lowly in our species the most happy?

Sidney. I would not willingly try nor over-curiously examine it. We, Greville, are happy in these parks and forests: we were happy in my close winter-walk of box and laurustine. In our earlier days did we not emboss our bosoms with the daffodils, and shake them almost unto shedding with our transport! Ay, my friend, there is a greater difference, both in the stages of life and in the seasons of the year, than in the conditions of men: yet the healthy pass through the seasons, from the clement to the inclement, not only unreluctantly but rejoicingly, knowing that the worst will soon finish, and the best begin anew; and we are desirous of pushing forward into every stage of life, excepting that alone which ought reasonably to allure us most, as opening to us the *Via Sacra*, along which we move in triumph to our eternal country. We labour to get through the moments of our life, as we would to get through a crowd. Such is our impatience, such our hatred of procrastination, in everything but the amendment of our practices and the adornment of our nature, one would imagine we were dragging Time along by force, and not he us. We may in some measure frame our minds for the reception of happiness, for more or for less; we should however well consider to what port we are steering in search of it, and that even in the richest its quantity is but too exhaustible. It is easier to alter the modes and qualities of it, than to increase its stores. There is a sickliness in the firmest of us, which induceth us to change our side, though reposing ever so softly; yet, wittingly or unwittingly, we turn again soon into our old position. Afterward, when we have fixed, as we imagine, on the object most desirable, we start extravagantly; and, blinded by the rapidity of our course toward the treasure we would seize and dwell with, we find another hand upon the lock . . . the hand of one standing in shade . . . 'tis Death!

Brooke. There is often a sensibility in poets which precipitates 'em thither.

> The winged head of Genius snakes surround,
> As erewhile poor Medusa's.

We however have defences against the shafts of the vulgar, and such as no position could give.

Sidney. God hath granted unto both of us hearts easily contented, hearts fitted for every station, because fitted for every duty. What appears the dullest may contribute most to our genius: what is most gloomy may soften the seeds and relax the fibres of gaiety. We enjoy the solemnity of the spreading oak above us: perhaps we owe to it in part the mood of our minds at this instant: perhaps an inanimate thing supplies me, while I am speaking, with whatever I possess of animation. Do you imagine that any contest of shepherds can afford them the same pleasure as I receive from the description of it; or that even in their loves, however innocent and faithful, they are so free from anxiety as I am while I celebrate them? The exertion of intellectual power, of fancy and imagination, keeps from us greatly more than their wretchedness, and affords us greatly more than their enjoyment. We are motes in the midst of generations: we have our sunbeams to circuit and climb. Look at the summits of the trees around us, how they move, and the loftiest the most: nothing is at rest within the compass of our view, except the grey moss on the park-pales. Let it eat away the dead oak, but let it not be compared with the living one.

Poets are in general prone to melancholy; yet the most plaintive ditty hath imparted a fuller joy, and of longer duration, to its composer, than the conquest of Persia to the Macedonian. A bottle of wine bringeth as much pleasure as the acquisition of a kingdom, and not unlike it in kind: the senses in both cases are confused and perverted.

Brooke. Merciful heaven! and for the fruition of an hour's drunkenness, from which they must awaken with heaviness, pain, and terror, men

consume a whole crop of their kind at one harvest-home. Shame upon those light ones who carol at the feast of blood! and worse upon those graver ones who nail upon their escutcheon the name of great. Ambition is but Avarice on stilts and masked. God sometimes sends a famine, sometimes a pestilence, and sometimes a hero, for the chastisement of mankind; none of them surely for our admiration. Only some cause like unto that which is now scattering the mental fog of the Netherlands, and is preparing them for the fruits of freedom, can justify us in drawing the sword abroad.

Sidney. And only the accomplishment of our purpose can permit us again to sheathe it: for, the aggrandisement of our neighbour is nought of detriment to us; on the contrary, if we are honest and industrious, his wealth is ours. We have nothing to dread while our laws are equitable and our impositions light: but children fly from mothers who strip and scourge them.

Brooke. Across the hearse where homebred Law lies dead
Strides Despotism, and seems a bloated boy,
Who, while some coarse clown drives him, thinks he drives,
Shouting, with blear bluff face, *give way, give way!*

We are come to an age when we ought to read and speak plainly what our discretion tells us is fit: we are not to be set in a corner for mockery and derision, with our hands hanging down motionless, and our pockets turned inside-out.

Sidney. Let us congratulate our country on her freedom from debt, and on the economy and disinterestedness of her administrators; men altogether of eminent worth, afraid of nothing but of deviating from the broad and beaten path of illustrious ancestors, and propagating her glory in far-distant countries, not by the loquacity of mountebanks or the audacity of buffoons, nor by covering a tarnished sword-knot with a trim shoulder-knot, but by the mission of right learned, grave, and eloquent embassadors. Triumphantly and disdainfully may you point to others.

While the young blossom starts to light,
And heaven looks down serenely bright
On Nature's graceful form;
While hills and vales and woods are gay,
And village voices all breathe May,
Who dreads the future storm?

Where princes smile and senates bend,
What mortal e'er foresaw his end,
Or fear'd the frown of God?
Yet has the tempest swept them off,
And the oppressed with bitter scoff
Their silent marble trod.

To swell their pride, to quench their ire,
Did venerable Laws expire
And sterner forms arise;
Faith in their presence veiled her head,
Patience and Charity were dead,
And Hope beyond the skies.

But away, away with politics: let not this city-stench infect our fresh country-air.

Brooke. To happiness then, and unhappiness too, since we can discourse upon it without emotion. I know not, Philip, how it is, but certainly I have never been more tired with any reading than with dissertations upon happiness, which seems not only to elude inquiry, but to cast unmerciful loads of clay and sand and husks and stubble along the high road of the inquirer. Theologians and moralists, and even sound philosophers, talk mostly in a drawling and dreaming way about it. He who said that virtue alone is happiness, would have spoken more truly in saying that virtue alone is misery, if *alone* means *singly*; for, beyond a doubt, the virtuous man meets with more opposites and opponents than any other, meets with more whose interests and views thwart his, and whose animosities are excited against him, not only by the phantom of interest, but by envy. Virtue alone cannot rebuff them; nor can the virtuous man, if only virtuous, live under them, I will not say contentedly and happily, I will say, at all. Self-esteem, we hear, is the gift of virtue, the golden bough at which the gates of Elysium fly open: but, alas! it is oftener, I am afraid, the portion of the strong-minded, and even of the vain, than of the virtuous. By the constant exertion of our best energies, we can keep down many of the thorns along the path of life; yet some will thwart us, whether we carry our book with us or walk without it, whether we cast our eyes on earth or on heaven. He who hath given the best definition of most things, hath given but an imperfect one here, informing us that a happy life is one without impediment to virtue.* A happy life is not made up of negatives. Exemption from one thing is not possession of another. Had I been among his hearers, and could have uttered my sentiments in the presence of so mighty a master, I would have told him that the definition is still unfound, like the thing.

A sound mind and sound body, which many think all-sufficient, are but receptacles for it. Happiness, like air and water, the other two great requisites of life, is composite. One kind of it suits one man, another kind another. The elevated mind takes in and breathes out again that which would be uncongenial to the baser, and the baser draws life and enjoyment from that which would be putridity to the loftier. Wise or unwise, who doubts for a moment that contentment is the cause of happiness? Yet the inverse is true: we are contented because we are happy, and not happy because we are contented. Well regulated minds may be satisfied with a small portion of happiness; none can be happy with a small portion of content. In fact, hardly anything which we receive for truth, is really and entirely so, let it appear as plain as it may, and let its appeal be not only to the understanding, but to the senses; for our words do not follow them exactly; and it is by words we receive truth and express it.

I do not wonder that in the cloud of opinions and of passions (for where there are many of

* Aristoteles says in his *Ethics*, and repeats it in his *Polity*, εὐδαίμονα βίον εἶναι τὸν κατ' ἀρετὴν ἀπροσκόπτως.

the one, there are usually some of the other) the clearer view of this subject should be intercepted: rather is it to be marvelled at, that no plain reasoning creature should in his privacy have argued thus:

"I am without the things which do not render those who possess them happier than I am: but I have those the absence of which would render me unhappy; and therefore the having of them should, if my heart is a sound one and my reason unperverted, render me content and blest! I have a house and garden of my own; I have competence; I have children. Take away any of these, and I should be sorrowful, I know not how long: give me any of those which are sought for with more avidity, and I doubt whether I should be happier twenty-four hours. He who has very much of his own, always has a project in readiness for somewhat of another's: he who has very little, has not even the ground on which to lay it. Thus one sharp angle of wickedness and disquietude is broken off from him."

Sidney. Since we have entered into no contest or competition, which of us shall sing or sermonize the other fast asleep, and since we rather throw out than collect ideas on the subject of our conversation, do not accuse me of levity, I am certain you will not of irreligion, if I venture to say that comforts and advantages, in this life, appear at first sight to be distributed by some airy fantastic Beings, such as figure in the stories of the East. These generally choose a humpback slave or inconsiderate girl to protect and countenance: in like manner do we observe the ill-informed mind and instable character most immediately under the smiles of Fortune and the guidance of Prosperity; who, as the case is with lovers, are ardent and attached in proportion as they alight upon indifference and inconstancy.

Brooke. Yes, Happiness doats on her works and is prodigal to her favourite. As one drop of water hath an attraction for another, so do felicities run into felicities. This course is marked by the vulgar with nearly the same expression as I have employed upon it: men say habitually *a run of luck.* And I wish that misfortunes bore no resemblance to it in their march and tendency; but these also swarm and cluster and hang one from another, until at last some hard day deadens all sense in them, and terminates their existence.

Sidney. It must be acknowledged, our unhappiness appears to be more often sought by us, and pursued more steadily, than our happiness. What courtier on the one side, what man of genius on the other, has not complained of unworthiness preferred to worth? Who prefers it? his friend? no: himself? no surely. Why then grieve at folly or injustice in those who have no concern in him, and in whom he has no concern? We are indignant at the sufferings of those who bear bravely and undeservedly; but a single cry from them breaks the charm that bound them to us.

The English character stands high above complaining. I have indeed heard the soldier of our enemy scream at receiving a wound; I never heard ours. Shall the uneducated be worthy of setting an example to the lettered? If we see, as we have seen, young persons of some promise, yet in comparison to us as the colt is to the courser, raised to trust and eminence by a powerful advocate, is it not enough to feel ourselves the stronger men, without exposing our limbs to the passenger, and begging him in proof to handle our muscles? Those who distribute offices, are sometimes glad to have the excuse of merit; but never give them for it. Only one subject of sorrow, none of complaint, in respect to court, is just and reasonable; namely, to be rejected or overlooked when our exertions or experience might benefit our country. Forbidden to unite our glory with hers, let us cherish it at home the more fondly for its disappointment, and give her reason to say afterward, she could have wished the union. He who complains deserves what he complains of.

Religions, languages, races of men, rise up, flourish, decay; and just in the order I assign to them. O my friend! is it nothing to think that this hand of mine, over which an insect is creeping, and upon which another more loathsome one ere long will pasture, may hold forth to my fellow men, by resolution of heart in me and perseverance, those things which shall outlive the least perishable in the whole dominion of mortality? Creatures, of whom the best and weightiest part are the feathers in their caps, and of whom the lightest are their words and actions, curl their whiskers and their lips in scorn upon similar meditations.

Let us indulge in them; they are neither weak nor idle, having been suckled by Wisdom and taught to walk by Virtue. We have never thrown away the keepsakes that Nature has given us, nor bartered them for toys easily broken in the public paths of life.

Brooke. Argue then no longer about courts and discontents: I would rather hear a few more verses; for a small draught increases the thirst of the thirsty.

Sidney. To write as the ancients have written, without borrowing a thought or expression from them, is the most difficult thing we can achieve in poetry. I attempt no composition which I foresee will occupy more than an hour or two, so that I can hardly claim any rank among the poets; yet having once collected, in my curiosity, all the *Invocations to Sleep,* ancient and modern, I fancied it possible to compose one very differently; which, if you consider the simplicity of the subject and the number of those who have treated it, may appear no easy matter.

Sleep! who contractest the waste realms of Night,
None like the wretched can extol thy powers:
We think of thee when thou art far away,
We hold thee dearer than the light of day,
And most when Love forsakes us wish thee ours:
O hither bend thy flight!

Silent and welcome as the blessed shade
Alcestis to the dark Thessalian hall,
When Hercules and Death and Hell obey'd
Her husband's desolate despondent call.

What fiend would persecute thee, gentle Sleep,
Or beckon thee aside from man's distress?
Needless it were to warn thee of the stings
That pierce my pillow, now those waxen wings
Which bore me to the sun of happiness,
Have dropt into the deep.

Brooke. If I cannot compliment you, as I lately complimented a poet on the same subject, by saying, *May all the gods and goddesses be as propitious to your Invocation*, let me at least congratulate you that everything here is fiction.

Sidney. There are sensible men who would call me to an account for attempting to keep up with the ancients, and then running downhill among the moderns, and more especially for expatiating in the regions of Romance. The fastidious and rigid call it bad taste: and I am afraid they have Truth for their prompter. But this, I begin to suspect, is rather from my deficiency of power and judgment, than because the thing in itself is wrong. Chivalry in the beginning was often intemperate and inhumane: afterward the term became synonymous with valorous courtesy. Writers, and the Public after them, now turn it into ridicule. But there is surely an incentive to noble actions in the deference we bear toward our ladies; and to carry it in my bosom is worth to me all the applauses I could ever receive from my prince. If the beloved keep us from them farther than arm's length for years together, much indeed we regret that our happiness is deferred, but more that theirs is. For pride, and what is better than pride, our pure conscience tells us, that God would bestow on us the glory of creating it; of all terrestrial glory far the greatest.

Brooke. To those whose person and manners, and exalted genius, render them always and everywhere acceptable, it is pleasing to argue in this fashion.

Sidney. Greville! Greville! it is better to suffer than to lose the power of suffering. The perception of beauty, grace, and virtue, is not granted to all alike. There are more who are contented in an ignoble union on the flat beaten earth before us, than there are who, equally disregarding both unfavourable and favourable clamours, make for themselves room to stand on an elevated and sharp-pointed summit, and thence to watch the motions and scintillations, and occasional overcloudings, of some bright distant star. Is it nothing to have been taught, apart from the vulgar, those graceful submissions which afford us a legitimate pride when we render them to the worthy? Is there no privilege in electing our own sovran? no pleasure in bending heart and soul before her? I will never believe that age itself can arrest so vivid an emotion, or that his deathbed is hard or uneasy, who can bring before it even the empty image he has long (though in vain) adored. That life has not been spent idly which has been mainly spent in conciliating the generous affections, by such studies and pursuits as best furnish the mind for their reception. How many, who have abandoned for public life the studies of philosophy and poetry, may be compared to brooks and rivers, which in the beginning of their course have assuaged our thirst, and have invited us to tranquillity by their bright resemblance of it, and which afterward partake the nature of that vast body whereinto they run, its dreariness, its bitterness, its foam, its storms, its everlasting noise and commotion! I have known several such; and when I have innocently smiled at them, their countenances seemed to say, "I wish I could despise you: but alas! I am a runaway slave, and from the best of mistresses to the worst of masters; I serve at a tavern where every hour is dinner-time, and pick a bone upon a silver dish." And what is acquired by the more fortunate among them? they may put on a robe and use a designation which I have no right to: my cook and footman may do the same: one has a white apron, the other has red hose; I should be quite as much laughed at if I assumed them. A sense of inferior ability is painful: this I feel most at home: I could not do nearly so well what my domestics do; what the others do I could do better. My blushes are not at the superiority I have given myself, but at the comparison I must go through to give it.

Two poets cannot walk or sit together easily while they have any poetry about them: they must turn it out upon the table or the grass or the rock or the road-side. I shall call on you presently; take all I have in the meanwhile.

At last thou goest, breezy March!
Again beneath heaven's brighter arch
The birds that shun our winters, fly:
O'er every pathway trip along
Light feet, more light with frolic song,
And eyes glance back, they know not why.

Say, who is that of leaf so rank,
Pushing the violet down the bank
With hearted spearhead glossy-green?
And why that changeface mural box
Points at the myrtle, whom he mocks,
Regardless what her cheer hath been?

The fennel waves her tender plume;
Mezereons cloth'd with thick perfume,
And almonds, urge the lagging leaf:
Ha! and so long then have I stood
And not observ'd thee, modest bud,
Wherefrom will rise their lawful chief!

O never say it if perchance
Thou crown the cup or join the dance,
Neither in anger nor in sport;
For Pleasure then would pass me by,
The Graces look ungraciously,
Love frown, and drive me from his court.

Brooke. Considering the chances and changes of humanity, I wish I were as certain that Pleasure will never pass you by, as I am that the Graces will never look on you ungraciously.

Sidney. So little am I ashamed of the hours I spend in poetry, even a consciousness that the poetry itself is bad never leads me to think the occupation is. Foliage, herbage, pebbles, may

et in motion the finer parts of the mind; and though the first things it throws off be verses, nd indifferent ones, we are not to despise the ultivator of them, but to consider him as posessing the garden of innocence, at which the rest body of mankind looks only through the gate.

In the corner formed by the court-wall, sheltered and sunny, I found, earlier in the season han usual, a little rose-bud, which perhaps owed s existence to my cutting the plant in summer, hen it began to intrude on the path, and had retted the legs of the ladies with the rain it held. ome but trifling poetry could be made out of his, yet other than trifling pleasure was.

Brooke. Philip, I can give you only spoiled lowers for unspoiled and unopened ones: will you ccept them?

Sidney. Gladly.

Brooke. On what occasion and for whom my erses were composed, you may at once discover. Deem it enough for me to premise in elucidation, hat women have no favour or mercy for the silence heir charms impose on us. Little are they aware f the devotion we are offering to them, in that tate whereinto the true lover is ever prone to fall, nd which appears to them inattention, indifferace, or moroseness. We must chirp before them ternally, or they will not moisten our beaks in our ages. They like praise best, we thanksgiving.

Sidney. Unfold the paper. What are you miling at?

Brooke. The names of the speakers. I call one "*Poet*," the other "*Lady*." How questionably the former! how truly the latter! But judge.

> *Poet.* Thus do you sit and break the flow'rs
> That might have lived a few short hours,
> And lived for you! Love, who o'erpowers
> My youth and me,
> Shows me the petals idly shed,
> Shows me my hopes as early dead,
> In vain, in vain admonished
> By all I see.
>
> *Lady.* And thus you while the noon away,
> Watching me strip my flowers of gay
> Apparel, just put on for May,
> And soon laid by!
> Cannot you teach me one or two
> Fine phrases? if you can, pray do,
> Since *you* are grown too wise to woo
> To listen I.
>
> *Poet.* Lady, I come not here to teach,
> But learn, the moods of gentle speech;
> Alas! too far beyond my reach
> Are happier strains.
>
> Many frail leaves shall yet lie pull'd,
> Many frail hopes in death-bed lull'd,
> Or ere this outcast heart be school'd
> By all its pains.

Sidney. Let me hope that here is only

> A volant shadow, just enough to break
> The sleeping sunbeam of soft idleness.

Brooke. When a woman hath ceased to be quite the same to us, it matters little how different she becomes.

Sidney. Hush! I will hear from you no sentiment but your own, and this can never be yours. Variations there are of temperature in the finest season; and the truest heart has not always the same pulsations. If we had nothing to pardon or to be pardoned, we might appear to be more perfect than we are, but we should in fact be less so. Self-love is ungenerous and unforgiving; love grieves and forgives. Whatever there may be lying hid under those leaves and blossoms, shall rest there until our evening walk; we having always chosen the calmest hours of the most beautiful days for our discourses on love and religion. Something of emotion, I can not doubt, arose in your breast as you were writing these simple lines; yet I am certain it was sweet and solacing. Imagination should always be the confident, for she is always the calmer, of Passion, where Wisdom and Virtue have an equally free admittance.

Let us now dismiss until evening comes (which is much the best time for them) all these disquisitions, and let us talk about absent friends.

Brooke. We must sit up late if I am to tell you of all yours.

Sidney. While the weather is so temperate and genial, and while I can be out-of-doors, I care not how late I tarry among

> Night airs that make tree-shadows walk, and sheep
> Washed white in the cold moonshine on grey cliffs.

Our last excess of this nature was nearer the sea, where, when our conversation paused awhile in the stillness of midnight, we heard the distant waves break heavily. Their sound, you remarked, was such as you could imagine the sound of a giant might be, who, coming back from travel unto some smooth and level and still and solitary place, with all his armour and all his spoils about him, casts himself slumberously down to rest.

KING HENRY IV. AND SIR ARNOLD SAVAGE.

Savage. I obey the commands of my liege.

Henry. 'Tis well: thou appearest more civil and courteous, Sir Arnold Savage, than this morning in another place, when thou declaredst unto me, as speaker of the Commons, that no subsidy should be granted me until every cause of public grievance were removed.*

* The words reported by Hakewell, *De modo tenendi Parliamentum.*

Savage. I am now in the house of the greatest man upon earth; I was then in the house of the greatest nation.

Henry. Marry! thou speakest rightly upon both points; but the latter, I swear unto thee, pleaseth me most. And now, Savage, I do tell thee with like frankness, I had well-nigh sent a score of halberts among your worshipful knights and sleek wool-staplers, for I was sore chafed; and,

if another had dealt with me in such wise, I should have straightway followed my inclination. Thou knowest I am grievously let and hindered in my projected war, by such obstinacy and undutifulness in my people. I raised up the House of Commons four years ago, and placed it in opposition to my barons, with trust and confidence that, by the blessing of Christ and his saints, I might be less hampered in my complete conquest of France. This is monstrous: Parliament speaks too plainly and steps too stoutly for a creature of four years' growth.

Savage. God forbid that any king of England should achieve the conquest of all France. Patience, my liege and lord! Our Norman ancestors, the most warlike people on whose banners the morning sun ever lighted, have wrested the sceptre from her swaddling kings, and, pushing them back on their cushions and cupboards, have been contented with the seizure of their best and largest province. The possession of more serfs would have tempted them to sit down in idleness, and no piece of unbroken turf would have been left for the play-ground of their children in arms. William the Conqueror, the most puissant of knights and the wisest of statesmen, thought fit to set open a new career, lest the pride of his chivalry should be troublesome to him at home. He led them forth against the brave and good Harold, whose armies had bled profusely in their war against the Scot. Pity that such blood as the Saxon should ever have been spilt! * but hence are the titledeeds to our lands and tenements, the perpetuity of our power and dominion.

Henry. To preserve them from jeopardy, I must have silver in store; I must have horses and armour, and wherewith to satisfy the cravings of the soldier, always sharp, and sharpest of all after fighting.

Savage. My liege must also have other things, which escaped his recollection.

Henry. Store of hides, and of the creatures that were within them; store of bacon; store of oats and barley, of rye and good wheaten corn; hemp, shipping, masts, anchors; pinetree and its pitch from the Norwegian, yewtree from Corse and Dalmat. Divers other commodities must be procured from the ruler of the Adriatic, from him who never was infant nor stripling, whom God took by the right-hand and taught to walk by himself the first hour. Moreover I must have instruments of mine own device, weighty, and exceeding costly; such as machinery for beating down walls. Nothing of these have escaped my knowledge or memory, but the recital of some befits a butler or sutler or armourer, better than a king.

Savage. And yet methinks, sir, there are others which you might have mentioned and have not, the recital of which would befit a king, rather than sutler, butler, or armourer: they are indeed the best and most necessary things in the world to batter down your enemy's walls with.

Henry. What may they be? you must find them.

Savage. Sir, you have found them, and must keep them: they are the hearts of your subjects. Your horse will not gallop far without them, though you empty into his manger all the garners of Surrey. Wars are requisite, to diminish the power of your Barons, by keeping them long and widely separate from the main body of retainers, and under the ken of a stern and steady prince, watching their movements, curbing their discourses, and inuring them to regular and sharp discipline. In general they are the worthless exalted by the weak, and dangerous from wealth ill acquired and worse expended. The whole people is a good king's household; quiet and orderly when well treated, and ever in readiness to defend him against the malice of the disappointed, the perfidy of the ungrateful, and the usurpation of the familiar. Act in such guise, most glorious Henry, that the king may say *my* people, and the people may say *our* king: I then will promise you more, passing any computation, than I refused you this morning; the enjoyment of a blessing, to which the conquest of France in comparison is as a broken flagstaff . . . self-approbation in government and security in power. A Norman by descent, and an Englishman by birth and inheritance, the humiliation of France is requisite to my sense even of quiet enjoyment. Nevertheless I can not delude my understanding, on which is impressed this truth, namely, that the condition of a people which hath made many conquests, doth ultimately become worse than that of the conquered. For, the conquered have no longer to endure the sufferings of weakness or the struggles of strength; and some advantages are usually holden forth to keep them peaceable and contented: but under a conquering prince the people are shadows, which lessen and lessen as he mounts in glory, until at last they become, if I may reasonably say it and unreprovedly, a thing of nothing, a shapeless form.

It is my office and my duty to provide that this evil, in the present day, do not befall us; and that our late descendants, with the same incitements to bravery, the same materials and means of greatness, may deserve as well of your family, my liege, as we have deserved of you.

Henry. Faith! I could find it in my heart, Sir Arnold, to clip thine eagle's claws and perch thee somewhere in the peerage.

Savage. Measureless is the distance between my liege and me; but I occupy the second rank among men now living, forasmuch as, under the guidance of Almighty God, the most discreet and courageous have appointed me, unworthy as I am, to be the great comprehensive symbol of the English people.

* The Danes under Harold were not numerous, and there were few vestiges of the Britons out of Wales and Cornwall.

Writers differ on the first appointment of Speaker in the House of Commons, for want rather of reflection than of inquiry. The Saxons had frequently such chiefs; not always, nor regularly. In the reign of William Rufus

there was a great council of parliament at Rockingham, as may be seen in the history of Eadmerus: his words are *totius regni adunatio*. He reports that a certain *knight* came forth and stood before the *people* and spoke in the name and in the behalf of all. Peter de Montfort, in the reign of Henry III. spoke *vice totius communitatis, and consented* to the banishment of Ademar de Valence, bishop of Winchester. A Sir John Bushey was the first presented by the Commons to the King in full parliament. Elsynge calls him "a special minion" to Richard II. It appears that he, like all his predecessors, was chosen for one particular speech, purpose, or sitting.

Sir Arnold Savage, according to Elsynge, "was the first who appears *upon any record*" to have been appointed to the dignity as now constituted. He was elected a second time four years afterward, a rare honour in earlier days; and during this presidency he headed the Commons, and delivered their Resolutions in the plain words recorded by Hakewell.

The business on which the dialogue is founded, may be described by an extract from Rapin, who speaks of *remonstrance* only.

"Le roi, ayant representé à ce parlement le besoin qu'il avait d'un secours extraordinaire, les Communes allèrent en corps lui présenter une Adresse, dans laquelle elles lui remontraient que, sans fouler son peuple, il pouvoit subvenir à ses besoins. Elles exposaient que le clergé possédait la troisième partie des biens du royaume, et que, ne rendant au roi aucun service personnel, il était juste qu'il contribuât de ses richesses aux besoins pressans de l'Etat. L'archevêque de Canterbury disait que leur demande n'avait pour fondement que l'irréligion et l'avarice."

The reformers, we see, were atheists in those days, as in ours: to strip off what is superfluous was to expose the body politic to decay.

In decorating the people's House of Parliament, it is resolved to admit no memorial of the man without whom neither house nor parliament would exist. Poetry and fable are thought more characteristic.

SOUTHEY AND PORSON.

Porson. I suspect, Mr. Southey, you are angry with me for the freedom with which I have spoken of your poetry and Wordsworth's.

Southey. What could have induced you to imagine it, Mr. Professor? You have indeed bent your eyes upon me, since we have been together, with somewhat of fierceness and defiance; I presume you fancied me to be a commentator. You wrong me, in your belief that any opinion on my poetical works hath molested me; but you afford me more than compensation in supposing me acutely sensible of injustice done to Wordsworth. If we must converse on these topics, we will converse on him. What man ever existed who spent a more inoffensive life, or adorned it with nobler studies?

Porson. None; and they who attack him with virulence are men of as little morality as reflection. I have demonstrated that one of them, he who wrote the *Pursuits of Literature*, could not construe a Greek sentence or scan a verse; and I have fallen on the very *Index* from which he drew out his forlorn hope on the parade. This is incomparably the most impudent fellow I have met with in the course of my reading, which has lain, you know, in a province where impudence is no rarity. I am sorry to say that we critics who write for the learned, have sometimes set a bad example to our younger brothers, the critics who write for the public: but if they were considerate and prudent, they would find out that a deficiency in weight and authority might in some measure be compensated by deference and decorum. Not to mention the refuse of the literary world, the sweeping of booksellers' shops, the dust thrown up by them in a corner to blow by pinches on new publications; not to tread upon or disturb this filth, the greatest of our critics now living are only great comparatively. They betray their inconsiderateness when they look disdainfully on the humbler in acquirements and intellect. A little wit, or, as that is not always at hand, a little impudence instead of it, throws its rampant briar over dry lacunes: a drop of oil, sweet or rancid, covers a great quantity of poor broth. Instead of anything in this way, I would seriously recommend to the employer of our critics, young and old, that he oblige them to pursue a course of study such as this: that under the superintendence of some respectable student from the university, they first read and examine the contents of the book; a thing greatly more useful in criticism than is generally thought; secondly, that they carefully write them down, number them, and range them under their several heads; thirdly, that they mark every beautiful, every faulty, every ambiguous, every uncommon expression. Which being completed, that they inquire what author, ancient or modern, has treated the same subject; that they compare them, first in smaller, afterward in larger portions, noting every defect in precision and its causes, every excellence and its nature; that they graduate these, fixing *plus* and *minus*, and designating them more accurately and discriminately by means of colours, stronger or paler. For instance, purple might express grandeur and majesty of thought; scarlet, vigour of expression; pink, liveliness; green, elegant and equable composition: these however and others, as might best attract their notice and serve their memory. The same process may be used where authors have not written on the same subject, when those who have are wanting, or have touched it but incidentally. Thus Addison and Fontenelle, not very like, may be compared in the graces of style, in the number and degree of just thoughts and lively fancies: thus the dialogues of Cicero with those of Plato, his ethics with those of Aristoteles, his orations with those of Demosthenes. It matters not if one be found superior to the other in this thing, and inferior in that; the exercise is taken; the qualities of two authors are explored and understood, and their distances laid down, as geographers speak, from accurate survey. The *plus* and *minus*, of good and bad and ordinary, will have something of a scale to rest

upon; and after a time the degrees of the higher parts in intellectual dynamics may be more nearly attained, though never quite exactly.

Southey. Nothing is easier than to mark and number the striking parts of Homer: it is little more difficult to demonstrate why they are so: the same thing may then be done in Milton: these pieces in each poet may afterward be collated and summed up. Every man will be capable or incapable of it in proportion as his mind is poetical: few indeed will ever write anything on the subject worth reading; but they will acquire strength and practice. The critic of the trade will gain a more certain livelihood and a more reputable one than before, and no great matter will be spent upon his education.

Porson. Which however must be entered on in an opposite way from the statuary's: the latter begins with dirt and ends with marble; the former begins with marble and ends with dirt. This, nevertheless, he may so manage as neither to be ridiculed nor starved.

Southey. For my own part, I should be well contented with that share of reputation which might come meted out and delivered to me after the analytical and close comparison you propose. Its accomplishment can hardly be expected in an age when everything must be done quickly. To run with oars and sails, was formerly the expression of orators for velocity: it would now express slowness. Our hats, our shoes, our whole habiliments, are made at one stroke; our fortunes the same, and the same our criticisms. Under my fellow-labourers in this vineyard, many vines have bled and few have blossomed. The proprietors seem to keep their stock as agriculturists keep lean sheep, to profit by their hoof and ordure.

Porson. You were speaking this moment of the changes among us. Dwarfs are in fashion still; but they are the dwarfs of literature. These little zanies are invited to the assemblies of the gay world, and admitted to the dinners of the political. Limbs of the law, paralysed and laid up professionally, enter into association with printers, and take retaining fees from some authors, to harangue against others out of any brief before them.

Southey. And they meet with encouragement and success! We stigmatise any lie but a malignant one, and we repel any attack but against fame, virtue, and genius. Fond of trying experiments on poison, we find that the strongest may be extracted from blood; and this itself is rejected as unworthy of our laboratory, unless it be drawn from a generous and a capacious heart.

Porson. No other country hath ever been so abundant in speculation as ours; but it would be incredible if we did not see it, that ten or fifteen men, of the humblest attainments, gain a comfortable livelihood by periodical attacks on its best writers. Adverse as I have declared myself to the style and manner of Wordsworth, I never thought that all his reviewers put together could compose anything equal to the worst paragraph in his volumes. I have spoken vehemently against him, and mildly against them; because he could do better, they never could. The same people would treat me with as little reverence as they treat him with, if anything I write were popular, or could become so. It is by fixing on such works that they are carried with them into the doorway. The porter of Cleopatra would not have admitted the asps if they had not been under the figs. Show me, if you can, Mr. Southey, a temperate, accurate, solid exposition, of any English work whatever, in any English review.

Southey. Not having at hand so many numbers as it would be requisite to turn over, I must decline the challenge.

Porson. I have observed the same man extol in private, the very book on whose ruin he dined the day before.

Southey. His judgment then may be ambiguous, but you must not deny him the merit of gratitude. If you blame the poor and vicious for abusing the solaces of poverty and vice, how much more should you censure those who administer to them the means of such indulgence.

Porson. The publications which excite the most bustle and biting from these fellows, are always the best, as the fruit on which the flies gather is the ripest. Periodical critics were never so plentiful as they now are. There is hardly a young author who does not make his first attempt in some review; showing his teeth, hanging by his tail, pleased and pleasing by the volubility of his chatter, and doing his best to get a penny for his exhibitor and a nut for his own pouch, by the facetiousness of the tricks he performs upon our heads and shoulders. From all I can recollect of what I noticed when I turned over such matters, a wellsized and useful volume might be compiled and published annually, containing the incorrect expressions, and omitting the opinions, of our booksellers' boys, the reviewers. Looking the other day by accident at two pages of *judgments*, recommendatory of new publications, I found, face to face, the following words, from not the worst of the species. *Scattering so considerable a degree of interest over the contemplation, &c. . . . The dazzling glitter of intellect, &c.* Now in what manner can we *scatter a degree?* unless it be one of those degrees which are scattered at Edinburgh and Glasgow. Such an expression as *dazzling glitter* may often be applied to fancy, but never to intellect. These gentlemen might do somewhat better, if they would read us for the sake of improvement, and not for the sake of showing off a somewhat light familiarity, which never can appertain to them. The time however, I am inclined to believe, is not far distant, when the fashionable will be as much ashamed of purchasing such wayside publications, as the learned would be of reading them. Come, let us away from these criers of cat's-meat and dog's-meat, who excite so many yelpings and mewings as they pass: the vicinity is none of the sweetest.

You will do me the favour, Mr. Southey, not to mention to those who may be kept under the regimen, what I have been proposing here for the benefit of literature: since, although in the street and at college I have had quarrels, lighter or graver, with most other conditions, I have avoided both conflict and contact with writers for reviews and almanacks. Once indeed, I confess it, I was very near falling as low: words passed between me and the more favoured man of letters, who announces to the world the *works and days* of Newmarket, the competitors at its games, their horses, their equisons and colours, and the attendant votaries of that goddess who readily leaves Paphos or Amathus for this annual celebration.

Those who have failed as painters turn picture-cleaners, those who have failed as writers turn reviewers. Orator Henley taught in the last century, that the readiest-made shoes are boots cut down: there are those who abundantly teach us now, that the readiest-made critics are cut-down poets. Their assurance is however by no means diminished from their ill success.

Southey. Puffy fingers have pelted me long enough with snow-balls, and I should not wonder if some of them reached the skirts of my great-coat; but I never turned round to look.

Porson. The little man who followed you in the *Critical Review*, and whose pretensions widen every smile his imbecility excited, would, I am persuaded, if Homer were living, pat him in a fatherly way upon the cheek, and tell him that, by moderating his fire and contracting his prolixity, the public might ere long expect something from him worth reading.

I had visited a friend in *King's Road* when he entered.

"Have you seen the Review?" cried he. "Worse than ever! I am resolved to insert a paragraph in the papers, declaring that I had no concern in the last number."

"Is it so very bad?" said I quietly.

"Infamous! detestable!" exclaimed he.

"Sit down then: nobody will believe you:" was my answer.

Since that morning he has discovered that I drink harder than usual, that my faculties are wearing fast away, that once indeed I had some Greek in my head, but . . . he then claps the fore-finger to the side of his nose, turns his eye slowly upward, and looks compassionately and calmly.

Southey. Come, Mr. Porson, grant him his merits: no critic is better contrived to make any work a monthly one, no writer more dexterous in giving a finishing touch.

Porson. Let him take his due and be gone: now to the rest. The plagiary has a greater latitude of choice than we: and if he brings home a parsnep or turnip-top, when he could as easily have pocketted a nectarine or a pine-apple, he must be a blockhead. I never heard the name of the *pursuer of literature*, who has little more merit in having stolen, than he would have had if he had never stolen at all; and I have forgotten that other man's, who evinced his fitness to be the censor of our age, by a translation of the most naked and impure satires of antiquity, those of Juvenal, which owe their preservation to the partiality of the friars. I shall entertain an unfavourable opinion of him if he has translated them well: pray has he?

Southey. Indeed I do not know. I read poets for their poetry, and to extract that nutriment of the intellect and of the heart which poetry should contain. I never listen to the swans of the cesspool, and must declare that nothing is heavier to me than rottenness and corruption.

Porson. You are right, sir, perfectly right. A translator of Juvenal would open a public drain to look for a needle, and may miss it. My nose is not easily offended; but I must have something to fill my belly. Come, we will lay aside the scrip of the transpositor and the pouch of the pursuer, in reserve for the days of unleavened bread; and again, if you please, to the lakes and mountains. Now we are both in better humour, I must bring you to a confession that in your friend Wordsworth there is occasionally a little trash.

Southey. A haunch of venison would be trash to a Brahmin, a bottle of burgundy to the xerif of Mecca.

Porson. I will not be anticipated by you. Trash, I confess, is no proof that nothing good can lie above it and about it. The roughest and least manageable soil surrounds gold and diamonds. Homer and Dante and Shakspeare and Milton have each many hundred lines worth little; lines without force, without feeling, without fancy; in short, without beauty of any kind. But it is the character of modern poetry, as it is of modern arms and equipments, to be more uniformly trim and polished. The ancients in both had more strength and splendour; they had also more inequality and rudeness.

Southey. We are guided by precept, by habit, by taste, by constitution. Hitherto our sentiments on poetry have been delivered down to us from authority; and if it can be demonstrated, as I think it may be, that the authority is inadequate, and that the dictates are often inapplicable and often misinterpreted, you will allow me to remove the cause out of court. Every man can see what is very bad in a poem, almost every one can see what is very good; but you, Mr. Porson, who have turned over all the volumes of all the commentators, will inform me whether I am right or wrong in asserting, that no critic hath yet appeared who hath been able to fix or to discern the exact degrees of excellence above a certain point.

Porson. None.

Southey. The reason is, because the eyes of no one have been upon a level with it. Supposing, for the sake of argument, the contest of Hesiod and Homer to have taken place: the judges, who decided in favour of the worse, and he indeed in the poetry has little merit, may have been elegant, wise, and conscientious men. Their decision was

in favour of that to the species of which they had been the most accustomed. Corinna was preferred to Pindar no fewer than five times; and the best judges in Greece gave her the preference; yet whatever were her powers, and beyond a question they were extraordinary, we may assure ourselves that she stood many degrees below Pindar. Nothing is more absurd than the report that the judges were prepossessed by her beauty. Plutarch tells us that she was much older than her competitor, who consulted her judgment in his earlier odes. Now, granting their first competition to have been when Pindar was twenty years old, and that the others were in the years succeeding, her beauty must have been somewhat on the decline; for in Greece there are few women who retain the graces, none who retain the bloom of youth, beyond the twenty-third year. Her countenance, I doubt not, was expressive: but expression, although it gives beauty to men, makes women pay dearly for its stamp, and pay soon. Nature seems, in protection to their loveliness, to have ordered that they who are our superiors in quickness and sensibility, should be little disposed to laborious thought or to long excursions in the labyrinths of fancy. We may be convinced that the verdict of the judges was biassed by nothing else than their habitudes of thinking: we may be convinced too that, living in an age when poetry was cultivated highly, and selected from the most acute and the most dispassionate, they were subject to no greater errors of opinion than are the learned messmates of our English colleges.

Porson. You are more liberal in your largesses to the fair Greeks than a friend of mine was, who resided in Athens to acquire the language. He assured me that beauty there was in bud at thirteen, in full blossom at fifteen, losing a leaf or two every day at seventeen, trembling on the thorn at nineteen, and under the tree at twenty.

Returning, Mr. Southey, to the difficulty, or rather to the rarity, of an accurate and just survey of poetical and other literary works, I do not see why we should not borrow an idea from geometricians and astronomers, why we should not have our triangles and quadrants, why, in short, we should not measure out writings by small portions at a time, and compare the brighter parts of two authors page by page. The minor beauties, the complexion and contexture, may be considered at last, and more at large. Daring geniusses, ensigns and undergraduates, members of Anacreontic and Pindaric clubs, will scoff at me. Painters who can draw nothing correctly, hold Raffael in contempt, and appeal to the sublimity of Michael-Angelo and the splendor of Titian: ignorant that these great men were great by science first, and employed in painting the means I propose for criticism. Venus and the damned submitted to the same squaring.

Such a method would be useful to critics in general, and even the wisest and most impartial would be much improved by it; although few, either by these means or any, are likely to be quite correct or quite unanimous on the merits of any two authors whatsoever.

Southey. Those who are learners would be teachers; while those who have learnt much would procure them at any price. It is only when we have mounted high, that we are sensible of wanting a hand.

Porson. On the subject of poetry in particular, there are some questions not yet sufficiently discussed: I will propose two. First, admitting that in the tragedies of Sophocles there was (which I believe) twice as much of good poetry as in the Iliad, does it follow that he was as admirable a poet as Homer?

Southey. No, indeed: so much I do attribute to the conception and formation of a novel and vast design, and so wide is the difference I see between the completion of one very great, and the perfection of many smaller. Would even these have existed without Homer? I think not.

Porson. My next question is, whether a poet is to be judged from the quantity of his bad poetry, or from the quality of his best?

Southey. I should certainly say from the latter: because it must be in poetry as in sculpture and painting; he who arrives at a high degree of excellence in these arts, will have made more models, more sketches and designs, than he who has reached but a lower; and the conservation of them, whether by accident or by choice, can injure and affect in no manner his more perfect and elaborate works. A drop of sealing-wax, falling by chance or negligence, may efface a fine impression: but what is well done in poetry is never to be effaced by what is ill done afterward. Even the bad poetry of a good poet hath something in it which renders it more valuable, to a judge of these matters, than what passes for much better, and what in many essential points is truly so. I will however keep to the argument, not having lost sight of my illustration in alluding to design and sketches. Many men would leave themselves penniless to purchase an early and rude drawing by Raffael; some arabesque, some nose upon a gryphon or gryphon upon a nose; and never would inquire whether the painter had kept it in his portfolio or had cast it away. The same persons, and others whom we call much wiser, exclaim loudly against any literary sketch unworthy of a leaf among the productions of its author. No ideas are so trivial, so incorrect, so incoherent, but they may have entered the idle fancy, and have taken a higher place than they ought in the warm imagination, of the best poets. We find in Dante, as you just now remarked, a prodigious quantity of them; and indeed not a few in Virgil, grave as he is and stately. Infantine and petty there is hardly anything in the Iliad, but the dull and drowthy stop us unexpectedly now and then. The boundaries of mind lie beyond these writers, although their splendour lets us see nothing on the farther side. In so wide and untrodden a creation as that of Shak-

speare's, can we wonder or complain that sometimes we are bewildered and entangled in the exuberance of fertility? Dry-brained men upon the Continent, the trifling wits of the theatre, accurate however and expert calculators, tell us that his beauties are balanced by his faults. The poetical opposition, puffing for popularity, cry cheerily against them, *his faults are balanced by his beauties*; when, in reality, all the faults that ever were committed in poetry would be but as air to earth, if we could weigh them against one single thought or image, such as almost every scene exhibits in every drama of this unrivalled genius. Do you hear me with patience?

Porson. With more; although at Cambridge we rather discourse on Bacon, for we know him better. He was immeasurably a less wise man than Shakspeare, and not a wiser writer: for he knew his fellow-man only as he saw him in the street and in the court, which indeed is but a dirtier street and a narrower: Shakspeare, who also knew him there, knew him everywhere else, both as he was and as he might be.

Southey. There is as great a difference between Shakspeare and Bacon as between an American forest and a London timber-yard. In the timber-yard the materials are sawed and squared and set across: in the forest we have the natural form of the tree, all its growth, all its branches, all its leaves, all the mosses that grow about it, all the birds and insects that inhabit it; now deep shadows absorbing the whole wilderness; now bright bursting glades, with exuberant grass and flowers and fruitage; now untroubled skies; now terrific thunderstorms; everywhere multiformity, everywhere immensity.

Porson. If after this ramble in the heat you are not thirsty, I would ask another question. What is the reason why, when not only the glory of great kings and statesmen, but even of great philosophers, is much enhanced by two or three good apophthegms, that of a great poet is lowered by them, even if he should invest them with good verse? For certainly the dignity of a great poet is thought to be lowered by the writing of epigrams.

Southey. As you said of Wordsworth, the great poet could accomplish better things; the others could not. People in this apparent act of injustice do real justice, without intending or knowing it. All writers have afforded some information, or have excited some sentiment or idea, somewhere. This alone should exempt the humblest of them from revilings, unless it appear that he hath misapplied his powers through insolence or malice. In that case, whatever sentence may be passed upon him, I consider it no honour to be the executioner. What must we think of those who travel far and wide that, before they go to rest they may burst into the arbour of a recluse, whose weakest thoughts are benevolence, whose worst are purity? On his poetry I shall say nothing, unless you lead me to it, wishing you however to examine it analytically and severely.

Porson. There are folks who, when they read my criticism, say, "*I do not think so.*" It is because they do not think so, that I write. Men entertain some opinions which it is indeed our duty to confirm, but many also which it is expedient to eradicate, and more which it is important to correct. They read less willingly what may improve their understanding and enlarge their capacity, than what corroborates their prejudices and establishes their prepossessions. I never bear malice toward those who try to reduce me to their own dimensions. A narrow mind cannot be enlarged, nor can a capacious one be contracted. Are we angry with a phial for not being a flask? or do we wonder that the skin of an elephant sits unwieldily on a squirrel?

Southey. Great men will always pay deference to greater: little men will not: because the little are fractious; and the weaker they are, the more obstinate and crooked.

Porson. To proceed on our inquiry. I will not deny that to compositions of a new kind, like Wordsworth's, we come without scales and weights, and without the means of making an assay.

Southey. Mr. Porson, it does not appear to me that anything more is necessary in the first instance, than to interrogate our hearts in what manner they have been affected. If the ear is satisfied; if at one moment a tumult is aroused in the breast, and tranquillised at another, with a perfect consciousness of equal power exerted in both cases; if we rise up from the perusal of the work with a strong excitement to thought, to imagination, to sensibility; above all, if we sat down with some propensities toward evil and walk away with much stronger toward good, in the midst of a world which we never had entered and of which we never had dreamed before, shall we perversely put on again the *old man* of criticism, and dissemble that we have been conducted by a most beneficent and most potent genius? Nothing proves to me so manifestly in what a pestiferous condition are its lazarettos, as when I observe how little hath been objected against those who have substituted words for things, and how much against those who have reinstated things for words.

Porson. I find, however, much to censure in our modern poets; I mean those who have written since Milton. But praise is due to such as threw aside the French models. Percy was the first: then came the Wartons, and then Cowper; more diversified in his poetry and more classical than any since.

Southey. I wonder you admire an author so near your own times, indeed contemporary.

Porson. There is reason for wonder. Men in general do so in regard both to liberty and poetry.

Southey. I know not whether the Gauls had this latter gift before they assaulted the temple of Apollo at Delphi; certainly from that time downward the god hath owed them a grudge, and hath been as unrelenting as he was with the dogs and mules before Troy. The succeeding race, nevertheless, has tightened and gilded and

gallantly tagged the drum of tragic declamation. Surely not Cowper nor any other is farther from it than Wordsworth.

Porson. But his drum is damp; and his tags are none the better for being of hemp, with the broken stalks in.

Southey. Let Wordsworth prove to the world that there may be animation without blood and broken bones, and tenderness remote from the stews. Some will doubt it; for even things the most evident are often but little perceived and strangely estimated. Swift ridiculed the music of Handel and the generalship of Marlborough, Pope the perspicacity and the scholarship of Bentley, Gray the abilities of Shaftesbury and the eloquence of Rousseau. Shakspeare hardly found those who would collect his tragedies; Milton was read from godliness; Virgil was antiquated and rustic; Cicero Asiatic. What a rabble has persecuted my friend! An elephant is born to be consumed by ants in the midst of his unapproachable solitudes: Wordsworth is the prey of Jeffrey. Why repine? Let us rather amuse ourselves with allegories, and recollect that God in the creation left his noblest creature at the mercy of a serpent.

Porson. In our authors of the present day I would recommend principally, to reduce the expenditure of words to the means of support, and to be severe in style without the appearance of severity. But this advice is more easily given than taken. Your friend is verbose; not indeed without something for his words to rest upon, but from a resolution to gratify and indulge his capacity. He pursues his thoughts too far; and considers more how he may show them entirely than how he may show them advantageously. Good men may utter whatever comes uppermost, good poets may not. It is better, but it is also more difficult, to make a selection of thoughts than to accumulate them. He who has a splendid sideboard, should have an iron chest with a double lock upon it, and should hold in reserve a greater part than he displays.

I know not why two poets so utterly dissimilar as your author and Coleridge should be constantly mentioned together. In the one I find diffuseness, monotony, not indistinctness, but uninteresting expanse, and such figures and such colouring as Morland's; in the other, bright colours without form, sublimely void. In his prose he talks like a madman when he calls Saint Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians "the sublimest composition of man."

Southey. This indeed he hath spoken, but he has not yet published it in his writings: it will appear in his *Table Talk*, perhaps.

Porson. Such table-talk may be expected to come forth very late in the evening, when the wine and candles are out, and the body lies horizontally underneath. He believes he is a believer; but why does he believe that the Scriptures are best reverenced by bearing false witness to them? Is it an act of piety to play the little child in the *go-cart* of Religion, or to beslaver the pretty dress he has just put on,

> Porrigens teneras manus
> Matris e gremio suæ
> Semihiante labello.

Pardon a quotation: I hate it: I wonder how it escaped me.

Wordsworth goes out of his way to be attacked: he picks up a piece of dirt, throws it on the carpet in the midst of the company, and cries *This is a better man than any of you.* He does indeed mould the base material into what form he chooses; but why not rather invite us to contemplate it than challenge us to condemn it? Here surely is false taste.

Southey. The principal and the most general accusation against him is, that the vehicle of his thoughts is unequal to them. Now did ever the judges at the Olympic games say, "We would have awarded to you the meed of victory, if your chariot had been equal to your horses: it is true they have won; but the people is displeased at a car neither new nor richly gilt, and without a gryphon or sphynx engraved on the axle!" You admire simplicity in Euripides; you censure it in Wordsworth; believe me, sir, it arises in neither from penury of thought, which seldom has produced it, but from the strength of temperance, and at the suggestion of principle. Some of his critics are sincere in their censure, and are neither invidious nor unlearned; but their optics have been exercised on other objects, altogether dissimilar, and they are (permit me an expression not the worse for daily use) entirely out of their element. His very clearness puzzles and perplexes them, and they imagine that straightness is distortion, as children on seeing a wand dipped in limpid and still water. Clear writers, like clear fountains, do not seem so deep as they are: the turbid look the most profound.

Porson. Fleas know not whether they are upon the body of a giant or upon one of ordinary size, and bite both indiscriminately.

Southey. Our critics are onion-eaters by the Pyramids of Poetry. They sprawl along the sands, without an idea how high and wonderful are the edifices above, whose base is solid as the earth itself, and whose summits are visible over a hundred ages.

Ignorance has not been single-handed the enemy of Wordsworth; but Petulance and Malignity have accompanied her, and have been unremittent in their attacks. Small poets, small critics, lawyers who have much time on their hands and hanging heavily, come forward unfeed against him; such is the spirit of patriotism, rushing everywhere for the public good. Most of these have tried their fortune at some little lottery-office of literature, and, receiving a blank, have chewed upon it harshly and wryly. We, like jackdaws, are amicable creatures while we are together in the dust; but let any gain a battlement or steeple, and behold! the rest fly about him at once, and beat him down.

Take up a poem of Wordsworth's and read it; I would rather say, read them all; and, knowing that a mind like yours must grasp closely what comes within it, I will then appeal to you whether any poet of our country, since Milton, hath exerted greater powers with less of strain and less of ostentation. I would however, by his permission, lay before you for this purpose a poem which is yet unpublished and incomplete.

Porson. Pity, with such abilities, he does not imitate the ancients somewhat more.

Southey. Whom did they imitate? If his genius is equal to theirs he has no need of a guide. He also will be an ancient; and the very counterparts of those who now decry him, will extol him a thousand years hence in malignity to the moderns. The ancients have always been opposed to them; just as, at routs and dances, elderly beauties to younger. It would be wise to contract the scene of action, and to decide the business in both cases by couples.

Why do you repeat the word *rout* so often?

Porson. Not because the expression is novel and barbarous, I do assure you, nor because the thing itself is equally the bane of domestic, of convivial, and of polite society. I was once at one by mistake, and really I saw there what you describe; and this made me (as you tell me I did, though I was not aware of it) repeat the word, and smile. You seem curious.

Southey. Rather indeed.

Porson. I had been dining out: there were some who smoked after dinner; within a few hours the fumes of their pipes produced such an effect on my head, that I was willing to go into the air a little. Still I continued hot and thirsty; and an undergraduate, whose tutor was my old acquaintance, proposed that we should turn into an oyster-cellar, and refresh ourselves with oysters and porter. The rogue, instead of this, conducted me to a fashionable house in the neighbourhood of Saint James's; and although I expostulated with him, and insisted that we were going upstairs and not down, he appeared to me so ingenuous and so sincere in his protestations to the contrary, that I could well disbelieve him no longer. Nevertheless, receiving on the stairs many shoves and elbowings, I could not help telling him plainly, that, if indeed it was the oyster-cellar in Fleet-street, the company was much altered for the worse, and that in future I should frequent another. When the fumes of the pipes had left me, I discovered the deceit by the brilliancy and indecency of the dresses, and was resolved not to fall into temptation. Although, to my great satisfaction and surprise, no immodest proposal was directly made to me, I looked about, anxious that no other man in company should know me, beside those whose wantonness had conducted me thither; and I would have escaped if I could have found the door, from which every effort I made appeared to remove me farther and farther.

A pretty woman said loudly, "He has no gloves on!"

"What nails the creature has!" replied an elder one. "Piano-forte keys wanting the white!" I tried to conceal my hands as well as might be; when suddenly there was a titter from the middle-aged and young, and a grave look and much erectness from the rest. So serious and stern did they appear to me, I never saw the like but once; which was in a file of soldiers, ordered out to shoot a deserter at St. Ives. I was the only person, young or old, male or female, that blushed; and I had not done so before for thirty years, to the best of my recollection. I now understood that blushing is a sign of half-breeding, and that an elevation of the eyebrow, and the opening of the lips a straw's breadth, are the most violent expressions of feeling permitted in such places. The gentlemen were neutral; unless the neutrality may be said to have been broken by two or three words, which I suspect to have been meant for English; a *token-coinage*, fit only for the district. One however, more polite and more attentive, bowed to me. I did not recollect his features, which he divined by mine, and said, "Sir, I once recovered your watch for you, and wish I could now as easily recover its neighbour the button." I looked down, and perceived that the place of concealment, the refuge of my hand, had, like my conductor, been false to me. The gentleman was a thief-taker: three others of the fraternity had likewise been invited, on suspicion that there were several pickpockets; I mean beside the legitimate, and supernumerary to those who had been seated by the lady of the house at the card-tables. The thief-takers were recognised by the company: the higher and more respectable spoke familiarly with them; persons of inferior rank saluted them more distantly and coldly: and there were some few who slank obliquely from them as they passed, like landsmen walking on deck in a breeze. This shyness was far from mutual; and the gentlemen, who presided here as the good genii or tutelary deities of the place, awakened with winks one another's smiles, and pardoned the inattention.

Southey. Those are fortunate who lose nothing in such places, and more fortunate who acquire nothing. You yourself remain quite unchanged: not a tone of your voice, not an article of your dress . . .

Porson. If this appears strange to you, it will appear stranger that I was an object of imitation. What the thief-taker saw with apprehension, the young gentlemen have copied with sedulity, though they carry gloves. Their hands take that turn.

I little thought that any of the company could have known me, or that my treacherous friend would have mentioned my name; and still less should I have prognosticated that I must, in an unguarded moment, set a fashion to the dandies, such as the dress of the ancients and the decency of the moderns had hitherto precluded.

I now come to your remark, confirmed to me by my own observation, upon the hostilities at such parties. A beldame with prominent eyes, painted mole-hairs, and abundantly rich in the exten-

sive bleaching-ground of cheeks and shoulders, a German as I imagine, was speaking all manner of spiteful things against a young person called pretty; and after a long discussion, not only on her defects, but also on those of her family and parchments, *Who is she? I should like to know*, terminated the effusion. My betrayer had absconded, not without engaging another to find me and conduct me home. As we were passing through the folding-doors, I saw the baroness (for such he called her) with her arm upon the neck of the girl, and looking softly and benignly, and styling her *my young friend here*, in such a sweet guttural accent, so long in drawing up, you would have thought it must have come from the heart, at the very least. I mentioned my surprise.

"She was so strongly the fashion at the close of the evening," said my Mentor, "that it would never do (for the remainder of the night) not to know her; and, as proper time was wanting to get up a decent enmity, nothing was left for it but sworn friendship. To-morrow the baroness will call her my *protégée*, and the day after ask again who is she? unless she happens to hear that the girl has a person of high rank among her connexions, which I understand she has; then the baroness will press her to the heart, or to that pound of flesh which lies next it."

Trifling people are often useful, unintentionally and unconsciously: illustrations may be made out of them even for scholars and sages. A hangman sells to a ragman the materials on which a Homer is printed. Would you imagine that in places like these it was likely for me to gain a new insight into language?

Southey. I should not indeed. Children make us reflect on it occasionally, by an unusual and just expression; but in such society everything is trite and trivial.

Porson. Yet so it was. A friend who happened to be there, although I did not see him, asked me afterward what I thought of the naked necks of the ladies.

"To tell you the truth," replied I, "the women of all countries, and the men in most, have usually kept their necks naked."

"You appear not to understand me, or you quibble," said he; "I mean their bosoms."

I then understood for the first time that *neck* signifies *bosom* when we speak of women, though not so when we speak of men or other creatures. But if *bosom* is *neck*, what, according to the same scale of progression, ought to be *bosom*? The usurped dominion of neck extends from the ear downward to where mermaids become fish. This conversation led me to reflect that I was born in the time when people had *thighs*; before your memory, I imagine. At present there is nothing but leg from the hip to the instep. My friend Mr. Small of Peter-house, a very decent and regular man, and fond of fugitive pieces, read before a lady and her family, from under the head of *descriptive*, some verses about the spring and the bees. Unluckily the *honied thighs* of our little European sugar-slaves caught the attention of the mother, who coloured excessively at the words, and said with much gravity of reproof, *Indeed, Mr. Small, I never could have thought it of you*, and added, waving her hand with matronly dignity toward the remainder of the audience, *Sir, I have daughters.* And I know not what offence the Great Toe can have committed, that he never should be mentioned by the graver and more stately members of the family, or, if mentioned, be denounced with all his adherents; when many of these graver and statelier walk less humbly, and with much less heed against offending. In Italy, if any extremity of the human body is mentioned, it is preceded by the words, "*with respect*," so that most respect is shown to the parts, as to the characters, that least deserve it.

Southey. Pray tell me what else appeared to you remarkable at the rout: for when a person of your age and with your powers of observation is present at one for the first time, many things must strike him which another sees without reflection.

Porson. I saw among the rest two or three strangers of distinction, as I understood by their dresses and decorations: and, observing that nobody noticed them, except the lady of the house, who smiled and dropped a few syllables as she passed, I inquired the next day whether they were discreditable or suspicious. "On the contrary," said my informant, "they are of the highest character as well as of the highest rank, and, above all, of well-proved loyalty: but we Englishmen lose our facility of conversation in the presence of strangers; added to which, we consider it an indecorous thing to pay the least attention to persons to whom we never were introduced. Strangers act otherwise. Every man of education, and of a certain rank, does the honours, not of the house, but of society at large. In no company at Paris, or any other capital in the world, would a foreigner stand five minutes without receiving some attention and courtesy. Abroad all gentlemen are equal, from the *duc et pair* to the Gascon who dines on chesnuts; and all feel that they are. The Englishman of ancient but private name is indignant and sullen that his rights at home are denied him; and his wounded pride renders him unsocial and uncivil. Pride of another kind acts on our society in the same manner. I have seen Irish peers, issuing from the shop and the desk, push rudely and scornfully by the most ancient of the French nobility; the cadets of whose families founded the oldest of ours, and waved the sword of knighthood over our Plantagenets. For which reason, whenever I sit down at table in any public place with an Irish or even an English peer of recent creation, I select the sturdiest of my servants to stand behind my chair, with orders to conduct him by the ears out of the room, should I lift up a finger to indicate the command."

I ought not to have interrupted you so long, in your attempt to prove Wordsworth shall I say the rival or the resembler of the ancients?

Southey. Such excursions are not unseasonable in such discussions, and lay in a store of good humour for them. Your narrative has amused me exceedingly. As you call upon me to return with you to the point we set out from, I hope I may assert without a charge of paradox, that whatever is good in poetry is common to all good poets, however wide may be the diversity of manner. Nothing can be more dissimilar than the three Greek tragedians: but would you prefer the closest and best copier of Homer to the worst (whichever he be) among them? Let us avoid what is indifferent or doubtful, and embrace what is good, whether we see it in another or not; and if we have contracted any peculiarity while our muscles and bones were softer, let us hope finally to outgrow it. Our feelings and modes of thinking forbid and exclude a very frequent imitation of the old classics, not to mention our manners, which have a nearer connexion than is generally known to exist with the higher poetry. When the occasion permitted it, Wordsworth has not declined to treat a subject as an ancient poet of equal vigour would have treated it. Let me repeat to you his *Laodamia*.

Porson. After your animated recital of this classic poem, I begin to think more highly of you both. It is pleasant to find two poets living as brothers, and particularly when the palm lies between them, with hardly a third in sight. Those who have ascended to the summit of the mountain, sit quietly and familiarly side by side; it is only those who are climbing with briers about their legs, that kick and scramble. Yours is a temper found less frequently in our country than in others. The French poets indeed must stick together to keep themselves warm. By employing courteous expressions mutually, they indulge their vanity rather than their benevolence, and bring the spirit of contest into action gaily and safely. Among the Romans we find Virgil, Horace, and several of their contemporaries, intimately united and profuse of reciprocal praise. Ovid, Cicero, and Pliny, are authors the least addicted to censure, and the most ready to offer their testimony in favour of abilities in Greek or countryman. These are the three Romans, the least amiable of nations, and (one excepted) the least sincere, with whom I should have liked best to spend an evening.

Southey. Ennius and old Cato, I am afraid, would have run away with your first affections.

Porson. Old Cato! he, like a wafer, must have been well wetted to be good for anything. Such gentlemen as old Cato we meet every day in St. Mary Axe, and wholesomer wine than his wherever there are sloes and turnips. Ennius could converse without ignorance about Scipio, and without jealousy about Homer.

Southey. And I think he would not have disdained to nod his head on reading *Laodamia*.

Porson. You have recited a most spirited thing indeed: and now to give you a proof that I have been attentive, I will remark two passages that offend me. In the first stanza,

> With sacrifice before the rising morn
> *Performed*, my slaughtered lord *have I required*;
> And in thick darkness, amid shades forlorn,
> Him of the infernal Gods *have I desired*.

I do not see the necessity of *Performed*, which is dull and cumbersome. The second line and the fourth terminate too much alike, and express to a tittle the same meaning: *have I required* and *have I desired* are worse than prosaic; beside which there are four words together of equal length in each.

Southey. I have seen a couplet oftener than once in which every word of the second verse corresponds in measure to every one above it.

Porson. The Scotch have a scabby and a frost-bitten ear for harmony, both in verse and prose: and I remember in *Douglas* two such as you describe.

> This is the place.. the centre of the grove,
> Here stands the oak.. the monarch of the wood.

After this whiff of vapour I must refresh myself with a draught of pure poetry, at the bottom of which is the flake of tartar I wish away.

> He spake of love, such love as spirits feel
> In worlds whose course is equable and pure;
> No fears to beat away, no strife to heal,
> The past unsighed for, and the future sure;
> Spake, as a witness, of a second birth
> For all that is most perfect upon earth.

How unseasonable is the allusion to *witness* and *second birth!* which things, however holy and venerable in themselves, come stinking and reeking to us from the conventicle. I desire to find Laodamia in the silent and gloomy mansion of her beloved Protesilaus; not elbowed by the godly butchers in Tottenham-court-road, nor smelling devoutly of ratafia among the sugar-bakers' wives at Blackfriars.

Mythologies should be kept distinct: the fireplace of one should never be subject to the smoke of another. The gods of different countries, when they come together unexpectedly, are jealous gods, and, as our old women say, *turn the house out of windows*.

Southey. A current of rich and bright thoughts runs through the poem. Pindar himself would not on that subject have braced one to more vigour, nor Euripides have breathed into it more tenderness and passion. The first part of the stanza you have just now quoted might have been heard with shouts of rapture in the regions it describes.

Porson. I am not insensible to the warmly chaste morality which is the soul of it, nor indifferent to the benefits that literature on many occasions has derived from Christianity. But poetry is a luxury to which, if she tolerates and permits it, she accepts no invitation: she beats down your gates and citadels, levels your high places, and eradicates your groves. For which reason I dwell more willingly with those authors who cannot mix and confound the manners they represent. The hope that we may rescue at Herculaneum a great number of them, hath, I firmly believe, kept me alive. Reasonably may the best be imagined to exist in a library of some thousands. It will

be recorded to the infamy of the kings and princes now reigning, or rather of those whose feet put into motion their rocking-horses, that they never have made a common cause in behalf of learning, but, on the contrary, have made a common cause against it. The Earth opened her bosom before them, conjuring them to receive again, while it was possible, the glories of their species; and they turned their backs. They pretend that it is not their business or their duty to interfere in the internal affairs of other nations. This is not an internal affair of any: it interests all; it belongs to all: and these scrupulous men have no scruple to interfere in giving their countenance and assistance when a province is to be invaded or a people to be enslaved.

Southey. To neglect what is recoverable in the authors of antiquity, is like rowing away from a crew that is making its escape from shipwreck.

Porson. The most contemptible of the Medicean family did more for the advancement of letters than the whole body of existing potentates. If their delicacy is shocked or alarmed at the idea of a proposal to send scientific and learned men to Naples, let them send a brace of pointers as internuncios, and the property is their own. Twenty scholars in seven years might retrieve the worst losses we experience from the bigotry of popes and califs. I do not intend to assert that every Herculanean manuscript might within that period be unfolded; but the three first legible sentences might be; which is quite sufficient to inform the intelligent reader whether a farther attempt on the scroll would repay his trouble. There are fewer than thirty Greek authors worth inquiring for; they exist beyond doubt, and beyond doubt they may, by attention, patience, and skill, be brought to light.

Southey. You and I, Mr. Porson, are truly and sincerely concerned in the loss of such treasures: but how often have we heard much louder lamentations than ours, from gentlemen who, if they were brought again to light, would never cast their eyes over them, even in the bookseller's window. I have been present at homilies on the corruption and incredulity of the age, and principally on the violation of the sabbath, from sleek clergymen, canons of cathedrals, who were at the gaming-table the two first hours of that very day; and I have listened to others on the loss of the classics, from men who never took the trouble to turn over half that is remaining to us of Cicero and Livius.

Porson. The Greek language is almost unknown out of England and northern Germany: in the rest of the world, exclusive of Greece, I doubt whether fifty scholars ever read one page of it without a version.

Southey. Give fifteen to Italy, twelve to the Netherlands, as many to France; the remainder will hardly be collected in Sweden, Denmark, Russia, Austria. In regard to Spain and Portugal, we might as well look for them among the Moors and Negroes.

Porson. You are too prodigal to Italy and France. Matthiæ, in his preface to the Greek grammar, speaks of Germany, of England, of Holland; not a word of France; the country of Stephanus, Budæus, and the Scaligers. Latterly we have seen only Villoison and Larcher fairly escape from the barbarous ignorance around them. Catholic nations in general seem as averse to the Greek language as to the Greek ritual.

Southey. The knowledge of books written in our own is extending daily.

Porson. Although the knowledge too of Greek is extending in England, I doubt whether it is to be found in such large masses as formerly. Schools and universities, like rills and torrents, roll down some grains of it every season; but the lumps have been long stored up in cabinets. I delight in the diffusion of learning; yet, I must confess it, I am most gratified and transported at finding a large quantity of it in one place: just as I would rather have a solid pat of butter at breakfast, than a splash of grease upon the table-cloth that covers half of it. Do not attempt to defend the idle and inconsiderate knaves who manage our affairs for us; or defend them on some other ground. Prove, if you please, that they have, one after another, been incessantly occupied in rendering us more moral, more prosperous, more free; but abstain, sir, from any allusion to their solicitude on the improvement of our literary condition. With a smaller sum than is annually expended on the appointment of some silly and impertinent young envoy, we might restore all or nearly all those writers of immortal name, whose disappearance has been the regret of Genius for four entire centuries. In my opinion a few thousand pounds laid out on such an undertaking, would be laid out as creditably as on a Persian carpet or a Turkish tent; as creditably as on a collar of rubies and a ball-dress of Brussels lace for our Lady in the manger, or as on gilding for the adoration of princesses and their capuchins, the posteriors and anteriors of Saint Januarius.

OLIVER CROMWELL AND WALTER NOBLE.*

Cromwell. What brings thee back from Staffordshire, friend Walter?

Noble. I hope, general Cromwell, to persuade you that the death of Charles will be considered by all Europe as a most atrocious action.

Cromwell. Thou hast already persuaded me: what then?

Noble. Surely then you will prevent it, for your authority is great. Even those who upon their

* He represented the city of Lichfield: he lived familiarly with the best patriots of the age, remonstrated with Cromwell and retired from public life on the punishment of Charles. The memorial of my ancestor's virtues I hold in trust for the benefit of our descendants.

consciences found him guilty, would remit the penalty of blood, some from policy, some from mercy. I have conversed with Hutchinson, with Ludlow,* your friend and mine, with Henry Nevile, and Walter Long: you will oblige these worthy friends, and unite in your favour the suffrages of the truest and trustiest men living. There are many others, with whom I am in no habits of intercourse, who are known to entertain the same sentiments; and these also are among the country gentlemen, to whom our parliament owes the better part of its reputation.

Cromwell. You country gentlemen bring with you into the People's House a freshness and sweet savour, which our citizens lack mightily. I would fain merit your esteem, heedless of those pursy fellows from hulks and warehouses, with one ear lappeted by the pen behind it, and the other an heir-loom, as Charles would have had it, in Laud's star-chamber. Oh! they are proud and bloody men. My heart melts; but, alas! my authority is null: I am the servant of the Commonwealth: I will not, dare not, betray it. If Charles Stuart had threatened my death only, in the letter we ripped out of the saddle, I would have reproved him manfully and turned him adrift: but others are concerned, lives more precious than mine, worn as it is with fastings, prayers, long services, and preyed upon by a pouncing disease. The Lord hath led him into the toils laid for the innocent. Foolish man! he never could eschew evil counsel.

Noble. In comparison with you, he is but as a pinnacle to a buttress. I acknowledge his weaknesses, and cannot wink upon his crimes: but that which you visit as the heaviest of them, perhaps was not so, although the most disastrous to both parties; the bearing of arms against his people. He fought for what he considered his hereditary property: we do the same: should we be hanged for losing a lawsuit?

Cromwell. No, unless it is the second. Thou talkest finely and foolishly, Wat, for a man of thy calm discernment. If a rogue holds a pistol to my breast, do I ask him who he is? do I care whether his doublet be of catskin or of dogskin? Fie upon such wicked sophisms! Marvellous, how the devil works upon good men's minds. Friend! friend! hast thou lost thy recollection? On the third of June, 1628, an usher stood at the door of our Commons-house, to hinder any member from leaving it, under pain of being sent to the Tower. On the fifth of the same month, the Speaker said he had received the King's order to interrupt any who should utter a word against his ministers. In the following year we might have justly hanged him for the crime of forgery, seeing that on the twenty-first of January he commanded his printer, Norton, to falsify the text of his own *Declaration*, in which he had acknowledged our rights, and had been paid handsomely for the acknowledgment. I sorely fear the month of January is marked in the Calendar by the finger of the Almighty, for the heavy chastisement of this misdeed. We must take heed unto our ways, and never again be led into the wicked temptation of trusting the false and reprobate. Equity might demand from the traitor more than his worthless and pernicious life. Equity might retaliate on him what Eliot and other most innocent and most virtuous men have suffered; pestilential imprisonment, lingering, painful, incurable disease, fetters and thumbscrews, racks and mutilations. Should the guiltless have suffered these things rather than the guilty? the defender of his home and property rather than the robber who broke into them? If the extinction of a spark prevents worse things than the conflagration of twenty cities, if it prevents the expansion of principles endemically noxious through incalculable ages, such as slavish endurance and all unmanly propensities, I would never take by the collar him who resolutely setteth his foot thereon. Whether a grain of dust be blown away in the morning, in the noon, or in the evening, what matter? But it imports very seriously whether it be blown in the eyes and darken the sight of a nation. This is the difference between him who dies in the solitude of his chamber, and him whom halberts, by God's ordinance, may surround upon the scaffold.

Noble. From so cruel an infliction let me hope our unfortunate king may be exempted. He was always more to be dreaded by his friends than by his enemies, and now by neither.

Cromwell. God forbid that Englishman should be feared by Englishman! but to be daunted by the weakest, to bend before the worst . . . I tell thee, Walter Noble, if Moses and the prophets commanded me to this villany, I would draw back and mount my horse.

Noble. I wish that our history, already too dark with blood, should contain, as far as we are concerned in it, some unpolluted pages.

Cromwell. 'Twere better, much better. Never shall I be called, I promise thee, an unnecessary shedder of blood. Remember, my good prudent friend, of what materials our sectaries are composed: what hostility against all eminence, what rancour against all glory. Not only kingly power offends them, but every other; and they talk of *putting to the sword*, as if it were the quietest, gentlest, and most ordinary thing in the world. The knaves even dictate from their stools and benches to men in armour, bruised and bleeding for them; and with schooldames' scourges in their fists do they give counsel to those who protect them from the cart and halter. In the name of the Lord, I must spit outright (or worse) upon these crackling bouncing firebrands, before I can make them tractable.

Noble. I lament their blindness; but follies wear out the faster by being hard run upon. This

* Ludlow, a most humane and temperate man, signed the death-warrant of Charles, for violating the constitution he had sworn to defend, for depriving the subject of property, liberty, limbs, and life, unlawfully. In equity he could do no otherwise; and to equity was the only appeal, since the laws of the land had been erased by the king himself.

fermenting sourness will presently turn vapid, and people will cast it out. I am not surprised that you are discontented and angry at what thwarts your better nature. But come, Cromwell, overlook them, despise them, and erect to yourself a glorious name by sparing a mortal enemy.

Cromwell. A glorious name, by God's blessing, I will erect, and all our fellow-labourers shall rejoice at it: but I see better than they do the blow descending on them, and my arm better than theirs can ward it off. Noble, thy heart overflows with kindness for Charles Stuart: if he were at liberty to-morrow by thy intercession, he would sign thy death-warrant the day after, for serving the Commonwealth. A generation of vipers! there is nothing upright or grateful in them: never was there a drop of even Scotch blood in their veins. Indeed we have a clue to their bedchamber still hanging on the door, and I suspect that an Italian fiddler or French valet has more than once crossed the current.

Noble. That may be: nor indeed is it credible that any royal or courtly family has gone on for three generations without a spur from interloper. Look at France! some stout Parisian saint performed the last miracle there.*

Cromwell. Now thou talkest gravely and sensibly: I could hear thee discourse thus for hours together.

Noble. Hear me, Cromwell, with equal patience on matters more important. We all have our sufferings; why increase one another's wantonly? Be the blood Scotch or English, French or Italian, a drummer's or a buffoon's, it carries a soul upon its stream, and every soul has many places to touch at, and much business to perform, before it reaches its ultimate destination. Abolish the power of Charles; extinguish not his virtues. Whatever is worthy to be loved for anything is worthy to be preserved. A wise and dispassionate legislator, if any such should arise among men, will not condemn to death him who has done, or is likely to do, more service than injury to society. Blocks and gibbets are the nearest objects to ours, and their business is never with virtues or with hopes. Justice upon earth has forgotten half her lesson, and repeats the other half badly. God commanded her to reward and to punish. She would tell you that punishment is the reward of the wicked, and that the rewards of the good belong to him, whose delight is their distribution in another place. She is neither blind, as some have represented her, nor clear-sighted: she is one-eyed, and looks fixedly and fondly with her one eye upon edge-tools and halters. The best actions are never recompensed, and the worst are seldom chastised. The virtuous man passes by without a *good morrow* from us, and the malefactor may walk at large where he will, provided he walk far enough from encroachment on our passions and their playthings. Let us, Cromwell, in God's name, turn the laws to their right intention: let us render it the interest of all to love them and keep them holy. They are at present, both in form and essence, the greatest curse that society labours under; the scorn of the wicked, the consternation of the good, the refuge of those who violate, and the ruin of those who appeal to them.

Cromwell. You have paid, I see, chancery fees, Walter.

Noble. I should then have paid not only what is exorbitant, but what is altogether undue. Paying a lawyer, in any court, we pay over again what we have paid before. If government has neglected to provide that our duties be taught us, and our lives, properties, and station in society, be secured, what right has it to one farthing from us? for what else have our forefathers and ourselves been taxed? for what else are magistrates of any kind appointed? There is an awfulness in symmetry which chastens even the wildest, and there is a terror in distortion at which they strike and fly. It is thus in regard to law. We should be slow in the censure of princes, and slower in the chastisement. Kingship is a profession which has produced few among the most illustrious, many among the most despicable, of the human race. As in our days they are educated and treated, he is deserving of no slight commendation who rises in moral worth to the level of his lowest subject; so manifold and so great are the impediments.

Reverting to the peculiar case of Charles, in my opinion you are ill justified by morality or policy in punishing him capitally. The representatives of the people ought to superintend the education of their princes; where they have omitted it, the mischief and the responsibility rest with them. As kings are the administrators of the commonwealth, they must submit their whole household to the national inspection: on which principle, the preceptors of their children should be appointed by parliament; and the pupils, until they have attained their majority, should be examined twice annually on the extent and on the direction of their studies, in the presence of seven men at least, chosen out of the Commons-house by ballot. Nothing of the kind having been done, and the principles of this unfortunate king having been distorted by a wrong education, and retained in their obliquity by evil counsellors, I would now, on the reclamation both of generosity and of justice, try clemency. If it fails, his adherents will be confounded at his perfidy, and, expecting a like return for their services, will abandon him.

Cromwell. Whatever his education was, thinkest thou he was not wise enough to know his wickedness, his usurpation and tyranny, when he resolved to rule without a parliament? to levy taxes, to force consciences, to imprison, to slay, at his own arbitrement and pleasure? Some time before the most violent of his outrages, had he not received a grant of money from us on conditions which he

* The birth of Louis XIV. is somewhat like a miracle to true believers, while among sceptics the principal doubt is not whether the child was supposititious, but whether he was so after his birth or before.

violated? He then seized forcibly what belonged to the public: and, because we remonstrated against this fraud and theft, did he not prosecute us as rebels? Whereas, when a king acts against the laws or without them, there can be but one rebel in the kingdom. Accomplices there may be; and such we may treat with mildness, if they do not wring and wrest it away from us and turn it against us, pushing down those who raised them. When the leading stag of such a herd is intractably wild, and obstinately vicious to his keepers, he ought to be hamstrung and thrown across the paling, wherever he is overtaken. What! pat his hide forsooth! hug his neck, garland his horns, pipe to him, try gentleness, try clemency! Walter, Walter! we laugh at speculators.

Noble. Many indeed are ready enough to laugh at speculators, because many profit, or expect to profit, by established and widening abuses. Speculations toward evil lose their name by adoption: speculations toward good are for ever speculations, and he who hath proposed them is a chimerical and silly creature. Among the matters under this denomination I never find a cruel project, I never find an oppressive or unjust one: how happens it?

Cromwell. Proportions should exist in all things. Sovrans are paid higher than others for their office; they should therefore be punished more severely for abusing it, even if the consequences of this abuse were in nothing more grievous or extensive. We cannot clap them in the stocks conveniently, nor whip them at the market-place. Where there is a crown there must be an axe: I would keep it there only.

Noble. Lop off the rotten, press out the poisonous, preserve the rest: let it suffice to have given this memorable example of national power and justice.

Cromwell. Justice is perfect; an attribute of God; we must not trifle with it.

Noble. Should we be less merciful to our fellow-creatures than to our domestic animals? Before we deliver them to be killed, we weigh their services against their inconveniences. On the foundation of policy, when we have no better, let us erect the trophies of humanity: let us consider that, educated in the same manner and situated in the same position, we ourselves might have acted as reprovably. Abolish that for ever which must else for ever generate abuses; and attribute the faults of the man to the office, not the faults of the office to the man.

Cromwell. I have no bowels for hypocrisy, and I abominate and detest kingship.

Noble. I abominate and detest hangmanship; but in certain stages of society both are necessary. Let them go together; we want neither now.

Cromwell. Men, like nails, lose their usefulness when they lose their direction and begin to bend: such nails are then thrown into the dust or into the furnace. I must do my duty; I must accomplish what is commanded me; I must not be turned aside. I am loth to be cast into the furnace or the dust: but God's will be done! Prythee, Wat, since thou readest, as I see, the books of philosophers, didst thou ever hear of Digby's remedies by sympathy?

Noble. Yes, formerly.

Cromwell. Well, now, I protest, I do believe there is something in them. To cure my headache, I must breathe a vein in the neck of Charles.

Noble. Oliver, Oliver, others are wittiest over wine, thou over blood; cold-hearted, cruel man.*

Cromwell. Why, dost thou verily think me so, Walter? Perhaps thou art right in the main: but he alone who fashioned me in my mother's womb, and who sees things deeper than we do, knows that.

ÆSCHINES AND PHOCION.

Æschines. O Phocion, again I kiss the hand that hath ever raised up the unfortunate.

Phocion. I know not, Æschines, to what your discourse would tend.

Æschines. Yesterday, when the malice of Demosthenes would have turned against me the vengeance of the people; by pointing me out as him whom the priestess of Apollo had designated, in declaring the Athenians were unanimous, one excepted; did you not cry aloud, *I am the man; I approve of nothing you do?* That I see you again, that I can express to you my gratitude, these are your gifts.

Phocion. And does Æschines then suppose that I should not have performed my duty, whether he were alive or dead? To have removed from the envy of an ungenerous rival, and from the resentment of an inconsiderate populace, the citizen who possesses my confidence, the orator who defends my country, and the soldier who has fought by my side, was among those actions which are always well repaid. The line is drawn across the account: let us close it.

Æschines. I am not insensible, nor have ever been, to the afflicted; my compassion hath been excited in the city and in the field; but when have I been moved, as I am now, to weeping? Your generosity is more pathetic than pity; and at your eloquence, stern as it is, O Phocion, my tears gush like those warm fountains which burst forth suddenly from some convulsion of the earth.

Immortal Gods! that Demades and Polyeuctus and Demosthenes should prevail in the council over Phocion! that even their projects for a

* Cromwell was not cruel. Had he been less sparing of the worst blood in the three kingdoms, the best would never have been spilt upon the scaffold; and England would have been exempt from the ignominy of Sidney's death, Milton's proscription, the sale of the nation to the second Charles, and the transfer of both to Louis.

campaign should be adopted, in preference to that general's who hath defeated Philip in every encounter, and should precipitate the war against the advice of a politician, by whose presages and his only, the Athenians have never been deceived!

Phocion. It is true, I am not popular.

Æschines. Become so.

Phocion. It has been frequently and with impunity in my power to commit base actions; and I abstained: would my friend advise me at last to commit the basest of all? to court the suffrages of people I despise!

Æschines. You court not even those who love and honour you. Thirty times and oftener have you been chosen to lead our armies, and never once were present at the election. Unparalleled glory! when have the Gods shown anything similar among men! Not Aristides nor Epaminondas, the most virtuous of mortals, not Miltiades nor Cimon, the most glorious in their exploits, enjoyed the favour of Heaven so uninterruptedly. No presents, no solicitations, no flatteries, no concessions: you never even asked a vote, however duly, customarily, and gravely.

Phocion. The highest price we can pay for anything is, to ask it: and to solicit a vote appears to me as unworthy an action as to solicit a place in a will: it is not ours, and might have been another's.

Æschines. A question unconnected with my visit now obtrudes itself; and indeed, Phocion, I have remarked heretofore that an observation from you has made Athenians, on several occasions, forget their own business and debates, and fix themselves upon it. What is your opinion on the right and expediency of making wills?

Phocion. That it is neither expedient nor just to make them; and that the prohibition would obviate and remove (to say nothing of duplicity and servility) much injustice and discontent; the two things against which every legislator should provide the most cautiously. General and positive laws should secure the order of succession, as far as unto the grandchildren of brother and sister: beyond and out of these, property of every kind should devolve to the commonwealth. Thousands have remained unmarried, that, by giving hopes of legacies, they may obtain votes for public offices; thus being dishonest, and making others so, defrauding the community of many citizens by their celibacy, and deteriorating many by their ambition. Luxury and irregular love have produced in thousands the same effect. They care neither about offspring nor about offices, but gratify the most sordid passions at their country's most ruinous expense. If these two descriptions of citizens were prohibited from appointing heirs at their option, and obliged to indemnify the republic for their inutility and nullity, at least by so insensible a fine as that which is levied on them after death, the members would shortly be reduced to few, and much of distress and indigence, much of dishonour and iniquity, would be averted from the people of Athens.

Æschines. But services and friendships . . .

Phocion. . . . are rewarded by friendships and services.

Æschines. You have never delivered your opinion upon this subject before the people.

Phocion. While passions and minds are agitated, the fewer opinions we deliver before them the better. We have laws enough; and we should not accustom men to changes. Though many things might be altered and improved, yet alteration in state-matters, important or unimportant in themselves, is weighty in their complex and their consequences. A little car in motion shakes all the houses of a street: let it stand quiet, and you or I could almost bear it on our foot: it is thus with institutions.

Æschines. On wills you have excited my inquiry rather than satisfied it: you have given me new thoughts, but you have also made room for more.

Phocion. Æschines, would you take possession of a vineyard or olive-ground which nobody had given to you?

Æschines. Certainly not.

Phocion. Yet if it were bequeathed by will, you would?

Æschines. Who would hesitate?

Phocion. In many cases the just man.

Æschines. In some indeed.

Phocion. There is a parity in all between a will and my hypothesis of vineyard or olive-ground. Inheriting by means of a will, we take to ourselves what nobody has given.

Æschines. Quite the contrary: we take what he has given who does not deprive himself of any enjoyment or advantage by his gift.

Phocion. Again I say, we take it, Æschines, from no giver at all; for he whom you denominate the giver does not exist: he who does not exist can do nothing, can accept nothing, can exchange nothing, can give nothing.

Æschines. He gave it while he was living, and while he had these powers and faculties.

Phocion. If he gave it while he was living, then it was not what lawyers and jurists and legislators call a will or testament, on which alone we spoke.

Æschines. True; I yield.

Phocion. The absurdities we do not see are more numerous and greater than those we discover; for truly there are few imaginable that have not crept from some corner or other into common use, and these escape our notice by familiarity.

Æschines. We pass easily over great inequalities, and smaller shock us. He who leaps down resolutely and with impunity from a crag of Lycabettos,* may be lamed perhaps for life by missing a step in the descent from a temple.

Again, if you please, to our first question.

Phocion. I would change it willingly for another, if you had not dropped something out of which I collect that you think me too indifferent to the

* Called afterwards *Anakemos.*

administration of public affairs. Indifference to the welfare of our country is a crime; but if our country is reduced to a condition in which the bad are preferred to the good, the foolish to the wise, hardly any catastrophe is to be deprecated or opposed that may shake them from their places.

Æschines. In dangerous and trying times they fall naturally and necessarily, as flies drop out of a curtain let down in winter. Should the people demand of me what better I would propose than my adversaries, such are the extremities to which their boisterousness and levity have reduced us, I can return no answer. We are in the condition of a wolf biting off his leg to escape from the trap that has caught it.

Phocion. Calamities have assaulted mankind in so great a variety of attacks, that nothing new can be devised against them. He who would strike out a novelty in architecture, commits a folly in safety; his house and he may stand: he who attempts it in politics, carries a torch, from which at the first narrow passage we may expect a conflagration. Experience is our only teacher both in war and peace. As we formerly did against the Lacedemonians and their allies, we might by our naval superiority seize or blockade the maritime towns of Philip; we might conciliate Sparta, who has outraged and defied him; we might wait even for his death, impending from drunkenness, lust, ferocity, and inevitable in a short space of time from the vengeance to which they expose him at home. It is a dangerous thing for a monarch to corrupt a nation yet uncivilised; to corrupt a civilised one is the wisest thing he can do.

Æschines. I see no reason why we should not send an executioner to release him from the prison-house of his crimes, with his family to attend him. Kings play at war unfairly with republics: they can only lose some earth and some creatures they value as little, while republics lose in every soldier a part of themselves. Therefore no wise republic ought to be satisfied, unless she bring to punishment the criminal most obnoxious, and those about him who may be supposed to have made him so, his counsellors and his courtiers. Retaliation is not a thing to be feared. You might as reasonably be contented with breaking the tables and chairs of a wretch who hath murdered your children, as with slaying the soldiers of a despot who wages war against you. The least you can do in justice or in safety, is, to demand his blood of the people who are under him, tearing in pieces the nest of his brood. The Locrians have admitted only two new laws in two hundred years; because he who proposes to establish or to change one, comes with a halter round his throat, and is strangled if his proposition is rejected. Let wars, which ought to be more perilous to the adviser, be but equally so: let those who engage in them perish if they lose, I mean the principals, and new wars will be as rare among others as new laws among the Locrians.

Phocion. Both laws and wars are much addicted to the process of generation. Philip, I am afraid, has prepared the Athenians for his government; and yet I wonder how, in a free state, any man of common sense can be bribed. The corrupter would only spend his money on persons of some calculation and reflection: with how little of either must those be endowed, who do not see that they are paying a perpetuity for an annuity! Suppose that they, amid suspicions both from him in whose favour, and from those to whose detriment, they betray, can enjoy everything they receive, yet what security have their children and dependents? Property is usually gained in hope no less of bequeathing than of enjoying it; how certain is it that these will lose more than was acquired for them! If they lose their country and their laws, what have they? The bribes of monarchs will be discovered, by the receiver, to be like pieces of furniture given to a man who, on returning home, finds that his house, in which he intended to place them, has another master. I can conceive no bribery at all seductive to the most profligate, short of that which establishes the citizen bribed among the members of a hereditary aristocracy, which in the midst of a people is a kind of foreign state, where the spoiler and traitor may take refuge. Now Philip is not so inhuman, as, in case he should be the conqueror, to inflict on us so humiliating a punishment. Our differences with him are recent, and he marches from policy, not from enmity. The Lacedemonians did indeed attempt it, in the imposition of the thirty tyrants; but such a monstrous state of degradation and of infamy roused us from our torpor, threw under us and beneath our view all other wretchedness, and we recovered (I wish we could retain it as easily!) our independence. What depresses you?

Æschines. Oh! could I embody the spirit I receive from you, and present it in all its purity to the Athenians, they would surely hear me with as much attention, as that invoker and violator of the Gods, Demosthenes, to whom my blood would be the most acceptable libation at the feasts of Philip. Pertinacity and clamorousness, he imagines, are tests of sincerity and truth; although we know that a weak orator raises his voice higher than a powerful one, as the lame raise their legs higher than the sound. He censures me for repeating my accusation; he talks of tautology and diffuseness; he who tells us gravely that a man had lived *many years*, and . . . what then? . . . that he was rather old when he died!* Can anything be so ridiculous as the pretensions of this man, who, because I employ no action, says, *action is the first, the second, the third requisite of oratory*, while he himself is the most ungraceful of our speakers, and, even in appealing to the Gods, begins by scratching his head?

Phocion. This is surely no inattention or indifference to the powers above. Great men lose

* Εὔιωδε πολλὰ ἐτῆ καὶ ἦν πρέσβυτερος ὅτε ἐτελεύτα.

somewhat of their greatness by being near us; ordinary men gain much. As we are drawing nigh to humble buildings, those at a distance beyond them sink below: but we may draw so nigh to the grand and elevated as to take in only a small part of the whole. I smile at reflecting on the levity with which we contemporaries often judge of those authors whom posterity will read with most admiration: such is Demosthenes. Differ as we may from him in politics, we must acknowledge that no language is clearer, no thoughts more natural, no words more proper, no combinations more unexpected, no cadences more diversified and harmonious. Accustomed to consider as the best what is at once the most simple and emphatic, and knowing that what satisfies the understanding, conciliates the ear, I think him little if at all inferior to Aristoteles in style, though in wisdom he is as a mote to a sunbeam; and superior to my master Plato, excellent as he is; gorgeous indeed, but becomingly, like wealthy kings. Defective however and faulty must be the composition in prose, which you and I with our uttermost study and attention cannot understand. In poetry it is not exactly so: the greater share of it must be intelligible to the multitude; but in the best there is often an undersong of sense, which none beside the poetical mind, or one deeply versed in its mysteries, can comprehend. Euripides and Pindar have been blamed by many, who perceived not that the arrow drawn against them fell on Homer. The Gods have denied to Demosthenes many parts of genius; the urbane, the witty, the pleasurable, the pathetic. But, O Æschines! the tree of strongest fibre and longest duration, is not looked up to for its flower nor for its leaf.

Let us praise, O Æschines, whatever we can reasonably: nothing is less laborious or irksome, no office is less importunate or nearer a sinecure. Above others praise those who contend with you for glory, since they have already borne their suffrages to your judgment by entering on the same career. Deem it a peculiar talent, and what no three men in any age have possessed, to give each great citizen or great writer his just proportion of applause. A barbarian king or his eunuch can distribute equally and fairly beans and lentils; but I perceive that Æschines himself finds a difficulty in awarding just commendations.

A few days ago an old woman, who wrote formerly a poem on Codrus, such as Codrus with all his self-devotion would hardly have read to save his country, met me in the street, and taxed me with injustice toward Demosthenes.

"You do not know him," said she; "he has heart, and somewhat of genius; true he is singular and eccentric; yet I assure you I have seen compositions of his that do him credit. We must not judge of him from his speeches in public: there he is violent; but a billet of his, I do declare, is quite a treasure."

Æschines. What answer of yours could be the return for such silliness?

Phocion. "Lady!" replied I, "Demosthenes is fortunate to be protected by the same cuirass as Codrus."

The commendations of these people are not always, what you would think them, left-handed and detractive: for singular must every man appear who is different from the rest; and he is most different from them who is most above them. If the clouds were inhabited by men, the men must be of other form and features than those on earth, and their gait would not be the same as upon the grass or pavement. Diversity no less is contracted by the habitations, as it were, and haunts, and exercises, of our minds. Singularity, when it is natural, requires no apology; when it is affected, is detestable. Such is that of our young people in bad handwriting. On my expedition to Byzantion, the city decreed that a cloak should be given me worth forty drachmas: and, when I was about to return, I folded it up carefully, in readiness for any service in which I might be employed hereafter. An officer, studious to imitate my neatness, packed up his in the same manner, not without the hope perhaps that I might remark it, and my servant, or his, on our return, mistook it. I sailed for Athens; he, with a detachment, for Heraclea; whence he wrote to me that he had sent my cloak, requesting his own by the first conveyance. The name was quite illegible, and the carrier, whoever he was, had pursued his road homeward: I directed it then, as the only safe way, if indeed there was any safe one, *to the officer who writes worst at Heraclea.*

Come, a few more words upon Demosthenes. Do not, my friend, inveigh against him, lest a part of your opposition be attributed to envy. How many arguments is it worth to him, if you appear to act from another motive than principle! True, his eloquence is imperfect: what among men is not? In his repartees there is no playfulness, in his voice there is no flexibility, in his action there is neither dignity nor grace: but how often has he stricken you dumb with his irony! how often has he tossed you from one hand to the other with his interrogatories! Concentrated are his arguments, select and distinct and orderly his topics, ready and unfastidious his expressions, popular his allusions, plain his illustrations, easy the swell and subsidence of his periods, his dialect purely attic. Is this no merit? Is it none in an age of idle rhetoricians, who have forgotten how their fathers and mothers spoke to them?

Æschines. But what repetitions!

Phocion. If a thing is good it may be repeated; not indeed too frequently nor too closely, nor in words exactly the same. The repetition shows no want of invention: it shows only what is uppermost in the mind, and by what the writer is most agitated and inflamed.

Æschines. Demosthenes tells us himself, that he has prepared fifty-six commencements for his future speeches: how can he foresee the main subject of them all? They are, indeed, all invec-

tives against Philip: but does Demosthenes imagine that Philip is not greatly more fertile in the means of annoyance than any Athenian is in the terms of vituperation? And which gives most annoyance? Fire and sword ravage far and wide: the tongue cannot break through the shield nor extinguish the conflagration: it brings down many blows, but heals no wounds whatever.

Phocion. I perceive in the number of these overtures to the chorusses of the Furies, a stronger argument of his temerity than your acuteness hath exposed. He must have believed that Philip could not conquer us before he had time enough to compose and deliver his fifty-six speeches. I differ from him widely in my calculation. But, returning to your former charge, I would rather praise him for what he has omitted, than censure him for what he has repeated.

Æschines. And I too.

Phocion. Those words were spoken in the tone of a competitor rather than of a comrade, as you soon may be.

Æschines. I am jealous then? Did I demonstrate any jealousy of him when I went into the Peloponnese, to second and propel the courage his representations of the common danger had excited? where I beheld the youths of Olynthus, sent as slaves and donatives to his partisans, in that country of degenerate and dastard Greeks! What his orations had failed to bring about, my energy and zeal, my sincerity and singleness of aim, effected. The Athenians there followed me to the temple of Agraulos, and denounced in one voice the most awful imprecations against the Peloponnesians corrupted by the gold of Macedon.

Phocion. You have many advantages over your rival: let him have some over you. There are merits which appear demerits to vulgar minds and inconsiderate auditors. Many in the populace of hearers and readers, want links and cramps to hold together the thoughts that are given them, and cry out if you hurry them on too fast. You must leap over no gap, or you leave them behind and startle them from following you. With them the pioneer is a cleverer man than the commander. I have observed in Demosthenes and Thucydides, that they lay it down as a rule, never to say what they have reason to suppose would occur to the auditor and reader, in consequence of anything said before, knowing everyone to be more pleased and more easily led by us, when we bring forward his thoughts indirectly and imperceptibly, than when we elbow and outstrip them with our own. The sentences of your adversary are stout and compact as the Macedonian phalanx, animated and ardent as the sacred band of Thebes. Praise him, Æschines, if you wish to be victorious; if you acknowledge you are vanquished, then revile him and complain. In composition I know not a superior to him; and in an assembly of the people he derives advantages from his defects themselves, from the violence of his action and from the vulgarity of his mien. Permit him to possess these advantages over you; look on him as a wrestler whose body is robust, but whose feet rest upon something slippery: use your dexterity, and reserve your blows. Consider him, if less excellent as a statesman, citizen, or soldier, rather as a genius or demon, who, whether beneficent or malignant, hath, from an elevation far above us, launched forth many new stars into the firmament of mind.

Æschines. O, that we had been born in other days! The best men always fall upon the worst.

Phocion. The Gods have not granted us, Æschines, the choice of being born when we would; that of dying when we would, they have. Thank them for it, as one among the most excellent of their gifts, and remain or go, as utility or dignity may require. Whatever can happen to a wise and virtuous man from his worst enemy, whatever is most dreaded by the inconsiderate and irresolute, has happened to him frequently from himself, and not only without his inconvenience, but without his observation. We are prisoners as often as we bolt our doors, exiles as often as we walk to Munychia, and dead as often as we sleep. It would be a folly and a shame to argue that these things are voluntary, and that what our enemy imposes are not: they should be the more if they befall us from necessity, unless necessity be a weaker reason than caprice. In fine, Æschines, I shall then call the times bad when they make me so: at present they are to be borne, as must be the storm that follows them.

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND CECIL.

Elizabeth. I advise thee again, churlish Cecil, how that our Edmund Spenser, whom thou callest most uncourteously, a whining whelp, hath good and solid reason for his complaint. God's blood! shall the lady that tieth my garter and shuffles the smock over my head, or the lord that steadieth my chair's back while I eat, or the other that looketh to my buck-hounds lest they be mangy, be holden by me in higher esteem and estate, than he who hath placed me among the bravest of past times, and will as safely and surely set me down among the loveliest in the future.

Cecil. Your Highness must remember he carouseth fully for such deserts . . . fifty pounds a-year of unclipt monies, and a butt of canary wine; not to mention three thousand acres in Ireland, worth fairly another fifty and another butt, in seasonable and quiet years.

Elizabeth. The monies are not enow to sustain a pair of grooms and a pair of palfreys, and more wine hath been drunken in my presence at a feast. The monies are given to such men, that they may not incline nor be obligated to any vile or lowly occupation; and the canary, that they

may entertain such promising Wits as court their company and converse; and that in such manner there may be alway in our land a succession of these heirs unto Fame. He hath written, not indeed with his wonted fancifulness, nor in learned and majestical language, but in homely and rustic wise, some verses which have moved me; and haply the more, inasmuch as they demonstrate to me that his genius hath been dampened by his adversities. Read them.

Cecil. How much is lost when neither heart nor eye
Rosewinged Desire or fabling Hope deceives;
When boyhood with quick throb hath ceased to spy
The dubious apple in the yellow leaves;

When, rising from the turf where youth reposed,
We find but deserts in the far-sought shore;
When the huge book of Faery-land lies closed,
And those strong brazen clasps will yield no more.

Elizabeth. The said Edmund hath also furnished unto the weaver at Arras, John Blanquieres, on my account, a description for some of his cunningest wenches to work at, supplied by mine own self indeed as far as the subject-matter goes, but set forth by him with figures and fancies, and daintily enough bedecked. I could have wished he had thereunto joined a fair comparison between Dian . . . no matter . . . he might perhaps have fared the better for it . . . but poets' wits, God help them! when did they ever sit close about them! Read the poesy, not over-rich, and concluding very awkwardly and meanly.

Cecil. Where forms the lotus, with its level leaves
And solid blossoms, many floating isles,
What heavenly radiance swift descending cleaves
The darksome wave! unwonted beauty smiles

On its pure bosom, on each bright-eyed flower,
On every nymph, and twenty sate around.
Lo! 'twas Diana . . from the sultry hour
Hither she fled, nor fear'd she sight or sound.

Unhappy youth, whom thirst and quiver-reeds
Drew to these haunts, whom awe forbade to fly!
Three faithful dogs before him rais'd their heads,
And watched and wonder'd at that fixed eye.

Forth sprang his favourite . . with her arrow-hand,
Too late the goddess hid what hand may hide,
Of every nymph and every reed complain'd,
And dashed upon the bank the waters wide.

On the prone head and sandal'd feet they flew . .
Lo! slender hoofs and branching horns appear!
The last marr'd voice not e'en the favorite knew,
But bay'd and fasten'd on the upbraiding deer.

Far be, chaste goddess, far from me and mine
The stream that tempts thee in the summer noon!
Alas that vengeance dwells with charms divine . .

Elizabeth. Psha! give me the paper: I forewarned thee how it ended . . pitifully, pitifully.

Cecil. I cannot think otherwise than that the undertaker of the aforecited poesy hath choused your Highness; for I have seen painted, I know not where, but I think no farther off than Putney, the identically same Dian, with full as many nymphs, as he calls them, and more dogs. So small a matter as a page of poesy shall never stir my choler nor twitch my purse-string.

Elizabeth. I have read in Plinius and Mela of a runlet near Dodona, which kindled by approximation an unlighted torch, and extinguished a lighted one. Now, Cecil, I desire no such a jetty to be celebrated as the decoration of my court: in simpler words, which your gravity may more easily understand, I would not from the fountain of Honour give lustre to the dull and ignorant, deadening and leaving in its tomb the lamp of literature and genius. I ardently wish my reign to be remembered: if my actions were different from what they are, I should as ardently wish it to be forgotten. Those are the worst of suicides, who voluntarily and propensely stab or suffocate their fame, when God hath commanded them to stand on high for an example. We call him parricide who destroys the author of his existence: tell me, what shall we call him who casts forth to the dogs and birds of prey its most faithful propagator and most firm support? Mark me, I do not speak of that existence which the proudest must close in a ditch, the narrowest too of ditches and the soonest filled and fouled, and whereunto a pinch of ratsbane or a poppyhead may bend him; but of that which reposes on our own good deeds, carefully picked up, skilfully put together, and decorously laid out for us by another's kind understanding: I speak of an existence such as no father is author of, or provides for. The parent gives us few days and sorrowful; the poet many and glorious: the one (supposing him discreet and kindly) best reproves our faults; the other best remunerates our virtues.

A page of poesy is a little matter: be it so: but of a truth I do tell thee, Cecil, it shall master full many a bold heart that the Spaniard cannot trouble; it shall win to it full many a proud and flighty one that even chivalry and manly comeliness cannot touch. I may shake titles and dignities by the dozen from my breakfast-board; but I may not save those upon whose heads I shake them from rottenness and oblivion. This year they and their sovran dwell together, next year they and their beagle. Both have names, but names perishable. The keeper of my privy-seal is an earl: what then! the keeper of my poultry-yard is a Cæsar. In honest truth, a name given to a man is no better than a skin given to him: what is not natively his own falls off and comes to nothing.

I desire in future to hear no contempt of penmen, unless a depraved use of the pen shall have so cramped them, as to incapacitate them for the sword and for the council-chamber. If Alexander was the great, what was Aristoteles who made him so? and taught him every art and science he knew, except three; those of drinking, of blaspheming, and of murdering his bosom-friends. Come along: I will bring thee back again nearer home. Thou mightest toss and tumble in thy bed many nights, and never eke out the substance of a stanza: but Edmund, if perchance I should call upon him for his counsel, would give me as wholesome and prudent as any of you. We should indemnify such men for the injustice we do unto them in not calling them about us, and for the mortification they must suffer at seeing their

inferiors set before them. Edmund is grave and gentle: he complains of Fortune, not of Elizabeth, of courts, not of Cecil. I am resolved, so help me God, he shall have no further cause for his repining. Go, convey unto him those twelve silver spoons, with the apostles on them, gloriously gilded; and deliver into his hand these twelve large golden pieces, sufficing for the yearly maintenance of another horse and groom. Beside which, set open before him with due reverence this Bible, wherein he may read the mercies of God toward those who waited in patience for his blessing; and this pair of crimson silk hose, which thou knowest I have worne only thirteen months, taking heed that the heel-piece be put into good and sufficient restoration, at my sole charges, by the Italian woman nigh the pollard elm at Charing-cross.

KING JAMES I. AND ISAAC CASAUBON.*

James. Good M. Casaubon, I am vexed and perturbed in spirit, to find that my moderation and my zeal, which never has departed from it, should be opposed and thwarted by the pontifficials.

Casaubon. Touch gently, sire, the hinder quarters of a vicious horse, and he will lay down his ears and kick: smite him resolutely and stoutly, and, behold! he draws his legs in, and sidles toward you.

James. As I am a king and a christian, I have a mind to act vigorously and with my whole courage. Methinks it would not be misplaced. What are these doughty bishops of Rome, forsooth, that they should lay hands thus rudely upon God's anointed? I shudder at their violence, though I see it athwart times gone by. Raymond the Sixth, Count of Toulouse . . . God forefend that anything mischievous should lie upon the number . . . I being, as you know, the sixth monarch of my name in Scotland . . . what think you, Casaubon?

Casaubon. I see no reason why your majesty should apprehend any.

James. Raymond then, a descendant of Charlemagne, was dragged to the church of Saint Egidius, naked to the waist and with a halter round his neck, to be flogged by a monk while the pope's legate was at dinner. His son, although a catholic, yet being the begotten of a reputed heretic, was stripped, not of his shirt, like the father, but of all his domains and hereditaments. He fought, however, so valiantly (which I would likewise do were I not unaccountably afraid of a naked sword) that the pope could only extort from him the county of Venaissin, the richest of his lands indeed, with seventy-three castles, on the other side of the Rhone, and 13,800 marks in silver.

Casaubon. Crimes, of which the heresy of princes is the richest, fertilize Saint Peter's patrimony. The celebrated Queen Giovanna, of Naples, a descendant from the brother of Saint Louis, accused of privity to the murder of her husband . . .

James. I do not believe a word of it; a fabrication, a forgery! Proceed forthwith to the pope's part in the business: there lies the guilt: say on.

Casaubon. The beautiful young queen had need of his protection. Although the people of Provence had obliged her to swear upon the Gospels that she would alienate none of her dominions, his Holiness, a few months afterward, compelled her to sell him Avignon.

James. Ay, and never paid her. I know not which is the more execrable; that a vicar of Christ should be guilty of simony, and of exacting the commission of a perjury, or that a people should require an oath from a prince.

Casaubon. The people, sire, have sometimes been suspicious; and overwatchfulness hath made them feverish: but pontiffs in all ages have mounted and ridden hard both restive rulers and well-broken ones.

James. Afore God! my back shall never bend under them. If they run restive with me, they shall bleed in both flanks ere the last leg quit the stirrup.

Casaubon. Not only counts, lords paramount, as your majesty hath recited, but even kings have been stripped bare, and emperors unbreeched, by the popes, who followed them up into their very dreams, threatening them as disobedient children, rod in hand. The Emperor Maximilian swore to defend the freedom of religion as declared in the Confession of Augsburg. Terrified by the pope's denunciations, he rescinded the diploma; and he protested, in excuse of such conduct, that he saw Pius shaking a scourge over his shoulder in his sleep. Pius the Fifth, too, commanded Charles the Ninth, of France, to revoke the Edict of Orléans on religious toleration. The holy father was introduced into the farce by the *Most Apostolic* and *Most Christian* Majesties. They prevailed on his Holiness that he should oblige them to loosen and lay aside their sacred obligations. On timorous and treacherous men like these, depended, and still depend, the prosperity and improvement of the human race. Charles and Maximilian, the

* Casaubon wrote a treatise *De Libertate Ecclesiastica*, of which 264 pp. were printed, when Henry IV., on the agreement of the Venetians with the pope, forbade the continuation, and attempted to suppress the commencement. Some copies escaped; and Goldast inserted the 264 pp. in the first volume of his *Monarchia Imperii*.

Pompous as James was, he was less unbending than many constitutional kings have been. The royal practice of unnatural stiffness did not prevail in Europe until the minor potentates thought it becoming to imitate Louis XIV, and took that part of his character which was the easiest to copy. Unbendingness, in the moral as in the vegetable world, is an indication as frequently of unsoundness as of strength. Indeed wise men, kings as well as others, have been free from it. Stiff necks are diseased ones.

reverse of Achilles, abhorred the gates of hell far more than falsehood.

James. No promises, oaths, or treaties, are sacred any longer than these holinesses and beatitudes will permit. Even Cæsars are supercæsared by their tenants of the Vatican. Nothing is too high or too low for the vultures of the Seven Hills. Not only churches and kingdoms are their quarry, but they swoop into colleges and kitchens, and order what our manciples shall bring into the buttery. One would think they might at least be as complacent as owls are to owlets, and cats to kittens. No such thing: nor do they keep under their own hedges, but prowl far a-field. They pull a tag from the fur of a lawyer if it looks a little too rough, or doth not sit to their liking. Thus, in 1220, unless I mistake the year, Honorius, by his *Interdict*, took away from the University of Paris the power of conferring degrees in civil law. So we see not only the consolations of religion are snatched at once from the innocent as well as from the guilty, whenever a pope cries for a penny and cannot get it; but even the rights of the injured are left without defence. The worst is, that anointed kings are treated so unceremoniously. Gregory the Seventh excommunicated the Emperor Henry the Fourth, and refused him absolution until he had sitten at his gate three days, and barefoot. Soon afterward he repents of this clemency, deposes him, and raises a duke of Suabia to the throne. His successor would put anybody upon mine, excepting the rightful master. But I advise him never to grapple with such a wrestler as I am, until he hath well oiled himself, or I may peradventure make him blow his fingers and caper. I came forward with the olive-branch in my hand, little thinking it a plant for a toad in his rage to spit at.

Casaubon. Your majesty could entertain but feeble hopes of accommodation where avarice and pride are the directors of every counsel. The advantage, however, which I pointed out to your majesty, is obtained, inasmuch as you have hung your proofs upon the highest peg in the chambers of the Vatican: and these manifest to the world below the sincerity of your heart, and the solidity of your arguments.

James. And yet they call me *sectary!*

Casaubon. Those who dissent from the domineering party have always been thus stigmatized. When the pope called Luther, and afterward your majesty, by such an appellation, a small particle of learning might have shown him that the title better suited himself. According to Cato, in his Treatise on Husbandry, *Sectarius* porcus est qui gregem præcedens ducit.

James. I am truly and completely a catholic. How can ever the name be refused me without a manifest and gross injustice? acknowledging, as I do, the Three Creeds, the Four Œcumenical Councils, and every doctrine taught as necessary to salvation, in the four first centuries of Christianity. And being so in all sincerity, I could have wished that whatever leads to fellowship and concord were tolerated and encouraged. It is not the interest of kings to carry the forest-laws into churches. On this principle and persuasion I admitted many papists to offices about my person, not expecting that they would prepare for me such a blazing fire so early in the season: yet, such is my spirit of peace and conciliation, though I would rather keep them out of my cellar and my kitchen, I should not however be loth to go with them, if their priests would allow me, to the communion-table.

The Gospel says, *this is my body:* it does not say *how.* I am far from angry with the mass-maker for knowing more about it than I do, or than my master chose to tell my betters, his apostles and disciples, or for insisting on transubstantiation, the name of which was not in existence for some hundred years after he left the earth. Let every christian take the sacrament: let families, friends, dependents, neighbours, take it together: let each apply to it his own idea of its import and its essence. At a commemoration dinner, one would wish something which he does not see upon the table, another is desirous that the dish which stands before him were away; yet surely both may find that wherein their tastes agree; and nothing, of what is present or of what is absent, can alter their sentiments as to the harmony of the meeting or the object of the entertainment. Such feelings, let me ascend from the little to the great, from the ordinary to the solemn, will the christian's be at the sacrament of the eucharist. The memory of that day when it first was celebrated, makes me anxious to open my arms toward all, and to treat the enemies of my throne with the charity of the Gospel.

We gratify our humours in sovranty, in christianity our affections; in this always our best, in that often our worst. You know not, M. Casaubon, how pleasant a thing it is to converse naturally, because you have always done so; but we kings feel it sensibly, those at least among us to whom God hath vouchsafed a plain understanding. It is like unto a removal from the curtained and closed chamber of sickness, where every footfall is suspended and measured, every voice constrained and lowered, into our native air again, amid the songs and piping of our shepherds, and the wilder and more exuberant harmony of our woodlands. To you the whole intellectual world lies open: we must speak in epigrams or in oracles. The book however which I hold in my hand, teaches me that the practice should be laid aside, and that we ought not to be ashamed of acknowledging a sort of relation, at home, with those whom in the house of God we call our brethren. If I fall rather short of this, I do not pretend to tell a man how he should sing, or how he should pronounce his language, or upon which side he should lie in bed,* much less would I admonish him in what manner he should think on subjects which concern

* Yet never did king interfere so minutely in the private concerns of his subjects. Here, as men are apt to do, he claims exemption from the very failing to which he was most liable.

not me. Everybody knows that I am a great deal more liberal and merciful than the lady who occupied the throne before me: yet surely my cousin Elizabeth ought to have been more tolerant of those who believed too much; she who believed that gallants could be in love with her at seventy. I would exclude none from the benefit of law, none from the enjoyment of dignity: I would establish the catholic peers in that House, from which their friends Garnet and Catesby would, to serve their own purposes, have exploded them. What think you?

Casaubon. I see not how your Majesty can receive as your counsellors, or indeed as any part of those who are to govern, judge, or administrate, men who profess that another has by right a greater power in this realm, not only than your Majesty, but than all the three estates conjointly. They are bound to assist in placing the instruction of your people out of your hands: they are bound to murder you if you resist the authority of the pope, or even if they are informed by him that such an action is of advantage to the Church: indeed any one may murder you, let him only be persuaded by two or three factious but learned men that it is conducive to the interests of His *Holiness*.

James. It is impossible that the common sense of mankind shall permit such a pest as popery to exist much longer; but there will be smoke and stench for some time after the explosion. So long as this nuisance is rocking on the earth, religion will be a prostitute, civilization a starveling, and freedom a dishonest outcast and maimed beggar. This grieveth me: for it is only in kings' palaces that freedom can be properly educated and worthily entertained.

Casaubon. But, Sire! what security for the palace when the parliament-house is blown up? Garnet being asked whether he held it lawful to extinguish the innocent with the guilty, answered in the affirmative, if as much advantage were derivable from it as would compensate for the loss of the unoffending. Murder then may be committed, and even without advantage. The jesuit, the catholic in perfection, requires only a balance of good, and reckons the murder itself as an indifferent and inoffensive method of obtaining it.

James. The same doctor, in another place, delivered it as his opinion that the exploit was not only lawful, but would even be a most glorious one indeed, if it eventually turned out well for mother-church. She hath been sharpening her teeth for us until some of the grinders begin to ache, and the rest are loosening. This puts her into worse and worse humour, and makes her look uglier than usual.

What think you now? am I not liberal enough in all conscience, when I declare my readiness to admit her children about me, if they will only come without cutlery and crackers?

Casaubon. If their conscience is not at their own disposal, can we reasonably hope that their consent will be? The question, which your Majesty hath cited, was not an idle nor a speculative one: it brushed the way to the murder of two monarchs of France, Henry the Third and Fourth. The name itself of the former was inserted in a thesis for *illustration*; whether it were lawful to slay, for instance, Henry the Third, after he had begun to be called a tyrant by a few seditious but learned men. Such are the expressions.

James. Lamentable! that the governments of Europe should have permitted such questions to be agitated by the clergy, to whom they least appertain. Exterminate the appointed and anointed of the Lord! It becomes us to seize, to imprison, and to punish capitally, any religionist, pope or other, who disseminates or countenances such bloody rebellion at once against king and God.

Casaubon. The first attempt to murder the Prince of Orange was committed by one who carried in the same pocket with his pistol a string of prayers to the Virgin Mary and the angel Gabriel, and a catechism of the Jesuits.

James. The death of the Prince of Orange was commanded by a lawful king; and, although he might employ worthier instruments, he being anointed, and thereby judge supreme in his own cause, had an unquestionable right to inflict the penalty. He had disobedient subjects to deal with, instigated by the devil of democracy; and the Prince of Orange was a ringleader of republicans, rank and riotous in his love of power; which love I hold unlawful and ungodly in any under the throne.

Casaubon. Sire! What I ventured to commemorate was mainly in demonstration that not only Jesuits and Dominicans were assassins, but, under the influence of the same religion, even kings themselves.

James. Nay, nay, nay, M. Isaac! A king may peradventure slay unadvisedly, rashly, wrathfully; but a king can never be an assassin, even though he should smite unto the death with his own right hand; forasmuch as the Lord hath given him the sceptre in Israel. King Philip, of whom you made reference, did encompass and bring about the decease of his son Charles, and likewise of his brother (not uterine but spurious) John of Austria, as many sound scholars and rational thinkers do surmise: yet reverential awe hath alway stood between him and that untoward appellation of assassin. Therefore, were it only for the sake of rhetoric and euphony, I do think I would cast about for some palatabler word. It beseems and behoves the learned, most of all, to hold their caps before their faces where any foulness is; and not to see it; but, if they have seen it, to put the same before their mouths, and never to let such expressions break out full-syllabled. As for the pope indeed, I do not acknowledge in him either prince or priest; wherefore you may take him and Jacques Clément by the throat again, and deal with them condignly.

Casaubon. Clément, being interrogated on the reasons why he undertook the perpetration of his atrocious crime, said plainly that he did it because

the king was preparing to aid and succour the Protestants in Germany; and that, intending thereby a thing offensive to God, he was worthy of death; he added, *the pope is God, and God is pope.*

James. Christ forgive me! but I am almost fain to cry out, Happy the people whose Gods were leeks! Religion never taught them that perfidy and murder are virtues. I apprehend that my intentions must be deferred. O Lord! preserve my life for thy glory! preserve it for the union of Christians! Casaubon, it is verily, though we enter thereby into bliss, an ugly thing to die. The malignity of popery may soften: I should be sorry to inflict new pains and penalties.

Casaubon. I would not inflict any: I would authorize no inabilities or privations for a difference in mere articles of faith: for instance, it would be tyranny or madness to declare a man incapable of beating the enemy because he believes in transubstantiation: but I would exclude from all power, all trust, all office, whoever should assert that any man has legitimate power of any kind within this realm, unless it repose in, or originate from, the king or parliament, or both united. According to confessors, no treason of a priest against a king is criminal. Emmanuel Sa, in his guide to them, says, "The rebellion of a priest against a king is not treason, because non est principi subjectus": and again: "Tyrannice gubernans justum acquisitum dominium non potest spoliari sine publico judicio: latâ vero sententiâ potest quisque fieri executor."

James. Horrible! Christ says, *My kingdom is not of this world:* the pope says, *My kingdom is.* Pius V. excited to rebellion the subjects of Elizabeth; Clement VIII. (it is ludicrous to hear the titles of these ruffians) ordered all the Roman Catholics, "quantum in ipsis esset, ut post Elizabethæ obitum rex eligeretur, omni sanguinis propinquitate spretâ." For this purpose it was requisite that the consciences of men should be modified; and hence arose *mental reservation,* to which all the abominations of other religions, even of popery itself, are trifles. Christ says, "Let your discourse be yea, yea; nay, nay:" the jesuit says, supported by the pope, "The speech by equivocation being saved from a lie, the same speech may be without perjury, confirmed by oath, or by any other way, though it were by receiving the sacrament, if just necessity so require." Cannot a lie be circuitous? Whatever is said in order to make a man believe an untruth, is a lie; yet a jesuit has no hesitation to swear it upon the eucharist; and princes have no hesitation to let jesuits be the instructors of youth! Falsely have they been called the supporters of thrones: they never support them but when they can govern from them, by means of deluded or affrighted princes. The papacy is the guardian of governments as a bawd is the guardian of girls: for profit. Antonius Capellus, a Franciscan friar, says that kings are unworthy of presiding over the church of their dominions, in any way whatever; and that God in the books of Moses declares his dislike of them. Blasphemy! Eudæmono-Johannes, a monk of Crete, a true jesuit, extols the son of the Emperor Henry IV. for insulting the dead body of his father, who had been disobedient to the See of Rome. The opinions of these men are not private; they are sanctioned *facultate superiorum,* by the doctors of theology, and by the chancery of the papal court. The spirit of their church has always been and always will be the same, whenever it can exercise its authority; arrogant, intolerant, persecuting, unforgiving. Its poison has been sublimated, and its froth and fumes have been condensed, by the Jesuits.

Casaubon. It is singular and anomalous in the political world, that subjects should claim a right of appeal to foreign princes; and it is absurd to argue that the appeal is made not to the prince but to the priest, when the person is invested with both characters, and acts in both. It was determined in the *council of the Lateran,* by seventy bishops, in presence of the ambassadors of all the Christian princes, that the Holy See held a jurisdiction *in every place;* that its authority extended over all; that it was empowered to decide the causes of princes, to deprive them of their government, and to confer it on others at their own option. On this principle, in the exercise of this authority, pope Zacharias gave the crown of France to Charles Martel, ejecting Chilperic, and commanding a whole nation to commit a perjury.

James. What should I think if the fellows of Trinity college in Cambridge, or of Christchurch in Oxford, rose from table, and shut themselves in their common-room for the day, and sent me word the next morning that they had appointed a head of the church, enclosing his circular, wherein he ordereth my obedience? Verily, from pure good will, I should diet and scourge the knaves into their sounder senses, clapping up their head-piece, with his tiara on, in my fool's-hospital, and giving him the precedency in it he had claimed outside. And yet, M. Casaubon, the fellows of either college are better scholars and honester men, I trow, than your pediculous friars and parti-coloured bald-coot priests, into whose frowsy bodies, incrusted with libidinousness and blood, enters that legion-spirit which overshadows and shakes the world. I have exorcised my three kingdoms; and by the Lord! if such spirit encroacheth, I will set those at him who shall leave him no easier a horn than Achelöusis, and no more tail than I have.

Casaubon. It were an easy matter to prove that deacons, called subsequently cardinal-deacons, have no right to elect a pope; that they themselves were not a corporate body many centuries ago, much less an elective one, but rather so many gourds sprung up in one dark night, with nobody then to heed, and nobody now to pluck them.

James. Nay, but they have though.

Casaubon. Bishops, priests, and deacons, were instituted by the apostles; and what proves that

after their time, we had no earthly and visible head of the church, is this: on the decease of the twelve, the provincial priests elected them, not without the suffrages of the people.

James. We may hold back this latter part, M. Casaubon! Never let people know it. All religions have their secrets and conveniences. Saint Cyprian in several places, and particularly in his epistle to Felix the presbyter, doth indeed testify to the custom you have cited. A bishop thus elected was initiated into his ministry by the other bishops in the nearer dioceses; and it was decreed in the council of Nicæa, that no fewer than three of them should attend on this occasion. Bonifacius the Third left the election to the priests and people, but usurped to himself the right of confirming it. Afterward the emperor's will and pleasure were consulted: Louis, the son of Charlemagne, was the first who waived the ceremony. Cardinals were instituted by pope Marcellus, to bury and baptize. That there was no regular nor certain method of electing popes themselves, is manifest by the Council holden at Rome in 610, which established one: but the establishment hath been sapped and subverted.

Casaubon. The violation mentioned by your majesty of this ordinance, and of that order made in the council of Nicæa, are not the only ones. It was there determined that a bishop removed from a diocese could never be placed in another: which determination was unfixed by pope Antherus.

James. Well, well: let them overturn and overturn to their hearts' content, so that what they overturn do not fall against our shins. My bishops see no harm in removals, which they designate by the auspicious name of *trans-lation*. It were more prudent on my part, and more to the purpose, to touch upon the popes again.

Casaubon. Your Majesty needs not be reminded that, according to papal infallibility, every potentate in Europe is base-born.

James. How? do you mean spurious, or merely that he can be traced by genealogists to a low origin?

Casaubon. I mean a bastard, or the descendant of one; which, as affecting his right to the crown, is the same thing. Innocent III. prohibited marriages within the seventh degree of affinity: by which prohibition there not only is no crowned head, but no nobleman in Europe, who is not a bastard or the descendant of one. What an immense field, what a forest, what a new world for absolution! what a mine of gold throughout the whole extent, all lying on the surface!

James. Yet those divines who prohibited marriages within the seventh degree, put a niece into bed with her uncle, or an aunt into a nephew's, and tucked them up and wished them pleasant dreams. Show me the same fraudulence in any other religion, the same venality and impudence in the priesthood, and you shall have my crown for your pains, Master Isaac, and the head that is under it to boot.

Casaubon. Sire, it is easier to find flaws in the ring of Infallibility. At the Council of Chalcedon it was resolved that the sees of Constantinople and Rome should possess equal authority. One century later a Council was convoked by the emperor Justinian at Constantinople, where the patriarch presided, and no bishop of the Latin church attended; none of them understanding Greek any more than they do now. In 680 another Council was assembled there under Constantine the Bearded, who himself presided at it, placing on his right the patriarchs of Constantinople and Antioch, on his left the deputies of Jerusalem and Rome. It was there that pope Honorius was condemned. In 879 pope John the Eighth declared that all are Judases who assert the Holy Ghost to proceed from the Father and the Son.

James. Another short vacation for Infallibility!

Casaubon. In 1215 a General Council was holden in Saint John Lateran, by pope Innocent the Third, forbidding the establishment of religious orders.

James. The greater part of them, methinks, have been founded since.

Casaubon. It was not until this Council that the doctrine of Transubstantiation was established.

James. The only intelligible sense of it is what Christ's vicar gave, when he took away the substance of the Count of Toulouse and transferred it to himself. Lo! here is a practical kind of transubstantiation, in which his successors have had perpetual practice and are admirably expert. These gentles care neither for bishops their equals, nor for synods their superiors. A pope, like the Glaucus of antiquity, has taken his leap, and from a fisherman is become a god. He may advise and enlighten; he may also command and fulminate: a favourite designation of one among the supernatural powers which he arrogates to himself from the Divinity.

Casaubon. By a less exertion, he might transfuse in a perennial stream his wisdom and his holiness into a succession of bishops: hence appeals to Rome would be unnecessary. Power is always the more immoderate and the more jealous when it rises out of usurpation; but those who contend for liberty of any kind should in no instance be its abettors. If the popes had been conscientious or decently honest men, if they could have abstained from laughing in their sleeves when they called themselves the successors of Saint Peter, if they could have been contented with his quiet mediocrity of fortune, his dignified and righteous exercise of authority, their influence upon sound consciences would have been greater and more permanent: and neither would rape and incest and the abominations of Lampsacus and Crete have been committed in their closets, under the images of the saints and under the lamp of the Virgin; nor would forbearance from evil and activity in good be postponed to frogs and flounders, to horsehair, hemp, and ashes, or prayers to the dead for

the dead. Pope John 22 established a Tariff for sins: and if Leo X. published in like manner a Brief containing one, it did not, as many imagine, bring about the Reformation, which, in the midst of general depravity, it was likelier to prevent.

James. But it was a stinkpot in the hands alike of the pious and of the ambitious, swung about in opposition to the thuribule, and a piece of furniture from the same chamber.

Casaubon. Enormity was not taken into the account. Impurities and incests, the least likely to be committed, paid least.* That which desolated the house of Œdipus, and filled Greece with horror and dismay, was compounded for at the rate of six shillings; while that incontinence, which peradventure might be committed by two persons who happened to have the same sponsor at baptism, cost them sixteen. For this is incest too, according to the *Decretals:* according to the authority of men whose interest is threefold: first, to increase the number of sins; secondly, to split them artificially, and to plant them like the cuttings of vines in long and well-laboured and well-manured trenches; and thirdly, to facilitate the means of atonement.

James. I would not say openly, for evil might come therefrom, that popes might as rationally deduce their origin from Julius Cæsar as from Simon Peter; yet I will declare and protest that the religion they attempt to impose on us resembles more Julius's than Peter's; and that the means they employ to get into office are the same as his; which, after he had ruined his estate by debauchery, would, if he had failed to bribe his electors, have left him without a penny in his pouch. Let me rather mind my own matters: I have nothing to do with crimes out of my kingdom. But *mine* these audacious robbers will not let me call it, if they can hinder me; these infesters of the king's high-road, through England, through Europe, and beyond.

Casaubon. Infallibility was never claimed by the bishops of Rome, nor ever thought of, until they were sufficiently powerful for the assertion of any falsehood and any usurpation. Pope Honorius, in later times, gave his sanction to the Ecthesis of Sergius, which was accepted by a synod convoked under him: it was declared heretical by his successors. Where was then Infallibility?

A question far more important to kings and nations lies before us. The Cardinal Bellarmin, unable to confute the slightest of your remonstrances, came forward in his master's name, threw down the key of Peter and took up the sword, cutting short the question between you, and asserting that the king of England is also in temporals the pope's feudatory and subject. After this, according to the constitution, your majesty may declare rebels all adherents of the pope in any way whatever, all who hold direct or indirect communication with him, all who receive or give intelligence for the furtherance of his machinations and designs.

James. The pope has many true and just causes for hostility against us: the truest and justest is this: the Reformation has shown that bishops are appointed by the secular power, though selected by the spiritual, at least in form. Now, he may be frightened at the apparition of some mighty prince in armour, who, although surrounded by the clouds and fogs of his native superstition, calls upon his own bishops to nominate one, and gives his sanction to their nomination. On this principle Rome may receive her bishop at his hands.

One thing is plain and demonstrable from the Scripture, and admits no doubt nor equivocation, nor can it be interpreted with more or less force; which is, that the guides of Christians must abstain altogether from political concerns.

Casaubon. May not that, sire, affect the bishops as lords in parliament?

James. They sit there only to give their counsel on such discipline as may be propounded for the clergy. Hence they are called lords spiritual; two very good words, although rather strange together.

If any one of mine in his pruriency should cast his wild eye askance, and ruffle his mane and neigh and snort to overleap this boundary, I would thrust the bible into his mouth forthwith, and thereby curb his extravagance. For, M. Isaac, we do possess this advantage: our bishops acknowledge in spirituals the sole authority of that sacred book: whereas your papist, when you push him, slinks off from it as he lists, now to one doctor, now to another, now to saint, now to father, now to confessor; and, as these retire from him and will have nothing to say to him or for him, he has recourse to tradition, which is anywhere or nowhere. If you follow him up into this whispering-gallery, and press him closer, he flies at your throat, and swears (by God's help) he will throttle you.

Casaubon. The English have reflected at all times more intensely on religion than any other people in the universe, and began the earliest to examine its innovations and abuses. The *Trialogus* of Wicklif* is the first important work published in this country, and few more important have been published since.

James. I do not like Wicklif: he would make men equal: let me hear no more of him. Bishop Reginald Peacock went exactly far enough. He resisted the authority of the pope, and refuted the doctrine of transubstantiation, with several other papalities, and particularly those paganisms which Vigilantius, in ancient times, buffeted and exploded.

Casaubon. The council of Trent hath defined and settled all the questions at issue in the Roman-Catholic creed; so that popes can pretend to inculcate nothing new for the future. Matters of discipline are likewise fixed. The appointment to

* The list entitled *Taxæ Pœnitentiariæ*, the genuineness of which publication has been denied, was edited at Paris by Toussain Denis, 1520, and at Venice in the *Oceanus Juris*.

* This book was first printed without date, and written about the year 1360. Peacock flourished a century later.

ecclesiastical dignities, of every degree, may be safely entrusted to the native hierarchy in each kingdom. Your majesty has a right to demand from your Roman-Catholic subjects, that no papal bull, no order, brief, decree, or mandate of any kind, hereafter be received in your dominions.

Throughout the Christian world the popes have stipulated with usurpers for almost every accession of authority and power. Bonifacius III. obtained from the emperor Phocas, who had assassinated his master and benefactor Mauritius, an imperial Rescript, ordering that he should be styled *Œcumenicus*, which the papists interpret Universal Bishop. Mauritius had resolved to confer the title on the patriarch of Constantinople; but Gregory, at that time Bishop of Rome, opposed it, "using Christian freedom," says Eusebius, "and declaring that he could not assent to it; for that no bishop ought to arrogate to himself the style and dignity of Universal Bishop."* In the East the church received with scorn and anger the intelligence of this usurpation: and the spirit of discord, which never breathed so violently and uninterruptedly in any other religion, and which never has intermitted a moment in the sixteen centuries since peace and goodwill were first proclaimed to mankind, induced an Arab to collect a few of his countrymen, disbanded and defrauded by Heraclius, and to preach among them plainer doctrines. Provinces, kingdoms, empires, gazed, trembled, and bowed before him: Religions, old and young, seceded and slank away: not a camel crossed the desert with a grain of incense. While Arians and Catholics were fighting for Christ against the command of Christ, the most populous and civilised part of the world revolted from both standards.

James. To establish things as now constituted, it was necessary to reverse the prophecy of Isaiah, and instead of making the rough smooth, to make the smooth rough.

Casaubon. Hence we find perpetually the terms, pernicious errors, impious doctrines, execrable heresies, and rarely a word about the perniciouaness, impiety, and execrableness, of cruelty, malice, fraudulence, lust, avarice, and ambition. Hence the people are not permitted to read in their houses the precepts of our Saviour, but are ordered to believe the legend of Saint Handkerchief or Saint Eleventhousand; to embrace the faith of a hotheaded enthusiast who tells us he believes a thing because it is impossible, and to place confidence in a lying old dotard who asserts that he filed his teeth in order to speak Hebrew.

James. It must be confessed, his followers have sharpened theirs for worse purposes. Mahomet, of whom you were speaking, borrowed the best of his doctrines from the Christians, and the Christians the worst of theirs from him. Pope John the eighth declared that they who died fighting against the infidels should obtain the entire pardon of their sins. So, whoever wished to commit a rape or murder, had only to make haste and to run from one holy city to the other. As the predecessors of pope John clipped something from the older religions, so pope John crooked his finger and filched these spicy and intoxicating comforts from the goatskin of the Arab.

Casaubon. Among the various religions that have been established in the world, the papal is the only one which, as though it wished to ridicule and parody the Athanasian creed, insists that a kingdom shall have two *chief* magistrates,* that nevertheless one of these shall be *superior* to the other, and that he of right is so who has never seen the country, never will see it, never had parentage or progeny or land or tenement in it; that a kingdom neither conquered nor hereditary, neither bequeathed nor surrendered by itself, must admit an alien arbitrator whenever it pleases him to raise a question, and that this alien arbitrator shall always give an irreversible verdict in his own favour; lastly, that a kingdom, to the detriment of its defence, of its agriculture, of its commerce, of its population, of its independence, shall raise a body of men for the service of this intruder, unlimited in number, enormous in expenditure, which he alone shall discipline, he alone shall organise, he alone shall direct and control. Mahomet left a family, and was far from deficient in impudence, but he wanted the assurance to claim for his own successors what the pretended ones of St. Peter claim for theirs: here however we have somewhat worse than common absurdity, or than common arrogance, to contend with.

James. A harlot was not contented with debauching your servants, with getting drunk at your expense, and with picking your pocket of some loose money every time you approached her: she became impatient for your strong-box and title-deeds, and invoked the blessed Virgin to witness that, unless she had them, you should never, as she hoped for salvation, leave the room alive. She now is angry that you have turned her off; is ready to bring attestations by the thousands, that she is fairer and cleaner and safer than any other; reminds you, as peculiar to herself, that you may enjoy her as well asleep as awake, as well by proxy as in person; complains of your levity and violence, boasts of her sweet temper, affection and fidelity; pouts, pants, and swells, and swears that neither you nor yours

* Orta est contentio, &c. Carrionis Chron: L. 4. p. 272. Venetiis 1540.

* Casaubon must be supposed to mean two magistrates each of whom pretended to power independently of the other. For in Sparta were two kings; and in Japan was a kind of pope, reported to possess an equal authority with the emperor. Where any such magistrate exists, a short time is requisite for his growth into inordinate power: where there is a hierarchy there will be usurpation. The Japanese pope, or dairo, is reduced to order, and his chief privileges are, the keeping of twelve wives, with as many concubines as are necessary for the prosperity of the state and the interests of religion. The number of these, no doubt, would be diminished if no serious danger were to be apprehended from the example of innovation.

shall enter her house again. I see not therefore what we can do better than to cut her laces and put her decently to bed, slipping out of the door with as little noise as possible.

Casaubon. Rather should we act so in every case, than exchange a pledge with the perfidious, or reason with the unreasonable.

James. Nicodemus asked our Saviour *how can these things be?* and his divine instructor heard and answered him with complacency: put the same question to his vicar, issuing from some mountain monastery or some suburban lane, and the fellow will illuminate you with a cartload of faggots.

The French displayed long before the English a resolution to defend the prerogatives of royalty against the usurpations of the Popedom. Vigilantius, afore cited, a Frenchman by birth, although a bishop in Spain, condemned the celibacy of priests, the adoration of relics, and the lighting of lamps and candles by day in churches. Pierre Bruis, neither less intelligent nor less holy, took up and maintained his doctrines, which had languished six centuries, and taught them for twenty years at Toulouse. He was burned alive: for the Roman shepherds have not only their shears but their tar-pot. Henri le Moine followed his doctrine, and preached the words of his master with such good effect, that half the nation came back again from Rome to Christ. At the same season flourished Valdo, as you remember, and translated the Bible into French. His followers, called by his name and by that of Albigenses, carried this precious treasure through more than the third and fourth generation, and yielded it up only with their lives to the God who gave it. Indulgences were in vain held forth to this poor and lonely remnant of the apostolic church. Nicolas Oremus, plucking up courage by example, wrote to prove that the Papacy is Antichrist, and translated anew the Holy Scriptures into French, by order of king Charles the Fifth. Under the next of that name the secretary Maitre Alain wrote his *Somnium Vividarium;* for which I hope, rather than for any other work, my kinswoman Margaret, wife of the Dauphin, gave him a kiss upon the mouth while (it is said) he lay asleep.

The greatest blow of all was received in 1395, when the Sorbonne decreed that the two contending popes might box it out by themselves, and that the people of France should have nothing to do with either. In pursuance of which resolution the kingdom was exempt from papal jurisdiction three whole years. In soberer times, when the popes were neither in the cockpit nor upon the perch, we have proofs before us that the French knew how to clip their combs, shorten their tails, and cleanse their plumage. To pretermit the vigour and firmness of Philippe le Bel, who burnt the Bull of Bonifacius the Eighth in the streets of Paris by the hands of the hangman, and, having seized *his Holiness* at Anagni, would have treated him with as little ceremony, had he not been rescued, Giovanni Buonacorsi of Lucca published, under the reign of Louis the Twelfth, a proposition that the pope was above the king in temporals. The parliament of Paris condemned him to be stripped of his canonical dress, to put on one of green and yellow, to carry a candle of the same colour, to confess before the image of the Virgin Mary that this proposition was contrary to the Roman-catholic religion, and to ask pardon of the king, of justice, and of the people: of the people, because he had put their souls in danger: else the parliament of Paris was always most discreet in its consignment of liberty; not leaving any in places where it might do harm, and placing it abundantly in the king's treasury, to be distributed at his royal will and pleasure. The doctors of that country, and none but doctors and princes are fit to handle the subject, are unanimous that law and liberty, like offices and honours, can emanate only from the throne. I throw out this in friendship and generosity, M. Casaubon, feeling that you, born and educated as you were at Geneva, might think erroneously upon a point which the nicest hand can not separate from religion, and loving you with all my heart, and most anxious for your welfare and salvation.

Casaubon. Sire, I will think thereupon.

James. Friend Casaubon, do you speak in the royal sense of the word or in the popular? We kings, when we say to parliament or other folk that we will think upon anything, mean always that we will dismiss it from our thoughts.

Casaubon. That would not be easy to do with the words of your Majesty.

James. We have already seen and examined the anarchal doctrines of the popish priesthood, and can never be surprised at any atrocity committed by a sect, the only one since the creation of the world, by which fratricide has been protected. Juan Diaz, in the memory of some now living,* was murdered in Nuremberg at the instigation of his brother Alfonso, for having adopted the doctrine of the apostles in preference to the glosses of the popes. His murderers were imprisoned in the jail of Inspruck: the Emperor Charles V. stopped the proceedings, under the pretext that he himself would take cognisance of them at the approaching diet. I know not whether the facts have been divulgated.

Casaubon. The whole history of the assassination has been published in Latin, under the name of Claudius Senarclæus. I possess one of the few copies that have escaped the searches made in order to suppress them. Medals were coined by order of Gregory XIII. to commemorate Saint Bartholomew's day: on one side is the pope, on the other is the slaughter. He commanded it also to be painted in the Vatican, where the painting still exists. In popes no atrocity is marvellous or remarkable; but how painful is it to find a scholar like Muretus exulting in a massacre! Horatius Tursellinus, another eminent scholar, is another proof among thousands that literature, the tamer and subduer of barbarism, can not pene-

* 1545.

trate a heart immersed in this searing superstition.

James. Tursellinus is not so rapturous as Muretus, but he counts the number of the victims with a sedate and calm pleasure.

Casaubon. Spondanus, in his *Auctarium ad Annales Baronii*, represents a similar scene on a smaller scale, exhibited two centuries ago in the Valtellina, under the auspices of the Duke of Feria, governor of the Milanese for the Spanish king. "Catholici, mense Julio, omnes Calvinistas, tam incolas quàm exteros, occidunt."

James. Is it not wonderful that an ignorant, vicious, and ferocious priest, covered with filth and vermin, being hailed as another God by some dozens of the same cast, instantly treats kings as his inferiors and subjects, and is obeyed in a country like this, highminded, free, and enlightened? Is there anything more irrational or more humiliating in the worship of the Delai-Lama? Far otherwise: he is innocent, gentle, and beneficent; no murderer, no instigator to assassinations, no approver of massacres*, no plunderer, no extortioner, no vender of pardons, no dealer in dispensations, no forestaller and regrater of manna from heaven or of palms from paradise, no ringdropper of sacraments, no scourer of incests, no forger, no betrayer.†

* The following words are part of an oration addressed by him to Gregory, in the name of Charles IX., on the celebration of this festival.

"O noctem illam memorabilem, et in fastis eximiæ alicujus notæ adjectione signandam, quæ *paucorum seditiosorum* interitu regem a presenti cædis periculo, regnum a perpetuâ civilium bellorum formidine, liberavit! Quâ quidem nocte stellas equidem ipsas luxisse solito nitidiùs arbitror, et flumen Sequanam majores undas volvisse, quo citiùs illa impurorum hominum cadavera evolveret et exoneraret in mare! O felicissimam mulierum Catharinam regis matrem! &c."

Such are the expressions of Muretus, as the most agreeable he could deliver to the successor of him who proclaimed on earth peace, good will toward men. This language of Charity had been corrected by Infallibility, and altered to *pax hominibus . . bonæ voluntatis:* terms on which a massacre is a commentary.

His words on the same occasion are these: "Gregorius XIII deinde pontifex summus patrum studiis electus; *cujus pontificatûs initia lætiora lætus de Parisiensi Hugenotorum cæde nuncius fecit.* Per occasionem nuptiarum regis Navarri, Calviniani proceres jussu Franci regis oppressi ad LX millia Parisiis cæsa traduntur." Treachery in the mask of Festivity, Murder in that of Religion, are thus congratulated and applauded.

† Almost the only good, or rather almost the only cessation of evil, permitted by catholic princes, is the abolition of the jesuits, which must however be considered as merely the dismissal of old servants grown insolent. Princes still maintained and supported the Inquisition. During the period of these two institutions, more mischief has been done to mankind by their religion, than by all the other religions that have existed in the world. The jesuits taught youth, but only to a certain and very circumscribed extent, and their principal dogma was the legitimacy of falsehood: hence knowledge and virtue have suffered worse from them than from the most profligate and ignorant of the other confraternities.

Catholicism is the cause, we are informed, why sculpture and painting were revived: it is more certainly the cause why they have made no progress, and why they have been employed on ignoble objects; on scourgers and hangmen, on beggarly enthusiasts and base impostors. Look at the two masterpieces of the pencil; the Transfiguration of Raphael and the St. Jerome of Coreggio: can anything be more incongruous, anything more contrary to truth and history? We may be persuaded that the little town of Sicyon produced a greater number of masterpieces than all the modern world. The sculptors of Sicyon are celebrated, the painters not: but sculpture was never brought to perfection anywhere until drawing was; and we are instructed by the defect in our own school, how much rarer and more difficult is this part. In landscape only, where superstition has no influence, are the moderns to be thought on a level with the ancients. Claude and Titian, Cuyp and Hobbima, were probably not excelled.

O Casaubon! I blush to reflect that dissimulation is necessary to the maintenance of peace. A rotten rag covers worse rottenness: remove it, and half the world is tainted with infidelity. In England, in Holland, in any country where laws are equitable and morals pure, how often would these *Eminences* and *Holinesses* have clasped the whipping-post, and with how much more fervency than they clasp the cross! Bellarmin must have been convinced: he must have struggled against his conscience: heated with that conflict, he advances the more outrageously against me.

Casaubon. Bellarmin throws all your arguments into the fire, and assumes a fiercer attitude, not from any resentment at being convinced, for convinced he was long before, but on the principle that, when we are tired of parrying, we thrust. Your Majesty has now a declared competitor for the throne: but Parliament will provide, if the statute of Queen Elizabeth is insufficient, the means necessary to maintain your possession. On the compliance of your Roman-Catholic subjects with such conservatory statutes, nothing can be so unjust or so needless, as to exclude from the rights of citizenship, or from the dignities of state, a body of men who believe not differently from your Majesty, but more.

Popery is an amalgam of every religion and every institution by which mankind in all countries under heaven had been subjugated. Not only the Egyptian and Syrian, the Bramin and Persian, the Phrygian and Greek, but even the Druidical, was found useful in its structure; and thereupon were erected the fulminating batteries of Excommunication. This, which satisfied and satiated the ferocity of the most ferocious race among men, satisfied not the papal priesthood. They conducted their Inquisition far beyond it, extinguishing, as they went, all other lights than such as served for illusion. In Spain they succeeded perfectly; nearly so in Italy; in France the machine stuck and miscarried. The vivacity and courage of the French, and their felicity in ridicule and mimicry, kept them up from suffocation and submersion. The strong moral principle of the English, their serious temper, their habit of long reflection, their unreserved confidence one in another, their dauntless practice of delivering their opinions, their liberality in accepting and exchanging them, and, upon these, the attempering countenance of your Majesty, will deprive the papal

poison of its circulation and activity. Threats are yet murmured: but if your Majesty will cease to notice them, they will die away. There is no echo but from repercussion; no repercussion but from some place higher than the voice. The scourge of reason and humanity, left upon the ground awhile, will break in the hand of the first who strikes hard therewith: it has already lost much of its weight and suppleness.

Casaubon here finished his discourse, and James made no farther observation. Such was his simplicity, he really had imagined that reason and truth, urged so forcibly by him, would alter the system and concilitate the goodwill of the papal court, and that it would resign a wide dominion for a weighty argument. He stroked his beard, licked softly the extremities of his whiskers, ejaculated, sighed, and sate down quietly. He was, notwithstanding, in a frame of mind capable of receiving with satisfaction whatever could derogate from the dignity of the Roman-Catholic rites, when Archibald Pringle, one of his pages, entered the apartment.

"Archy," said his Majesty, who was fond of such abbreviations, "I remember to have chidden you for a wicked little story you told me last winter, touching a Japanese at Rouen. Come now, if you can divest it of irreverence, I would fain hear it repeated. I think it a subject for the disquisition of my bishops, whether the pagan sinned or not, or whether, if he sinned, his faith was of a nature to atone for it."

Such were really, if not the first thoughts, those however which now arose in the king's mind. The page thus began his narration.

A young Japanese was brought over to Rouen on the day of Pentecost. He had expressed in the voyage a deep regret at the death of the chaplain, who might have instructed him in the mysteries, and who, the only time he conversed with him, recommended to him zealously the worship of the living God. He was constant in his desire to be edified, and immediately on his debarkation was conducted to the cathedral. He observed the elevation of the Host with imperturbable devotion, and an utter indifference to the flattering whispers of the fairest among the faithful; such as, 'O the sweet jonquil-coloured skin! O the pretty piercing black eyes! O the charming long twisted tail! and how finely those flowers and birds and butterflies are painted upon his trowsers! and look at that leopard in the centre! it seems alive.'

When the service was over, and the Archbishop was mounting his carriage-step, he ran after him, and, with eyes half-closed, bit him gently by the calf of the leg. Vociferations were raised by the attendants, the soldiers, and the congregation, ill accordant with sanctity, and wronging the moral character and pious disposition of the Japanese. These however the good prelate quieted, by waving his hand and smiling with affability. The neophyte was asked what induced him to bite the archbishop by the leg: he answered, that he wished to pay the living God the same reverence and adoration as the living God had paid the dead one.

"See now," cried James, "the result of proclaiming that the pope is God upon earth. It led this poor heathen, who amid such splendour and prostrations might well mistake an archbishop for a pope, to the verge of an abyss, dark, precipitous, and profound, as any that superstition hath opened in his own deplorable country."

MARCHESE PALLAVICINI AND WALTER LANDOR.

At Albaro near Genoa I rented the palace of Marchese Pallavicini. While he was presenting the compliments on my arrival, the wife of his bailiff brought me fish and fowl from the city, and poured upon the table a basketful of fruit.

Landor. The walk has tired you, my good woman. The hill indeed is rather steep, but it is short, and you appear, like the generality of Genoese countrywomen, strongly built.

Pallavicini. She has been frightened. When the Neapolitans and English landed here in the Bay, she was in childbed.

Landor. Poor woman! the alarm must have been great indeed, before you knew that the general was an Englishman.

Ah sir! was all she replied.

Signor Marchese, do inform me what she means.

Pallavicini. It is better to forget if we can the calamities of war, which usually are the heaviest in the most beautiful countries.

Landor. Indulge me however in my request. Curiosity is pardonable in a stranger, and, led by humanity, is admissible to confidence.

Pallavicini. You had begun, sir, to say something which interested me, in reply to my inquiry how you liked our scenery. I shall derive much more satisfaction from your remarks on our architecture and gardens, than you can derive from my recital of an inhumanity. It is fair and reasonable, and in the course of things, that we should first arrive at that which may afford us pleasure, and not flag toward it wearied and saddened, and incapable of its enjoyment.

Landor. I am pleased, as I observed, by the palace opposite, not having seen in Italy, until now, a house of any kind with a span of turf before it. Like yours and that opposite, they generally encroach on some lane, following its windings and angles, lest a single inch of ground should be lost; and the roofs fight for the centre of the road. I am inclined to believe that the number of houses of which the fronts are uneven, is greater than of the even; and that there are more cramped with iron than uncramped. These deformities are always left visible, though the house is plastered, that the sum expended on the

iron and labour may be evident. If an Italian of condition spends a lira, he must be seen to spend it: his stables, his laundry, his domestics, his peasants, must strike the eye together: his pigsty must have witnesses like his will. Every tree is accursed, as that of which the holy cross was fabricated, and ought to be swept away. You are surely the most hospitable people in the world: even that edifice which derives its existence and its name from privacy, stands exposed and wide-open to the stranger, wherever it stands at all.

When I resided on the Lake of Como, I visited the palace of Marchese Odeschalchi. Before it swelled in majesty that sovran of inland waters; behind it was a pond surrounded with brickwork, in which about twenty young goldfish jostled and gasped for room. The Larius had sapped the foundation of his palace, and the Marchese had exerted all his genius to avenge himself: he composed this bitter parody. I inquired of his cousin Don Pepino who conducted me, when the roof would be put on: he looked at me, doubting if he understood me, and answered in a gentle tone, "It was finished last summer." My error originated from observing red pantiles, kept in their places by heavy stones, loose, and laid upon them irregularly.

"What a beautiful swell, Don Pepino, is this upon the right," exclaimed I: "the little hill seems sensible of pleasure as he dips his foot into the Larius."

"There will be the offices."

"What! and hide Grumello! Let me enjoy the sight while I can. He appears instinct with life, nodding the network of vines upon his head, and beckoning and inviting us, while the figtrees and mulberries and chesnuts and walnuts, and those lofty and eternal cypresses, stand motionless around. His joyous mates, all different in form and features, push forward; and, if there is not something in the air, or something in my eyesight, illusory, they are running a race along the borders. Stop a moment: how shall we climb over these two enormous pines? Ah, Don Pepino! old trees in their living state are the only things that money cannot command. Lovers leave their beds, run into cities, and traverse mountains for it; obelisks and arches, palaces and temples, amphitheatres and pyramids, rise up like exhalations at its bidding; even the free spirit of Man, the only thing great on earth, crouches and cowers in its presence. It passes away and vanishes before venerable trees. What a sweet odour is here! whence comes it? sweeter it appears to me and stronger than of the pine itself."

"I imagine," said he, "from the linden; yes, certainly."

"Is that a linden! It is the largest, and, I should imagine, the oldest upon earth, if I could perceive that it had lost any of its branches."

"Pity that it hides half the row of yon houses from the palace! It will be carried off with the two pines in the autumn."

"O Don Pepino!" cried I; "the French, who abhor whatever is old and whatever is great, have spared it; the Austrians, who sell their fortresses and their armies, nay, sometimes their daughters, have not sold it: must it fall! Shall the cypress of Soma be without a rival? I hope to have left Lombardy before it happens; for, events which you will tell me ought never to interest me at all, not only do interest me, but make me (I confess it) sorrowful."

Who in the world could ever cut down a linden, or dare in his senses to break a twig from off one? To a linden was fastened the son of William Tell, when the apple was cloven on his head. Years afterward, often did the father look higher and lower, and search laboriously, to descry if any mark were remaining of the cord upon its bark! often must he have inhaled this very odour! what a refreshment was it to a father's breast! The flowers of the linden should be the only incense offered up in the churches to God. Happy the man whose aspirations are pure enough to mingle with it!

How many fond and how many lively thoughts have been nurtured under this tree! how many kind hearts have beaten here! Its branches are not so numerous as the couples they have invited to sit beside it, nor its blossoms and leaves as the expressions of tenderness it has witnessed. What appeals to the pure all-seeing heavens! what similitudes to the everlasting mountains! what protestations of eternal truth and constancy! from those who now are earth; they, and their shrouds, and their coffins! The caper and figtree have split the monument. Emblems of past loves and future hopes, severed names which the holiest rites united, broken letters of brief happiness, bestrew the road, and speak to the passer-by in vain.

To see this linden was worth a journey of 500 miles. It looked directly up the lake, in the centre of its extremity, and facing the boundary mountains of the Val-Tellina.

The cypress of Soma, where the first battle was fought between Hannibal and Scipio, is, in my opinion, the object most worth seeing in Italy, unless it be the statue at the base of which fell Cæsar.

Pallavicini. One would imagine it must surely be the patriarch of the vegetable world.

Landor. Lest, Signor Marchese, you should remain in doubt whether any other tree may be older, I shall refer you to Pietro della Valle, a lively, sensible, and veracious traveller, and credulous only where credulity is necessary to salvation. He mentions a terebinthus with three trunks growing from one root: and St. Jerom writes that it was there in his time, and that it was holden in great veneration by the people round. I do not believe the terebinthus to be so durable as the cypress; not being so slow in growth, and the branches more easily broken by the wind, whence the rain is admitted, cracks and crevices are made, and insects lodge in them and

enlarge them. The antiquity of this terebinthus must have been extraordinary in the time of St. Jerom, to be so distinguished from other trees, and held even then in veneration; and its appearance could have become but little changed in the twelve centuries between his visit and that of Pietro della Valle. Not many years ago, a tree even of higher antiquity was living and flourishing at Patras. It was a cypress, mentioned by Pliny, and seen by Spon, who visited the country in the year 1676. He represents it as of that species which here in Italy you call the *female;* a more beautiful tree than the other, but generally thought to be of shorter duration, from its horizontal branches (when extremely long) being subject to be broken by the weight of snow. The trunk, in the time of Spon, was eighteen French feet in diameter.

Pallavicini. You passed by Soma in going to Milan on your way to Como. I would gladly see that lake, which detained you three whole years among a people so rude and barbarous.

Landor. Barbarous do not call it, though indeed it may be too much so. It was in Como I received and visited the brave descendants of the Jovii: it was in Como I daily conversed with the calm philosophical Sironi: and I must love the little turreted city for other less intrinsic recollections. Thither came to see me the learned and modest Bekker, and it was there, after several delightful rambles, I said farewell to Southey.

Pallavicini. If ever I should again have business at Milan, I might almost be tempted to visit the Lario, greatly as I should be ridiculed at Genoa for a journey of curiosity. We Italians study more the works of art than of nature; you Englishmen the contrary.

Our towns, to continue the subject on which we began, are in much better style than our villas.

Landor. They indeed are magnificent, and appear the more so after the wretched streets of France. In that country almost everything animated is noisy, and almost everything inanimate is mis-shapen. All seems reversed: the inhabitants of the north are darker than those of the south: indeed the women of Calais are much browner than any I have seen in Italy: the children, the dogs, the frogs, are more clamorous than ours; the cocks are shriller. But at worst we are shocked by no contrast; the very language seeming to be constructed upon stinks; and dirt and ugliness going together. While in Italy we cannot walk ten paces without observing the union of stateliness and filth, of gorgeous finery and squalid meanness; and the expressions of vice and slavery are uttered in the accents of angels. The churches are fairly divided between piety and prostitution, leaving the entrance and a few broken chairs to beggary and vermin. Here always is something of misapplied paint and importunate gilding. A couple of pepper-boxes are mounted on St. Peter's, which also exhibits the incredible absurdity of two clocks in its front: a dozen of mass-boxes range the Colosseo: the Pantheon is the tomb of a fiddler.

Pallavicini. I have been in London, and was much surprised at the defects of architecture in your capital. Not only Rome, Genoa, Venice, Verona, Vicenza, Milano, but Paris itself, excels it: and how incomparably more magnificent must have been the public works of Athens!

Landor. Those both of Paris and London would not constitute a third of the Pirœus alone, of which the length exceeded six miles; the height was sixty feet, not reckoning the foundation, and the breadth at top about twelve. It was of square stones, fastened together by cramps of iron and by molten lead.

Pallavicini. Being begun and carried on in the greatest haste, I wonder how the Athenians had leisure for the squaring of stones, each of which weighed several tons.

Landor. This question has never been discussed. In my opinion, those of the greatest bulk were taken from the ancient walls of the city, which not only were useless now its boundaries were quadrupled in extent, but which obstructed the communications and deformed the beauty of the place. These originally were erected by one of those societies of itinerant masons, which, like many colonies, are called Pelasgian. I suspect they were Etrurians; a people more early on the road to civilisation than the inhabitants of Hellas, although they never carried it to the same extent. They indeed were the Chinese of Europe.

Pallavicini. Surely you undervalue them.

Landor. Far from it: I was speaking of the ancient: Greece alone, of all the nations on the globe, rivals the modern. But there is no evidence or probability that the arts in old Etruria ever equalled the same in China; where moreover the powers of imagination and reflection raise our wonder in their earlier writers. The great wall of China quite obscures the Pirœus by its magnitude, unequal as it is in its utility and its beauty; which may be imagined, although faintly, if we recollect that to the main walls of the Pirœus were added two others; one four miles long, the other somewhat shorter, each adorned with statues.

Pallavicini. This work then exceeded any the Romans themselves have built.

Landor. The Romans did less in their city than in the conquered territories. The greatest of their labours was the wall against the Caledonians: the most solid and majestic was the bridge across the Danube. In theatres they excelled the Athenians: those at Athens were worthy of Pollio and Seneca; those at Rome, of Æschylus and Sophocles. The Romans, in ancient times as in modern, found plenty of materials among the ruins. A band of robbers and outcasts saw on the banks of the Tiber a city so little dilapidated that it served them to inhabit. They repaired the roofs with sedge and rushes, deposited their plunder within the two fortresses dedicated to Saturn and to Janus, grew thrifty and religious, with no abatement of enterprise or stint of spoliation, found order more and more necessary, and consented to elect with more

regularity and ceremony their captains and arbitrators. Gods and priests were imported from all quarters after every foray, together with oxen, sheep, swine, grain, and household utensils. As, however, from their habits of life, they had brought no women with them, and female captives were in insufficient number, they took others by fraud and violence from the villages around. The pastoral and unwarlike inhabitants were as submissive to them as they are at present to the native bandits, and perhaps gave them the same assistance and information on their excursions. The Sabines, who afterward became more courageous, from the necessity of discipline forced upon them by incessant aggression, were at this time among the least martial and the least enterprising of nations. Unable to recover their wives and daughters, they soon made peace.

Pallavicini. We Ligurians long withstood the Romans: and their historians and poets for this reason, while they extol the Sabines, show us no mercy. From your account of our conquerors, it appears that they were at least as uncivilised as any inhabitants of the Peninsula.

Landor. More so than any. No spacious and commodious mansion, no august temple, was erected in 500 years: so uncouth was the genius of the people. The magnificence of Syracuse and of Corinth, the most elegant and splendid cities in Europe, left little impression on the destroyers. Their cups were (as they termed it) of barbaric gold, while their temples and the gods within them were of clay. Captured Veii soon supplied Rome with a large assortment of richer images. Lucullus was the first of the nation who had any idea of amplitude in architecture. Julius Cæsar, to whom glory in all her forms and attributes was more familiar than his own Penates, meditated the grandest works of utility and decoration, in the city and out: but he fell a victim to insatiable ambition, and left nothing memorable in his birthplace but Pompey's statue. Augustus did somewhat in adorning the city: but Augustus was no Pericles. Tiberius, melancholy at the loss of a young and beautiful wife borne away from him by policy, sank into that dreadful malady which blighted every branch of the Claudian family, and, instead of embellishing the city with edifices and sculpture, darkened it with disquietudes and suspicions, and retired into a solitude which his enemies have peopled with monsters. Such atrocious lust, incredible even in madness itself, was incompatible with the memory of his loss and with the tenderness of his grief. Nero, in the beginning of his government, and indeed five entire years, a virtuous and beneficent prince, was soon affected by the same insanity, but acting differently on his heart and intellect. He never lost sight of magnificence, and erected a palace before which even the splendours of Pericles fade away. Plutarch, in the Life of Publicola, tells us that he himself had seen at Athens the columns of Pentelican marble for the temple of the Capitoline Jupiter; that their thickness was reduced at Rome, to the injury of the proportions; after which, he informs us that the gilding of the whole edifice cost 12,000 talents. Now, the hall in the palace of Nero was as large as this temple; the ground on which it stood was thirtyfold the extent, and the gilding so general, that it was called the *Golden House.* At the decease of Nero, the masters of the world trembled to enter it; removed from it the works of Phidias and Praxiteles, of Scopas and Lysippus, of Zeuxis and Apelles, of which probably all that were extant were assembled here; poured forth the lava of the precious metal from its ceilings, its architraves and its arches; and constructed out of its kitchens and stables a bath and amphitheatre for the whole Roman people.

Pallavicini. Nero seems to have pacified them surprisingly, after burning down their houses.

Landor. The conflagration I believe to have arisen from the necessity of purifying the city after an endemical disease, and of leaving no narrow streets in the centre for its recurrence. The extreme love which the populace bore toward Nero long after his death, is a proof that they did not attribute the fire to his cruelty or caprice; and they were abundantly recompensed by his liberality. Nothing was left for the Flavian dynasty but to demolish and reconstruct: nothing for Trajan but to register on marble his rapid victories, leaving his virtues to be inscribed on materials less perishable: nothing for Hadrian but to imitate the finer works of the Athenians. Architecture then sank for ages. The Moors introduced a style of it more fanciful and ornamental, which beside had this advantage; it brought with it no recollections of deterioration and decay. The cathedrals in Spain are the most exquisite models of it: and illuminated manuscripts, which the Arabs, Turks, and Persians, prize highly, gave, I imagine, those ideas on which the French, the Germans, and the English, raised many noble edifices, correcting the heavier and more depressed masses of Italy.

Pallavicini. With Saint Paul's and Saint Stephen's before you, cottages are built like castles, and palaces like cottages; and where the edifice is plain and simple, the window is a hole knocked in the wall, looking like an eye without an eyebrow or eyelashes; or else it is situated in the midst of an arch, as if a ruin had been patched up to receive it.

Landor. This idea we borrowed from Florence, and very lately. The Florentines turned their shops into palaces when they turned the name of silk-merchant into that of marquis: and the patchwork is equally visible in the house and in the master.

Pallavicini. Since I was in England, I understand that absurdities even more ludicrous are come into fashion, and that your architects fall back again on what they denominate the Elizabethan style. In fact, condemned by nature to perennial twilight, you wainscot your apartments with the darkest oak, and impanel it in your ceilings;

your windows are divided and traversed by thick stone-work; and the panes of glass, extremely small, are sometimes made darker by green and purple, and are held together by almost an equal quantity of lead.

Landor. True enough: and when we attempt to be more classical, we run into as gross absurdities. Some of us would be Grecian in our houses, forgetting that the Greeks made a wide difference between the construction of a house and of a temple. Even if they had not, still the climates of the two countries are so different, that what would be convenient on the shores of the Ægean Sea, would be ill placed on the shores of the British Channel. Exposed to our biting winds, the Corinthian acanthus would soon shed its beautiful foliage. And what indeed have we to do with the ram's skull and horns belonging to the Ionian? We, who slay no rams for sacrifice, and to whom, therefore, such a decoration is without a memorial and without a meaning. But Ionian pilasters are admissible to the fronts of our houses, and Ionian columns to our public edifices. However, the ornaments of the capitals should be taken from what is indigenous and appropriate. The portals in England are despicably poor; whereas to these is greatly owing the dignity of the exterior; and the dignity of the interior to the staircase. In this likewise the best houses of London, with very few exceptions, are deficient.

Pallavicini. We Genoese are proud of our door-ways.

Landor. They are magnificent; so are many in Rome, and some in Milan. We have none in London, and few in the country; where, however, the staircases are better. These are usually oak. I inherit an old ruinous house, containing one up which the tenant rode his horse to stable him.

Let us now reflect again a moment on Athens, which I think will be somewhat more to our satisfaction. A city not larger than Liverpool, and whose inhabitants might almost have been lost in Syracuse, produced, within the short period of two centuries, reckoning from the battle of Marathon, a greater number of exquisite models, in war, philosophy, patriotism, oratory, and poetry; in the semi-mechanical arts which accompany or follow them, sculpture and painting; and in the first of the mechanical, architecture; than the remainder of Europe in 6000 years. She rises up again as from a trance, and is pushed back by the whole company of kings. The rulers of nations seem to think they have as much interest in abolishing the traces of her, if they can, as Alexander thought he had to demolish what were considered to be the monuments of the Argonautic Expedition. Darius felt differently. He believed that there is policy in content, both in keeping and causing it; he established by Mardonius a republican form of government in the Grecian cities of Ionia.

Pallavicini. Hush! do not speak of republics: the sound may blow a man's head off. We are safer among the trees. And now, if you have said all you purposed to say upon our buildings, let us return again to our plants.

Landor. Enter the gardens and approach the vases: do you perceive the rarity, the beauty, the fragrance of the flowers? In one is a bush of box, in another a knot of tansy. Neptune is recumbent on a bed of cabbages, and from the shell of a Triton sprout three turnips, to be sold.

Pallavicini. Our first object in the garden is profit. The vicinity of Genoa produces a large quantity of lemons, and many families are supported by renting, at about thirty crowns, half an acre or less of lemon ground.

Landor. I mentioned the fact at Pisa, with some doubt and hesitation; and there I learned from Don Luigi Serviti and Signor Georgio Salvioni, both gentlemen of Massa di Carrara, the extraordinary fertility of a lemon-tree. A wager was laid in the year 1812 by Signor Antonio Georgieri, of Massa, with Marchese Calani, of Spezia, that at Croscello, half a mile from Massa, there was one which would mature, that season, 14,000 lemons; it exceeded the quantity. In Spain I was informed that a tree in favourable seasons might ripen nearly 3000; in Sicily the same. The fruit, however, of the plant at Croscello is small, of little juice, and bad quality: I presume it to be a wilding. This, and the celebrated vine at Hampton Court, are the two most extraordinary fruit-bearing trees of their kind on record; they have quintupled the most prolific.

We Englishmen talk of *planting* a garden; the modern Italians and ancient Romans talk of *building* one.* Ours, the most beautiful in the universe, are not exempt from absurdities: but in the shadiness of the English garden it is the love of retirement that triumphs over taste, and over a sense of the inconveniences.

Inhabiting a moist and chilly climate, we draw our woods almost into our dining-rooms: you, inhabiting a sultry one, condemn your innocent children to the ordeal of a red-hot gravel. The shallow well, called *pescina*, in the middle of every garden, contains just enough water to drown them, which happens frequently, and to supply a generation of gnats for the *villeggianti*. We again may be ridiculed in our turn: our serpentine ditches are fog-beds.

You should cover your reservoirs; an old hat or wig would do it; and we should invite our Naiads to dance along the green a good half-mile from our windows.

The English are more zealous of introducing new fruits, shrubs, and plants, than other nations: you Italians are less so than any civilised one. Better fruit is eaten in Scotland than in the most fertile and most cultivated parts of your peninsula. As for flowers, there is a greater variety in the worst of your fields than in the best of your gardens. As for shrubs, I have rarely seen a lilac, a laburnum, a mezereon, in any of them: and yet they flourish before almost every cottage in our poorest villages.

* Cui Cnelus noster locum ubi hortos *ædificaret* daret. Cic. ad Atticum. Ep. xvi. l. ix.

I now come among the ordinary fruits. The currant, the gooseberry, and the raspberry, the most wholesome and not the least delicious, were domesticated among you by the French in some few places: they begin to degenerate already. I have eaten good apples in this country, and pears and cherries much better than ours; the other kinds of fruitage appeared to me unfit for the table, not to say uneatable; and as your gentlemen send the best to market, whether the produce of their own gardens or presents, I have probably tasted the most highly-flavoured. Although the sister of Buonaparte introduced peaches, nectarines, and apricots from France, and planted them at Marlia near Lucca, no person cares about taking grafts from them.

We wonder in England, when we hear it related by travellers, that peaches in Italy are left under the trees for swine; but, when we ourselves come into the country, our wonder is rather that the swine do not leave them for animals less nice.

I have now, Signor Marchese, performed the conditions you imposed on me, to the extent of my observation; hastily, I confess it, and preoccupied by the interest you excited. I may justly call on you to speak as unreservedly and explicitly.

Pallavicini. If you insist upon it, I will. Across the road, exactly four paces from your antechamber, were the quarters of your general: exactly forty-eight from his window, out of which he was looking, did this peasant woman lie groaning in labour, when several soldiers entered her bed-room, and carried off the articles most necessary in her condition. Her husband ran under the apartment of the general, which faced the wife's, entreating his compassion. He was driven away.

Landor. Was nothing done?

Pallavicini. A few threats were added.

Landor. Impossible, impossible!

Pallavicini. Since, sir, we are in the regions of impossibility, do look again, I entreat you, at the palace just before us: and I am greatly mistaken if I cannot fix your attention upon something of higher import than a span of turf.

Landor. It is among the most magnificent and, what is better, the most elegant, that I have hitherto seen in Italy; for I have not yet visited the Venetian territory, and know merely from engravings the architecture of Palladio. Whose is it?

Pallavicini. It belongs to the family of Cambiagi, to which our republic, while it pleased God to preserve it, owed many signal benefits, as doges and as senators. A private man from among them constructed at his own expense the most commodious of our roads, and indeed the first deserving the name that had ever been formed in Liguria, whether by moderns or ancients, though Marius and Cæsar marched across.

Landor. How grand is that flight of steps upon which the children are playing! These are my vases, Marchese, these are my images, these are decorations for architecture, this is ornamental gardening, and suitable to all countries and climates. Take care, blessed creatures! . . a fall from such a height! . . .

Pallavicini. Over those steps, amid the screams and embraces of those children, with her arms tied behind her, imploring help, pity, mercy, was dragged by the hair the Marchesa Cambiagi.

Landor. For what offence?

Pallavicini. Because her husband had mastered his prejudices and resigned his privileges.

Landor. Signor Marchese! the English general, whatever may be the public opinion of his talents and his principles, could never have known and permitted it.

Pallavicini. Perhaps not: I can only declare that his windows were filled with military men, if uniforms make them, and that he was there: this I saw. Your Houses of Parliament, M. Landor, for their own honour, for the honour of the service and of the nation, should have animadverted on such an outrage: he should answer for it.

Landor. These two fingers have more power, Marchese, than those two Houses. A pen! he shall live for it. What, with their animadversions, can they do like this?

GENERAL KLEBER AND FRENCH OFFICERS.

An English officer was sitting with his back against the base of the Great Pyramid. He sometimes looked toward those of elder date and ruder materials before him, sometimes was absorbed in thought, and sometimes was observed to write in a pocket-book with great rapidity.

"If he were not writing" said a French naturalist to a young ensign "I should imagine him to have lost his eyesight by the ophthalmia. He does not see us: level your rifle: we cannot find a greater curiosity."

The Arts prevailed: the officer slided with extended arms from his resting-place: the blood, running from his breast, was audible as a swarm of insects in the sand. No other sound was heard. Powder had exploded; life had passed away; not a vestige remained of either.

"Let us examine his papers," said the naturalist.

"Pardon me, sir," answered the ensign; "my first inquiry on such occasions is *what's o'clock?* and afterward I pursue my mineralogical researches."

At these words he drew forth the dead man's watch, and stuck it into his sash, while with the other hand he snatched out a purse containing some zecchins: every part of the dress was examined, and not quite fruitlessly.

"See! a locket with a miniature of a young

woman!" Such it was: a modest and lovely countenance.

"Ha! ha!" said the ensign; "a few touches, a very few touches; I can give them; and Adela will take this for me. Two inches higher, and the ball had split it: what a thoughtless man he was! There is gold in it too: it weighs heavy. Peste! an old woman at the back! grey as a cat."

It was the officer's mother, in her old age, as he had left her. There was something of sweet piety, not unsaddened by presage, in the countenance. He severed it with his knife, and threw it into the bosom of her son. Two foreign letters and two pages in pencil were the contents of the pocket-book. Two locks of hair had fallen out: one rested on his eyelashes, for the air was motionless, the other was drawn to the earth by his blood.

The papers were taken to General Kleber by the naturalist and his associate, with a correct recital of the whole occurrence, excepting the appendages of watch, zecchins, and locket.

"Young man," said Kleber gravely, "is this a subject of merriment to you? Who knows whether you or I may not be deprived of life as suddenly and unexpectedly? He was not your enemy: perhaps he was writing to a mother or sister. God help them! these suffer most from war. The heart of the far-distant is the scene of its most cruel devastations. Leave the papers: you may go: call the interpreter."

He entered.

"Read this letter."

My adored Henry . . .

"Give it me," cried the general; he blew a strong fire from his pipe and consumed it.

"Read the other."

My kind-hearted and beloved son . . .

"Stop: read the last line only."

The interpreter answered, "It contains merely the name and address."

"I ask no questions: read them, and write them down legibly."

He took the paper, tore off the margin, and placed the line in his snuff-box.

"Give me that paper in pencil, with the mark of sealing-wax on it."

He snatched it, shook some snuff upon it, and shrunk back. It was no sealing-wax: it was a drop of blood; one from the heart; one only; dry, but seeming fresh.

"Read."

'Yes, my dear mother, the greatest name that exists among mortals is that of Sydney. He who now bears it in the front of battle, could not succour me: I had advanced too far: I am however no prisoner. Take courage, my too fond mother: I am among the Arabs, who detest the French: they liberated me. They report, I know not upon what authority, that Bonaparte has deserted his army, and escaped from Egypt.'

"Stop instantly," cried Kleber, rising. "Gentlemen," added he to his staff-officers, "my duty obliges me to hear this unbecoming language on your late commander-in-chief: retire you a few moments. . . Continue."

'He hates every enemy according to his courage and his virtues: he abominates what he can not debase, at home or abroad.'

"Oh!" whispered Kleber to himself, "he knows the man so well."

'The first then are Nelson and Sir Sydney Smith, whose friends could expect no mercy at his hands. If the report be anything better than an Arabian tale, I will surrender myself to his successor as prisoner of war, and perhaps may be soon exchanged. How will this little leaf reach you? God knows how and when!'

"Is there nothing else to examine?"

"One more leaf."

"Read it."

WRITTEN IN ENGLAND ON THE BATTLE OF ABOUKIR.

Land of all marvels in all ages past,
Egypt, I hail thee from a far-off shore;
I hail thee, doom'd to rise again at last,
And flourish, as in early youth, once more.

How long hast thou lain desolate! how long
The voice of gladness in thy halls hath ceast!
Mute, e'en as Memnon's lyre, the poet's song,
And half-suppress'd the chant of cloister'd priest.

Even he, loquacious as a vernal bird,
Love, in thy plains and in thy groves is dumb,
Nor on thy thousand Nile-fed streams is heard
The reed that whispers happier days to come.

O'er cities shadowing some dread name divine
Palace and fane return the hyena's cry,
And hoofless camels in long single line
Stalk slow, with foreheads level to the sky.

No errant outcast of a lawless isle,
Mocker of heaven and earth, with vows and prayers,
Comes thy confiding offspring to beguile,
And rivet to his wrist the chain he wears.

Britain speaks now; her thunder thou hast heard;
Conqueror in every land, in every sea;
Valour and Truth proclaim the almighty word,
And all thou ever hast been, thou shalt be.

"Defender and passionate lover of thy country," cried Kleber, "thou art less unfortunate than thy auguries. Enthusiastic Englishman! to which of your conquests have ever been imparted the benefits of your laws? Your governors have not even communicated their language to their vassals. Nelson and Sydney are illustrious names: the vilest have often been preferred to them, and severely have they been punished for the importunity of their valour. We Frenchmen have undergone much: but throughout the whole territory of France, throughout the range of all her new dominions, not a single man of abilities has been neglected. Remember this, ye who triumph in our excesses. Ye who dread our example, speak plainly; is not this among the examples ye are the least inclined to follow?

"Call my staff and a file of soldiers.

"Gentlemen, he who lies under the pyramid, seems to have possessed a vacant mind and full

heart, qualities unfit for a spy: indeed he was not one. He was the friend and companion of that Sydney Smith who did all the mischief at Toulon, when Elliot fled from the city, and who lately, you must well remember, broke some of our pipes before Acre . . . a ceremony which gave us to understand, without the formalities of diplomacy, that the Grand Signor declined the honour of our company to take our coffee with him at Constantinople."

Then turning to the file of soldiers, "A body lies under the Great Pyramid: go, bury it six feet deep. If there is any man among you capable of writing a good epitaph, and such as the brave owe to the brave, he shall have my authority to carve it upon the Great Pyramid, and his name may be brought back to me."

"Allow me the honour," said a lieutenant, "I fly to obey."

"Perhaps," replied the commander-in-chief, "it may not be amiss to know the character, the adventures, or at least the name" . . .

"No matter, no matter, my general."

"Take them however," said Kleber, holding a copy, "and try your wits."

"General," said Menou smiling, "you never gave a command more certain to be executed. What a blockhead was that king, whoever he was, who built so enormous a monument for a wandering Englishman!"

BISHOP BURNET AND HUMPHREY HARDCASTLE.

Hardcastle. I am curious, my lord bishop, to hear somewhat about the flight and escape of my name-sake and uncle Sir Humphrey Hardcastle, who was a free-spoken man, witty, choleric, and hospitable, and who can not have been altogether an alien from the researches of your lordship into the history of the two late reigns.

Burnet. Why, Mr. Hardcastle, I do well remember the story of that knight, albeit his manners and morals were such as did entertain me little in his favour. For he hunted and drank and fornicated, and (some do aver) swore, which however, mark me, I do not deliver from my own knowledge, nor from any written and grave document. I the more wonder at him, since he had lived among the Roundheads, as they were contemptuously called; and the minister of his parish was Ezekiel Stedman, a puritan of no ill repute. Howbeit he was ensnared by his worldly-mindedness, and fell into evil courses. The Lord, who permitted him a long while to wallow in this mire, caught him by the heel, so to say, as he was coming out, and threw him into great peril in another way. For although he had mended his life, and had espoused Margaret Pouncey, whose mother was a Touchet, two staid women, yet did he truly in a boozing-bout, such as some country-gentlemen I could mention do hold after dinner, say of the Duke, "James, a murrain on him! is a papist."

Now among his servants was one Will Taunton, a sallow shining-faced knave, sweaty with impudence. I do remember to have seen the said Taunton in the pillory, for some prominent part he had enacted under the doctor Titus Oates; and a country wench, as I suppose her to have been from her apparel and speech, said unto me, plucking my sleeve, "Look, parson, Will's forehead is like a rank mushroom in a rainy morning; and yet, I warrant you, they show it forsooth as the cleanest and honestest part about him."

To continue: Will went straightway and communicated the words of his master to Nicolas Shottery, the Duke's valet. Nick gave unto him a shilling, having first spatten thereon, as he, according to his superstition, said, for luck. The Duke ordered to be counted out unto him eight shillings more, together with a rosary, the which as he was afraid of wearing it (for he had not lost all grace) he sold at Richmond for two groats. He was missed in the family, and his roguery was scented. On which, nothing was foolisher, improperer, or unreasonabler, than the desperate push and strain Charles made, put upon it by his brother James, to catch your uncle Hum Hardcastle. Hum had his eye upon him, slipped the noose, and was over into the Low-Countries.

Abraham Cowley, one of your Pindaric lyrists, a great stickler for the measures of the First Charles, was posted after him. But he played the said Abraham a scurvy trick, seizing him by his fine flowing curls, on which he prided himself mightily, like another Absalom, cuffing him, and, some do say, kicking him, in such dishonest wise as I care not to mention, to his, the said Abraham's great incommodity and confusion. It is agreed on all hands that he handled him very roughly, sending him back to his master with a flea in his ear, who gave him but cold comfort, and told him it would be an ill compliment to ask him to be seated.

"Phil White," added he, "may serve you, Cowley. You need not look back man, nor spread your fingers like a fig-leaf on the place. Phil does not, like Dan Holroyd of Harwick, carry a bottle of peppered brine in his pocket; he is a clever, apposite, upright little prig: I have often had him under my eye close enough, and I promise he may safely be trusted on the blind side of you."

Then, after these aggravating and childish words, turning to the Duke, as Abraham was leaving the presence, he is reported to have said, I hope untruly, "But, damn it, brother! the jest would have been heightened if we could have hanged the knave," meaning not indeed his messenger, but the above cited Hum Hardcastle. And on James shaking his head, sighing, and muttering his doubt of the King's sincerity, and his vexation at so bitter a disappointment, "Oddsfish! Jim," said his Majesty, "the motion was Hum's own: I gave him no jog, upon my credit! His own choler did

it, a rogue! and he would not have waited to be invested with the order, if I had pressed him ever so civilly. I will oblige you another time in anything, but we can hang only those we can get at."

It would appear that there was a sore and rankling grudge between them of long standing, and that there had been divers flings and flouts backward and forward, on this side the water, on the score of their mistress Poesy, whose favours to them both, if a man may judge from the upshot, left no such a mighty matter for heart-burnings and ill blood.

This reception had such a stress and stir upon the bile and spirits of doctor Spratt's friend (for such he was, even while writing about his mistresses) that he wooed his Pegasus another way, and rid gentlier. It fairly untuned him for Chloes and fantastical things of all sorts, set him upon anotherguess scent, gave him ever afterward a soberer and staider demeanour, and turned his mind to contentment.

Hardcastle. The pleasure I have taken in the narration of your lordship is for the greater part independent of what concerns my family. We have only a few songs of our uncle; and these too would have been lost, if the old coachman had not taught them to his grandson, still in my service. They are such as I forbid him to sing in our house, but connive at him doing it when he is in others, particularly at the inns, where they always obtain me the best wine and most gladsome attendance. In fact, I have ever found that, when my horses came out of a stable where he had been singing, they neighed the louder, and trotted the faster, and made a prouder display of their oats.

Burnet. I remember one of them from its being more reasonable than the invocations of a lover usually are. Either they talk of tears, which they ought to be ashamed of, as men and christians; or of death, when the doctor has told them no such thing; or they run wild among the worst imps and devils of the gentiles: for in truth they are no better, whatever forms they assumed, Nymphs or Graces or what not.

Hardcastle. Pray, my lord bishop, if there is no impropriety in asking it, might I request a copy of those verses?

Burnet. Truly, sir, I keep none of such a girl's-eye sampler. I will attempt to recollect the words, which, I own it, pleased me by their manfulness, as demonstrating that your uncle Hum, though a loosish man and slippery in foul proclivities, was stout and resolute with the sluts in his wiser moments, calling them what they ought to be called at the first word.

> Listen, mad girl! since giving ear
> May save the eyes hard work:
> Tender is he who holds you dear,
> But proud as pope or Turk.

Now Hum hated paganism and iniquity; and nothing could stir him from his church, though he attended it but seldom. He proceeds thus:

> Some have been seen, whom people thought
> Much prettier girls than you,

Observe, he will be reasonable, and bring the creature to her senses if he can:

> Setting a lover's tears at nought,
> Like any other dew;
> And some too have been heard to swear,
> While with wet lids they stood,
> No man alive was worth a tear..
> *They* never wept.. nor wou'd.

Resolute! aye! False creatures; he sounded them, even the deepest. There is something about these wantons black as hell, and they can not help showing it.

Hardcastle. I thank your Lordship, as much for your reflections as for my uncle's poetry.

Burnet. I wish he had left behind him the experience he must have paid dear for, that it might serve to admonish the sprigs and sparks (as they are called) of our unhappy times, and purify the pestilence they are breathing. Formerly, we know from Holy Writ, the devils ran out of men into swine, and pushed down in those fit bodies to the sea. It now appears that they were still snifting and hankering after their old quarters; and we find them rushing again into men, only the stronger and hungrier, the ungovernabler and uncleanlier, for so much salt-water bathing.

Hardcastle. I am afraid, my lord bishop, you have too much reason for this severe remark. My uncle I knew was somewhat of a libertine, but I never had heard before that he was such a poet, and could hardly have imagined that he approached near enough to Mr. Cowley for jealousy or competition.

Burnet. Indeed they who discoursed on such matters were of the same opinion, excepting some few, who see nothing before them and everything behind. These declared that Hum would overtop Abraham, if he could only drink rather less, think rather more, and feel rather rightlier: that he had great spunk and spirit, and that not a fan was left upon a lap when anyone sang his airs. Lucretius tells us that there is a plant on Helicon, so pestiferous that it kills by the odour of its flowers. It appears that these flowers are now collected by our young women for their sweet-pots, and that the plant itself is naturalised among us, and blossoming in every parlour-window. Poets, like ministers of state, have their parties, and it is difficult to get at truth, upon questions not capable of demonstration nor founded on matter of fact. To take any trouble about them is an unwise thing. It is like mounting a wall covered with broken glass: you cut your fingers before you reach the top, and you only discover at last that it is, within a span or two, of equal height on both sides. To sit as an arbitrator between two contending poets, I should consider just as foolish, as to take the same position and office between two gamecocks, if it were at the same time as wicked. I say as wicked; for I am firmly of opinion that those things are the foolishest which are the most immoral. The greatest of stakes, mundanely speaking, is the stake of reputation: hence he who hazards the most of it against a viler object, is the most irrational and insane.

I do not understand rightly in what the greatness of your poets, and such like, may be certified to rest. Who would have imagined that the youth who was carried to his long home the other day, I mean my Lord Rochester's reputed child, Mr. George Nelly, was for several seasons a great poet? Yet I remember the time when he was so famous a one, that he ran after Mr. Milton up Snow-hill, as the old gentleman was leaning on his daughter's arm from the Poultry, and, treading down the heel of his shoe, called him a rogue and a liar, while another poet sprang out, clapping his hands and crying "Bravely done, by Beelzebub! the young cock spurs the blind buzzard gallantly!" On a scrivener representing to Mr. George the respectable character of Mr. Milton, and the probability that at some future time he might be considered as among our geniuses, and such as would reflect a certain portion of credit on his ward, and asking him withal why he appeared to him a rogue and a liar, he replied, "I have proofs known to few: I possess a sort of drama by him, entitled *Comus*, which was composed for the entertainment of Lord Pembroke, who held an appointment under the king, and this John hath since changed sides, and written in defence of the Commonwealth."

Mr. George began with satirising his father's friends, and confounding the better part of them with all the hirelings and nuisances of the age: with all the scavengers of lust and all the link-boys of literature; with Newgate solicitors, the patrons of adulterers and forgers, who, in the long vacation, turn a penny by puffing a ballad, and are promised a shilling in silver for their own benefit, on crying down a religious tract. He soon became reconciled to them, and they raised him upon their shoulders above the heads of the wittiest and the wisest. This served a whole winter. Afterward, whenever he wrote a bad poem, he supported his sinking fame by some signal act of profligacy, an elegy by a seduction, a heroic by an adultery, a tragedy by a divorce. On the remark of a learned man that irregularity is no indication of genius, he began to lose ground rapidly, when on a sudden he cried out at the Haymarket, *there is no God*. It was then surmised more generally and more gravely that there was something in him, and he stood upon his legs almost to the last. Say what you will, once whispered a friend of mine, there are things in him strong as poison, and original as sin. Doubts however were entertained by some on more mature reflection, whether he earned all his reputation by his aphorism: for soon afterward he declared at the Cockpit, that he had purchased a large assortment of cutlasses and pistols, and that, as he was practising the use of them from morning to night, it would be imprudent in persons who were without them, either to laugh or to boggle at the Dutch vocabulary with which he had enriched our language. In fact, he had invented new rhymes in profusion, by such words as trackschuyt, Wageninghen, Skiermonikoog, Bergen-op-Zoom, and whatever is appertaining to the market-places of fish, flesh, fowl, flowers, and legumes, not to omit the dockyards and barracks and ginshops, with various kinds of essences and drugs.

Now, Mr. Hardcastle, I would not censure this: the idea is novel, and does no harm: but why should a man push his neck into a halter to sustain a catch or glee?

Having had some concern in bringing his reputed father to a sense of penitence for his offences, I waited on the youth likewise, in a former illness, not without hope of leading him ultimately to a better way of thinking. I had hesitated too long: I found him far advanced in his convalescence. My arguments are not worth repeating: he replied thus. "I change my mistresses as Tom Southern his shirt, from economy. I can not afford to keep few; and I am determined not to be forgotten till I am vastly richer. But I assure you, doctor Burnet, for your comfort, that if you imagine I am led astray by lasciviousness, as you call it, and lust, you are quite as much mistaken as if you called a book of arithmetic a bawdy book. I calculate on every kiss I give, modest or immodest, on lip or paper. I ask myself one question only; what will it bring me?" On my marvelling and raising up my hands, "You churchmen," he added with a laugh, "are too hot in all your quarters for the calm and steady contemplation of this high mystery."

He spake thus loosely, Mr. Hardcastle, and I confess I was disconcerted and took my leave of him. If I gave him any offence at all, it could only be when he said, "I should be sorry to die before I have written my life," and I replied, "Rather say, before you have mended it."

"But, doctor," continued he, "the work I propose may bring me a hundred pounds." Whereunto I rejoined, "That which I, young gentleman, suggest in preference, will be worth much more to you."

At last he is removed from among the living. Let us hope the best; to wit, that the mercies which have begun with man's forgetfulness, will be crowned with God's forgiveness.

Hardcastle. I perceive, my lord bishop, that writers of perishable fame may leave behind them something worth collecting. Represented to us by historians like your lordship, we survey a light character as a film in agate, and a noxious one as a toad in marble.

Burnet. How near together, Mr. Hardcastle, are things which appear to us the most remote and opposite! how near is death to life, and vanity to glory! How deceived are we, if our expressions are any proofs of it, in what we might deem the very matters most subject to our senses! the haze above our heads we call the heavens, and the thinnest of the air the firmament.

PETER LEOPOLD AND THE PRESIDENT DU PATY.

Among the Frenchmen who within the last fifty years have reflected honour on their country, a distinguished rank is holden by the President Du Paty. His letters on Italy contain acute observations, and his interview with Leopold forms no small portion of their interest. Pleased with the justness of his remarks and the pointedness of his expressions, and perhaps hoping to derive some advantage to the new Code from his deep study and long practice of jurisprudence, Leopold, when he had conversed with him, invited him to return the next day.

At the hour appointed, the grand duke was leaning with his elbow on the chimney-piece, that he might neither rise at the entrance of the President, nor receive him in the manner of a sovran. The commencement of conversation is trifling, even among the greatest men: this expression, whenever I use it, means men of the greatest genius and worth. The usual courtesies then having been exchanged, Leopold thus addressed his visitant.

Leopold. I know, M. Du Paty, that your compliments can not stifle nor supersede your sincerity; and that if I seriously ask your opinion on the defects of my Code, you will answer me as seriously.

The President bowed, and, observing that Leopold had paused, replied.

President. Sir, I can not bear in mind all the articles of your code; and unless I could, my observations, if not erroneous, must be imperfect. On these subjects we may not talk vaguely and fancifully, as on subjects of literature. Where man is to decide on man, where the happiness or wretchedness of one hangs on the lips of another, where a breath may extinguish a family or blight a generation, everything should be tried particle by particle. To have abolished capital punishments is a proof, in certain circumstances, no less of wisdom than of humanity: but I would suggest to your consideration, whether you have provided sufficiently for the protection of property and of honour. Your prisons are empty; but are you sure that the number of criminals is less? or are you of opinion that it is better to see them at large than in custody?

Leopold. Here are few assassinations, and no highway robberies.

President. I will explain the reason. In other countries the prostitutes are a distinct class: in Tuscany not:* and where there are no jealousies there will be few assassinations. Supposing a case of tyranny, the Tuscans will wriggle under it rather than writhe; and if even they should writhe, yet they will never stand erect. They commit no murders for the purpose of robbing: and robbery on the highway they rarely hazard, having such facilities for committing safer and more compendious. Every man may plunder the vineyard of another at small risk of prosecution; nor is there a single one in Tuscany that is not plundered every autumn, unless the owner pass his nights in it during the maturity of the grapes. If he prosecutes, he suffers a heavier punishment than the prosecuted. He loses several days of labour, and receives no indemnity; nor indeed is there any security against a similar injury the succeeding year. Many robberies require impossible proofs: and there are others the crime of which is extenuated by what ought to be an aggravation, namely, because they are also breaches of trust. Again, what progress can philosophy, or indeed plain common sense, be said to have made in those countries where, according to law, no criminal is punished with the higher penalty for the worst offences, unless he confess his guilt?

Leopold. I have retained this statute much against my will, in compliance with those about me.

President. Sir, good lawyers are often bad legislators; many know perfectly what has been established, and very imperfectly what ought to be. Those about an arbitrary prince, whose (what scarcely ever happens) benevolence induces him to give laws to his dominions, should be only two; Equity and Decision. This appearance of gentleness is most illusory. It originated from the clergy, who slackened crimes and heightened punishments at their pleasure. You make the criminal his own judge, deciding for himself in what manner he shall be chastised.

Leopold. Mine is an experiment.

President. Never let experiments be made on life or law. Let Experience sit on one side of the lawgiver, Justice on the other, with Humanity for assessor.

I know that your highness has enacted clement laws in order to humanise the people, and that violence might never be added to rapine. But laws should be formed according to the character of the nation that is to receive them. The Italians were always more addicted to robbery and revenge than any other European people; crimes equally proceeding from idleness and effeminacy.

Leopold. On the accusation of revenge I have nothing to say, but on what authority do you found your assertion, M. Du Paty, that the Italians were always so addicted to theft?

President. I will not urge as a proof of it the increasing severity of the ancient laws, which

* Pomponius Mela says, after Theophrastus, "apud Tyrrhenos conjugia communia." Among the curiosities of this nation, reported by Athenæus in his twelfth book, are these from Theopompus. "Παρὰ δὲ Τυρρήνοις ἰσχνοὶ τὸν σῶμα τὸν ἀνδρεῖον τιμῶσιν ἰσχνοὺς Τίμαιος. Θεοπομπὸς δέ, καὶ τοῦτον ὕπαι φησὶ παρὰ τοῖς Τυρρηνοῖς κοινὰς ὑπάρχειν τὰς γυναῖκας, ταύτασδὲ τιμᾶλλεσθαι σφόδρα τὸν σωμάτων, καὶ γυμνάζεσθαι σχολαίως μετ' ἀνδρῶν, ὑποτὲ καὶ πρὸς ἑαυτάς, 'οὐ γὰρ αἰσχρὸν ὕπαι αὐτοῖς φαίνεσθαι γυμνοῖς διατρίβοντι αὐτοὺς 'ὑπὸ παρὰ τοῖς ἀνδράσι τοῖς ἑαυτῶν, ἀλλὰ παῖ' οἷς ἂν τύχωσι τὸν παρόντων, καὶ προστιθέντων 'οἷς ἂν βούλωνται, ὕπαι γὰρ καὶ ὑπὸ ὄντας. Τρέφειν μὲν τοὺς Τυρρήνους πάντα τὰ γιγνόμενα παιδία, 'ὡσπὲ ἰδόντας 'ὁτὸν ὁτὸν ἐπόντον."

would only demonstrate their imperfection; but I will insist on the documents of the Latin writers *de re rustica*, who give particular directions on the breed of house-dogs for the safeguard of the farms, however far removed be the subject from cattle and cultivation. Nothing similar has entered into the scheme of any modern author on agriculture. Added to which, there is hardly a Latin writer, whether in prose or poetry, whatever be his subject, who does not say something about thieves; so familiar was the idea. The word itself extended, in more than one direction, beyond the character it first designated; Plautus calls a soldier *latro*, Horace, a servant *fur*. The Romans, who far excelled us in the greater part of their institutions, were much behind in what by way of excellence we call the *police*. Hence in early times an opening to theft, among a people less influenced than any other by continence and honour. In many whole provinces of England, France, and Holland, and throughout the kingdoms of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, the countryman may sleep in perfect security with his doors wide-open: but, among the Italians, not in a single village, not in a single house, from Como to Reggio. The windows in every dwelling in Florence, even of your own palace, are barricaded by grates of iron; in other words, every dwelling, your own among the rest, holds forth in the censor's face a libel against the government. The fault is partly in the laws and partly in the magistrature; for there is no nation so easily coerced by fear as this. I recommend no cruelty: but those laws are cruel which are illusory, dilatory, or costly, to such as appeal to their protection; not those which award a stated and known severity of punishment for proven offences. The latter are no more so than a precipice or a penknife. I may leap down the one, I may cut my throat with the other; I may do neither.

Sisto Quinto is the only sovran who appears to have acted uniformly according to the national character.

Leopold. I see in him, however, that cruel laws do not necessarily make a people cruel. The Romans (I would rather call them the inhabitants of Rome) were less so under Sisto Quinto than before or since; and the English are, and have always been, the most humane of nations, under penal laws the most iniquitous and atrocious.

President. I am desirous of learning why the English appear to have been always so.

Leopold. Look at Spain, at France, at Italy, from 1500 to 1600, a century in which the human race, both in those countries and in England, seems to have been greatly worse than it ever was before or since; and you will rarely find an empoisonment, rarely an assassination of any kind, committed in England for policy or revenge; while every month produces them in rank abundance through Italy, Spain, and France. I attribute it chiefly to the conscious valour of the English, so long displayed over all their enemies. The Spaniards, then esteemed the bravest and best soldiers on the continent, fled before them from one region of America to another, and over all the seas, while opulent cities were sacked by a boat's crew of buccaneers.

President. The glory of self-possession and of abstinence from bloodshed is shared by Sweden in the same age. And indeed, although it might be called by a less intelligent and a less impartial judge invidiousness and detraction, I can not but remark that some of the best Englishmen of that period were no better than robbers.

Leopold. Robbers they were; but they also were better than robbers. Courage, which ought to be generous, was rapacious; and Genius, which ought to be tutelary, was destructive. Few rise to eminence in a calm; and of those who attain it in a stormier season, the names for the most part are perishable. Not so Raleigh's.

President. France has produced many quite as illustrious in the union of wisdom, eloquence, and enterprise, as he was; and finding such characters by no means extraordinary, has forgotten them.

Leopold. I see clearly she has forgotten them, whether I read your historians or your older writers.

President. In regard to integrity and candour; no wickedness in that or any other age is comparable to Bacon's, another great Englishman, who solicited and flattered the Earl of Essex, owed his fortune and dignity to him, and dragged him to the scaffold.

I do not wonder at the villanies of men who have nothing but power and pedigree to support them, and whose names are as perishable as those of their spaniels; but I do wonder at one who is conscious that his must be immortal, fixing a stigma with his own hand upon it, which only the flames that will consume the world can obliterate. The counsellors of Elizabeth were wary and politic; they left magnificent mansions and large estates behind them, and the letters which compose their titles are legible enough; but what were the men intrinsically? Sharpers in Paris are often necessitated to exercise as much ability in doing less mischief. But Bacon, Bacon, to whom the earth had never seen (and was only then about to see) an equal: Bacon, to whom Milton and Shakspeare might have risen and looked up reverentially, was lured away by Avarice in the specious form of Ambition; and Ingratitude, the only fiend as odious, cast him down among worse than dead men from the pinnacle of glory.

I now return from the most memorable of the chancellors to the laws themselves. The laws of England have been the subject of eulogy to many learned and sagacious men. I have read them repeatedly and pondered them attentively, and I discover them often dilatory, often uncertain, often contradictory, often cruel, often ruinous. Whenever they find a man down they keep him so, and the more pertinaciously the more earnestly he appeals to them. Like tilers, in mending one hole, they make another. There is no country in which they move with such velocity

where life is at stake, or, where property is to be defended, so slowly. I have hardly the courage to state these facts, and want it totally to hazard a reflection on them. Can we wonder that, on a Bench under so rotten an effigy of Justice, sate a Scrogges, a Jefferies, a Finch, a Page! The hand of Law strikes the poor, its shadow strikes the wealthy.

The Roman institutions were incomparably better, when the most respectable and the most elevated characters of the republic walked up and down the forum, ready to receive the complaints and to redress the grievances of their fellow-citizens. Such was the practice not only in the time of the republic, but before it under the kings, and after it under the emperors. Law is become in England not only the most expensive, but the most rapacious and the most dishonest of trades: and the most licentious of strolling comedians are those, who, under the title of barristers, accompany the English judges in their circuits. In cross-questioning, as they term it, or examination of deponents against their client, they bear no respect whatever to honour or genius or any kind of worth; and the accuser who has been robbed, defrauded, or otherwise injured, has a graver and more intolerable wrong impending over him, not only than what he has already suffered, but even than what the criminal himself, in most instances, has to fear: so shameless is the effrontery, so unrestricted the invective, of barristers. What is peculiar in our times to the English, is, that these alone are the qualities for which the leaders of their Opposition are chosen; and from the Opposition (when the dunghill is well heated) ministers and secretaries, heads and tails, dart across the road before you.

Leopold. I have observed that these worthies begin their course by rowing with their backs against the stream, leaving it to be inferred what feats they can perform when a fare is offered them to go with it. With them we have nothing to do: let us descend again to the lower courts, in which the slowness of reparation is the thing most complained of. Justice in England is perhaps the slower in her movements from a higher sense of the decorous.

President. One would imagine that, in this long minuet of hers, she might take better care not to sweep against and upset the refreshments. Who could suppose that laws, instituted to humanize and civilize mankind, and on the operation of which the eyes of the most acute and virtuous are constantly intent, should retain a degree of ferocity greater than on any occasion they are called upon to correct? and should retain it where the nation has less of it than any other, and where hardly any trace of it is to be discovered out of its tribunals? Yet England, and within these twenty years, saw the worst of tortures inflicted on a criminal, not for his crime, but for his constancy; not for the violation of his country's laws, but for his strict observance of nature's; not for yielding to the solicitations of poverty, or to the seductions of vice, but for disregarding pain, torture, death itself, that he might not injure his family. Until the year 1772 a man convicted of felony, or petty treason, incurred what is barbarously and foolishly called "corruption of blood," followed by confiscation of goods, if, after or before his sentence, he acknowledged himself guilty: but if, hoping to save from ruin a family he had already brought to shame, he refused to answer the questions of the court, and neither denied nor confessed his guilt, then he was led back to his dungeon, a little bread and water was given to him, he was cast on his back, and he perished by the slow operation of an iron weight upon his breast. Blackstone, in his encomium on the English laws, which he entitles a commentary on the Constitution, is unable to deny or to dissemble this fact. Nevertheless the procedures and administration of justice are better in England than in France: in England it would be an infamy for a person to solicit or even to visit a judge on any case, criminal or civil: in France it would be thought a folly and an affront not to do it, and the omission of it would be the loss of the suit. We Frenchmen are the most delicate people in the world on points of honour, and the least delicate on points of justice.

Leopold. In other words the most on imaginary things, the least on real. A man's vanity tells him what is honour, a man's conscience what is justice: the one is busy and importunate in all times and places: the other but touches the sleeve when men are alone, and, if they do not mind it, leaves them. Point of honour you may well call it; for such precisely is the space it occupies.

Nothing is so surprising and proves to me so manifestly the moral excellence of the English above all other nations, as their juries. That twelve men should be unanimous, in order to punish an offender, and that neither fear nor corruption should have influenced an individual in the many hundred thousands who have been jurymen, is a miracle in morals and jurisprudence. No other nation could prudently or safely adopt this institution; no Italian legislator could modify it in any way; nor indeed does it appear to me advisable, in the most perfect state to which human nature can be brought, that more than nine in twelve should decide on guilt or innocence. For take the better informed half of the world, put the names into an urn, draw them out at hazard, and by twelves, and you will surely find at least three in that number weak, obstinate, or dishonest.

President. Some of the English laws are wonderfully strange, and equally strange are the expressions. I may be punished for "bringing a man into contempt": as if anyone could be brought into it without stirring a step on his own legs toward it. Aristides may have been laughed at, Phocion may have been reviled; but the judge who should have said that either had been brought into contempt, would have been covered with it himself by every citizen of Athens. The English are somewhat less quick in the apprehension of absurdity: and this expression is not merely an

absurdity, but a most pernicious one. The doctrine was inculcated by M. Murray, a Scotchman by birth, but an English judge, and the opinion of judges in that country, when once acted upon, passes into law. The national character, if I am not greatly mistaken, will within half a century feel the sad effect of this decision. Nothing in the world is such a safeguard of liberty and virtue, as the maxim, *Ne quid falsi dicere audeat, ne quid veri non audeat*, or such a loss and misfortune as its abolition. I would punish everything false against character, and permit everything true; as being the fairest chastisement of faults and follies, the mildest and surest and most expeditious. On the contrary, an English judge would punish in a fellow-citizen what he applauds in a Roman historian.

Leopold. No tyrant in modern ages or ancient, however barbarous, hath enacted such unjust and cruel laws as the parliament of England. Where will you point out to me one equal in atrocity to that which authorizes the renegade son of a catholic to dispossess his father of his estate? "Honour thy father and mother" is erased from the commandments of the *reformed* church by act of parliament. The renegade may be elected to sit in this parliament, and his qualification is founded on the very property from which he has ejected his own father. Translate the English statutes into the language of Madagascar or Mozambique; read them to the prince of either country: and what must be the impression?

President. He would ask with what instrument the English sharpen their teeth; whether they colour them black, red, purple, or yellow; and would order his subjects to besmear their bodies with some acrid juice or gum, whenever a British vessel is observed upon the coast.

It may indeed be doubted whether the laws of England have not been gradually deteriorating for above seven hundred years: that is, whether they have not been accumulating more anomalies, more uncertainties, more delays, more costs, more contradictions, more cruelties.*

Leopold. In England a peasant is slaughtered for the slaughter of another's sheep against his consent: a servant for stealing his master's spoon or wig: a little vagabond, starving at Christmas, snatches a rag from a hedge, and is recommended to the hangman for correction. Are these laws better than mine?

President. No, sir; they are worse in themselves: yet your Highness would do well to make the exchange, throwing back to the English, the boy, rag, spoon, and wig. They would suit your people better, and might fairly be laid aside when it had outgrown them: but I suspect they would be serviceable many years. Punish all crimes and you will punish few; remit a single one and you create a thousand.

* Shute Barrington, in the year 1776, published *Observations on the Statutes, with a Proposition for new-modelling them.* Bacon, while chancellor, did the same and ineffectually.

Leopold. In England great crimes escape through the intensity of law; in Italy small ones through its relaxation. Which is the worse?

President. I dare to answer that the latter is: because great crimes do not run into smaller, but smaller into greater; and because, if there were not this reason, multitude turns the scale against magnitude.

I must here observe to you that the privilege of pardon in a prince is the most flagrant of usurpations. It belongs for the greater part to the person injured; but not entirely. The magistrate, who takes cognizance of the particulars, should also give his assent in the name of the community, not, however, in consequence of a private petition or a subsequent representation.

I perceive with pleasure in your Code that fines occur but seldom.

Leopold. Pray, M. Du Paty, give me your reasons. If they are the same as mine they strengthen them; if they are different, they are more.

President. Fines and halters, the minions of English jurists, are the most summary and the least summary of chastisements, and by far the worst. A great fine does no harm whatever to a man of great fortune: it is a bribe to the laws, and ought as much to be prohibited as a bribe to the judge. It ruins, not the poorer man, but the poorer man's children: it deprives him of what he perhaps may do without, but what they can not, without an injury to society. If his education was defective, which the offence goes a great way toward proving, theirs must be more defective still, because the means of educating them are taken away or lessened. In some countries heavier fines are imposed for injuries or affronts committed against the superior of the offender, slighter for those against the inferior: this, if indeed they are ever equitable in such cases, ought to be reversed: for the inferior is the weaker in calumny and injustice, as in other things. We cannot strike so hard from below as from above. The rich and powerful man does not lose even so much as a salute by it, while the artisan or tradesman loses in one instance a customer, in another ten or twenty, in another his livelihood.

Leopold. In reply to the former of your remarks, I know not what else to say than that all punishments must in some degree touch the innocent; and that the family of every criminal is a loser in estimation, and consequently in property and prosperity, by his punishment, however just.

President. According to your laws, two witnesses of bad character are worth more than one of good. But your Highness will excuse me from entering farther on the Code itself, or from touching any single provision in it, since no conversation could do it rightly and satisfactorily; and indeed I am persuaded that your Highness would rather hear what I think of the spirit and its effects, than of any particular point or position.

The first duty of a legislator is to apportion penalties; the second is to insulate them as much as possible, and to embank the waters of bitterness. I would therefore, both for the sake of compensation to the unoffending and to guard against offences, place the children of criminals in schools or workhouses, appointed for that purpose, and forbid them to keep the paternal name, which, for more than one reason, should be the first thing forfeited. A workhouse ought to contain a school, not of writing or reading, but of industry. If you wish to make the bulk of men wiser, do not put books into their hands which they will either throw away from indifference or must drop from necessity, but give them employment suitable to their abilities, and let them be occupied in what will repay them the most certainly and the best. Their thoughts will thus be directed to one main point, and you will produce good artisans and good citizens. This is the wisdom for every day in the week; and what is higher than this will never be impeded by it, and will often rise out of it.

Leopold. I will consider your advice. Here I may venture to assert, that, suitable to my character, my laws are circumspect.

President. I am afraid that, in the practice of jurisprudence, circumspection more than rarely means dilatoriness. Delay of justice is injustice. When offences are defined and punishments are apportioned, no circumspection is necessary. According to the practice in Tuscany, if I complain of a robbery, a young commissary of police examines me, and writes my deposition, without reading it over to me, whereby I may acknowledge or challenge its correctness. After several weeks another young commissary examines me again; at the same interval a third; and if my relation varies a tittle from what is found written by either, no chance remains of recovering the loss or of punishing the offender. These young men are paid no better than postillions; and it seldom happens that one of the three is not corrupted by the offender. Travellers cannot delay their journey: their valets know it: hence hardly one stranger in twenty but finds himself robbed in this city. Witnesses are required where witnesses cannot be expected: for which reason treachery is the constant companion of violence, and manliness of character is excluded.

I brought with me a letter of introduction to a gentleman here whom I found unwell, and his medical friend by the side of him in choler. As the invalid laughed, I took the liberty of asking the cause of his good spirits. The doctor will tell you his story, said he. "It was in the beginning of January, and my coachman had been robbed of his great-coat: he found it again, detected the thief, brought him before the magistrate, and his deposition was written down carefully. According to custom, I and the coachman shall be called a second time in about forty days, a third in about forty more; that, if there is any discrepancy in our evidence, which discrepancy often arises from collusion, and oftener from forgetfulness in some minute circumstances, the rogue may enjoy the benefit of the law, and be acquitted. In the meantime I must purchase my coachman another great-coat; for justice here keeps nobody warm but the lawyers; and the stolen one will be eaten by the moths, as is inevitable in cloth at the close of February, if not carefully aired and beaten."

A young foreigner who had refused a favour was waylaid in the street at dusk, and a blow was aimed at his head from behind with a club, which, if he had not at the moment heard the feet of his assassin, must have killed him, as it required from its massiveness the use of both hands, and the assassin was a remarkably strong man. The foreigner turned and avoided it, immediately aiming a blow at his adversary. The facts were proved: and this blow, necessary for self-preservation, was alleged as the reason why the crime was punished by one day's confinement. Yet the offender, it cannot be doubted, had premeditated an assassination, and had carried it as far into effect as he could. For his attempt he was almost unpunished; and if he had succeeded in it he would never have been punished at all; for the witnesses were brought together only by the contest. Had there been no contest there would have been no witnesses: it being a point of delicacy here in Tuscany not to interfere in another man's affairs without strong solicitation; and the dead can neither ask favours, nor, what is equally necessary, requite them. Cowardice then is a merit, courage a bar to justice. What can be expected from a people, the least confident in personal strength and honour, when such dispositions are countenanced by such institutions?

Leopold. I need not remark, M. Du Paty, that institutions are with difficulty laid aside.

President. Yet your Highness has abolished a very ancient one, that of monachism, I forbear to say totally, but almost, and without detriment or danger. Now the forest is thinned, we discover its boundaries and can make our way through.

Leopold. The business is done then to your satisfaction.

President. Not altogether. In my journey from Pisa to Florence, I inquired what was allotted to each ejected monk, and was informed that it amounted to somewhat less than what each galley-slave could earn in prison; facilities and materials of which earning are supplied to him by government, but are supplied in no measure to the ejected monk.

Leopold. The fellows are idlers and rogues: none of them understand, and few of them believe what they teach. I am not more imperious and arbitrary with the monks, than the monks have been with princes. I have removed their cells, they have removed our palaces. The church of Saint Isidore in Seville was opposite the royal palace; Sanchia and the king's daughter was

praying at a window which faced the shrine of the saint, when he appeared to the family and commanded that the situation of the palace should be changed, as it was unsafe to have a woman so near his ashes.*

St. Andreas and St. Podius, two Florentine archbishops, whose images stand opposite in the cathedral, would serve a sculptor or painter as models for the proudest and bitterest of the fallen angels. I have never seen such countenances among the living: for in the galleys we see roguery out of power, and hopeless of authority and respect: those of the Florentines in general express good nature and self-satisfaction.

In this digression I am seeking no escape or subterfuge from our monks. The body is injurious and pernicious from a shuffling show of enthusiasm, of all pests upon earth the most contagious. They who believe nothing make others believe most; as the best actors in our theatres are those who retain the most perfect command over their feelings, voice, and countenance. Our spiritual Mamelukery is as ambitious of power and riches as if it had children to inherit them, and the money that falls into their hands lies dead, the land indifferently cultivated. I shall fumigate my old hives, one after another, not minding the buz from within.

There is now another cry against me: that I am about to curtail the number of holidays.

President. The worship of St. Nicholas, I imagine, would be more easy to abolish than that of any other saint.

Leopold. Why?

President. Because he, making the sign of the cross, brought to life a brace of roasted partridges; as I saw yesterday, painted and written in the cloister of Santo Spirito. Surely he can have few favourers in the church, who thus abuses the holy weapon: if he had lifted it up and brought down a brace out of a covey, instead of subducting them from the platter, when it had pleased God to put them upon it, he might have expected more fervency of adoration.

Leopold. A good reason for your belief: and I hope to give as good a one for my design. It is, because every saint in the calendar has made ten thousand beggars and ten thousand thieves, not counting monks.

President. In my humble opinion, your Imperial Highness would have begun better with the abolition of fasts, as they are improperly called. If your people were mariners, if you possessed a fishery, then indeed there would be a politic and adequate reason for maintaining the institution; but as the Italians make less use of their coast than any people in the world, as among them only the Venetians have a fishery, there is no sufficient cause or plea for it. That God is better pleased with a sharp bone than a blunt one, I never can concede. This I know; fasts enervate men, and render them unfit not only for the duties of war, but for the occupations of peace. If salt fish, the only kind within the reach of the common people, be called a fast, the most important effect it produces is, that it makes them drink more wine than they would otherwise do, and deteriorates their blood.

The Athenians did not keep fasts; but their policy led them to eat salted the grillo and the locust, which diminished the number of these insects, and which at all events it was better to eat than to be eaten by.

Leopold. A flight of locusts in Attica was like a flight of quails to the Bishop of Capri.

Frequently, when I have been vehement against abuses, but silent on my intentions, the clergy has told me that abuses form no part of their religion: they now tremble at what they call innovation, not knowing or dissembling that, in pure religion, there can be no other innovations than abuses. They talk to me about the religion of our forefathers, conveyed to us in all its purity from the earliest ages. I am afraid, M. Du Paty, the pear was thumbed at the stalk when it was just ripe, and it rotted almost the next day.

President. The priesthood in all religions sings the same anthem. First, the abuses are stoutly defended; but when the ground is no longer tenable, then these abuses are to be distinguished and separated from the holy faith. Since, however, they are always found in its company, you may as well say that the cat's skin is not the cat: the creature will make horrible cries should you attempt to strip it off, and perhaps will die of the operation. If you see a man the greater part of his life in bad company, and growing worse at an age when he ought to act more wisely and more decently, you avoid him, whether his father and mother were honest people or not.

You have done much toward the destruction of a system, where fraud has been incessantly building upon fraud for fifteen hundred years. Neither wit nor wisdom can operate on the vulgar. To speak to them obscurely would be insensate, and to speak to them plainly would be unsafe. The most dexterous attack ever made against the worship of the Virgin, the principal worship among catholics, which opens so many side-chapels to pilfering and imposture, is that of Cervantes. When we once go beyond the unity of God, who can say where we shall stop? the human mind is then propelled into infinite space, and catches at anything, from a want of rest.

Leopold. Cervantes wrote some sacred poetry.

President. Perhaps as a cover to his other book.

Leopold. I do not remember in what part of his writings he alludes to the worship of the Virgin irreverently or jocosely.

President. Throughout Don Quixote. Dulcinea was the peerless, the immaculate; and death was denounced against all who hesitated to admit the assertion of her perfections. Surely your Highness never could have imagined that Cervantes was such a knight-errant as to attack knight-errantry, a folly which had ceased almost a century, if

* Lucæ Tudensis Hist. Mirac. Sti. Isidori, c. xxxv. Bollandus.

indeed it was any folly at all; and the idea that he ridiculed the poems and romances founded on it, is not less improbable: for they contained all the literature of the nation, excepting the garniture of chapterhouses, theology, and pervaded as with a thread of gold the beautiful histories of this illustrious people. He delighted the idlers of romance by the jokes he scattered among them on the false taste of his predecessors and of his rivals; and he delighted his own heart by his solitary archery, well knowing what amusement those who came another day would find in picking up his arrows and discovering the bull's-eye hits. Is it possible to misapprehend such a passage as this? "When my lord duke promised you the government of the island, nobody ever thought of such things as scourgings;" or that preceding, "Despatch, and consent to this discipline. I assure you it will redound to the advantage both of your soul and body; of your soul, from the charity it occasions; and of your body, as you are of a florid complexion, and will be all the better for a little blood-letting." Charles V. was the knight of La Mancha, devoting his labours and vigils, his wars and treaties, to the chimerical idea of making minds, like watches, turn their indexes, by a simultaneous movement, to one point. Sancho Panza was the symbol of the people, possessing sound sense in other matters, but ready to follow the most extravagant visionary in this, and combining implicit belief in it with the grossest sensuality. For religion, when it is hot enough to produce a rank enthusiasm, burns up and kills every wholesome seed entrusted to its bosom. A man somewhat more suspicious than I am, might be afraid that Cervantes was casting a sly glance toward the Trinity, when he wrote, instead of T*i*rante el Blanco, T*ri*ante. It could not be a mistake of his, the name of Tirante being among the most celebrated in romance: and critics and editors are so sure of correctness in the first editions, that we find T*ri*ante in that of Madrid. Allusions are made to the Catholic Church by more than one personage; but the author had the good taste, not to say the prudence, to avoid the continuity of allegory in so long a work, and to make it yield to character. In the same manner Petronius alludes to Nero, sometimes in a philosopher, sometimes in a poet, and often in himself; so that the emperor stood in a room panelled with mirrors, and turned nowhere without seeing his own features.

Leopold. Your exposition of the subject is quite novel to me, and your observation on it just. I care nothing about the worship of maple-trees and marble, or the inscriptions under them, or the coronets above: but I am resolved to remove many gross impediments to industry, to forbid the observance of certain old saints, and to discountenance the canonisation of any new ones in Tuscany. Noble families have been ruined by counting a saint among them; almost as many as have been enriched by counting a pope; for the process costs fifty thousand crowns. When it happens that a poorer man or woman is made the object of adoration, then indeed it is attended with somewhat lighter expense, because the confraternity that solicits it never does so, unless it has some powerful patron at Rome, nor unless the speculation is sure enough to be lucrative.

President. It appears to me, sir, that even in a religion resting on peculation and fattening on vice, with violence on the right hand and falsehood on the left, giving everything to the slothful, and taking everything from the industrious, no evil is worse than the necessity of periodical confession to priests; an evil which, I am afraid, your power cannot remove, nor your wisdom remedy. It does more than impoverish noble families: it divests them of their respectability. What young woman who has once overcome her sense of shame, so as to expose before a stranger of another sex the first secrets of the heart and the disclosing germs of the passions, can retain all her delicacy of character? Modesty, by lifting up the veil, is changed in all her features; and when she turns her first step aside, is gone for ever. Nothing could be invented so efficacious as confession to increase and perpetuate the dominion of the priesthood, and nothing so efficacious to accumulate and secure its wealth, as the doctrine of purgatory. Confession is good if it be made to the person injured. Ingenuousness, manliness, a resolution to give satisfaction for a wrong, and a pledge to abstain from it in future, are then, and then only, its seasonable fruits. Confession is not only not good, but positively and greatly bad, if it be made to a priest, as it always is in the Catholic Church; because it transfers the authority of pardoning from Him who can to him who can not. He whose hay-stack is burnt may pardon the burner of it; but he who only hears of its being burnt is in no such situation. A father may forgive the corruptor of his daughter; can a priest?

Leopold. He says he can.

President. He lies then. God has given him no such authority, nor can he show that God has enabled him to pardon any sin whatever on confession made to *him:* but he knows that neither confession to God nor (what is better) to the injured party, will give him power and domination, by placing the hearts of men, and with their hearts, their stomachs and purses (two other vital parts), within his reach and under his key.

Leopold. The priest inherits, he tells you, his prerogative from the apostles.

President. He may as well pretend to the gift of tongues. Peculiar powers and attributes were conferred on the apostles, which never were intended for perpetuity, and the Catholic church selects from these whatever can aggrandize it, by whatever means and application.

Leopold. Come, now for purgatory: after this last sentence you want it.

President. Whether there be or be not such a place or thing as purgatory, I think it useless to

inquire, since no inquiry will lead me to proof and certainty. Truths, untruths, ambiguities, serve mother church most filially. Purgatory has one gateway upon earth; under which gateway is a till to receive the small coin and great coin of all comers.

'Will you leave your father and mother in the flames for ages, when masses can release them? O sinner! you may expect the same hardness of heart in your own children; and your offences will be the heavier by the addition of this inhumanity, practised by you toward your unhappy parents, taught by you to your unhappier progeny.' The penitent in the confusion of terror begs and implores the tender priest to say them: and what priest will do it unpaid? Catholics cure sins as old women cure sties in the eye, by rubbing them with gold.

Leopold. M. Du Paty, you do not believe then our religion to be of divine origin.

President. Every good action, every good thought, everything good, is of divine origin: but I see nothing of the divine in manifest fraud, swarming with its insects and reeking in its exposure: I see nothing of it in the political invention of priestly institutions, nor in that base metal which solders the church to the state. As Christians we can take only the word of Christ for our rule. Neither the dreams of the convent nor the revels of the Vatican are adapted to the present day. We know more things and better than priests and monks have taught us; nor do we esteem those people the more in a tiara than in a cowl, in scarlet and embroidery than in black and white. When violence and ignorance had usurped the Roman empire and the Greek, reasonably did the few wise men unite against the many unwise, until an equal and a safer share of power was granted them. Religion opened her august asylum: Peace, Virtue, and Learning took refuge there, and sate quietly at the side of Bigotry and Imposture. Diversity of opinion did at last spring up; but the great body of the thinking, at least in this country, found the comfort of holding together. Thus by degrees the church grew on a level with the state, and (what remote posterity will hardly credit) overtopped it. Times have changed wonderfully since: kings equal monks, and nations equal kings. Whether it ought to be thus, I dare not ask: certainly it appeared a monstrous thing so lately as two centuries ago. The first attempts were made by Venice and Holland: one defeated the most powerful king in Europe, and the other broke the league of nearly all. Let us lower our eyes from states to look at individuals: let us compare the women of Saxony and England with those of Italy and, I say it reluctantly, of France: what a difference! In Florence indeed you rarely see resident an Englishwoman of character:* they are chiefly those who are little respected at home; arrogant, presumptuous, suspicious, credulous, and speaking one of another more maliciously than untruly. But Englishwomen in their character as in their clothes contract a great deal of dirt by travelling. Of this there are many causes: the filthiness of our continental inns, so shocking to decency, and to nothing of which kind are they accustomed in their own country; the immodest language they hear from all classes, and nearly from all individuals, a thing utterly unknown among them at home; conversations on topics to which not even the most vulgar wretch in England ever alludes in presence of a female; and intercourse with others of their countrywomen who, from a long residence abroad, have been deeply imbued in foreign manners. This impudicity, this utter insensibility to decency in conversation, seems to have always been a characteristic of the Italian race. Many things are daily said at the tables of the first society which ought only to be heard in schools of anatomy or medicine. At a time when corruption was thought, truly or falsely, to be less profound and less general than at present, we find the novelist Bandello, a person of education, a courtier, and at last a bishop, addressing to a lady of rank, whom he esteemed for her understanding and her virtue, a story of Messalina, in which such expressions are used by him as the sailors of Caieta, her paramours, would have hesitated to employ. Boccaccio too, who flourished much earlier, the purest and soundest heart, the companion of the highest, the bosom-friend of the wisest and the best, represents to us seven unmarried ladies of the first families, of the noblest principles, of the most elegant and courteous manners, listening to the recital of such stories as would drive away five out of any seven washerwomen on the Seine.

Leopold. We know the timidity of these nymphs, and how successfully they conceal their blushes. But you were about to say something of the English ladies you find established here.

President. These lead the fashion: these teach the younger to talk aloud in their chapels, and to feed greedily on the blushes of the more innocent, who at first enter decorously and piously, but who soon do the same toward others, that they may not be thought awkward and ill-bred.

Your Highness is perhaps acquainted with what occurred this morning. The young woman, I understand, was among the beauties of a little fishing-town in the west of England: an ensign fell in love with her and married her. She soon observed that it was unfashionable in Italy to live without her *cavaliere servente*: she engaged one: he went away: she took another. In these matters the number two multiplies rapidly: they followed not singly nor by intervals, but one upon another, like eels down a floodgate after a shower. Having found access to the house of the Minister, she was visited by many, however they declaimed against her, until at last a gallant for some private injury has whipped her twice in the streets this very day. It is hoped she will have interest

* Society is altered in Florence, particularly the English, since.

enough to stop inquiry, and will have received no other harm than a few such circuitous lines as designate the latitudes on a globe, and the name, partly derived from her native place and partly from her recent misfortune, of *La Nereide Frustata*, the whipped Nereid. Nicknames and whippings, when they are once laid on, no one has discovered how to take off.

Leopold. What the English ladies may be in their interior I do not pretend to know: but when I compare their manners and address with those of my Florentines, or indeed with those of any other nation, it is far beyond my prerogative to grant them the precedency. Ours are accused of levity at church: they go thither, it is objected, to make love. Be it so. I never saw a Florentine girl or woman, who did not come out in better humour than she entered, nor an English who did not come out in worse. The heart may surely be as impure from gall as from love; and if we must err on either side, let it rather be toward the kind affections than toward the unkind. The Florentine opens her heart, gives it, and resumes it, as easily as her fan: the Englishwoman abroad keeps hers locked up, as a store-room for the reputations she has torn, or intends to tear, in pieces. She may be indeed a good mother; but if she takes alarm or umbrage at every foot that approaches her, I would rather have such a good mother in cub or kennel, than in my closet or at my table.

President. The Englishwoman in England is domestic: she of highest rank superintends the village-school, hears the children their lesson, examines their cleanliness, observes their dress, inquires into their health, remarks their conduct, presages their propensities, is amused at their games, and is interested in their adventures. She visits the sick, she converses with the aged, she comforts the afflicted, and she carries her sons and daughters with her, to acquire the practice of their duties. Those in England are all diffidence; those in Italy all defiance. Awkward beyond all other women upon earth, they happily are the most so when they are copying what is bad.

If we desire to know with certainty what religion is best, let us examine in what country are the best fathers, mothers, sons, daughters, wives: we shall there also find the best citizens, and of course the best christians.

Leopold. The catholic has one advantage over others, in the fixedness of its dogmas.

President. These have been interpreted according to the convenience of the hierarchy. One pope, on more than one occasion, has flatly contradicted another; and not only has this been done where the contradicted pope has been declared an anti-pope (exquisite solution!) but where anti-papacy was never dreamt of. Benedict XIV. in the formulary called the "act of faith" prefixed to the elementary works of education, and even to the alphabet, makes the children say, "they believe that the Son of God will bestow on the good the eternal glory of paradise, and on the wicked the eternal pains of hell." Children, who have not a penny in their pockets, may believe it; but old men and women, who carry a warm purse in fob or sack, entertain another belief. They are assured that the wicked are not liable to eternal pains, if they leave enough behind them for masses. In vain will anyone tell me, that masses will relieve from purgatory only, and not from hell. Where is the instance of a wealthy man told on his death-bed that the church can not save his soul by masses, or that he has not been confirmed in his credulity that it can? Pay handsomely for masses, and Hell is out of the question. When you are there indeed you are too late; make haste!

Leopold. Popery, with her worst abuses, hath had her converts, and even from among the reformed, and men neither vicious nor ignorant: explain me this.

President. Reasons and reason are different things. In all religions there have been believers who reflected with equal intensity. Those you mention, serious and melancholy triflers, attach much importance to things of little. After attempting to penetrate and pass the crowd of fathers (as they are called) and saints and martyrs, and knowing that before them lies a vast extent of perplexity and confusion, they stop, exhausted and spiritless, cast back a look of anguish over the ground they have plodded through, hesitate, close their eyes, and sink upon the bosom of infallibility. As if the Almighty had ever invested with his attributes a senseless and vicious priest, studious of nothing but the usurpation of power and the aggrandizement of family, a creature stained, as the greater part hath been, with murder and incest and other enormities, at which Nature is confounded and Piety in consternation.

If the popes are the servants of God, it must be confessed that God has been very unlucky in the choice of his household. So many, and so atrocious, thieves, liars, and murderers, are not to be found in any other trade; much less would you look for them at the head of it.

Leopold. Take care they do not catch you, and treat you as Julius II. was about to treat Ariosto.

President. I will not touch his Galatea under his eye: for little am I disposed to be the hero of an eclogue, and less than any of a piscatory one.

There are offences which popes will not pardon; those namely that affect their power: otherwise the best among them permit for money what they and their statutes condemn. Prohibitions are merely a preparation for indulgences: sins are wealth, masses save souls, virtues are insufficient.

Leopold. I have under my windows here in Florence, no fewer than three uncles married to their nieces, by express permission from the "Holiness of our Lord;" the title always given to him in our gazettes. A little more wealth, with hardly any more impudence, and we (unless I check it) may see brother and sister, father and child, united by the sacrament of matrimony.

President. Let me return to my monks, who,

whatever may be the abuses of their institutions, have nothing to do with such abominations.

Leopold. While they are monks, no: but scatter the dragon's teeth upon a warmer mould, and up springs a body of the same troopers.

Those of Rome were desirous, not many years ago, of beatifying one of your countrymen. "Such a rarity," said Benedetto Sant-Anna, its partisan and its promoter, "was the brilliant device of father Nepomuceno, and should have gloriously greased our platters."

Benedetto Sant-Anna Torbellini is the natural son of a prince whom I esteem. Neglecting his studies, he was placed in a monastery at Rome, where he was remarkable for his musical powers, and his influence on the minds of his fair auditors. An intrigue with the adopted niece of a Cardinal was his ruin. "It is not enough then, Benedetto," cried his Eminence, "that you treat me with this ingratitude; me, who from your earliest youth have treated you with paternal kindness. We have known each other's foibles: but such an affront in my own library, under my own eyes, is unpardonable."

In vain he protested that, guilty as he was, this aggravation of his guilt was unintentional: that for the universe he would not have wounded the feelings of his early friend and benefactor, who certainly had been toward him a great deal more than ever father was; that his Eminence at no other time could have been irritated by any levity in him; that he thought the library a sanctuary unentered by human foot; and that he and Costanza had almost blinded themselves, by dusting the cushion where . . .

"Begone from my sight, villain; leave Rome instantly," cried the cardinal.

He obeyed, bringing me a letter; on which, knowing his state of probation, I did not hesitate to place him at the head of my young fifers, and he will shortly be leader of my band. His account of the sanctification is this.

A poor devil had been observed every day, for twenty years, saying his prayers and beating his breast upon the bridge of Sant-Angiolo; and it sounded like a drum from inanition, voluntary or involuntary. During the performance of these religious duties, a boy, who had gone over to the buttress, on such an occasion as is usual here in such places, fell from it, and was taken up by a barge a little way off. We have receipts for doing everything, miracles not excepted. On the death of the Frenchman, one Labre, who was attended in his last moments by father Nepomuceno, it was resolved to make a saint of him, as having saved by his intercession the boy who tumbled from the buttress. Depositions were made upon oath that he was seen praying at the time, and that he neither called out for assistance nor exerted any other human aid. Such unequivocal proofs of piety and faith interested all the holy city in his behalf. His clothes, after being well shaken on the bridge and sprinkled with holy water, were removed to the convent. Benedetto Sant-Anna had the charge of giving them the odour of sanctity, by sprinkling them daily with the powder of a Tonga bean, a substance then unknown at the capital of the Christian world. They were kissed inside and outside, and some of the more pious in this operation licked them furtively.

You must have observed at Rome, M. President, a vast number of lame beggars. No single war, in ancient or modern times, could have lamed so many as now become lame every year; nearly all are cheats. A consultation was holden by the elder monks; and it was resolved to collect these rogues and vagabonds, and to restore the use of their limbs in the church of the monastery. Two younger members of the confraternity were commissioned to joke with some and to pay a paolo to others. At the morning appointed for the solemnity, the cloisters were filled with these creatures upon crutches, and the church, arrayed in silks of yellow and red, was admirably well attended. Everyone was in full dress: the ladies with naked bosoms, the gentlemen with swords, out of pure respect to mother church. Suddenly the cloister-door flew open, and a tremendous sound was heard from the pavement to the roof. Tatters rustled round, crutches and knees, and bosoms covered with parchment and bladders, made a noise greater than that of an attack with bayonets. Waves of mendicants, one bending over another, poured in. It was an edifying sight.

An old beggar, really lame, and not in the secret, heard by chance of the ceremony, and hopped in after the rest. Many prayers were offered up to the beggar-saint: the censer was waved frequently before his picture; motions of the hands in various figures were made over the supplicants. Some walked like boys; others walked indeed, but felt pain. Again crosses were made, again breasts were beaten, groans and thanksgivings were mingled, till at last pain and stiffness were unfelt by all; old sinews were knitted anew, lost bones recovered, and even the maimed and mangled left their late supports in the nave of the church as incumbrances, and perhaps as offerings, and walked firm and erect to finish their thanks in the refectory. One only remained. Father Nepomuceno who led the rear, approached him marvelling, and said majestically and somewhat angrily, "Arise." The beggar, strengthened in faith, made an effort.

"Do not you find yourself better?" said father Nepomuceno.

"Rather better," replied the mendicant.

"Rise then instantly."

He raised himself vehemently, and his crutches and knees and knuckles rattled in unison upon the floor.

"Thou man of little faith! away!" exclaimed father Nepomuceno. He led him into his cell, and cried furiously, "What means this?"

"God knows," replied the poor good patient creature; "it is God's will."

"Have you prayed?" asked the father hastily.

"Thrice a-day regularly since I could speak."

"In church? and always to the Virgin?"

"Yes," replied the penitent.

"Have you confessed?"

"Yes."

"Have you scourged yourself for your manifold sins?"

"Alas! how can I scourge myself!" cried the beggar, with tears in his eyes from so painful an inability. "I can only beat myself when I lie down: and beside, I can commit no offence to anyone, which God forbid I should ever wish to do."

"No offence to anyone! is that no offence! How! no offence do you think it to talk thus presumptuously? We are all sinners: unless we did works of charity and penitence, what, in the name of heaven, would become of us! Vile wretch! I must open your eyes. You have secret crimes unexpiated: you have brought dishonour upon him who would have been your patron, and whose manifold mercies you have just witnessed toward the more deserving."

Upon this he took down a scourge, and bade the beggar kiss it: the contrite man complied. The father unconsciously drew it through his left hand, and found that it was one adapted to his own shoulders. He threw it down indignantly, and seized from across the back of an arm-chair a broad embroidered garter, stiff with brazen threads double-gilt, and embossed with the letters EUFROSINA: LAURA-BEATRICE: RADICOFANI: with which, and without any farther ceremonials, he scourged the lame beggar heartily, exhorted him to faith, humility, and penitence, and dismissed him weeping and praising God that his eyes were opened.*

President. I am not the advocate of these orders; but each contains, I know, many virtuous individuals; many have resigned all pretensions to patrimony in behalf of brothers and sisters, relying on a secure possession of their hoods and cells. I may not be greatly benefited by their processions or their prayers, but surely as much by them as by the cutlass and pistol of the highwayman.

Leopold. The greatest of abuses is the bequest of gold and jewels to the Virgin and Saints. Since however it would shock the piety of the people to forbid it, the only plan I can think of is, to decree that such gifts be confided to the municipality in trust and guardianship, and kept under lock and key; and if the Virgin or Saint do not come and take them within the year, that it be considered as a proof no such things are wanted by them, and that they freely give them to the sick and poor. No roguery of priestcraft, no stupidity of idolatry, is so gross as in this practice, which I imagine my scheme will tend speedily to correct. I do not know whether I am of a profession so good at telling stories as at raising them; however, since I hear most of the occurrences that happen in my little territory, I will relate to you another anecdote.

Marchese Riccardi had the finest reliquary in Italy. When he was on his death-bed, the Dominicans came about him, and his confessor was firmly of opinion that his road to Paradise would be smoother if the relics were given to their church. He was persuaded of the fact: he left the Dominicans his relics. I inquired of his son the other day, whether it was not with some regret that he presented to the Dominicans so great a treasure.

"Not at all," said he.

"I understand the reliquary to have been valued at eight thousand crowns," answered I.

"The reliquary, yes," replied he, "but I never heard the value of the relics."

"What then, marchese, did you only give *them*?"

"My father," said he, "would have felt a torment the more, if the reliquary had gone out of the family. We may hope for other relics to fill it again, and just at this time there are some real ones that will be sold reasonably."

I asked him what he meant. He told me that a worthy friar had been despatched from Rome, on a mission to Ravenna, with a present of relics to the cathedral. He was so sober a man that, whenever he drank an extraordinary glass of wine, it confused his intellects. On his arrival at Forli he could not contain his joy nor moderate his pride on the treasure he was conveying. The box was of cypress, curiously carved, and extremely old: a brass lock was fastened upon it with pins of the same metal. The brotherhood of the convent where he lodged, looked upon it with a variety of eyes, on hearing that it contained a treasure; for he uttered not a word upon the nature of it. Some believed it was of diamonds; others of emeralds; others of rubies: all however were convinced from the lightness that the jewels were unset. There is hardly a town in Italy where the people are idler than at Forli. The lay-brothers of the convent whispered the report in every street; and among the curious who assembled at the convent-gate was an officer,

* It will hardly be credited that the following is an extract from a Gazette in our times. "Firenze, giovedi 19 Decembre 1822. La religione de' *Servi di Maria* che ha avuto origine in questa capitale, ci ha dato in quest' anno il contento di vedere due de' suoi figli, nostri Toscani, *sollevati all' onore degli altari*, cioè il B. Ubaldo Adimari, nobile Fiorentino di cui ne furono già fatte le festi nella basilica della SS. Annunziata di questa città, ne' tre giorni della scorsa pasqua, cioè 7, 8 e 9 Aprile, e nella chiesa di monte Senario il dì 16 nello scorso maggio, in cui ricorreva la solennità dell' Ascenzion del Signore, e il B. Bonaventura Bonaccorsi, nobile Pistojese, del quale oltre le solennissime feste celebrate in Orvieto, *dove passò alla gloria e si conserva il dì lui sacro corpo*, ne' giorno 11, 12, e 13 dello scorso ottobre, il dì 14 del corrente, giorno della sua *preziosa morte*, ne fù con decente sacra pompa solennizata la memoria nella predetta basilica della SS. Annunziata. *Rendiamo pertanto grazie all' Altissimo, per averci concesso in questi due Beati Comprensori due potenti avvocati al suo divin trono!*"

According to this, God is ready enough to receive thanks and perfumery from whoever offers, without the introduction of squire or chamberlain, but is somewhat slow to grant pardon without such powerful advocates as Signor Bonaventura Bonaccorsi or Signor Ubaldo Adimari, in their saintly embroidered shoes and pink satin robes of glory.

a native of Ravenna, named Filiberto Quinci. He indeed was curious to see the treasure, and, not without hope that he might be ordered to convoy it, came to say that there was an old munition waggon fit for this service; little thinking that treasures could be light things, nor having heard any expression but "Have you seen the treasure?" What was his surprise on beholding a box nine inches long and seven broad, with a crucifix on the top to guard it! and what was his delight at finding a friend of his early youth in the trusty friar.

"Paolo Naccheri, is it you?" cried he.

"Filiberto! Filiberto!" cried the monk. They embraced: necks and shoulders, beards and tears, met. They went away and would sup together. The friar drew forth his handkerchief, and produced a thick slice of Bologna mortadella, some cheese, seven or eight livers, with lard enough to fry them in, and some bay leaves and rosemary. There was also a piece of new goat-milk cheese, indented like Dover cliffs by his hunger on the road: this he threw back into his cowl. The lieutenant, when he saw all the provisions, blushed a little, and was resolved not to be outdone. He had observed a goose in the morning at the shop of a poulterer, the only poulterer in Forli, and who refused to sell any smaller portion than a whole leg, with which it was stipulated that half the head and half the neck and the whole foot should be weighed. A noble of the city sent his cook several times to negotiate about it; but the poulterer was inflexible, and the noble retreated. The lieutenant did what was never done there since the days of the Lombard King Aistulphus: he stewed three-parts of a goose together, and inserted the cheese, the liver, the mortadella, the bay-leaves, the rosemary, and the lard. The monk declared that the dish was fit for the marriage of Cana in Galilee. The lieutenant said that such was his friend's courtesy; but that in his anxiety to serve him he had forgotten the figs and the aniseed, and begged him not to spare the lemon and sugar that were beside him; if it wanted oil, the oil in the lucerna was as fresh as any. The pleasure of meeting gave activity to their digestive powers, and to the antecedent ones: exhortations, jokes, recollections, wine, religion, women, passed in turn: and now struck the *ventiquattro*.* The monk hurried toward the convent, embracing his friend at the door, and promising to return. He did indeed, and shortly; pale, speechless, agonizing.

"What is the matter, my dear Naccheri?" exclaimed the lieutenant.

"I am undone! I am lost for ever! the casket is broken open; the relics gone!"

"Have you no suspicion of the thief?"

"None whatever."

"Some person in the convent?"

"Sacrilege! impossible!"

"Leave the matter to me: I have detected and taken up many rogues."

"O for Christ's sake! it would be a scandal!"

"Leave it, I say, to me: I will accuse no friar, I promise you. Bring me the box by daylight."

Disturbed and disorderly were the slumbers of the monk: he attributed his loss to the levity of his conversation, which he confessed to the Virgin, begging her however to remember that he had mixed it with religion. Among other thoughts in his imperfect sleep, he fancied that the relics were again in the casket. He started up; walked toward it; closed the lid, turning his eyes away from it, as unworthy to behold it, and repeating in a tremulous voice, *Fiat voluntas tua!* again placed it under the guardianship of the crucifix. Before the dawn of day he rose and dressed himself, if such an expression is applicable to friars, and having said a litany, together with a proper psalm, *By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept*, he wiped his eyes, covered the precious casket, and carried it to his friend, to whom he related his sufferings and his dream.

"May I look at it, unworthy as I am?" said Filiberto.

"Take it, take it! behold it!" answered the friar, sobbing piteously.

The lock was unforced, but the brass nails were standing out from it; they had been removed and replaced.

"Are you quite sure they have taken the relics?"

"Sure, sure; even the wrapper."

"I must confer with another upon these nails," said the lieutenant; "they may lead to the discovery of truth." He had drawn one out slily.

"No, no, no!" cried the friar.

"One is wanting," said his friend: "you yourself will be suspected of curiosity and unbelief, if this should be missed. Another must be made quickly!"

Fra Paolo shuddered and assented, but remarked that it was impossible for any human hand to imitate the imbossed and ancient nail.

"Leave it to me," said Filiberto: "you must not appear in the business: the nut is out, I may be trusted with the shell."

He took it into his bedroom, and having selected the larger bones of the goose from their two plates, and washed them in a lixiviate, and rubbed them with ashes, he enwrapped them in a cartouche-paper, deposited them in the casket, fastening the nails, particularly the one he had removed. He then ran to the outer room, and "Father! father!" cried he, "I will have nothing more to do with it: I am unworthy! I can aver and swear that a nail was wanting, and I believe in my conscience that several were loose."

The father answered not: he took the casket in his hand, looked at it, raised his eyes to heaven, and swooned. The lieutenant rubbed his temples with vinegar and gunpowder, scratched his gums with a flint, and poured some brandy down his throat, muttering in a low gruff voice, what he never would have done but for a friend, *Ave*

* 24 o'clock, one hour after sunset, when the monks should be in the convent. Almost the only question asked openly by the Italians is, *sono sonate le 24?* so teeming with big events is that hour.

Maria! presto! The friar's senses returned, but it was long before he could find a channel for the effusion of his piety. At last he repeated three times, as the most proper on the occasion, the words in which the Lord was praised for having glorified his handmaiden. "Sinner as I am," exclaimed he, "I dare neither doubt nor believe that the miracle is complete in all its parts." He closed his eyes; the flesh crept upon his bones; he lifted up the casket in his two hands above his head, and chanted in a tremulous voice, *Fiat voluntas tua!*

The lieutenant said that he doubted, from the lightness of the box, whether a single bone was restored. "Bones are not heavy, it is true," added he; "but a young girl's bones have a good deal of marrow in them."

"None whatever," answered the holy man: "they were as dry as a palm-branch* on the anniversary, and very small; for she was the youngest of the eleven thousand."

"One miracle is as good as another," said the lieutenant: "two trusses of hay from the same stack smell and weigh pretty much alike. Let us hope, however, that the pretty saint has protected her bones and vindicated her virginity."

Again Fra Paolo chanted *Fiat voluntas tua!* Indignant at the robbery, he returned no more to the convent, and resolved to say nothing of his charge again until he reached Ravenna. There it was received with the ringing of bells, and the display of tapestry and bed-coverlets from the windows, and the array of all the pillars of all the churches in the richest silks, and of all the saints in spangled shoes and powdered perukes: their faces were reddened, their eyebrows blackened, and their nails gilt afresh. The clergy, the military, the various fraternities, marched before and after it into the cathedral. Four knights supported it, eight marquises assisting them; and his Excellency the Governor, adorned with all his orders, holding over it the umbrella. Cannon was fired as it entered the portal, and again as it ascended the steps of the high altar. Nothing of jubilee is celebrated here, nor, I believe, in the rest of Europe, without the instruments of violence and slaughter. Many a belly felt the butt-end of a musket, for yearning too affectionately after the youngest of the eleven thousand, in the nave of the duomo. The crowd was immense. Happy the youth who was next to his beloved on that day, for he was near indeed, and she wanted protection upon all sides. If she reproved him for anything, the Ambrosian hymn, echoing through the vault, intercepted it.

The bones had been verified upon the oath of surgeons and physicians, denominated on such occasions the "expert," in presence of the archbishop, the canonics, and the protonotary. It was ascertained that the *os pubis* had been fractured, by the same violence as was offered by the executioner to the daughter of Sejanus; a farther proof of martyrdom; it being remembered by one of the canonics, that, according to the Roman laws, virgins must undergo this indignity before the last punishment. The condition of the bones was admirable. She must have been very young, poor child! If such another *os pubis* could be found among her sisterhood, it would be decorous and reverential to compose a pair of spectacles with them for the "Holiness of our Lord." Several old priests declared that they saw much the better, on merely looking through the mysterious curvature in its present state; and a wart of long standing was removed from the nose of one by it, after forty days, as was evident to all Ravenna. The inauguration of the relics took place on the twenty-ninth of July: on the thirtieth of September the lieutenant Filiberto Quinci was mortally wounded from behind the wall of a vineyard, by an assassin whose brother he had disarmed and was leading with his hands tied behind him toward the city-prison of Forli. He confessed to a Jesuit the fraud he had committed, who absolved him the more readily as it was committed in its first stage against a Dominican. The pain of the wound made him exert his voice; and perhaps he cared little for secrecy, in the greater hope of expiating his offence; so that many of his friends and attendants heard the recital, and divulged it. Nevertheless it was agreed and certified that a miracle had really been performed; and that, although some of the bones had been stolen, several were yet remaining, and endued with such efficacy as to convert the baser into the more precious, the goose's into the virgin's. It is reported that the greater part of the original are brought into Tuscany, and will be sold here: this report is the comfort of Riccardi.

You may smile at the credulity of even the higher orders: I trust however, M. Du Paty, that the laws and establishments are better in Tuscany, and information more advanced, than in the other states of Italy. Closing the cells of idleness and imposture, I have opened schools and manufactories for the children of the poor.

President. Unless the ladies and gentlemen can be induced to visit and superintend them, I doubt their efficiency.

A house of industry was established at Como. Virtuous mothers have been led frequently out of it, heavy with child, and have died from inanition in the streets; their allowance of food being only one scanty meal in the twenty-four hours; while prostitutes, thieves, assassins, poisoners, have enjoyed purer air and more comfortable accommodation in prison, and have been supplied twice in the day with more wholesome food, and each time more abundantly. In both instances a discouragement is holden forth to honesty, a reward to crime.

Sovrans know more correctly the state of other countries than of their own. We may be too near great objects to discern them justly; and the greatest of all objects to a prince is the internal state of his people.

* These palms are really olive-twigs, placed over the crucifix by the bed-side, and renewed on Palm-Sunday.

Leopold. Your observation is just. The persons we employ have more interest in deceiving us than others have. I can trust one; Gianni. I send none abroad; so that I am rather less liable to deception than my brethren are. As the gentlemen of Tuscany seldom travel further than to Siena or to Pisa, the expense of a coffee-housekeeper, under the title of plenipotentiary, is saved me everywhere.

President. Your highness is as desirous of abolishing idle offices as others are of creating them.

Leopold. I am not afraid of losing my place from a want of party friends, and have no very poor relations to support. Since I send no envoys, there are certain states which seem resolved to punish me by sending worse than none.

It often happens, that those who are very wealthy, are far from forward in displaying what they possess; thus happens it that, in countries which abound in talents and genius, the governors are careless how little of them is exhibited in their appointments to foreign courts. I should be happy to see as ministers at mine, M. President, men like you, with whom I could converse familiarly and frankly on matters of high importance: and no greater compliment could be paid me by the princes my friends and allies. To delegate as their representatives young persons of no knowledge, no conduct, no respectability, proves to me a neglect of their duty and an indifference to their honour, and no less evidently shows the opinion they entertain of me to be unworthy and injurious. Trifling men in such situations may suit indeed small courts, but not where the sovran has any credit for the rectitude of his views and the arduousness of his undertakings.

This reflection leads me back again to an inquiry into the last of your positions, that my code provides but faintly and ineffectually for the protection of character. The states of Italy are the parts of shame in the body politic of Europe. I would not hold out an ægis to protect a snail: the gardener does not shelter his plants while they are under-ground. I declare to you, M. Du Paty, that whenever and wherever I find a character to protect, I will protect it.

President. I am averse to the perpetual maintenance of great armies: but without somewhat of a military spirit there can be little spirit for anything, as we see in China and India. That the Florentines should have conquered the Pisans, quite astonishes me when I look upon them; at present they could not conquer a hen-coop guarded by a cur. Boccaccio, in his eclogue intitled *Lipis*, calls the Florentine by the name of Batracus (frog), as being the most loquacious and timid of animals. Such at least is the explanation given by his countryman and commentator, Baldelli.

Leopold. The Italians, when they were bravest, were like tame rabbits; very pugnacious among themselves, but crouching, screaming, and submitting to be torn piecemeal by the smallest creatures of another race. In the consulate of Marcus Valerius (brother of Publicola) and Postumius, the Sabines were conquered: thirteen thousand prisoners were taken in two battles: in the second no Roman was slain.

I want no armies: if ever I should want them, I can procure a much better commodity at the same price: the rations of a Bohemian and of a Tuscan are the same: I would not change a good farmer for a bad soldier. I want honest men, and no other glory than that of making them.

President. If you abolish the convents of monks, you act consistently in abolishing your armies: for the natives of Florence are the smallest and weakest men in Europe; and, whenever we meet one stronger than the generality, we may be sure he derives his origin from the convent. The monks are generally stout, and their offspring is healthy; but this continues for only one generation. The children of your soldiers are mostly weak, like those of your citizens, and from the same cause, indiscriminate venery. The monks have their choice, from the facilities afforded to them by the sacredness of their order, and by the beneficence of confession, advantages in which the soldiery does not participate. In protestant countries the people is always both cleanlier and healthier than in catholic; but I have observed that the religious in the former are mostly the weakest men in the community, in the latter universally the strongest.

Leopold. As my soldiers are useless to me in the field, I shall call them out more frequently in the churches, when I have reduced the number of ecclesiastics. On great festivals we have decently smart files of them in the nave. I shall indulge the people with a larger number, and oftener.

President. In Tuscany there are persons of integrity; few indeed, and therefore the more estimable. Wherever there is a substitute for morality, where ceremonies stand in the place of duties, where the confession of a fault before a priest is more meritorious than never to have committed it, where virtues and duties are vicarious, where crimes can be expiated after death for money, where by breaking a wafer you open the gates of heaven, probity and honour, if they exist at all, exist in the temperament of the individual. Hence a general indifference to virtue in others; hence the best men in Italy do not avoid the worst; hence the diverging rays of opinion can be brought to no focus; nothing can be consumed by it, nothing warmed.

The language proves the character of the people. Of all pursuits and occupations, for I am unwilling to call it knowledge, the most trifling is denominated *virtù*. An alteration in a picture is *pentimento*.

The Romans, detained from war and activity by a calm, termed it *malacia:* the Italians, whom it keeps out of danger, call it *bonaccia*. I am

ashamed to confess that we Frenchmen have borrowed this expression, without a suspicion of its import. We are, it is true, the most courageous people in the world, but we have always been the most subject to panics by land, and to despair by sea.

Leopold. On *malacia* and *bonaccia* let me remark, that, although the latter supplanted the former, as *Beneventum* did *Maleventum*, yet *malacia* descends not in a direct line from *malus* (a thing evidently unknown to those who substituted in its place *bonaccia*), but from μαλακός. *Malus* itself has the same origin. Effeminacy and wickedness were correlative terms both in Greek and Latin, as were courage and virtue. Among the English, I hear, softness and folly, virtue and purity, are synonymous. Let others determine on which side lies the indication of the more quiet, delicate, and reflecting, people.

President. If a footman sends a scullion to a tailor, it is an *ambasciata*. Sbirri are eminently *la famiglia*, quite at home: but what is admirable is *pellegrino*.

So corrupt are they, that softness with them must partake of disease and impurity: it is *morbidezza*.

Three or four acres of land with a labourer's cottage are called a *podere*. Beggarly magnificence of expression! Every house with a barn-door, instead of a narrower, is *palazzo*.

I saw open in a bookseller's window a boy's dictionary, "Dictionarium Ciceronianum," in the page where *heros* was, and found its interpretation *barone, signore*.

Such is their idea of contemplation, and of the subjects on which it should be fixed, that if a dinner is given to a person of rank, the gazettes announce that it was presented *alla Contemplazione della sua Eccellenza*.

A lamb's fry is *cosa stupenda:* a paper kite is *aquilone*.

Their idea of fighting is exemplified in the word *tirare*, which properly means to *drag*.

Strength which frightens, and finery which attracts them, are *honesty:* hence *valentuomo* and *galantuomo*.

A well-dressed man is a man of honour, *uomo di garbo*.

Spogliare is *to undress;* the spoils of a modern Italian being his shirt and stockings.

Pride is offended at selling anything: the shop-keeper tells you that he *gives* you his yard of shoe-ribbon: *dà*, not *vende*.

A *trinket* is a joy, *gioia:* and a *present* is a *regala*, though it be a bodkin.

One would imagine that *giustiziato* means requited: it means *hanged:* as if justice did nothing else, or had nothing else to do.

Leopold. I can furnish you with another example in my own profession. *Governare* means to *govern* and to *wash the dishes*. This indeed is not so absurd at bottom; for there is generally as much dirty work in the one as in the other.

President. Meschino, formerly *poor*,* is now *mischievous*, or *bad*.

Leopold. I am no etymologist, and more than an etymologist is wanted here; but let me remark to you that the word *meschino* is still in use among us in the same double acceptation, as the word *wretch* is among the English; and you Frenchmen, too, employ the word *méchant*, which comes from it, in the same manner. The words signify to us that wretchedness and wickedness go together.

President. I see it. Things strike us in another language which we pass over in our own: and words often lose their original meaning. What is general may become particular, and what is particular may become general. *Amazzare* is *to kill*. The meaning was originally to kill with a *club*. We now say *il gatto ha amazzato un topo*, although we have the best grounds for believing that cats never killed rats with clubs even in the heroic ages.

An Italian thinks he pays me a compliment by calling me *furbo*, holding it as the summit of felicity and glory to over-reach. But on the other hand, if roguery is praiseworthy, misfortune is criminal: the captive is a wicked man, *cattivo*.

A person is not rendered vile by any misconduct: but if he has the toothache, he is *avvilito*.

With all the admiration and aptitude of the Italians for poetry, any grimace or trick of the countenance is called a *verso*. *Fa tanti versi*. We call *valiant* the man who defends his own or his country's honour by his courage: the Italians call valiant a famous fiddler or well-winded fifer, *valente suonotare*. In Italy the *fabulous* is the common speech: *favella* and *lingua* are synonymous.

Opera was among the Romans *labour*, as *opera pretium*, &c. It now signifies the most contemptible of performances, the vilest office of the feet and tongue, whenever it stands alone *by excellence*. *Anima*, the *soul*, is also the *mould of a button: animella* (the endearing form), a *sweetbread*.

Ostia, a sacrifice (*hostia*), now serves equally to designate the Almighty, and the wafer that seals a billet-doux. This, too, we have in common. Poisoning was formerly so ordinary an operation here, that what other nations call a violent death, was called an *assisted* one. "Nacqui l'opinione, dispersa allora, ch' egli mancava di morte *aiutata* piutosto che naturale," says Bentivoglio on Don John of Austria.

Leopold. Beware, M. President, that no learned man in his idleness take you farther to task on the same subject. I would wish to retaliate on you as gently as possible, but I find in one of your expressions that characteristic sportiveness which attends your cruelties, when you commit any. *Amende honorable*, as your jurists call it, is thus defined by them. "Le condamné est à genoux en chemise, la corde au cou, une torche à la main, et

* "Teseo era stato anch' egli un certo protettore e difensore, e benignamente e con amorevolezza haveva ascoltato i preghi degli uomini *meschini*." Vite di Plutarco da M. Ludovico Domenichi, MDLX.

conduit par le bourreau." This *honourable* way in which an offender is persuaded to correct his error, is, according to time and person, accompanied by flagellations, and other ceremonials of honour and devotion, in which the humble minister of justice, the hangman, has the goodness to lend him all the assistance in his power, and indeed to take upon himself this most painful part of the duty; the person who makes the expiation to honour and the laws, only lending the superficies (or a little more) of his body, while the precursory section of his amendment is going through.

I have found in twenty of your authors, at the least, the expression, *faire retentir sa voix au milieu: entonner* is also in common use: a proof of a noisy people: and perhaps some might be found of a vain one. I must fight for my Tuscans: they have other phrases which prove their good nature, not the least of merits in any man or any people, and among the first to be commended by a prince.

Their oaths and exclamations, instead of *peste* and other horrors, are, by the kindest and most lovely of the gods, *per Bacco! per Bacco d' India! Fè di Bacco! Corpo di Bacco! Per Dingi Bacco!*

President. What can that mean?

Leopold. Dingi is an abbreviation of *Dionigi* (Dionysius). Then, *per Diana!* or by the most beautiful of our indigenous plants, as *Cappari! Corbezzoli!*

President. I do not understand the latter.

Leopold. Corbezzoli are the berries of the arbutus: your French *corbeil* comes from the twigs, which are used in making baskets and panniers; and another word, which you like less, *corvée;* loads of stone, earth, manure, carried on the backs of men and women in crates of this material. Let us now leave the fields again for cities and manners.

We may discern, I think, the characters of nations in their different modes of salutation. We Italians reply *Sto bene:* the ancient Romans *valeo:* the Englishman, I am *well:* the Frenchman, *I carry myself well.* Here the Italian, the best formed of Europeans, stands with gracefulness and firmness; in short, *stands well.* The Roman, proudly confident in his strength, says, *I am stout and hearty.* The Englishman feels throughout mind and body this "standing well," this calm confident vigour, and says, I *am* well. The Frenchman *carries himself* so.

President. It is dangerous to retort on princes.

Leopold. I invite it.

President. By this condescension I am encouraged to remark, that a stranger is much amused by the designation of your Italian tribunals, the *ruota criminale, &c.*, as if Justice had her wheel, like Fortune, or rather used the same.

Leopold. Such is the idea the thing itself presents to us: the word is deduced from the *rolling* and *unrolling* of papers, and is analogous to the *volumen* of the Romans, and the *roll* of the English, which likewise gives an appellation to a court of judicature.

President. Your Highness will permit me to add one more example. If injustice is done and redress claimed, it is requisite to perform an execrable act, if the words mean anything, *umiliare una supplica.* Baser language was never heard in the palace of Domitian, who commanded that he should be called Lord and God. I could select many such expressions. In this perversion of moral feeling, it is not to be expected that the laws can always stand upright. It is dangerous for a foreigner not to visit a commissary of police; but to omit in an address to him the title of *Illustrissimo,* is fatal. I conversed the other day with an English gentleman, who had conducted his wife and family to Pistoja, for the benefit of the air. He rented a villa at the recommendation of the proprietor, who assured him that the walls were dry, although built recently. Within a few days it rained, and the bedchambers were covered with drops. His wife and child suffered in their health: he expostulated: he offered to pay a month's rent and to quit the premises, insisting on the nullity of an agreement founded on fraud. The proposal was rejected: a court of judicature declared the contract void. The gentleman, to prove that there was nothing light or ungenerous in his motive, gave to his banker, M. Cassigoli, the amount of the six months' rent, to be distributed among respectable families in distress. The proprietor of the house, enraged at losing not only what he had demanded, but also what was offered, circulated a report in the coffee-houses, and wherever he went, that the gentleman might well throw away his money, having acquired immense sums by piracy. He appealed to the local tribunals, with a result far different from the former. The commissary, to whom the business was referred by them, called the offender to him in private, without informing the plaintiff of his intention. Hence no proof was adduced, no witness was present, and the gentleman knew nothing of the result for several weeks after. It was an admonition to be more cautious in future, given to a man who had in succession been servant to two masters, both of whom were found dead without illness; a man who, without any will in his favour, any success in the lottery, any dowry with his wife, any trade or profession, any employment or occupation, possessed 12,000 crowns. Where justice is refused, neglected, or perverted, the *Presidente del buon Governo* is the magistrate who receives the appeal. The foreigner stated his case fully to the president, from whom he obtained no redress, no answer, no notice.*

* Dr. Lotti of Lizzano, on the confines of the Modenese, the reputed son of the emperor P. Leopold, to whom (if I may judge from the coins) he bore a perfect resemblance, was the most learned and courteous man I have ever conversed with in Tuscany. He was rather fond of wine; but with decorum. I spent one of the happiest days of my life in his society, and was about to repeat my visit the following summer, when I heard that my quiet, inoffensive, beneficent friend had been stoned to death by a parishioner. No inquiry was instituted by government: he had nothing but erudition and virtue to recommend him, and the tears and blessings of the poor. I asked how

Leopold. As I covered my ears at the commencement, I must at the conclusion. Scandalously as my servants acted, the rank and character of the injured gentleman were imperfectly known to the commissary and the president, who also are ignorant that many of the best families in England are untitled. Here counts and marquises are more plentiful than sheep and swine; and there are orders of knighthood where there is not credit for a pound of polenta.

President. Your predecessors have softened what was already too soft: and your highness must give some consistency to your mud, by exposing and working it, if you desire to leave upon it any durable or just impression. I am afraid it will close upon your footstep the moment you go away.

Leopold. I hope not. Tuscany is a beautiful landscape with bad figures: I must introduce better.

President. To speak without reserve or dissimulation, I have remarked this difference between the gentlemen of Florence and those of other nations. While others reject disdainfully and indignantly from among them any member who has acted publicly or privately with dishonour, these interest themselves warmly in his favour, although they never had visited or known them. It must be from a powerful sympathy, and in the hope, more or less remote and obscure, that they may benefit in the same manner in the same circumstances.

Leopold. I begin with what forms the moral character, however my conduct may be viewed by the catholic princes. Few among them are better than whipped children, or wiser than unwhipped ones. They are puppets in the hands of priests: they nod their heads, open their mouths, shut their eyes, and their blood is liquefied or congealed at the touch of these impostors. I will lessen their influence by lessening their number. To the intent of keeping up a numerous establishment of satellites in the church militant, a priest is punished more severely for performing twice in the day the most holy of his ceremonies, than for almost any violation of morality. But the popes perhaps have in secret a typical sense of the mass, permitting the priest to celebrate it only once, in remembrance that Christ was sold once only. When we arrive at mystery, a single step farther and we tumble into the fosse of fraud. The Romish Church is the general hospital of old and incurable superstitions from the Ganges to the Po. It is useful to princes as a pigsty is to farmers: but it shall not infect my palace, and shall do as little mischief as possible to my people.

President. Your Highness, by diminishing the number of priests, will increase the rate of masses. A few days ago I went into San Lorenzo, and saw a clergyman strip off his gown before the altar with violence and indignation. Inquiring the reason, I was informed that four *pauls* had been offered to him for a mass, which he accepted, and that on his coming into the church, the negotiator said he could afford to pay only three. There are offices in the city where masses are bargained for publicly. Purgatory is the Peru of Catholicism: the body of Christ in some of our shops is at the price of a stockfish, in others a fat goose will hardly reach it, and in *Via de' Calzaioli* it is worth a sucking-pig.

Leopold. The Roman states are worse in proportion.

President. There are more *religious* in that territory than slave-masters in our American islands, and their gangs are under stronger and severer discipline. The refuse of manhood exercises the tyranny of Xerxes in the cloak and under the statutes of Pythagoras.

Leopold. It is curious and interesting to observe the fabrication of those insects, which from the bottom of the Sea of Galilee have been adding, year after year, particle on particle, and have ultimately filled up almost the whole expanse with their tortuous and branching corallines.

When violence and usurpation were distracting the Roman empire, can we wonder if the possessors of knowledge and the lovers of quiet clung together, and contrived the best and readiest means possible of preserving the little they retained? The sanctuaries of religion, abandoned by the old gods and old worshippers, served the purpose well. Persecution rendered the new guests only the more united: pity at their sufferings, admiration at their virtues, drew many toward them: miracles were invented, encouraged, propagated. There is something of truth in everything. Like gold, it is generally found in small quantities; and, as is said of gold, it is universal: even falsehood rests upon it. Contrivances, which at first were requisite and necessary, for the security of a weak and unprotected religion, now began to multiply for its extension and aggrandisement. The credulous, the rich, the slothful, stood prepared for the mark that was to be impressed on them, by the coarse indiscriminating letters of the age. The literary now chose their emperor, as the military chose theirs,

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so unmerited a calamity could have befallen so warm-hearted a creature, and in the decline of life: the reply was, *Chi sa? forse uno sbaglio. Who knows? perhaps it was done by mistake.* What a virtuous and happy people must that be, to which such a loss is imperceptible! I saw him but three times, and lament it more than I think it right to express, at the distance of nearly two years. Rest thee with God, kind, gentle, generous Lotti!

A courier who had been in the service of Prince Borghese, went openly by day into the Postmaster's office, stabbed him in the body, fired a pistol through his hand, was confined at Volterra, and released at the intercession of Prince Borghese in six weeks.

Whoever shall publish a periodical work, containing a correct and detailed account of irregularities and iniquities in the various courts of law throughout Europe, will accomplish the greatest of literary undertakings, and will obtain the merit of the stanchest, the truest, and the best of reformers. No subject is so humble that it may not be recommended by a fit simplicity of style: no story so flat that it may not solicit attention if edged by pointed remarks. The writer will perform one of those operations which are often admired in Nature, by eliciting a steady, broad, and beautiful light, from rottenness and corruption.

only giving him another title, inaugurated by religion. A quieter craft, observing the instability of power, devised and executed at leisure the institutions best adapted to its maintenance; and by degrees such barriers were erected about the church, as neither in extent nor in strength had ever surrounded the pretorium. The pious, who came from a distance to venerate the simple edifice, the house of a god born in a manger, could not pass nor even look over the ramparts, and were driven away or punished as criminals if they inquired for it. Somewhat earlier, when the name of pope had not yet been invented, instead of surprise at any worldly advantages the pastors derived from the tractability of their flocks, it might rather be excited at their moderation. This, however, soon was over; and such rapacity succeeded, as no other religion, no other government, no tyranny, no conquest, hath exemplified. In our days, the commander of the faithful in the west is contented if we pay and clothe his military, permitting them to be taken off our lands for him, and allowing him to discipline them, even in our streets and houses. The more virtuous our subjects are, the less contented is he. Every execution-day is a rent-day to him: no fellow is hanged but the halter is his purse-string. The most notorious robber that ever infested Tuscany, was no sooner upon the gibbet, than forty or fifty idler thieves, in white surplices half-way down the hams, ran about our streets, soliciting the eleëmosynary *paolo* from citizen and peasant, to liberate the sinful soul earlier out of purgatory. Can we imagine that crimes will be rigorously reprehended by those who derive a revenue from the multiplicity and magnitude of them?

President. What purgatory may be to any of the dead, I can not tell; but I see it is a paradise to a great portion of the living. How many dormitories and refectories are warmed with it! how many gardens, lined with orange and citron, are brought into blossom by its well-directed fires! Not Styx, nor Acheron, nor Phlegethon, but Pactolus is now the river that runs through the infernal regions, leaving its golden sands on the papal shore, the patrimony of Saint Peter.

Leopold. What do you imagine was the reason, M. Du Paty, why celibacy was imposed on the priesthood, not when it was chaste and virtuous, but at a time when neither the heads of the church nor her other members were any longer pure?

President. There can not be conceived a better reason for so extraordinary and unnatural an ordinance, than that the concubines and wives of such dissolute men were, as you may suppose, eternally at variance; and ecclesiastical polity was well aware that they would arouse by degrees, and excite to inquiry, a supine and dormant world. The pope therefore put down, and suppressed under the piscatory signet, the more clamorous of the parties. Among the first Christians all things were in common but their wives; among those of the papal reformation, the wives seem the only things that were so.

Leopold. I am apprehensive, M. Du Paty, you will be thought here in Italy to entertain but little reverence even for those higher authorities (if any are higher than the pope) on which the foundations of our faith repose; it being known that men of letters in France, including the dignitaries of the church, are inclined to philosophy.

President. Sir, I wish they were: for then they would teach and practise christianity, which is peace and good-will toward men. The partisans of popery have evinced by their conduct, that either the book whereon they found their religion in itself is false, or that those dogmas are which they pretend to draw from it; otherwise they would not forbid nor discountenance its circulation and publicity. In copying the worst features of every religion, they should at least have omitted this. The Egyptian, the Hindoo, and other priesthoods, kept their sacred books secluded from the people, and said perhaps that they were thus commanded, whether by dog or by calf, or some such deity: but if the pope believed in the gospel, or ever read it, he must know that his predecessors, as he calls the apostles, were commanded to disseminate it among all the nations of the universe.

Leopold. Catholicism does not appear to be quite so polytheistical among you Frenchmen as among us.

President. An Italian, a Spaniard, or a Portuguese, has no thought whatever of praying to God. The expression, common in our language, is unknown in theirs. Desirous as I always was of finding out the opinions of men on this subject, I accosted one who had been praying, at the entrance of a village, to an image of earthenware in a niche against a cottage.

"You pray then, my good young man! I am happy to observe that you think of your Creator in the days of your youth!"

He looked at me with wonder.

"Were not you praying to the Father of mercies?"

"O now I understand. I was praying, sir, to his mother and Saint Zenobio."

"Excellently done! but do you never offer up a prayer to God himself?"

His reply I must give in his own language.

"Mi canzona! Ad Iddio medesimo! solo solo! ma davvero non sono si poco garbato."

Accustomed, as the people of these countries have been for centuries, to ask favours by means of valets, who speak to the lady's maids, and they to their mistresses, whence the petition goes up to the husband or *cavaliere servente*, they pursue the same steps in their prayers to heaven: first a prayer to Saint Zenobio; then, with his permission, to the Virgin; who again is requested to seize a suitable opportunity of mentioning the matter to her son; or, at her option, to do it herself, and let him know nothing about the business. Such are the thoughts of those who think the most deeply.

Leopold. What can be the reason why the pious

in your country, and sincere catholics, speak oftener of God than of his son or parent?

President. The reason I presume is, that our ancestors the Gauls worshipped one superior Being, though, from indifference to the truth in such matters, Cæsar asserts the contrary; and that hence, we still talk as monotheists; while other nations, who were formerly polytheists, retain the language of such; and would perhaps, although the religion of the country had retained no shadow or resemblance of it.*

Leopold. No prince ought to be indifferent to religion; but everyone ought to the forms and sects of it, so long as they abstain from pretensions of interference with the state. This is an offence which, at the least, should be punished by their suppression. I am supposed to exercise an arbitrary power in this country: yet my interference in the affairs of religion is less extensive than that of your Louis XIV. In his Declaration of 1682, he says, "Pour l'intérêt de l'Eglise de notre royaume, de laquelle nous sommes premier et universel protecteur." According to the former of these words (premier) he takes precedency of the pope in the church; and according to the latter (universel) he quite excludes him.

President. Many of our bishops think otherwise, although the most acute and clear of reasoners, and the most eloquent of expositors, Bossuet, was in this campaign the champion of the king.

Leopold. Of your bishops there are many who think otherwise; first because many of them think little, and possess no learning; and secondly and mainly, because they have a better chance of being cardinals by adherence to the papacy, certain that they can not lose their bishoprics by it. Surely I have as much power in my monasteries, as the popes have in my music-shops.

President. That is clear.

Leopold. Nevertheless they have forbidden, under pain of excommunication, to copy the *miserere* of Allegrini, which is only to be sung in the pope's chapel, and by eunuchs. This is an order more conformable to the taste of Nero than to the office of Christ's vicar.

President. A countryman of mine, Choron, infringed the edict, and may have his throat cut for it; the offender being excommunicated.

Leopold. Although I would admit but one system of laws and one head of them, I would willingly see several religions in my states, knowing that in England and Holland they are checks one upon another. The Quaker inverts his eye and rebukes his graceless son, by observing how industrious and tractable is the son of some fierce Presbyterian: the Catholic points to the daughter of a Socinian, and cries shame upon his own, educated as she was in the purity of the faith, in the religion of so many forefathers. Catholicism loses somewhat of its poisonous strong savour by taking root in a well-pulverized, well-harrowed soil. As competition levels the price of provisions, so maintains it the just value of sects. Whatever is vicious in one, is kept under by the concourse of others, and each is emulous to prove the superiority of its doctrines by honesty and regularity of life. If ever the English could be brought to one opinion in politics or religion, they would lose the energy of their character and the remains of their freedom. In England the Catholics are unexceptionably good members of society, although the gentlemen of that persuasion, I hear, are generally more ignorant than others, partly by the jealous spirit of their church, and partly by an ungenerous exclusion from the universities. They keep a chaplain in their houses, but always a man of worth, and not combining as in Italy a plurality of incongruous offices. Here a confessor, in many instances, is tutor to the children, house-steward to the father, and *cavaliere servente* to the mother. He thinks it would be a mockery of God to call her to confess, without a decent provision of slight transgressions; and he cures her indigestions by a dram, her qualms of conscience by a sacrament.

President. Both morality and learning require the sound of feet running fast behind, to keep them from loitering and flagging. When Calvinism had made and was making a rapid progress in France, the Catholic bishops were learned men; indeed so learned, that Joseph Scaliger, himself a Calvinist, acknowledged in the latter part of his life their immense superiority over the rising sect. At present there is only one bishop in France capable of reading a chapter in the Greek Testament, which every schoolboy in England, for whatever profession he is intended, must do at eleven years of age. I would then recommend a free commerce both of matter and of mind. I would let men enter their own churches with the same freedom as their own houses; and I would do it without a homily on graciousness or favour. For tyranny itself is to me a word less odious than toleration.

Leopold. I am placed among certain small difficulties. Tuscany is my farm: the main object of proprietors is their income. I would see my cattle fat and my labourers well clothed; but I would not permit the cattle to break down my fences, nor the labourer to dilapidate my buildings. I will preserve the Catholic religion, in its dogmas, forms, discipline, and ceremonies: it is the pommel of a sovran's sword, and the richest jewel in his regalia: no bull however shall squeeze out blood under me, no faggot sweat out heresy, no false key unlock my treasury. The propensity will always exist. The system has been called *imperium in imperio*, very unwisely: it was *imperium super imperio*, until it taught kings to profit by its alphabet, its ciphers, and its flagellations. You complain that I have softened my mud: this is the season for treading and kneading it: and

* If Du Paty were now living, what would he say about the report on the project of a law in France against *sacrilege*, in which the reporters use the word *deicide* (god-killing) and are guided by the jesuits, who would burn you alive for materialism!

there are no better means of doing so, none cheaper, none more effectual, than by keeping a gang of priests on the platform. America will produce disturbances in Europe by her emancipation from England. The example will operate in part, not principally. Wherever there is a national debt, disproportionately less rapid in its extinction than in its formation, there is a revolutionary tendency: this will spread where there is none; as maladies first engendered in the air are soon communicated by contact to the sound and healthy. Various causes will be attributed to the effect; even the books of philosophers. All the philosophers in the world would produce a weaker effect in this business than one blind ballad-singer. Principles are of slower growth than passions: and the hand of Philosophy, holden out to all, there are few who press cordially. And who are those? the disappointed, the contemplative, the retired, the timid. Did Cromwell read Plato? did the grocers of Boston read Locke? The true motives, in political affairs, are often improbable. Men who never heard of philosophy but to sneer at it after dinner, will attribute to it those evils which their own venality and corruption have engendered; and not from a spirit of falsehood, but from incompetency of judgment and reflection. What is the stablest in itself is not always so in all places: marble is harder and more durable than timber: but the palaces of Venice and Amsterdam would have split and sunk without wooden piles for their foundation. Single government wants those manifold props which are supplied well-seasoned by Catholicism. A king indeed may lose his throne by indiscretion or inadvertency, but the throne itself will never lose its legs in any Catholic state. Never will a republican or a mixed constitution exist seven years, where the hierarchy of Rome hath recently exerted its potency. Venice and Genoa afford no proofs to the contrary: they arose and grew up while the popes were bishops, and ere mankind had witnessed the wonderful spectacle of an inverted apotheosis. God forbid that any corrupt nation should dream of becoming what America is. If it possesses one single man of reflection, he will demonstrate the impracticability of citizenship, where the stronger body of the state, as the clergy must morally be, receives its impulse and agency from without; and where it claims to itself a jurisdiction over all, excluding all from any authority over its concerns. This demonstration leads to a sentence which policy is necessitated to pronounce, and humanity is unable to mitigate.

President. Theories and speculations always subvert religious, never political, establishments. Uneasiness makes men shift their postures. National debts produce the same effects as private ones; immorality and a desire of change; the former universally, the latter almost. A man may well think he pays profusely, who pays a tenth as an insurance for his property against the perils of the sea. Does he reason less justly who deems the same sum sufficient for the security of the remainder, in his own lands, in his own house? No conquered people was ever obliged to surrender such a portion of its wealth, present and reversionary, as in our times hath been expended voluntarily, in the purchase of handcuffs and fetters for home-consumption. Free nations, for the sake of doing mischief to others, and to punish the offence of pretending to be like them, have consented that a certain preparation of grain shall be interdicted in their families, that certain herbs shall never be cultivated in their fields and gardens, that they shall never roast certain beans, nor extract certain liquors, and that certain rooms in their houses shall admit no light. Domitian never did against his enemies what these free nations have done against themselves.

The sea-tortoise can live without its brains; an old discovery! Men can govern without theirs; an older still!

Leopold. I indeed see no reason why different sects in religion should not converse in the streets, as they are walking to their churches and chapels, with as much good-will and good-humour, as schoolboys of different ages and classes, going up at the same hour and for the same purpose to their appointed forms and respective teachers. Both parties are going for learning and improvement: the younger is the wiser: how long shall it continue so?

President. I can calculate the period to a day. It will continue while the clergy is a distinct body; while a priest is a prince; while he who says at one moment, "I am a servant, the servant of servants," says at another, "I am a master, the master of masters!"

So long as society will suffer these impositions, and toil under these tax-gatherers, and starve and contend and bleed for them, animosity and hatred will deface and desecrate the house of prayer and peace. The interest of the class, and above all of the chiefs, requires it: for from the moment when men begin to understand and support one another, they will listen to them no longer, nor endure them.

Leopold. I am influenced little by opinions: they vary the most where they are strongest and loudest: here they breathe softly, and not against me; for I excite the hopes of many by extinguishing those of a few. What I have begun I will continue: but I see clearly where I ought to stop, and know to a certainty, which few reformers do, where I can. Exempt from intemperance of persecution as from taint of bigotry, I am disposed to see Christianity neither in diamonds nor in tatters: I would sell her red and white, to procure her a clean shift and inoffensive stockings.

I must persuade both clergy and laity that God understands Italian. Ricci, bishop of Pistoja, is convinced of this truth; but many of his diocesans, not disputing his authority, argue that, although God indeed may understand it, yet the saints, to whom they offer up incense and in whom they have greater confidence, may not; and that being, for the most-part, old men, it

might incommode them in the regions of bliss to alter pristine habits.

Warmly and heartily do I thank you, M. Du Paty, for your observations: you have treated me really as your equal.

President. I should rather thank your Imperial Highness for your patience and confidence. If I have presented one rarity to the Palazzo Pitti, I have been richly remunerated with another. There are only two things which authorise a man out of office to speak his sentiments freely in the courts of princes; very small stature and very small probity. You have abolished this most ancient institution, in favour of a middle-sized man, who can reproach himself with no perversion or neglect of justice, in a magistrature of twenty years.

SOUTHEY AND PORSON.

SECOND CONVERSATION.

Porson. Many thanks, Mr. Southey, for this visit in my confinement. I do believe you see me on my last legs; and perhaps you expected it.

Southey. Indeed, Mr. Professor, I expected to find you unwell, according to report; but as your legs have occasionally failed you, both in Cambridge and in London, the same event may happen again many times before the last. The cheerfulness of your countenance encourages me to make this remark.

Porson. There is that soft and quiet and genial humour about you, which raises my spirits and tranquillises my infirmity. Why (I wonder) have we not always been friends?

Southey. Alas, my good Mr. Professor! how often have the worthiest men asked the same question, not indeed of each other, but of their own hearts, when age and sickness have worn down their asperities, when rivalships have grown languid, animosities tame, inert, and inexcitable, and when they have become aware of approaching more nearly the supreme perennial fountain of benevolence and truth?

Porson. Am I listening to the language and to the sentiments of a poet? I ask the question with this distinction; for I have often found a wide difference between the sentiments and the language. Generally nothing can be purer or more humane that what is exhibited in modern poetry; but I may mention to you, who are known to be exempt from the vice, that the nearest neighbours in the most romantic scenery, where everything seems peace, repose, and harmony, are captious and carping one at another. When I hear the song of the nightingale, I neglect the naturalist; and in vain does he remind me that its aliment is composed of grubs and worms. Let poets be crop-full of jealousy; let them only sing well; that is enough for me.

Southey. I think you are wrong in your supposition, that the poet and the man are usually dissimilar.

Porson. There is a race of poets; not however the race of Homer and Dante, Milton and Shakspeare; but a race of poets there is, which nature has condemned to a Siamese twinship. Wherever the poet is, there also must the man obtrude obliquely his ill-favoured visage. From a drunken connexion with Vanity this surplus offspring may always be expected. In no two poets that ever lived do we find the fact so remarkably exemplified as in Byron and Wordsworth. But higher power produces an intimate consciousness of itself; and this consciousness is the parent of tranquillity and repose. Small poets (observe, I do not call Wordsworth and Byron small poets) are as unquiet as grubs, which in their boneless and bloodless flaccidity, struggle and wriggle and die, the moment they tumble out of the nut-shell and its comfortable drouth. Shakspeare was assailed on every side by rude and beggarly rivals, but he never kicked them out of his way.

Southey. Milton was less tolerant; he shrivelled up the lips of his revilers by the austerity of his scorn. In our last conversation, I remember, I had to defend against you the weaker of the two poets you just now cited, before we came to Milton and Shakspeare. I am always ready to undertake the task. Byron wants no support or setting off, so many workmen have been employed in the construction of his throne, and so many fair hands in the adaptation of his cushion and canopy. But Wordsworth, in his poetry at least, always aimed at . . .

Porson. My dear Mr. Southey! there are two quarters in which you can not expect the will to be taken for the deed: I mean the women and the critics. Your friend inserts parenthesis in parenthesis, and adds clause to clause, codicil to codicil, with all the circumspection, circuition, wariness, and strictness, of an indenture. His client has it hard and fast. But what is an axiom in law is none in poetry. You can not say in your profession, *plus non vitiat; plus* is the worst vitiator and violator of the Muses and the Graces.

Be sparing of your animadversions on Byron. He will always have more partisans and admirers than any other in your confraternity. He will always be an especial favourite with the ladies, and with all who, like them, have no opportunity of comparing him with the models of antiquity. He possesses the soul of poetry, which is energy; but he wants that ideal beauty, which is the sublimer emanation, I will not say of the real, for this is the more real of the two, but of that which is ordinarily subject to the senses. With much that is admirable, he has nearly all that is vicious; a large grasp of small things, without selection and without cohesion. This likewise is the case with the other, without the long hand and the strong fist.

Southey. I have heard that you prefer Crabbe to either.

Porson. Crabbe wrote with a twopenny nail, and scratched rough truths and rogues' facts on mud walls. There is, however, much in his poetry, and more in his moral character, to admire. Comparing the smartnesses of Crabbe with Young's, I cannot help thinking that the reverend doctor must have wandered in his Night Thoughts rather too near the future vicar's future mother, so striking is the resemblance. But the vicar, if he was fonder of low company, has greatly more nature and sympathy, greatly more vigour and compression. Young moralised at a distance on some external appearances of the human heart; Crabbe entered it *on all fours*, and told the people what an ugly thing it is inside.

Southey. This simple-minded man is totally free from malice and animosity.

Porson. Rightly in the use of these two powers have you discriminated. Byron is profuse of animosity; but I do believe him to be quite without malice. You have lived among men about the Lakes, who want the vigour necessary for the expansion of animosity; but whose dunghills are warm enough to hatch long egg-strings of malice, after a season.

Southey. It may be so; but why advert to them? In speaking of vigour, surely you can not mean vigour of intellect? An animal that has been held with lowered nostrils in the Grotto del Cane, recovers his senses when he is thrown into the Agnano; but there is no such resuscitation for the writer whose head has been bent over that poetry, which, while it intoxicates the brain, deadens or perverts the energies of the heart. In vain do pure waters reflect the heavens to him: his respiration is on the earth and earthly things: and it is not the whispers of wisdom, or the touches of affection, it is only the shout of the multitude, that can excite him. It soon falls, and he with it.

Porson. Do not talk in this manner with the ladies, young or old; a little profligacy is very endearing to them.

Southey. Not to those with whom I am likely to talk.

Porson. Before we continue our discussion on the merits of Mr. Wordsworth, and there are many great ones, I must show my inclination to impartiality, by adducing a few instances of faultiness in Byron. For you must bear in mind that I am counsel for the crown against your friend, and that it is not my business in this place to call witnesses to his good character.

Southey. You leave me no doubt of that. But do not speak in generalities when you speak of him. Lay your finger on those places in particular which most displease you.

Porson. It would benumb it; nevertheless, I will do as you bid me; and, if ever I am unjust in a single tittle, reprehend me instantly. But at present, to Byron as I proposed. Give me the volume. Ay, that is it.

Southey. Methinks it smells of his own favourite beverage, gin-and-water.

Porson. No bad perfume after all.

"Nought of life left, save a quivering
When his limbs were slightly shivering."

Pray, what does the second line add to the first, beside empty words?

"Around a slaughter'd army lay."

What follows?

"No more to combat or to bleed."

Verily! Well; more the pity than the wonder. According to historians (if you doubt my fidelity I will quote them), slaughtered armies have often been in this condition.

"We sat down and wept by the waters
Of Babel, and thought of the day,
When our foe, in the hue of his slaughters,
Made Salem's high places his prey."

A prey "in the hue of his slaughters." This is very pathetic; but not more so than the thought it suggested to me, which is plainer:

"We sat down and wept by the waters
Of Camus, and thought of the day,
When damsels would show their red garters
In their hurry to scamper away."

Let us see what we can find where this other slip of paper divides the pages.

"Let he who made thee."

Some of us at Cambridge continue to say, "Let *him* go." Is this grammatical form grown obsolete? Pray, let *I* know. Some of us are also much in the habit of pronouncing *real* as if it were a dissyllable, and *ideal* as if it were a trisyllable. All the Scotch deduct a syllable from each of these words, and Byron's mother was Scotch.

What have we here?

"And spoil'd her goodly lands to gild his waste."

I profess my abhorrence at *gilding* even a few square leagues of waste.

"Thy fanes, thy temples,"

Where is the difference?

"Rustic plough."

There are more of these than of city ploughs or court ploughs.

"Have flung a desolate cloud o'er Venice' lovely walls."

What think you of a desolate cloud?

"O'er Venice' lovely walls?"

Where poets have omitted, as in this instance, the possessive *s*, denoting the genitive case, as we are accustomed to call it, they are very censurable. Few blemishes in style are greater. But here, where no letter *s* precedes it, the fault is the worst. In the next line we find

"Athens' armies."

Further on, he makes Petrarca say that his passion for Laura was a guilty one. If it was, Petrarca did not think it so, and still less would he have said it.

Southey. This arises from his ignorance, that *reo* in Italian poetry, means not only *guilty*, but *cruel* and *sorrowful*.

Porson. He fancies that Shakspeare's Forest of Arden is the Belgian Forest of the same name, differently spelt, Ardennes; whereas it began near Stratford-upon-Avon, and extended to Red-ditch

and the Ridgeway, the boundary of Warwickshire and Worcestershire, having for its centre the little town Henley, called to this day Henley in Arden.

Southey. You will never find in Wordsworth such faults as these.

Porson. Perhaps not; but let us see. I am apprehensive that we may find graver, and without the excuse of flightiness or incitation. We will follow him, if you please, where you attempted (as coopers do in their business more successfully) to draw together the staves of his quarter-cask, by putting a little fire of your own chips in it. Yet they start and stare widely; and even your practised hand will scarcely bring it into such condition as to render it a sound or saleable commodity. You are annoyed, I perceive, at this remark. I honour your sensibility. There are, indeed, base souls which genius may illuminate, but cannot elevate.

> "Struck with an ear-ache by all stronger lays,
> They writhe with anguish at another's praise."

Meantime, what exquisite pleasure must you have felt, in being the only critic of our age and country, labouring for the advancement of those who might be thought your rivals! No other ventured to utter a syllable in behalf of your friend's poetry. While he "wheeled his drony flight," it lay among the thread-papers and patch-work of the sedater housewifes, and was applied by them to the younger part of the family, as an antidote against all levity of behaviour. The last time we met, you not only defended your fellow-soldier while he was lying on the ground, trodden and wounded and crying out aloud, but you lifted him up on your shoulders in the middle of the fight. Presently we must try our strength again, if you persist in opposing him to the dramatists of Athens.

Southey. You mistake me widely in imagining me to have ranked him with the Greek tragedians, or any great tragedians whatsoever. I only said that, in one single poem, Sophocles or Euripides would probably have succeeded no better.

Porson. This was going far enough. But I will not oppose my unbelief to your belief, which is at all times the pleasanter. Poets, I find, are beginning to hold critics cheap, and are drilling a company out of their own body. At present, in marching they lift up their legs too high, and in firing they shut their eyes.

Southey. There is little use in arguing with the conceited and inexperienced, who, immersed in the slough of ignorance, cry out, "There you are wrong; there we differ," &c. Wry necks are always stiff, and hot heads are still worse when they grow cool.

Porson. Let me ask you, who, being both a poet and a critic, are likely to be impartial, whether we, who restore the noble forms which time and barbarism have disfigured, are not more estimable than those artisans who mould in coarse clay, and cover with plashy chalk, their shepherds and shepherdesses for Bagnigge-Wells?

Southey. I do not deny nor dispute it; but, awarding due praise to such critics, of whom the number in our own country is extremely small (bishoprics having absorbed and suffocated half the crew), I must, in defence of those particularly whom they have criticised too severely, profess my opinion that our poetry, of late years, hath gained to the full as much as it hath lost.

Porson. The sea also, of late years, and all other years too, has followed the same law. We have gained by it empty cockle-shells, dead jelly-fish, sand, shingle, and voluminous weeds. On the other hand, we have lost our exuberant meadow-ground, slowly abraded, stealthily bitten off, morsel after morsel; we have lost our fat salt-marshes; we have lost our solid turf, besprinkled with close flowers; we have lost our broad umbrageous fences, and their trees and shrubs and foliage of plants innumerably various; we have lost, in short, everything that delighted us with its inexhaustible richness, and aroused our admiration at its irregular and unrepressed luxuriance.

Southey. I would detract and derogate from no man; but pardon me if I am more inclined toward him who improves our own literature, than toward him who elucidates any other.

Porson. Our own is best improved by the elucidation of others. Among all the bran in the little bins of Mr. Wordsworth's beer-cellar, there is not a legal quart of that stout old English beverage with which the good Bishop of Dromore regaled us. The buff jerkins we saw in Chevy Chase, please me better than the linsywoolsy which enwraps the puffy limbs of our worthy host at Grasmere.

Southey. Really this, if not random malice, is ill-directed levity. Already you have acquired that fame and station to which nobody could oppose your progress: why not let him have his?

Porson. So he shall; this is the mark I aim at. It is a difficult thing to set a weak man right, and it is seldom worth the trouble; but it is infinitely more difficult, when a man is intoxicated by applauses, to persuade him that he is going astray. The more tender and coaxing we are, the oftener is the elbow jerked into our sides. There are three classes of sufferers under criticism: the querulous, the acquiescent, and the contemptuous. In the two latter, there is usually something of magnanimity; but in the querulous we always find the imbecile, the vain, and the mean-spirited. I do not hear that you ever have condescended to notice any attack on your poetical works, either in note or preface. Meanwhile, your neighbour would allure us into his cottage by setting his sheep-dog at us; which guardian of the premises runs after and snaps at every pebble thrown to irritate him.

Southey. Pray, leave these tropes and metaphors, and acknowledge that Wordsworth has been scornfully treated.

Porson. Those always will be who show one weakness at having been attacked on another. I admire your suavity of temper, and your consciousness of worth; your disdain of obloquy, and your resignation to the destinies of authorship.

Never did either poet or lover gain anything by complaining.

Southey. Such sparks as our critics are in general, give neither warmth nor light, and only make people stare and stand out of the way, lest they should fall on them.

Porson. Those who have assaulted you and Mr. Wordsworth are perhaps less malicious than unprincipled; the pursuivants of power, or the running footmen of faction. Your patience is admirable; his impatience is laughable. Nothing is more amusing than to see him raise his bristles and expose his tusk at every invader of his brushwood, every marauder of his hips and haws.

Southey. Among all the races of men, we English are at once the most generous and the most ill-tempered. We all carry sticks in our hands to cut down the heads of the higher poppies.

Porson. A very high poppy, and surcharged with Lethean dew, is that before us. But continue.

Southey. I would have added, that each resents in another any injustice; and resents it indeed so violently, as to turn unjust on the opposite side. Wordsworth, in whose poetry you yourself admit there are many and great beauties, will, I am afraid, be tossed out of his balance by a sudden jerk in raising him.

Porson. Nothing more likely. The reaction may be as precipitate as the pull is now violent against him. Injudicious friends will cause him less uneasiness, but will do him greater mischief than intemperate opponents.

Southey. You can not be accused of either fault: but you demand too much, and pardon no remissness. However, you have at no time abetted by your example the paltry pelters of golden fruit paled out from them.

Porson. Removed alike from the crowd and the coterie, I have always avoided, with timid prudence, the bird-cage walk of literature. I have withholden from Herman and some others, a part of what is due to them; and I regret it. Sometimes I have been arrogant, never have I been malicious. Unhappily, I was educated in a school of criticism where the exercises were too gladiatorial. Looking at my elders in it, they appeared to me so ugly, in part from their contortions, and in part from their scars, that I suspected it must be a dangerous thing to wield a scourge of vipers; and I thought it no very creditable appointment to be linkboy or pandar at an alley leading down to the Furies. Age and infirmity have rendered me milder than I was. I am loth to fire off my gun in the warren which lies before us; loth to startle the snug little creatures, each looking so comfortable at the mouth of its burrow, or skipping about at short distances, or frisking and kicking up the sand along the thriftless heath. You have shown me some very good poetry in your author: I have some very bad in him to show you. Each of our actions is an incitement to improve him. But what we cannot improve or alter, lies in the constitution of the man: the determination to hold you in one spot until you have heard him through; the reluctance that anything should be lost; the unconsciousness that the paring is less nutritious and less savoury than the core; in short, the prolix, the prosaic; a sickly sameness of colour; a sad deficiency of vital heat.

Southey. Where the language is subdued and somewhat cold, there may nevertheless be internal warmth and spirit. There is a paleness in intense fires; they do not flame out nor sparkle. As you know, Mr. Professor, it is only a weak wine that sends the cork up to the ceiling.

Porson. I never was fond of the florid: but I would readily pardon the weak wine you allude to, for committing this misdemeanour. Upon my word, I have no such complaint to make against it. I said little at the time about these poems, and usually say little more on better. In our praises and censures, we should see before us one sole object: instruction. A single well-set post, with a few plain letters upon it, directs us better than fifty that turn about and totter, covered as they may be from top to bottom with coronals and garlands.

Southey. We have about a million critics in Great Britain; not a soul of which critics entertains the slightest doubt of his own infallibility. You, with all your learning and all your canons of criticism, will never make them waver.

Porson. We will not waste our breath on the best of them. Rather let me turn toward you, so zealous, so ardent, so indefatigable a friend, and, if reports are true, so ill-requited. When your client was the ridicule of all the wits in England, of whom Canning and Frere were foremost, by your indignation at injustice he was righted, and more than righted. For although you attributed to him what perhaps was not greatly above his due, yet they who acknowledge your authority, and contend under your banner, have carried him much further; nay, further, I apprehend, than is expedient or safe; and they will drop him before the day closes, where there is nobody to show the way home.

Southey. Could not you, Mr. Professor, do that good service to him, which others in another province have so often done to you?

Porson. Nobody better, nobody with less danger from interruptions. But I must be even more enthusiastic than you are, if I prefer this excursion to your conversation. My memory, although the strongest part of me, is apt to stagger and swerve under verses piled incompactly. In our last meeting, you had him mostly to yourself, and you gave me abundantly of the best; at present, while my gruel is before me, it appears no unseasonable time to throw a little salt into both occasionally, as may suit my palate. You will not be displeased?

Southey. Certainly not, unless you are unjust; nor even then, unless I find the injustice to be founded on ill-will.

Porson. That can not be. I stand

"Despicere unde queam tales, passimque videre
Errare."

Beside, knowing that my verdicts will be registered and recorded, I dare not utter a hasty or an inconsiderate one. I lay it down as an axiom, that languor is the cause or the effect of most disorders, and is itself the very worst in poetry. Wordsworth's is an instrument which has no trumpet-stop.

Southey. But, such as it is, he blows it well. Surely it is something to have accompanied sound sense with pleasing harmony, whether in verse or prose.

Porson. What is the worth of a musical instrument which has no high key? Even Pan's pipe rises above the baritones; yet I never should mistake it for an organ.

Southey. It is evident that you are ill-disposed to countenance the moderns; I mean principally the living.

Porson. They are less disposed to countenance one another.

Southey. Where there is genius there should be geniality. The curse of quarrelsomeness, of hand against every man, was inflicted on the children of the desert; not on those who pastured their flocks on the fertile banks of the Euphrates, or contemplated the heavens from the elevated ranges of Chaldea.

Porson. Let none be cast down by the malice of their contemporaries, or surprised at the defection of their associates, when he himself who has tended more than any man living to purify the poetry and to liberalize the criticism of his nation, is represented, by one whom he has called "inoffensive and virtuous," as an author all whose poetry is "not worth five shillings," and of whom another has said that "his verses sound like dumb-bells." Such are the expressions of two among your friends and familiars, both under obligations to you for the earliest and weightiest testimony in their favour. It would appear as if the exercise of the poetical faculty left irritation and weakness behind it, depriving its possessor at once of love and modesty, and making him resemble a spoilt child, who most indulges in its frowardness when you exclaim "what a spoilt child it is!" and carry it crying and kicking out of the room. Your poetical neighbours, I hear, complain bitterly that you never have lauded them at large in your *Critical Reviews*.

Southey. I never have; because one grain of commendation more to the one than the other would make them enemies; and no language of mine would be thought adequate by either to his deserts. Each could not be called the greatest poet of the age; and by such compliance I should have been for ever divested of my authority as a critic. I lost, however, no opportunity of commending heartily what is best in them; and I have never obtruded on anyone's notice what is amiss, but carefully concealed it. I wish you were equally charitable.

Porson. I will be; and generous too. There are several things in these volumes, beside that which you recited, containing just thoughts poetically expressed. Few, however, are there which do not contain much of the superfluous, and more of the prosaic. For one nod of approbation, I therefore give two of drowsiness. You accuse me of injustice, not only to this author, but to all the living. Now Byron is living; there is more spirit in Byron: Scott is living; there is more vivacity and variety in Scott. Byron exhibits *disjecti membra poetæ;* and strong muscles quiver throughout; but rather like galvanism than healthy life. There is a freshness in all Scott's scenery; a vigour and distinctness in all his characters. He seems the brother-in-arms of Froissart. I admire his *Marmion* in particular. Give me his massy claymore, and keep in the cabinet or the boudoir the jewelled hilt of the oriental dirk. The pages which my forefinger keeps open for you, contain a thing in the form of a sonnet; a thing to which, for insipidity, *tripe au naturel* is a dainty.

> "Great men have been among us, hands that penned
> And tongues that uttered wisdom; better none.
> The later Sydney, Marvel, Harrington,
> Young Vane, and others who called Milton friend."

When he potted these fat lampreys, he forgot the condiments, which the finest lampreys want; but how close and flat he has laid them! I see nothing in poetry since

> "Four-and-twenty fiddlers all in a row,"

fit to compare with it. How the good men and true stand, shoulder to shoulder, and keep one another up!

Southey. In these censures and sarcasms, you forget

> "Alcandrumque Haltumque Noemonaque Prytanimque."

From the Spanish I could bring forward many such.

Porson. But here is a sonnet; and the sonnet admits not that approach to the prosaic which is allowable in the ballad, particularly in the ballad of action. For which reason I never laughed, as many did, at

> "Lord Lion King at Arms."

Scott knew what he was about. In his chivalry, and in all the true, gaiety is mingled with strength, and facility with majesty. Lord Lion may be defended by the practice of the older poets who describe the like scenes and adventures. There is much resembling it, for instance, in *Chevy Chase*. *Marmion* is a poem of chivalry, partaking (in some measure) of the ballad, but rising in sundry places to the epic, and closing with a battle worthy of the *Iliad*. Ariosto has demonstrated that a romance may be so adorned by the apparatus, and so elevated by the spirit of poetry, as to be taken for an epic; but it has a wider field of its own, with outlying forests and chases. Spanish and Italian poetry often seems to run in extremely slender veins through a vast extent of barren ground.

Southey. But often, too, it is pure and plastic. The republicans, whose compact phalanx you

have unsparingly ridiculed in Wordsworth's sonnet, make surely no sorrier a figure than

> "A Don Alvaro de Luna
> Condestable de Castilla
> El Re Don Juan el Segundo."

Porson. What an admirable Spaniah scholar must Mr. Wordsworth be! How completely has he transfused into his own compositions all the spirit of those verses! Nevertheless, it is much to be regretted that, in resolving on simplicity, he did not place himself under the tuition of Burns; which quality Burns could have taught him in perfection; but others he never could have imparted to such an auditor. He would have sung in vain to him

> "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled."

A song more animating than ever Tyrtæus sang to the fife before the Spartans. But simplicity in Burns is never stale and unprofitable. In Burns there is no waste of words out of an ill-shouldered sack; no troublesome running backward and forward of little, idle, ragged ideas; no ostentation of sentiment in the surtout of selfishness. Where was I?

> "Better none . . . The later Sidney . . . Young Vane . . .
> These moralists could act . . . and . . . comprehend!"

We might expect as much if "*none were better.*"

> "They knew how genuine glory was . . . put on!

What is genuine is not *put on.*

> "Taught us how rightfully . . . a nation . . .

Did what? Took up arms? No such thing. *Remonstrated?* No, nor that. What then? Why, "*shone?*" I am inclined to take the *shine* out of him for it. But how did the nation "rightfully *shine?*" In *splendour!*

> "Taught us how rightfully a nation shone
> In splendour!"

Now the secret is out; make the most of it. Another thing they taught us,

> "What strength was."

They did indeed, with a vengeance. Furthermore, they taught us what we never could have expected from such masters,

> "What strength was . . . *that could not bend*
> But in magnanimous *meekness.*"

Brave Oliver! brave and honest Ireton! We know pretty well where your magnanimity lay; we never could so cleverly find out your meekness. Did you leave it peradventure on the window-seat at Whitehall? The "later Sidney and young Vane, who could call Milton friend," and Milton himself, were gentlemen of your kidney, and they were all as meek as Moses with their arch-enemy.

> "Perpetual emptiness: unceasing change."

How could the *change* be unceasing if the *emptiness* was perpetual?

> "No single volume paramount: no *code:*"

That is untrue. There is a Code, and the best in Europe: there was none promulgated under our Commonwealth.

> "No master-spirit, no determined road,
> And equally a want of books and men."

Southey. I do not agree in this opinion: for although of late years France hath exhibited no man of exalted wisdom or great worth, yet surely her Revolution cast up several both intellectual and virtuous. But, like fishes in dark nights and wintry weather, allured by deceptive torches, they came to the surface only to be speared.

Porson. Although there were many deplorable ends in the French Revolution, there was none so deplorable as the last sonnet's. So diffuse and pointless and aimless is not only this, but fifty more, that the author seems to have written them in hedger's gloves, on blotting paper. If he could by any contrivance have added to

> "Perpetual emptiness unceasing change,"

or some occasional change at least, he would have been more tolerable.

Southey. He has done it lately: he has written, although not yet published, a vast number of sonnets on Capital Punishment.

Porson. Are you serious? Already he has inflicted it far and wide, for divers attempts made upon him to extort his meaning.

Southey. Remember, poets superlatively great have composed things below their dignity. Suffice it to mention only Milton's translation of the Psalms.

Porson. Milton was never half so wicked a regicide as when he lifted up his hand and smote King David. He has atoned for it, however, by composing a magnificent psalm of his own, in the form of a sonnet.

Southey. You mean on the massacre of the Protestants in Piedmont. This is indeed the noblest of sonnets.

Porson. There are others in Milton comparable to it, but none elsewhere. In the poems of Shakspeare, which are printed as sonnets, there sometimes is a singular strength and intensity of thought, with little of that imagination which was afterward to raise him highest in the universe of poetry. Even the interest we take in the private life of this miraculous man cannot keep the volume in our hands long together. We acknowledge great power, but we experience great weariness. Were I a poet, I would much rather have written the *Allegro* or the *Penseroso*, than all those, and moreover than nearly all that portion of our metre, which, wanting a definite term, is ranged under the capitulary of lyric.

Southey. Evidently you dislike the sonnet; otherwise there are very many in Wordsworth which would have obtained your approbation.

Porson. I have no objection to see mince-meat put into small patty-pans, all of equal size, with ribs at odd distances: my objection lies mainly where I find it without salt or succulence. Milton was glad, I can imagine, to seize upon the sonnet, because it restricted him from a profuse expression of what soon becomes tiresome, praise. In addressing it to the Lord Protector, he was aware that prolixity of speech was both unnecessary and indecorous: in addressing it to Vane, and Lawrence, and Lawes, he felt that friendship is never

the stronger for running through long periods: and in addressing it to

"Captain, or Colonel, or Knight-at-Arms,"

he might be confident that fourteen such glorious lines were a bulwark sufficient for his protection against a royal army.

Southey. I am highly gratified at your enthusiasm. A great poet represents a great portion of the human race. Nature delegated to Shakspeare the interests and direction of the whole: to Milton a smaller part, but with plenary power over it; and she bestowed on him such fervour and majesty of eloquence as on no other mortal in any age.

Porson. Perhaps, indeed, not on Demosthenes himself.

Southey. Without many of those qualities of which a loftier genius is constituted, without much fire, without a wide extent of range, without an eye that can look into the heart, or an organ that can touch it, Demosthenes had great dexterity and great force. By the union of these properties he always was impressive on his audience: but his orations bear less testimony to the seal of genius than the dissertations of Milton do.

Porson. You judge correctly that there are several parts of genius in which Demosthenes is deficient, although in none whatever of the consummate orator. In that character there is no necessity for stage-exhibitions of wit, however well it may be received in an oration from the most persuasive and the most stately: Demosthenes, when he catches at wit, misses it, and falls flat in the mire. But by discipline and training, by abstinence from what is florid and too juicy, and by loitering with no idle words on his way, he acquired the hard muscles of a wrestler, and nobody could stand up against him with success or impunity.

Southey. Milton has equal strength, without an abatement of beauty: not a sinew sharp or rigid, not a vein varicose or inflated. Hercules killed robbers and ravishers with his knotted club; he cleansed also royal stables by turning whole rivers into them: Apollo, with no labour or effort, overcame the Python; brought round him, in the full accordance of harmony, all the Muses; and illuminated with his sole splendour the universal world. Such is the difference I see between Demosthenes and Milton.

Porson. Would you have anything more of Mr. Wordsworth, after the contemplation of two men who resemble a god and a demi-god in the degrees of power?

Southey. I do not believe you can find in another of his poems so many blemishes and debilities as you have pointed out.

Porson. Within the same space, perhaps not. But my complaint is not against a poverty of thought or expression here and there; it is against the sickliness and prostration of the whole body. I should never have thought it worth my while to renew and continue our conversation on it, unless that frequently such discussions lead to something better than the thing discussed; and unless we had abundant proofs that heaviness, taken opportunely, is the parent of hilarity. The most beautiful iris rises in bright expanse out of the minutest watery particles. Little fond as I am of quoting my own authority, permit me to repeat, in this sick chamber, an observation I once made in another almost as sick:

"When wine and gin are gone and spent,
Small beer is then most excellent."

But small beer itself is not equally small nor equally vapid. Our friend's poetry, like a cloak of gum-elastic, makes me sweat without keeping me warm. With regard to the texture and sewing, what think you of

"No thorns can pierce *those* tender feet,
Whose *life* was as the violet sweet!"

Southey. It should have been written "*her* tender feet;" because, as the words stand, it is the *life* of the tender feet that is sweet as the violet.

Porson. If there is a Wordsworth school, it certainly is not a grammar school. Is there any lower? It must be a school for very little boys, and a rod should be hung up in the centre. Take another sample.

"There is a *blessing* in the air,
Which *seems* a sense of joy to yield."

Was ever line so inadequate to its purpose as the second! If the blessing is evident and certain, the sense of joy arising from it must be evident and certain also, not merely seeming. Whatever only seems to yield a sense of joy, is scarcely a blessing. The verse adds nothing to the one before, but rather tends to empty it of the little it conveys.

"And shady groves, for recreation *framed*."

"Recreation!" and in groves that are "*framed!*"

"With high respect and gratitude sincere."

This is indeed a good end of a letter, but not of a poem. I am weary of decomposing these lines of sawdust: they verily would disgrace any poetry-professor.

Southey. Acknowledging the prosaic flatness of the last verse you quoted, the sneer with which you pronounced the final word seems to me unmerited.

Porson. That is not gratitude which is not "sincere." A scholar ought to write nothing so incorrect as the phrase; a poet nothing so imbecile as the verse.

Southey. Sincere conveys a stronger sense to most understandings than the substantive alone would; words which we can do without, are not therefore useless. Many may be of service and efficacy to certain minds, which other minds pass over inobservantly; and there are many which, however light in themselves, wing the way for a well-directed point that could never reach the heart without it.

Porson. This is true in general, but here inapplicable. I will tell you what is applicable on all occasions, both in poetry and prose: *αει αριστευειν*: without reference to weak or common minds. If we give an entertainment, we do not set

on the table pap and panada, just because a guest may be liable to indigestion: we rather send these dismal dainties to his chamber, and treat our heartier friends *opiparously*. I am wandering. If we critics are logical, it is the most that can be required at our hands: we should go out of our record if we were philosophical.

Southey. Without both qualities not even the lightest poetry should be reprehended. They do not exclude wit, which sometimes shows inexactnesses where mensuration would be tardy and incommodious.

Porson. I fear I am at my wits' end under this exhausted receiver. Here are, however, a few more *Excerpta* for you. I shall add but few; although I have marked with my pencil, in these two small volumes, more than seventy spots of sterility or quagmire. Mr. Wordsworth has hitherto had for his critics men who uncovered and darkened his blemishes in order to profit by them, and afterward expounded his songs and expatiated on his beauties in order to obtain the same result; like picture-cleaners, who besmear a picture all over with washy dirtiness, then wipe away one-half of it, making it whiter than it ever was before. And nothing draws such crowds to the window.

I must make you walk with me up and down the deck, else nothing could keep you from sickness in this hull. How do you feel? Will you sit down again?

Southey. I will hear you and bear with you.

Porson.

"I on the earth will go plodding on
By myself cheerfully, till the day is done."

In what other author do you find such heavy trash?

"How do you live and what is it you do?"

Show me anything like this in the worst poet that ever lived, and I will acknowledge that I am the worst critic. A want of sympathy is sometimes apparent in the midst of poetical pretences. Before us a gang of gipsies, perhaps after a long journey, perhaps after a marriage, perhaps after the birth of a child among them, are found resting a whole day in one place. What is the reflection on it?

"The *mighty* moon!
This way she looks, *as if at them*,
And they regard her not!
O! better wrong and strife;
Rather vain deeds or evil than such life!"

Mr. Southey! is this the man you represented to me, in our last conversation, as innocent and philosophical? What! better be guilty of robbery or bloodshed than not be looking at the moon? better let the fire go out and the children cry with hunger and cold? The philanthropy of poets is surely ethereal, and is here, indeed, a matter of moonshine.

Southey. The sentiment is indefensible. But in the stoutest coat a stitch may give way somewhere.

Porson. Our business is, in this place, with humanity. We will go forward, if you please, to religion. Poets may take great liberties; but not much above the nymphs; they must be circumspect and orderly with gods and goddesses of any account and likelihood. Although the ancients laid many children at the door of Jupiter, which he never could be brought to acknowledge, yet it is downright impiety to attribute to the God of Mercy, as his, so ill-favoured a vixen as Slaughter.

Southey. We might enter into a long disquisition on this subject.

Porson. God forbid we should do all we might do! Have you rested long enough? Come along, then, to Goody Blake's.

"*Old* Goody Blake was *old* and poor"

What is the consequence?

"Ill-fed she was, and thinly clad,
And any man who passed her door
Might see."

What might he see?

"How *poor* a hut she had."

Southey. Ease and simplicity are two expressions often confounded and misapplied. We usually find ease arising from long practice, and sometimes from a delicate ear without it; but simplicity may be rustic and awkward; of which, it must be acknowledged, there are innumerable examples in these volumes. But surely it would be a pleasanter occupation to recollect the many that are natural, and to search out the few that are graceful.

Porson. We have not yet taken our leave of Goody Blake.

"All day she spun in her *poor* dwelling,
And then 'twas three hours' work at night;
Alas! 'twas hardly worth the telling."

I am quite of that opinion.

"But when the ice our streams *did fetter*,"

Which was the fetterer? We may guess, but not from the grammar.

"Oh! then how her old bones would shake!
You would have said, *if you had met her*,"

Now, what would you have said? "Goody! come into my house, and warm yourself with a pint of ale at the kitchen fire"? No such naughty thing.

"You would have said, if you had met her,
'Twas a hard time for Goody Blake!"

Southey. If you said only *that*, you must have been the colder of the two, and God had done less for you than for her.

Porson.

"Sad case it was, *as you may think,*
As every one who knew her says."

Now, mind ye! all this balderdash is from "Poems purely of the Imagination." Such is what is notified to us in the title-page. In spite of a cold below zero, I hope you are awake, Mr. Southey! How do you find nose and ears? All safe and sound? Are the acoustics in tolerable order for harmony? Listen then. Here follows "An Anecdote for Fathers, showing how the practice of Lying may be taught." Such is the title, a somewhat prolix one: but for the soul of

me I cannot find out the lie, with all my experience in those matters.

"Now tell me *had* you rather be?"

Cannot our writers perceive that "had be" is not English? "Would you rather be" is grammatical. "*I'd*" sounds much the same when it signifies "I would." The latter with slighter contraction is "I'ou'd;" hence the corruption goes farther.

Southey. This is just and true; but we must not rest too often, too long, or too pressingly, on verbal criticism.

Porson. Do you, so accurate a grammarian, say this? To pass over such vulgarisms; which indeed the worst writers seldom fall into; if the words are silly, idle, or inapplicable, what becomes of the sentence? Those alone are to be classed as verbal critics who can catch and comprehend no more than a word here and there, and who lay more stress upon it, if faulty, than upon all the beauties in the best authors. But unless we, who sit perched and watchful on a higher branch than the word-catchers,* and who live on somewhat more substantial than syllables, do catch the word, that which is dependent on the word must escape us also. Now do me the favour to read the rest; for I have only just breath enough to converse, and your voice will give advantages to the poetry which mine can not.

Southey (reads.)

"In careless mood he look'd at me,
While still I held him by the arm,
And said, 'At Kilve I'd rather be
Than here at Liswyn-farm.'
Now, little Edward, *say why so*,
My little Edward *tell me why*."

Porson. Where is the difference of meaning betwixt

"Little Edward, *say why so*,"

and

"Little Edward, *tell me why?*"

Southey (reads.)

"I cannot tell, I do not know."

Porson. Again, where is the difference between "I cannot tell," and "I do not know?"

Southey (reads.)

"Why, this is strange, said I."

Porson. And I join in the opinion, if he intends it for poetry.

Southey (reads.)

"For here are woods, hills smooth and warm;
There surely must some reason be."

Porson. This is among the least awkward of his inversions, which are more frequent in him, and more awkward, than in any of his contemporaries. Somewhat less so would be

"Surely some reason there must be," or
"Some reason surely there must be," or
"Some reason there must surely be."

Without ringing more changes, which we might do, he had the choice of four inversions, and he has taken the worst.

Southey (reads.)

"His head he raised: there was *in sight*,
It caught his eye, he saw it plain."

* Like word-catchers that live on syllables. POPE.

Porson. What tautology, what trifling!

Southey (reads.)

"Upon the house-top, glittering bright,
A broad and gilded vane."

Porson. Can we wonder that the boy saw "*plain*" "a broad and gilded vane," on the house-top just before him?

Southey (reads.)

"Thus did the boy his tongue *unlock*,"

Porson. I wish the father had kept the Bramah key in his breeches pocket.

Southey (reads.)

"And eased his mind with this reply,"

Porson. When he had written "did unlock," he should likewise have written "and ease," not "and eased."

Southey (reads.)

"At Kilve there was no weathercock,
And that 's the reason why.
O dearest, dearest boy! my heart
For better lore would seldom yearn,
Could I but teach the hundredth part
Of what from thee I learn."

Porson. What is flat ought to be plain; but who can expound to me the thing here signified? Who can tell me where is the lie, and which is the liar? If the lad told a lie, why praise him so? And if he spoke the obvious truth, what has he taught the father? "The hundredth part" of the lore communicated by the child to the parent may content *him*: but whoever is contented with a hundredfold more than all they both together have given *us*, cannot be very ambitious of becoming a senior wrangler. These, in good truth, are verses

"Pleni ruris et inficetiarum."

"Dank, limber verses, stuft with lakeside sedges,
And propt with rotten stakes from broken hedges."

In the beginning of these I forbore to remark

"On Kilve by the *green* sea."

When I was in Somersetshire, Neptune had not parted with his cream-coloured horses, and there was no *green* sea within the horizon. The ancients used to give the sea the colour they saw in it; Homer *dark-blue*, as in the Hellespont, the Ionian, and Ægæan; Virgil *blue-green*, as along the coast of Naples and Sorento: I suspect, from his character, he never went a league off land. He kept usually, both in person and poetry, to the *vada cærula*.

Southey. But he hoisted purple sails, and the mother of his Æneas was at the helm.

Porson. How different from Mr. Wordsworth's wash-tub, pushed on the sluggish lake by a dumb idiot! We must leave the sea-shore for the ditch-side, and get down to "the small Celandine." I will now relieve you: give me the book.

"Pleasures newly found are sweet"

What a discovery! I never heard of any pleasures that are not.

"When they lie about our feet."

Does that make them the sweeter?

"February last."

How poetical!

"February last, my heart
First at sight of thee was glad;
All unheard-of as thou art,
Thou must needs, *I think*, have had,
Celandine! and long ago,
Praise of which I nothing know."

an inversion! A club-foot is not enough, e heel is where the toe should be.

"*I have not a doubt but he*
Whose'er the man might be,
Who the first with pointed rays
(*Workman worthy to be sainted*)
Set the signboard in a blaze," &c.

lly is there any girl of fourteen whose poetry, like this, the fondest mother would lay her most intimate friends? If a taste for the French call *niaiserie* were prevalent, he ould turn his ridicule so effectively against put it entirely out of fashion, would per- far greater service than that glorious wit ntes, who shattered the last helmet of t-errantry. For in knight-errantry there e stout, there was the strenuous, there was homeliness under courtly guise, and the ental was no impediment to the manly. But iserie there are ordinarily the debilitating of self-conceit, and nothing is there about it hat is abject and ignoble. Shall we go on?

they. As you heard me patiently when we efore, it is fair and reasonable that I should to you, now you have examined more care- what I recommended to your perusal. But ot understand your merriment.

rson. My merriment is excited now, and was d on a former occasion, by the fervour of expression, that "Pindar would not have d a poem to more vigour, nor Euripides have hed into it more tenderness and passion."

uthey. I spoke of the *Laodamia*.

rson. Although I gave way to pleasantry ad of arguing the point with you, I had a deal more to say, Mr. Southey, than I said e first starting of so heavy a runner in his with Pindar. We will again walk over a part e ground.

it sacrifice before the rising morn
Performed, my slaughtered lord *have I 'required,'*
nt in thick darkness, amid shades forlorn,
Hiss of the infernal gods *have I 'desired.'*"

nly remember, at the time, that the second fourth verses terminate too much alike. "De- d" may just as well be where "required" is, and quired" where "desired" is: both are wretchedly ak, and both are preceded by the same words, have I."

Southey. He has corrected them at your sug- stion; not indeed much (if anything) for the tter; and he has altered the conclusion, making more accordant with morality and Christianity, t somewhat less perhaps with Greek manners and sentiments, as they existed in the time of the Trojan war.

Porson. Truly it was far enough from these efore. Acknowledge that the fourth line is quite unnecessary, and that the word "performed," in the second, is prosaic.

Southey. I would defend the whole poem.

Porson. To defend the whole, in criticism as in warfare, you must look with peculiar care to the weakest part. In our last conversation, you expressed a wish that I should examine the verses "analytically and severely." Had I done it severely, you would have caught me by the wrist and have intercepted the stroke. Show me, if you can, a single instance of falsity or unfairness in any of these remarks. If you can not, pray indulge me at least in as much hilarity as my position, between a sick bed and a sorry book, will allow me.

Southey. I must catch the wrist here. The book, as you yourself conceded, comprehends many beautiful things.

Porson. I have said it; I have repeated it; and I will maintain it: but there are more mawkish. This very room has many things of value in it; yet the empty phials are worth nothing, and several of the others are uninviting. Beside yourself, I know scarcely a critic in England sufficiently versed and sufficiently candid to give a correct decision on our poets. All others have their parties; most have their personal friends. On the side opposite to these, you find no few morose and darkling, who conjure up the phantom of an enemy in every rising reputation. You are too wise and too virtuous to resemble them. On this cool green bank of literature you stand alone. I always have observed that the herbage is softest and finest in elevated places; and that we may repose with most safety and pleasantness on lofty minds. The little folks who congregate beneath you, seem to think of themselves as Pope thought of the women:

"The *critic* who deliberates is lost."

Southey. Hence random assertions, heats, animosities, missiles of small wit, clouds hiding every object under them, forked lightnings of ill-directed censure, and thunders of applause lost in the vacuity of space. I do not find that our critics are fond of suggesting any emendations of the passages they censure in their contemporaries, as you have done in the ancients. Will not you tell me, for the benefit of the author, if there is anything in the *Lyrical Ballads* which you could materially improve?

Porson. Tell me first if you can turn a straw into a walking-stick. When you have done this, I will try what I can do. But I never can do that for Mr. Wordsworth which I have sometimes done for his betters. His verses are as he wrote them; and we must leave them as they are: theirs are not so; and faults committed by transcribers or printers may be corrected. In *Macbeth*, for example, we read,

"The raven himself is hoarse,
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan," &c.

Is there anything marvellous in a raven being hoarse? which is implied by the word "himself:" that is to say, *even* the raven, &c. Shakspeare wrote one letter more; "The raven himself is hoarser."

Southey. Surely you could easily correct in the *Lyrical Ballads* faults as obvious.

Porson. If they were as well worth my attention.

Southey. Many are deeply interested by the simple tales they convey in such plain easy language.

Porson. His language is often harsh and dissonant, and his gait is like one whose waistband has been cut behind. There may be something "interesting" in the countenance of the sickly, and even of the dead, but it is only life that can give us enjoyment. Many beside lexicographers place in the same line *simplicity* and *silliness:* they can not separate them as we can. They think us monsters, because we do not see what they see, and because we see plainly what they never can see at all. There is often most love where there is the least acquaintance with the object loved. So it is with these good people who stare at the odd construction of our minds. Homely and poor thoughts may be set off by facility and gracefulness of language; here they often want both.

Southey. Harmonious words render ordinary ideas acceptable; less ordinary, pleasant; novel and ingenious ones, delightful. As pictures and statues, and living beauty too, show better by *music-light*, so is poetry irradiated, vivified, glorified, and raised into immortal life, by harmony.

Porson. Ay, Mr. Southey, and another thing may be noticed. The Muses should be as slow to loosen the zone as the Graces* are. The poetical form, like the human, to be beautiful, must be succinct. When we grow corpulent, we are commonly said to *lose our figure.* By this loss of figure we are reduced and weakened. So, there not being bone nor muscle nor blood enough in your client, to rectify and support his accretions, he collapses into unswathable flabbiness. We must never disturb him in this condition, which appears to be thought, in certain parts of the country, as much a peculiar mark of Heaven's favour, as idiocy is among the Turks. I have usually found his sticklers, like those good folks, dogmatical and dull. One of them lately tried to persuade me that he never is so highly poetical as when he is deeply metaphysical. When I stared, he smiled benignly, and said, with a deep sigh that relieved us both, *"Ah! you may be a Grecian!"* He then quoted fourteen German poets of the first order, and expressed his compassion for Æschylus and Homer.

Southey. What a blessing are metaphysics to our generation! A poet or other who can make nothing clear, can stir up enough sediment to render the bottom of a basin as invisible as the deepest gulf in the Atlantic. The shallowest pond, if turbid, has depth enough for a goose to hide its head in.

Porson. I quoted to my instructor in criticism the *Anecdote for Fathers:* he assured me it is as clear as day; not meaning a London day in particular, such as this. But there are sundry gentlemen who, like cats, see clearly in the dark, and far from clearly anywhere else. Hold them where, if they were tractable and docile, you might show them your objections, and they will swear and claw at you to show how spiteful you are. Others say they wonder that judicious men differ from them. No doubt they differ; and there is but one reason for it, which is, because they are so. Again, there are the gentle and conciliatory, who say merely that they can not quite think with you. Have they thought at all? Granting both premises, have they thought, or can they think rightly?

Southey. To suppose the majority can, is to suppose an absurdity; and especially on subjects which require so much preparatory study, such a variety of instruction, such deliberation, delicacy, and refinement. When I have been told, as I often have been, that I shall find very few of my opinion, certainly no compliment was intended me; yet there are few, comparatively, whom nature has gifted with intuition or exquisite taste; few whose ideas have been drawn, modelled, marked, chiselled, and polished, in a *studio* well lighted from above. The opinion of a thousand millions who are ignorant or ill-informed, is not equal to the opinion of only one who is wiser. This is too self-evident for argument; yet we hear about the common sense of mankind! A common sense which, unless the people receive it from their betters, leads them only into common error. If such is the case, and we have the testimony of all ages for it, in matters which have most attracted their attention, matters in which their nearest interests are mainly concerned, in politics, in religion, in the education of their families, how greatly, how surpassingly, must it be in those which require a peculiar structure of understanding, a peculiar endowment of mind, a peculiar susceptibility, and almost an undivided application. In what regards poetry, I should just as soon expect a sound judgment of its essentials from a boatman or a waggoner, as from the usual set of persons we meet in society; persons not uneducated, but deriving their intelligence from little gutters and drains round about. The mud is easily raised to the surface in so shallow a receptacle, and nothing is seen distinctly or clearly. Whereas the humbler man has received no false impressions, and may therefore to a limited extent be right. As for books in general, it is only with men like you that I ever open my lips upon them in conversation. In my capacity of reviewer, dispassionate by temperament, equitable by principle, and, moreover, for fear of offending God and of suffering in my conscience, I dare not leave behind me in my writings either a false estimate or a frivolous objection.

Porson. Racy wine comes from the high vineyard. There is a spice of the scoundrel in most of our literary men; an itch to filch and detract in the midst of fair-speaking and festivity. This is the reason why I never have much associated with them. There is also another: we have nothing in common but the alphabet. The most popular of our critics have no heart for poetry; it is morbidly sensitive on one side, and utterly

* Zonamque segnes solvere Gratiæ.

callous on the other. They dandle some little poet, and will never let you take him off their knees; him they feed to bursting with their curds and whey. Another they warn off the premises, and will give him neither a crust nor a crumb, until they hear he has succeeded to a large estate in popularity, with plenty of dependants; then they sue and supplicate to be admitted among the number; and, lastly, when they hear of his death, they put on mourning, and advertise to raise a monument or a club-room to his memory. You, Mr. Southey, will always be considered the soundest and the fairest of our English critics; and indeed, to the present time, you have been the only one of very delicate perception in poetry. But your admirable good-nature has thrown a costly veil over many defects and some deformities. To guide our aspirants, you have given us (and here accept my thanks for them) several good *inscriptions*, much nearer the style of antiquity than any others in our language, and better, indeed much better, than the Italian ones of Chiabrera. I myself have nothing original about me; but here is an inscription which perhaps you will remember in Theocritus,* and translated to the best of my ability.

INSCRIPTION ON A STATUE OF LOVE.

"Mild he may be, and innocent to view,
Yet who on earth can answer for him? You
Who touch the little god, mind what ye do!

"Say not that none has caution'd you: although
Short be his arrow, slender be his bow,
The king Apollo's never wrought such woe."

This and one petty skolion, are the only things I have attempted. The skolion is written by Geron.

"He who in waning age would moralize,
With leaden finger weighs down joyous eyes;
Youths too, with all they say, can only tell
What maids know well:

"And yet if they are kind, they hear it out
As patiently as if they clear'd a doubt.
I will not talk like either. Come with me;
Look at the tree!

"Look at the tree while still some leaves are green;
Soon must they fall. Ah! in the space between
Lift those long eyelashes above your book,
For the last look!"

Southey. I cannot recollect them in the Greek.

Porson. Indeed! Perhaps I dreamt it then; for Greek often plays me tricks in my dreams.

Southey. I wish it would play them oftener with our poets. It seems to entertain a peculiar grudge against the most celebrated of them.

Porson. Our conversation has been enlivened and enriched by what seemed sufficiently sterile in its own nature; but, by tossing it about, we have made it useful. Just as certain lands are said to profit by scrapings from the turnpike-road. After this sieving, after this pounding and trituration of the coarser particles, do you really find in Mr. Wordsworth such a vigour and variety, such a selection of thoughts and images, as authorise you to rank him with Scott and Burns and Cowper?

* Where?

Southey. Certainly not: but that is no reason why he should be turned into ridicule on all occasions. Must he be rejected and reviled as a poet, because he wishes to be also a philosopher? Or must he be taunted and twitted for weakness, because by his nature he is quiescent?

Porson. No indeed; though much of this quiescency induces debility, and is always a sign of it in poetry. Let poets enjoy their sleep; but let them not impart it, nor take it amiss if they are shaken by the shoulder for the attempt. I reprehended at our last meeting, as severely as you yourself did, those mischievous children who played their pranks with him in his easy-chair; and I drove away from him those old women who brought him their drastics from the Edinburgh Dispensary. Poor souls! they are all swept off! Sydney Smith, the wittiest man alive, could not keep them up, by administering a nettle and a shove to this unsaved remnant of the Baxter Christians.

Southey. The heaviest of them will kick at you the most viciously. Castigation is not undue to him; for he has snipt off as much as he could pinch from every author of reputation in his time. It is less ungenerous to expose such people than to defend them.

Porson. Let him gird up his loins, however, and be gone; we will turn where correction ought to be milder, and may be more efficient. Give a trifle of strength and austerity to the squashiness of our friend's poetry, and reduce in almost every piece its quantity to half. Evaporation will render it likelier to keep. Without this process, you will shortly have it only in the form of extracts. You talk of philosophy in poetry; and in poetry let it exist; but let its veins run through a poem, as our veins run through the body, and never to be too apparent; for the prominence of veins, in both alike, is a symptom of weakness, feverishness, and senility. On the ground where we are now standing, you have taken one end of the blanket, and I the other; but it is I chiefly who have shaken the dust out. Nobody can pass us without seeing it rise against the sunlight, and observing what a heavy cloud there is of it. While it lay quietly in the flannel, it lay without suspicion.

Southey. Let us return, if you please, to one among the partakers of your praise, whose philosophy is neither obtrusive nor abstruse. I am highly gratified by your commendation of Cowper, than whom there never was a more virtuous or more amiable man. In some passages, he stands quit unrivalled by any recent poet of this century; none, indeed, modern or ancient, has touched the heart more delicately, purely, and effectively, than he has done in *Crazy Kate*, in Lines on his *Mother's Picture*, in *Omai*, and on hearing *Bells at a Distance*.

Porson. Thank you for the mention of bells. Mr. Wordsworth, I remember, speaks, in an authoritative and scornful tone of censure, on Cowper's "church-going" bell, treating the expression as a

gross impropriety and absurdity. True enough, the *church-going* bell does not go to church any more than I do; neither does the *passing*-bell pass any more than I; nor does the *curfew*-bell cover any more fire than is contained in Mr. Wordsworth's poetry: but the church-going bell is that which is rung for people going to church; the passing-bell for those passing to heaven; the curfew-bell for the burgesses and villagers to cover their fires. He would not allow me to be called *well-spoken*, nor you to be called *well-read;* and yet, by this expression, I should mean to signify that you have read much, and I should employ another in signifying that you have been much read. Incomparably better is Cowper's *Winter* than Virgil's, which is indeed a disgrace to the Georgics; or than Thomson's, which in places is grand. But would you on the whole compare Cowper with Dryden?

Southey. Dryden possesses a much richer store of thoughts, expatiates upon more topics, has more vigour, vivacity, and animation. He is always shrewd and penetrating, explicit and perspicuous, concise, where conciseness is desirable, and copious where copiousness can yield delight. When he aims at what is highest in poetry, the dramatic, he falls below his *Fables.* However, I would not compare the poetical power of Cowper with his; nor would I, as some have done, pit Young against him. Young is too often fastastical and frivolous; he pins butterflies to the pulpit-cushion; he suspends against the grating of the charnel-house coloured lamps and comic transparencies, Cupid, and the cat and the fiddle; he opens a store-house filled with minute particles of heterogeneous wisdom, and unpalatable gobbets of ill-concocted learning, contributions from the classics, from the schoolmen, from homilies, and from farces. What you expect to be an elegy turns out an epigram; and when you think he is bursting into tears, he laughs in your face. Do you go with him into his closet, prepared for an admonition or a rebuke, he shakes his head, and you sneeze at the powder and perfumery of his peruke. Wonder not if I prefer to his pungent essences the incense which Cowper burns before the altar.

Porson. Young was, in every sense of the word, an ambitious man. He had strength, but wasted it. Blair's *Grave* has more spirit in it than the same portion of the *Night Thoughts;* but never was poetry so ill put together; never was there so good a poem, of the same extent, from which so great a quantity of what is mere trash might be rejected. The worse blemish in it is the ridicule and scoffs, cast not only on the violent and grasping, but equally on the gentle, the beautiful, the studious, the eloquent, and the manly. It is ugly enough to be carried quietly to the grave; it is uglier to be hissed and hooted into it. Even the quiet astronomer,

> "With study pale, and midnight vigils spent,"

is not permitted to depart in peace, but (of all men in the world!) is called a "proud man," and is coolly and flippantly told that

> "Great heights are hazardous to the weak head,"

which the poet might have turned into a verse, if he had tried again, as we will:

> "To the weak head great heights are hazardous."

In the same funny style he writes

> "O that some courteous ghost would blab it out,
> What 'tis they are."

Courtesy and blabbing, in this upper world of ours, are thought to be irreconcilable; but blabbing may not be indecorous nor derogatory to the character of courtesy in a ghost. However, the expression is an uncouth one; and when we find it so employed, we suspect the ghost cannot have been keeping good company, but, as the king said to the miller of Mansfield, that his "courtesy is but small." Cowper plays in the play-ground, and not in the churchyard. Nothing of his is out of place or out of season. He possessed a rich vein of ridicule, but he turned it to good account, opening it on prig parsons, and graver and worse impostors. He was among the first who put to flight the mischievous little imps of allegory, so cherished and fondled by the Wartons. They are as bad in poetry as mice in a cheese-room. You poets are still rather too fond of the unsubstantial. Some will have nothing else than what they call pure imagination. Now air-plants ought not to fill the whole conservatory; other plants, I would modestly suggest, are worth cultivating, which send their roots pretty deep into the ground. I hate both poetry and wine without body. Look at Shakspeare, Bacon, and Milton; were these your pure-imagination-men? The least of them, whichever it was, carried a jewel of poetry about him, worth all his tribe that came after. Did the two of them who wrote in verse build upon nothing? Did their predecessors? And, pray, whose daughter was the Muse they invoked? Why, Memory's. They stood among substantial men, and sang upon recorded actions. The plain of Scamander, the promontory of Sigæum, the palaces of Tros and Dardanus, the citadel in which the Fates sang mournfully under the image of Minerva, seem fitter places for the Muses to alight on, than artificial rockwork or than faery-rings. But your great favourite, I hear, is Spenser, who shines in allegory, and who, like an aerolithe, is dull and heavy when he descends to the ground.

Southey. He continues a great favourite with me still, although he must always lose a little as our youth declines. Spenser's is a spacious but somewhat low chamber, hung with rich tapestry, on which the figures are mostly disproportioned, but some of the faces are lively and beautiful; the furniture is part creaking and worm-eaten, part fragrant with cedar and sandal-wood and aromatic gums and balsams; every table and mantelpiece and cabinet is covered with gorgeous vases, and birds, and dragons, and houses in the air.

Porson. There is scarcely a poet of the same

eminence, whom I have found it so delightful to read in, or so tedious to read through. Give me Chaucer in preference. He slaps us on the shoulder, and makes us spring up while the dew is on the grass, and while the long shadows play about it in all quarters. We feel strong with the freshness round us, and we return with a keener appetite, having such a companion in our walk. Among the English poets, both on this side and the other side of Milton, I place him next to Shakspeare; but the word *next*, must have nothing to do with the word *near*. I said before, that I do not estimate so highly as many do the mushrooms that sprang up in a ring under the great oak of Arden.

Southey. These authors deal in strong distillations for foggy minds that want excitement. In few places is there a great depth of sentiment, but everywhere vast exaggeration and insane display. I find the over-crammed curiosity-shop, with its incommodious appendages, some grotesquely rich, all disorderly and disconnected. Rather would I find, as you would, the well-proportioned hall, with its pillars of right dimensions at right distances; with its figures, some in high relief and some in lower; with its statues and its busts of glorious men and women, whom I recognise at first sight; and its tables of the rarest marbles and richest gems, inlaid in glowing porphyry, and supported by imperishable bronze. Without a pure simplicity of design, without a just subordination of characters, without a select choice of such personages as either have interested us or must by the power of association, without appropriate ornaments laid on solid materials, no admirable poetry of the first order can exist.

Porson. Well, we can not get all these things, and we will not cry for them. Leave me rather in the curiosity-shop than in the nursery. By your reference to the noble models of antiquity, it is evident that those poets most value the ancients who are certain to be among them. In our own earlier poets, as in the earlier Italian painters, we find many disproportions; but we discern the dawn of truth over the depths of expression. These were soon lost sight of, and every new comer passed further from them. I like Pietro Perugino a thousand-fold better than Carlo Maratta, and Giotto a thousand-fold better than Carlo Dolce. On the same principle, the daybreak of Chaucer is pleasanter to me than the hot dazzling noon of Byron.

Southey. I am not confident that we ever speak quite correctly of those who differ from us essentially in taste, in opinion, or even in style. If we cordially wish to do it, we are apt to lay a restraint on ourselves, and to dissemble a part of our convictions.

Porson. An error seldom committed.

Southey. Sometimes, however. I for example did not expose in my criticisms half the blemishes I discovered in the style and structure of Byron's poetry, because I had infinitely more to object against the morals it disseminated; and what must have been acknowledged for earnestness in the greater question, might have been mistaken for captiousness in the less. His partisans, no one of whom probably ever read Chaucer, would be indignant at your preference.' They would wonder, but hardly with the same violence of emotion, that he was preferred to Shakspeare. Perhaps his countrymen in his own age, which rarely happens to literary men overshadowingly great, had glimpses of his merit. One would naturally think that a personage of Camden's gravity, and placed beyond the pale of poetry, might have spoken less contemptuously of some he lived among, in his admiration of Chaucer. He tells us both in prose and verse, by implication, how little he esteemed Shakspeare. Speaking of Chaucer, he says, " he, surpassing all others, without question, in wit, and leaving our smattering poetasters by many leagues behind him,

> ' Jam monte potitus
> Ridet anhelantem dura ad fastigia turbam.' "

Which he thus translates for the benefit of us students in poetry and criticism:

> " When once himself the steep-top hill had won,
> At all the sort of them he laught anon,
> To see how they, the pitch thereof to gain,
> Puffing and blowing do climbe up in vain."

Nevertheless we are indebted to Camden for preserving the best Latin verses, and indeed the only good ones, that had hitherto been written by any of our countrymen. They were written in an age when great minds were attracted by greater, and when tribute was paid where tribute was due, with loyalty and enthusiasm.

> " Drace! pererrati novit quem terminus orbis
> Quem-que simul mundi vidit uterque polus
> Si taceant homines, facient te sidera notum;
> Sol nescit comitis immemor esse sui."

Porson. A subaltern in the supplementary company of the Edinburgh sharpshooters, much prefers the slender Italians, who fill their wallets with scraps from the doors of rich old houses. To compare them in rank and substance with those on whose bounty they feed, is too silly for grave reprehension. But there are certain men who are driven by necessity to exhibit some sore absurdity; it is their only chance of obtaining a night's lodging in the memory.

Southey. Send the Ismaelite back again to his desert. He has indeed no right to complain of you; for there are scarcely two men of letters at whom he has not cast a stone, although he met them far beyond the tents and the pasturage of his tribe; and leave those poets also; and return to consider attentively the one, much more original, on whom we began our discourse.

Porson. Thank you. I have lain in ditches ere now, but not willingly, nor to contemplate the moon, nor to gather celandine. I am reluctant to carry a lantern in quest of my man, and am but little contented to be told that I may find him at last, if I look long enough and far enough. One who exhibits no sign of life in the duration

of a single poem, may at once be given up to the undertaker.

Southey. It would be fairer in you to regard the aim and object of the poet, when he tells you what it is, than to linger in those places where he appears to disadvantage.

Porson. My oil and vinegar are worth more than the winter cabbage you have set before me, and are ill spent upon it. In what volume of periodical criticism do you not find it stated, that the aim of an author being such or such, the only question is whether he has attained it? Now, instead of this being the only question to be solved, it is pretty nearly the one least worthy of attention. We are not to consider whether a foolish man has succeeded in a foolish undertaking; we are to consider whether his production is worth anything, and why it is, or why it is not? Your cook, it appears, is disposed to fry me a pancake; but it is not his intention to supply me with lemon-juice and sugar. Pastiness and flatness are the qualities of a pancake, and thus far he has attained his aim; but if he means it for me, let him place the accessaries on the table, lest what is insipid and clammy, and (as housewives with great propriety call it) sad, grow into duller accretion and inerter viscidity the more I masticate it. My good Mr. Southey, do not be offended at these homely similies. Socrates uses no other in the pages of the stately Plato; they are all, or nearly all, borrowed from the artisan and the trader. I have plenty of every sort at hand, but I always take the most applicable, quite indifferent to the smartness and glossiness of its trim. If you prefer one from another quarter, I would ask, where is the advantage of drilling words for verses, when the knees of those verses are so weak that they can not march from the parade?

Southey. Flatnesses are more apparent to us in our language than in another, especially than in Latin and Greek. Beside, we value things proportionally to the trouble they have given us in the acquisition. Hence, in some measure, the importance we assign to German poetry. The meaning of every word, with all its affinities and relations, pursued with anxiety and caught with difficulty, impresses the understanding, sinks deep into the memory, and carries with it more than a column of our own, in which equal thought is expended, and equal fancy is displayed. The Germans have among them many admirable poets; but if we had even greater, ours would seem smaller, both because there is less haziness about them, and because, as I said before, they would have given less exercise to the mind. He who has accumulated by a laborious life more than a sufficiency for its wants and comforts, turns his attention to the matter gained, oftentimes without a speculation at the purposes to which he might apply it. The man who early in the day has overcome, by vigilance and restraint, the strong impulses of his blood toward intemperance, falls not into it after, but stands composed and complacent upon the cool clear eminence, and hears within himself, amid the calm he has created, the tuneful pæan of a godlike victory. Yet he loves the Virtue more because he fought for her than because she crowned him. The scholar who has deducted from adolescence many hours of recreation, and, instead of indulging in it, has embarked in the depths of literature; he who has left his own land far behind him, and has carried off rich stores of Greek; not only values it superlatively, as is just, but places all those who wrote in it too nearly on a level one with another, and the inferior of them above some of the best moderns.

Porson. Dignity of thought arose from the Athenian form of government, propriety of expression from the genius of the language, from the habitude of listening daily to the most elaborate orations and dramas, and of contemplating at all hours the exquisite works of art, invited to them by gods and heroes. These environed the aspiring young poet, and their chasteness allowed him no swerving.

Southey. Yet weakly children were born to Genius in Attica as elsewhere.

Porson. They were exposed and died. The Greek poets, like nightingales, sing "in shadiest covert hid;" you rarely catch a glimpse of the person, unless at a funeral or a feast, or where the occasion is public. Mr. Wordsworth, on the contrary, strokes down his waistcoat, hems gently first, then hoarsely, then impatiently, rapidly, and loudly. You turn your eyes, and see more of the showman than of the show. I do not complain of this; I only make the remark.

Southey. I dislike such comparisons and similies. It would have been better had you said he stands forth in sharp outline, and is, as the moon was said to be, without an atmosphere.

Porson. Stop there. I discover more atmosphere than moon. You are talking like a poet; I must talk like a grammarian. And here I am reminded I found in his grammar but one pronoun, and that is the pronoun *I*. He can devise no grand character, and indeed no variety of smaller: his own image is reflected from floor to roof in every crystallisation of the chilly cavern. He shakes us with no thunder of anger; he leads us into no labyrinth of love; we lament on the stormy shore no Lycidas of his; and even the Phillis who meets us at her cottage-gate, is not Phillis the neat-handed. Byron has likewise been censured for egoism, and the censure is applicable to him nearly in the same degree. But so laughable a story was never told of Byron as the true and characteristical one related of your neighbour, who, being invited to read in company a novel of Scott's, and finding at the commencement a quotation from himself, totally forgot the novel, and recited his own poem from beginning to end, with many comments and more commendations. Yours are quite gratuitous; for it is reported of him that he never was heard to commend the poetry of any living author.

Southey. Because he is preparing to discharge the weighty debt he owes posterity. Instead of wasting his breath on extraneous praises, we never have been seated five minutes in his company, before he regales us with those poems of his own, which he is the most apprehensive may have slipped from our memory; and he delivers them with such a summer murmur of fostering modulation as would perfectly delight you.

Porson. My horse is apt to shy when I hang him at any door where he catches the sound of a ballad; and I run out to seize bridle and mane, and grow the alerter at mounting.

Southey. Wordsworth has now turned from the ballad style to the philosophical.

Porson. The philosophical, I suspect, is antagonist to the poetical.

Southey. Surely never was there a spirit more philosophical than Shakspeare's.

Porson. True, but Shakspeare infused it into living forms, adapted to its reception. He did not puff it out incessantly from his own person, bewildering you in the mazes of metaphysics, and swamping you in sententiousness. After all our argumentation, we merely estimate poets by their energy, and not extol them for a congeries of piece on piece, sounding of the hammer all day long, but obstinately unmalleable into unity and cohesion.

Southey. I can not well gainsay it. But pray remember the subjects of that poetry in Burns and Scott which you admire the most. What is martial must be the most soul-stirring.

Porson. Sure enough, Mr. Wordsworth's is neither martial nor mercurial. On all subjects of poetry, the soul should be agitated in one way or other. Now did he ever excite in you any strong emotion? He has had the best chance with me; for I have soon given way to him; and he has sung me asleep with his lullabies. It is in our dreams that things look brightest and fairest, and we have the least control over our affections.

Southey. You cannot but acknowledge that the poetry which is strong enough to support, as his does, a wide and high superstructure of morality, is truly beneficial and admirable. I do not say that utility is the first aim of poetry; but I do say that good poetry is none the worse for being useful; and that his is good in many parts, and useful in nearly all.

Porson. An old woman who rocks a cradle in a chimney-corner, may be more useful than the joyous girl who wafts my heart before her in the waltz, or holds it quivering in the bonds of harmony; but I happen to have no relish for the old woman, and am ready to dip my fork into the little well-garnished *agro-dolce*. It is inhuman to quarrel with ladies and gentlemen who are easily contented; that is, if you will let them have their own way; it is inhuman to snatch a childish book from a child, for whom it is better than a wise one. If diffuseness is pardonable anywhere, we will pardon it in Lyrical Ballads, passing over the conceited silliness of the denomination: but Mr. Wordsworth has got into the same habit on whatever he writes. Whortleberries are neither the better nor the worse for extending the hard slenderness of their fibres, at random and riotingly, over their native wastes; we care not how much of such soil is covered with such insipidities; but we value that fruit more highly which requires some warmth to swell, and some science and skill to cultivate it. To descend from metaphor: that is the best poetry which, by its own powers, produces the greatest and most durable emotion on generous, well-informed, and elevated minds. It often happens that what belongs to the subject is attributed to the poet. Tenderness, melancholy, and other affections of the soul, attract us toward him who represents them to us; and while we hang upon his neck, we are ready to think him stronger than he is. No doubt, it is very natural that the wings of the Muse should seem to grow larger the nearer they come to the ground! Such is the effect, I presume, of our English atmosphere! But if Mr. Wordsworth should at any time become more popular, it will be owing in great measure to your authority and patronage; and I hope that, neither in health nor in sickness, he will forget his benefactor.

Southey. However that may be, it would be unbecoming and base in me to suppress an act of justice toward him, withholding my testimony in his behalf when he appeals to the tribunal of the public. The reader who can discover no good or indeed no excellent poetry in his manifold productions, must have lost the finer part of his senses.

Porson. And he who fancies he has found it in all or in most of them, is just as happy as if his senses were entire. A great portion of his compositions is not poetry, but only the plasma or matrix of poetry, which has something of the same colour and material, but wants the brilliancy and solidity.

Southey. Acknowledge at least, that what purifies the mind elevates it also; and that he does it.

Porson. Such a result may be effected at a small expenditure of the poetical faculty, and indeed without any. But I do not say that he has none, or that he has little; I only say, and I stake my credit on it, that what he has is not of the higher order. This is proved beyond all controversy by the effect it produces. The effect of the higher poetry is excitement; the effect of the inferior is composure. I lay down a general principle, and I leave to others the application of it, to-day, to-morrow, and in time to come. Little would it benefit me or you to take a side; and still less to let the inanimate raise animosity in us. There are partisans in favour of a poet, and oppositionists against him; just as there are in regard to candidates for a seat in Parliament; and the vociferations of the critics and of the populace are equally loud, equally inconsiderate and insane. The unknown candidate and the unread poet has alike a mob at his heels, ready to swear and fight for him. The generosity which the political mob shows in one instance, the critical

mob shows in the other: when a man has been fairly knocked down, it raises him on the knee, and cheers him as cordially as it would the most triumphant. Let similar scenes be rather our amusement than our business; let us wave our hats, and walk on without a *favour* in them.

Southey. Be it our business, and not for one day, but for life, "to raise up them that fall" by undue violence. The beauties of Wordsworth are not to be looked for among the majestic ruins and under the glowing skies of Greece: we must find them out, like primroses, amid dry thickets, rank grass, and withered leaves; but there they are; and there are tufts and clusters of them. There may be a chilliness in the air about them, there may be a faintness, a sickliness, a poverty in the scent; but I am sorry and indignant to see them trampled on.

Porson. He who tramples on rocks is in danger of breaking his shins; and he who tramples on sand or sawdust, loses his labour. Between us, we may keep up Mr. Wordsworth in his right position. If we set anything on an uneven basis, it is liable to fall off; and none the less liable for the thing being high and weighty.

Southey. The axiom is sound.

Porson. Cleave it in two, and present the first half to Mr. Wordsworth. Let every man have his due: divide the mess fairly: not according to the voracity of the labourer, but according to the work. And (God love you) never let old women poke me with their knitting-pins, if I recommend them, in consideration of their hobbling and wheezing, to creep quietly on by the level side of Mr. Wordsworth's lead-mines, slate-quarries, and tarns, leaving me to scramble as I can among the Alpine inequalities of Milton and of Shakspeare. Come now; in all the time we have been walking together at the side of the lean herd you are driving to market,

> "Can you make it appear
> The dog Porson has ta'en the wrong sow by the ear?"

Southey. It is easier to show that he has bitten it through, and made it unfit for curing. He may expect to be pelted for it.

Porson. In cutting up a honeycomb, we are sure to bring flies and wasps about us: but my slipper is enough to crush fifty at a time, if a flap of the glove fails to frighten them off. The honeycomb must be cut up, to separate the palatable from the unpalatable; the hive we will restore to the cottager; the honey we will put in a cool place for those it may agree with; and the wax we will attempt to purify, rendering it the material of a clear and steady light to our readers. Well! I have rinsed my mouth of the poetry. This is about the time I take my ptisan. Be so kind, Mr. Southey, as to give me that bottle which you will find under the bed. Yes, yes; that is it; there is no mistake.

Southey. It smells like brandy.

Porson, (drinks twice.) I suspect you may be in the right, Mr. Southey. Let me try it against the palate once more; just one small half-glass. Ah! my hand shakes sadly! I am afraid it was a bumper. Really now, I do think, Mr. Southey, you guessed the right reading. I have scarcely a doubt left upon my mind. But in a fever, or barely off it, the mouth is woefully out of taste. If ever your hand shakes, take my word for it, this is the only remedy. The ptisan has done me good already. Albertus Magnus knew most about these matters. I hate the houses, Mr. Southey, where it is as easy to find the way out as the way in. Curse upon the architect who contrives them!

Southey. Your friends will be happy to hear from me that you never have been in better spirits, or more vivacious and prompt in conversation.

Porson. Tell them that Silenus can still bridle and mount an ass, and guide him gloriously. Come and visit me when I am well again; and I promise you the bottles shall diminish and the lights increase, before we part.

DEMOSTHENES AND EUBULIDES*.

Eubulides. You have always convinced me, O Demosthenes, while you were speaking; but I had afterward need to be convinced again; and I acknowledge that I do not yet believe in the necessity, or indeed in the utility, of a war with Philip.

Demosthenes. He is too powerful.

Eubulides. This is my principal reason for recommending that we should abstain from hostilities. When you have said that he is too powerful, you have admitted that we are too weak: we are still bleeding from the Spartan.

Demosthenes. Whatever I could offer in reply, O Eubulides, I have already spoken in public, and I would rather not enlarge at present on it. Come, tell me freely what you think of my speech.

Eubulides. In your language, O Demosthenes, there is, I think, a resemblance to the Kephisos, whose waters, as you must have observed, are in most seasons pure and limpid and equable in their course, yet abounding in depths of which, when we discern the bottom, we wonder that we discern it so clearly: the same river at every storm swells into a torrent, without ford or boundary, and is the stronger and the more impetuous from resistance.

Demosthenes. Language is part of a man's character.

Eubulides. It often is artificial.

Demosthenes. Often both are. I speak not of such language as that of Gorgias and Isocrates and other rhetoricians, but of that which belongs to eloquence, of that which enters the heart however closed against it, of that which pierces like

* A philosopher of Miletus and a dramatic poet: Demosthenes is said to have been his scholar.

the sword of Perseus, of that which carries us aloft and easily as Medea her children, and holds the world below in the same suspense.

Eubulides. When I had repeated in the morning to Cynobalanos part of a conversation I held with you the evening before, word for word, my memory being very exact, as you know, and especially in retaining your phrases, he looked at me with a smile on his countenance, and said, "Pardon me, O Eubulides, but this surely is not the language of Demosthenes." In reality, you had then, as you often do when we are alone together, given way to your genius, and had hazarded an exuberance of thought, imagination, and expression, which delighted and transported me. For there was nothing idle, nothing incorrect, but much both solid and ornamental; as those vases and tripods are which the wealthy and powerful offer to the gods.

Demosthenes. Cynobalanos is a sensible man, and conversant in style; but Cynobalanos never has remarked that I do not wear among my friends at table the same short dress I put on for the bema. A more sweeping train would be trodden down, and the wearer not listened to, but laughed at. Look into the field before you. See those anemones, white, pink, and purple, fluttering in the breeze; and those other flowers, whatever they are, with close-knotted spiral blossoms, in the form of a thyrsus. Some of both species rise above the young barley, and are very pretty; but the farmer will root them out as a blemish to his cultivation, and unprofitable in sustaining his family. In such a manner must we treat the undergrowth of our thoughts, pleasing as they may be at their first appearance in the spring of life. One fellow thinks himself like Demosthenes, because he employs the same movement of the arms and body: another, for no better reason than because he is vituperative, acrid, and insolent, and, before he was hissed and hooted from the Agora, had excited the populace by the vehemence of his harangues. But you, who know the face and features of Demosthenes, his joints and muscles and whole conformation, know that nature hath separated this imitative animal most widely from him.

Eubulides. Mischievous as an ape, noisy as a lap-dog, and restless as a squirrel, he runs along to the extremity of every twig, leaps over from party to party, and, shaken off from all, creeps under the throne at Pella.

Demosthenes. Philip is the fittest ruler for his own people, but he is better for anyone else to dine with than to act or think with. His conversation is far above the kingly: it is that of an urbane companion, of a scholar, I was going to say of a philosopher, I will say more, of a sound unwrangling reasoner, of a plain, intelligent, and intelligible man. But those qualities, not being glaring, do not attract to him the insects from without. Even the wise become as the unwise in the enchanted chambers of Power, whose lamps make every face of the same colour. Royalty is fed incessantly by the fuel of slavish desires, blown by fulsome breath and fanned by cringing follies. It melts mankind into one inert mass, carrying off and confounding and consuming all beneath it, like a torrent of Ætnean lava, bright amid the darkness, and dark again amid the light.

Eubulides. O for Cynobalanos! how would he stare and lift up his shoulders at this torrent.

Demosthenes. He never can have seen me but in the Agora; and I do not carry a full purse into the crowd. Thither I go with a tight girdle round my body: in the country I walk and wander about discinct. How I became what I am, you know as well as I do. I was to form a manner, with great models on one side of me, and nature on the other. Had I imitated Plato (the writer then most admired) I must have fallen short of his amplitude and dignity; and his sentences are seldom such as could be admitted into a popular harangue. Xenophon is elegant, but unimpassioned, and not entirely free, I think, from affectation. Herodotus is exempt from it: what simplicity! what sweetness! what harmony! not to mention his sagacity of inquiry and his accuracy of description. He could not however form an orator for the times in which we live; nor indeed is vigour a characteristic or a constituent of his style. I profited more from Isæus, from the study of whose writings, and attendance on whose pleadings, I acquired greater strength, compression, and concentration. Aristoteles and Thucydides were before me: I trembled lest they should lead me where I might raise a recollection of Pericles, whose plainness and conciseness and gravity they imitated, not always with success. Laying down these qualities as the foundation, I have ventured on more solemnity, more passion: I have also been studious to bring the powers of action into play, that great instrument in exciting the affections which Pericles disdained. He and Jupiter could strike any head with their thunderbolts, and stand serene and immovable; I could not.

Eubulides. Your opinion of Pericles hath always been the same, but I have formerly heard you mention Plato with much less esteem than to-day.

Demosthenes. When we talk diversely of the same person or thing, we do not of necessity talk inconsistently. There is much in Plato which a wise man will commend; there is more that will captivate an unwise one. The irony in his Dialogues has amused me frequently and greatly, and the more because in others I have rarely found it accompanied with fancy and imagination. If I however were to become a writer of dialogues, I should be afraid of using it constantly, often as I am obliged to do it in my orations. Woe betide those who force us into it by injustice and presumption! Do they dare to censure us? they who are themselves the dust that sullies the wing of genius. Had I formed my opinion of Socrates from Plato, I should call Socrates a sophist. Who would imagine on reading Plato, that his master,

instead of questioning and quibbling, had occupied his time in teaching the uses and offices of philosophy? There is as wide a difference between the imputed and the real character of this man, as there is between him who first discovered corn growing, and him who first instructed us how to grind and cleanse and prepare it for our sustenance. We are ashamed to give a false character of a slave, and not at all to give a falser of our betters. In this predicament stands Plato, regarding his master, his scholars, and his opponents.

Eubulides. Before him Pythagoras and Democritus and, earlier still, Pherecydes, taught important truths, and, what is rarer, separated them from pernicious falsehoods. Pythagoras, who preceded Plato in Egypt, and from whom many of his fancies are taken, must have been a true lover of wisdom, to have travelled so far into countries known hardly by name in Greece.

Demosthenes. Perhaps he sought some congenial soul; for if two great men are existing at the extremities of the earth, they will seek each other.

Eubulides. Their greatness then must be of a different form and texture from what mankind hath usually admired. Greatness, as we daily see it, is unsociable.

Demosthenes. The perfect loves what generates it, what proceeds from it, what partakes its essence. If you have formed an idea of greatness, O Eubulides, which corresponds not with this description, efface it and cast it out. Pythagoras adapted his institutions to the people he would enlighten and direct. What portion of the world was ever so happy, so peaceable, so well-governed, as the cities of Lower Italy. While they retained his manners they were free and powerful: some have since declined, others are declining, and perhaps at a future and not a distant time they may yield themselves up to despotism. In a few ages more, those flourishing towns, those inexpugnable citadels, those temples which you might deem eternal, will be hunted for in their wildernesses like the boars and stags. Already there are philosophers who would remedy what they call popular commotions by hereditary despotism, and who think it as natural and reasonable as that children who cry should be compelled to sleep: and there likewise are honest citizens who, when they have chewed their fig and swallowed it, say, "yes, 'twere well." What a eulogy on the human understanding! to assert that it is dangerous to choose a succession of administrators from the wisest of mankind, and advisable to derive it from the weakest! There have been free Greeks within our memory who would have entered into alliance with the most iniquitous and most insolent of usurpers, Alexander of Pherai, a territory in which Thebe, who murdered her husband, is praised above others of both sexes. O Juno! may such marriages be frequent in such countries!

Look at history: where do you find in continuation three hereditary kings, of whom one at least was not inhuman in disposition or weak in intellect? Either of these qualities may subvert a state, exposing it first to many sufferings. In our Athenian constitution, if we are weakly or indiscreetly governed, or capriciously, which hardly can happen, the mischief is transitory and reparable: one year closes it: and the people, both for its satisfaction and its admonition, sees that no corruption, no transgression, in its magistrates, is unregarded or unchastised. This of all advantages is the greatest, the most corroborative of power, the most tutelary of morals. I know that there are many in Thrace, and some in Sicily, who would recall my wanderings with perfect good-humour and complacency. Demosthenes has not lived, has not reasoned, has not agitated his soul, for these: he leaves them in the quiet possession of all their moulten arguments, and in the persuasive hope of all their bright reversions. Pythagoras could have had little or no influence on such men: he raised up higher, who kept them down. It is easier to make an impression upon sand than upon marble: but it is easier to make a just one upon marble than upon sand. Uncivilised as were the Gauls, he with his moderation and prudence hath softened the ferocity of their religion, and hath made it so contradictory and inconsistent, that the first of them who reasons will subvert it. He did not say, "You shall no longer sacrifice your fellow-creatures:" he said, "sacrifice the criminal." Other nations do the same: often wantonly, always vindictively: the Gauls appease by it, as they imagine, both society and the Gods. He did not say, "After a certain time even this outrage on Nature must cease:" but he said, "We have souls which pass into other creatures." A belief in the transmigration of souls would abolish by degrees our inhumanity.

Eubulides. But what absurdity!

Demosthenes. Religion, when it is intended for the uncivilised, must contain things marvellous, things quite absurd to the wiser. But I discover no absurdity in making men gentler and kinder; and I would rather worship an onion or a crust of bread, than a God who requires me to immolate an ox or kid to appease him. The idea, not of having lost her daughter, but of having lost her by a sacrifice, fixed the dagger in the grasp of Clytemnestra. Let us observe, O Eubulides, the religion of our country, be it what it may, unless it command us to be cruel or unjust. In religion, if we are right, we do not know we are; if we are wrong, we would not. Above all, let us do nothing and say nothing which may abolish or diminish in the hearts of the vulgar the sentiments of love and fear: on the contrary, let us perpetually give them fresh excitement and activity, by baring them to the heavens. On the modifications of love it is unnecessary to expatiate; but I am aware that you may demand of me what excitement is required to fear. Among its modifications or dependencies are veneration and obedience, against the weakening of which we

ought to provide, particularly in what relates to our magisterial and military chiefs.

Eubulides. I do not conceive that Pythagoras hath left behind him in Gaul, unless at Massilia, the remembrance of his doctrines or of his name.

Demosthenes. We hear little of the Gauls. It appears however that they have not forgotten the wisdom or the services of Pythagoras. The man of Samos was to some extent their teacher. It is remarkable that they should have preserved the appellation. He was too prudent, I suspect, to trust himself many paces beyond the newly built walls of Massilia; for the ignorant and barbarous priests would be loth to pardon him the crime of withdrawing a dependent in a proselyte.

Eubulides. The Druids, the most ferocious and ignorant of all the priests our countrymen have anywhere discovered, fell back farther into their woods and wilderness at seeing the white stones of the citadel rise higher than their altars. Even these rude altars were not of their construction, but were the work of a much earlier race. The Phocæans and other Ionians were sufficiently well versed in policy to leave the natives unmolested in their religion. Already does that lively and imitative people prefer a worship in which the song and the dance and geniality warm the blood, to one which exacts it in the windy downs and gloomy woodlands, and spills it on the channeled stone and catches it dropping from the suspended wicker. Young men crowned with flowers are likelier to be objects of aversion to the ancient priests than to the most timorous and shy of their disciples. The religion of blood, like the beasts of prey, will continue to trend northward. Worshippers of Apollo, and followers of Bromius and the nymphs, would perish in the sunless oak forests; and the Druid has no inheritance in the country of the vine. But it becomes the quiet religion and placid wisdom of the Greeks, to leave inviolate all the institutions of the circumjacent people, and especially of those who wish to live among them. By degrees they will acknowledge a superiority which they could contend against were it asserted.

Demosthenes. Pythagoras is said to have been vigorous in enforcing his doctrines.

Eubulides. In his school; not beyond. They are such indeed as we would little wish to see established in a free state, but none ever were better adapted to prepare the road for civilisation. We find it difficult to believe in the metempsychosis. In fact, as other things grow easy, belief is apt to grow difficult.

Demosthenes. Where there is mysticism we may pause and listen; where there is argument we may contend and reply. Democritus, whom you often mention, certainly no mystic, often contradicts our senses. He tells us that colours have no colour: but his arguments are so strong, his language so clear, his pretensions so modest and becoming, I place more confidence in him than in others: future philosophers may demonstrate to calmer minds what we have not the patience to investigate.*

Eubulides. Plato hath not mentioned him.

Demosthenes. O greatness! what art thou, and where is thy foundation! I speak not, Eubulides, of that which the vulgar call greatness, a phantom stalking forward from a salt-marsh in Bœotia, or from a crevice in some rock of Sunion or of Taxos;† but the highest, the most illustrious, the most solid among men, what is it! Philosophy gives us arms against others, not against ourselves, not against those domestic traitors, those homestead incendiaries, the malignant passions; arms that are brilliant on the exercise-ground, but brittle in the fight, when the most dangerous of enemies is pressing us. Early love was never so jealous in anyone as philosophy in Plato. He resembles his own idea of God, whose pleasure in the solitudes of eternity is the contemplation of himself.

Eubulides. Jealousy is not quite excluded from the school opposite. Aristoteles, it has been suggested to me, when he remarks that by the elongation of the last member in a sentence a dignity is added to composition, looked toward you, who, as you have heard the rhetoricians say, are sometimes inattentive or indifferent to nobility of expression.

Demosthenes. When Aristoteles gives an opinion upon eloquence I listen with earnestness and respect: so wise a man can say nothing inconsiderately. His own style on every occasion is exactly what it should be: his sentences, in which there are no cracks or inequalities, have always their proper tone: for whatever is rightly said, sounds rightly.

Ought I to speak nobly, as you call it, of base matters and base men? ought my pauses to be invariably the same? would Aristoteles wish that a coat of mail should be as flowing as his gown? Let peace be perfect peace, war decisive war: but let Eloquence move upon earth with all the facilities of change that belong to the Gods themselves; only let her never be idle, never be vain, never be ostentatious; for these are indications of debility. We, who have habituated ourselves from early youth to the composition of sonorous periods, know that it requires more skill to finger and stop our instrument than to blow it. When we have gained over the ear to our party, we have other work to do, and sterner and rougher. Then comes forward action, not unaccompanied by vehemence. Pericles, you have heard, used none, but kept his arm wrapped up within his vest. Pericles was in the enjoyment of that power which his virtues and his abilities well deserved. If he had carried in his bosom the fire that burns in mine, he would have kept his hand outside. By the contemplation of men like me, Aristoteles is what he is; and, instead of undervaluing, I love him

* Newton has elucidated the theory of colours first proposed by Democritus, the loss of whose voluminous works is the greatest that Philosophy has sustained.

† Taxos was rich in silver-mines.

the better for it. Do we not see with greater partiality and fondness those who have been educated and fed upon our farms, than those who come from Orchomenos or Mantinea? If he were now among us in Athens, what would he think of two or three haranguers, who deal forth metaphysics by the pailful in their addresses to the people?

Eubulides. I heard one, a little time since, who believed he was doing it, ignorant that the business of metaphysics is rather to analyse than to involve. He avoided plain matter, he rejected idiom; he filtered the language of the people and made them drink through a sieve.

Demosthenes. What an admirable definition have you given, unintentionally, of the worst public speaker possible, and, I will add with equal confidence, of the worst writer. If I send to Hymettos for a hare, I expect to distinguish it at dinner by its flavour as readily as before dinner by its ears and feet. The people you describe to me soak out all the juices of our dialect. Nothing is so amusing to me as to hear them talk on eloquence. No disciple at the footstool is so silent and ductile as I am at the lessons I receive; none attends with such composure, none departs with such hilarity.

I have been careful to retain as much idiom as I could, often at the peril of being called ordinary and vulgar. Nations in a state of decay lose their idiom, which loss is always precursory to that of freedom. What your father and your grandfather used as an elegance in conversation, is now abandoned to the populace, and every day we miss a little of our own, and collect a little from strangers: this prepares us for a more intimate union with them, in which we merge at last altogether. Every good writer has much idiom; it is the life and spirit of language; and none such ever entertained a fear or apprehension that strength and sublimity were to be lowered and weakened by it. Speaking to the people, I use the people's phraseology: I temper my metal according to the uses I intend it for. In fact no language is very weak in its natural course, until it runs too far; and then the poorest and the richest are ineffectual equally. The habitude of pleasing by flattery makes a language soft; the fear of offending by truth makes it circuitous and conventional. Free governments, where such necessity can not exist, will always produce true eloquence.

Eubulides. We have in Athens young orators from the schools, who inform us that no determinate and masculine peculiarities of manner should appear in public: they would dance without displaying their muscles, they would sing without discomposing their lips.

Demosthenes. I will drag them, so help me Jupiter! back again to their fathers and mothers: I will grasp their wrists so tightly, the most perverse of them shall not break away from me. Tempestuous times are coming. Another month or two at farthest, and I will throw such animation into their features and their gestures, you shall imagine they have been singing to the drum and horn, and dancing to dithyrambics. The dustbox of metaphysics shall be emptied no more from the schoolroom into the council.

I suspect I have heard the chatterer you mentioned. The other day in the market-place, I saw a vulgar and shuffling man lifted on a honey-barrel by some grocers and slave-merchants, and the crowd was so dense around me I could not walk away. A fresh-looking citizen, next me, nodded and winked in my face at the close of every sentence. Dissembling as well as I could my impatience at his importunity, "Friend," said I, "do believe me, I understand not a syllable of the discourse."

"Ah Demosthenes!" whispered he "your time is fairly gone by: we have orators now whom even you, with all your acuteness and capacity, cannot comprehend."

"Whom will they convince?" said I.

"Convince!" cried my narrator; "who has ever wished to be persuaded against the grain in any matter of importance or utility? A child, if you tell him a horrible or a pathetic story, is anxious to be persuaded it is true; men and women, if you tell them one injurious to the respectability of a neighbour. Desire of persuasion rests and dies here. We listen to those whom we know to be of the same opinion as ourselves, and we call them wise for being of it; but we avoid such as differ from us; we pronounce them rash before we have heard them, and still more afterward, lest we should be thought at any time to have erred. We come already convinced: we want surprise, as at our theatres; astonishment, as at the mysteries of Eleusis."

"But what astonishes, what surprises you?"

"To hear an Athenian talk two hours together, hold us silent and immovable as the figures of Hermes before our doors, and find not a single one among us that can carry home with him a thought or an expression."

"Thou art right," I exclaimed; "he is greater than Triptolemos; he not only gives you a plentiful meal out of chaff and husks, but he persuades you that it is a savoury repast."

"By Jupiter!" swore aloud my friend, "he persuades us no such thing: but everyone is ashamed of being the first to acknowledge, that he never was master of a particle out of what he had listened to and applauded."

I had the curiosity to inquire who the speaker was.

"What! do not you know Anædestatos?" said he, making a mark of interrogation upon my ribs, with a sharper elbow than from his countenance I could have imagined had belonged to him; "the clever Anædestatos, who came into notice as a youth by the celebration in verse of a pebble at the bottom of the Ilyssos. He forthwith was presented to Anytos, who experienced a hearty pleasure in seducing him away from his guardians. Anytos on his deathbed (for the Gods allowed him one) recommended the young Anædestatos

warmly to his friends: such men have always many, and those the powerful. Fortunate had it been for our country if he had pilfered only the verses he pronounced. His new patrons connived at his withdrawing from the treasury no less than six hundred talents."

"Impossible! six hundred talents are sufficient for the annual stipend of all our civil magistrates, from the highest to the lowest, and of all the generals in our republic and its dependencies."

"It was before you came forward into public life, O Demosthenes! but my father can prove the exactness of my statement. The last little sip from the reservoir was seventy talents* for a voyage to Lesbos, and a residence there of about three months, to settle the value of forty skins of wine, owing to the Lesbians in the time of Thrasybulos. This, I know not by what oversight, is legible among the accounts."

Indignant at what I heard, I threatened to call him before the people.

"Let him alone," said slowly in an undervoice my prudent friend: "he has those about him who will swear, and adduce the proofs, that you are holding a traitorous correspondence with Philip or Artaxerxes."

I began to gaze in indignation on his florid and calm countenance; he winked again, again accosted me with his elbow, and withdrew.

Eubulides. Happy Athenians! who have so many great men of so many kinds, peculiar to yourselves, and can make one even out of Anædestatos.

BONAPARTE AND THE PRESIDENT OF THE SENATE.

President. Sire, while the car of Victory is awhile suspended in its course, and mothers are embracing those pledges of affection, which a frightful Revolution hath spared to their maternity, happy France is devising, under the auspices of her immortal hero, new pangs and afflictions for the tyrants of the ocean. The radiant star that shone upon your Majesty's nativity, throws a lustre that eclipses the polar. It embellishes our soil, and renders it fruitful in all those resources of industry which will for ever keep it independent of distant and less happy climates. The beet-root, indigenous plant, satisfied all the wishes of a nation at once the most elegant and luxurious. "Frenchmen, I am contented with you," said her tutelary Genius: "yes, your Majesty said it." Suddenly a thousand voices cry, "Let us make fresh sacrifices: we have wished; it is not enough; we will do more."

Ardent to fulfil their duties, and waiting but to be instructed how, the brave youth, and those whose grey hairs are so honourable, implore that paternal wisdom which never will cease to watch over them, that they may receive those august commands which will accomplish their destinies.

The enemy no longer pollutes our soil: France recovers her attitude. Your Majesty wishes no new provinces: greater triumphs, wider dominion, to the successor of Charlemagne and of Trajan! That mighty mind, to bless a beloved and grateful people, shall make the animal kingdom confederate with the vegetable. Such are his conquests: the only ones that remain for him to achieve.

From the calm of their retreats the sages of France step forth: and behold the decree which your Majesty had already uttered at the bottom of their hearts.

Bonaparte. Read it, and make haste.

President. To put our implacable enemies to confusion, to drive proud Albion to despair, to abolish the feudal system, to wither for ever the iron arm of despotism, and to produce, or rather to place within the reach of all your Majesty's subjects, those luxuries which a long war, excited by the cupidity of the monopolising islanders, seemed to have interdicted to our policy, and which our discretion taught us manfully to resign, it is proposed that every regiment in the French service be subjected to a mild and beneficent diabetes. Our chemists and physicians, ever labouring for the public good, have discovered that this disposition of the body, which if improperly managed might become a disease, is attended with the most useful results, and produces a large quantity of saccharine matter.

The process was pointed out by Nature herself in the person of your Majesty, and of several of the Grand Dignitaries of the Empire, when the barbarians of the North flew from their capital, which they reduced to ashes, and threw themselves in consternation on the Vistula, the Oder, and the Elbe, to the very shores of the Cimbrian Chersonese.

Bonaparte. Strike out that foolery. Now start again.

President. I therefore have the honour of submitting to your Majesty, that the sugar, the produce of this simple operation, be made subsidiary to that of the beet-root in the proportion of one-third; and that this lively and long-desired sugar, so salutary to man from its prior relationship with his constituent principles, and so eager for its reunion, be the only sugar used in the French empire, and among the good and faithful allies of your Majesty: and further, that after the expiration of fourteen years, every Power in amity with France may fabricate it within its own territory.

His Majesty the Emperor of the French, King of Italy, Protector of the confederation of the Rhine, and Mediator of Switzerland, was graciously pleased to make the following reply. May it please your Majesty to dictate one.

Bonaparte. Write.

'Sir, president of my senate, I am content with

* 14000 pounds.

you. My minister of the interior shall be charged to carry your proposition into effect.'

And now you are here, you may lay your heads together and prepare an address to me on the birth of my son, the King of Rome. President! why do you lift up your shoulders?

President. May it please your Imperial Majesty, the glorious prince, whom France and the whole world sighs for, is unborn.

Bonaparte. What the devil is that to you? He will be born within a day or two, or at most a week, and I may not have leisure or inclination to send after you again. Write down my words.

'The star which, on the day of my birth, promised me a son, accomplishes its promise. The King of Rome descends on earth, already the defender of monarchy and religion.'

Have you written, monsieur, what follows?

President. Yes, Sir; although imperfectly.

France, to commemorate the event, will aggravate on some future day the grief and malignity of proud Albion, seizing in her despite the noblest monument she left behind in Egypt. That pyramid from which forty ages spoke to your Majesty the purest French, is destined to stand at the bottom of your staircase at the Tuileries, and to bear on its summit the plumed hat of your adorable infant.

Bonaparte. The sentiment is truly French.

President. Memnon shall resound the name to his satellite the Odeon.

Bonaparte. Bravo!

President. And every department of the empire shall respond to the annunciation.

Bonaparte. Sounding and sensible: but you have fallen from Memnon. Make a dash again at England.

President. Too long has France permitted the frightful chariot of Juggernaut, driven by relentless Albion, to crush the children of India. Her eagle has one more flight, only one more, to make. From the summit of that pyramid she shall cover with her wing the Thames, the Hydaspes, the Indus, and the Ganges, protecting the innocent and tearing the proud to pieces. No longer shall monopoly, with Feodality in her train . .

Bonaparte. Stop there: alter that: reverse the order: Feodality comes first.

President. Contract and poison the sources of existence. The labourer shall prune his vine unmolested in the happy plains of Cashemir: and Beauty, the child of France, shall deign to accept her graceful shawl, earnest of gratitude and goodwill. The Georgians and Circassians, now groaning under the odious yoke of England . .

Bonaparte. Of Russia, I think, or Turkey. But let that pass: my good people will never find it out.

President. Shall throw it off their necks at the approach of the first French soldier: and Phasis and Choäspes and Liffy shall roll their golden sands to the feet of their deliverer. To accomplish in one campaign these high destinies, a son, worthy of his august genitor, in happy hour is born to your Majesty. Egypt, from whom your star removed you, Sire, lies desolate. The palace of the Pharaohs, the Alexanders, and the Ptolemies, flew open in vain at the distant sound of your foot. Never more shall it rejoice in your presence: but your legions, under their young Alcides, already invincible by his father's name, shall carry him thither on their conglomerated arms, to solemnise the banquet of Victory.

Resound, O Memnon! thy prelude to that morning-star, to which the brightened countenances of all nations are uplifted. Take thy station, O Pyramid! at the bottom of a staircase which a hundred kings have mounted and descended, but only one great man.

Bonaparte. President! take some lemonade.

An instructive volume might be composed of the speeches made to Bonaparte and Louis XVIII. The adulation here falls short of that presented to Charles X. by M. le comte de Sèze, president of the Court of Cassation. "*Tous les Bourbons se ressemblent:* ils sont tous de dignes descendans de St. Louis et de Henri IV. Ce sont toujours les mêmes vertus, *la même foi, la même clémence, le même amour pour le peuple, le même désir de concilier les libertés publiques et les droits sacrés du trône.*" There is only one truth in all this, but it is too much of one: Tous les Bourbons se ressemblent. The eulogy was delivered in the reign of Ferdinand VII. of Spain and Ferdinand IV. of Naples.

THE ABBÉ DELILLE AND WALTER LANDOR.

The Abbé Delille was the happiest of creatures, when he could weep over the charms of innocence and the country, in some crowded and fashionable circle at Paris. We embraced most pathetically on our first meeting there, as if the one were condemned to quit the earth, the other to live upon it.

Delille. You are reported to have said that descriptive poetry has all the merits of a handkerchief that smells of roses?

Landor. This, if I said it, is among the things which are neither false enough nor true enough to be displeasing. But the Abbé Delille has merits of his own. To translate Milton well, is more laudable than originality in trifling matters; just as to transport an obelisk from Egypt, and to erect it in one of the squares, must be considered a greater labour than to build a new milliner's shop.

Delille. Milton is indeed extremely difficult to translate; for, however noble and majestic, he is sometimes heavy, and often rough and unequal.

Landor. Dear Abbé! porphyry is heavy, gold is heavier: Ossa and Olympus are rough and unequal: the steppes of Tartary, though high, are of uniform elevation: there is not a rock, nor a birch, nor a cytisus, nor an arbutus, upon them, great enough to shelter a new-dropt lamb. Level the Alps one with another, and where is their sublimity? Raise up the vale of Tempe to the downs above, and where are those sylvan creeks and har-

bours in which the imagination watches while the soul reposes; those recesses in which the Gods partook the weaknesses of mortals, and mortals the enjoyments of the Gods!

You have treated our poet with courtesy and distinction: in your trimmed and measured dress he might be taken for a Frenchman. Do not think me flattering. You have conducted Eve from Paradise to Paris, and she really looks prettier and smarter than before she tripped. With what elegance she rises from a most awful dream! You represent her (I repeat your expression) as springing up *en sursaut*, as if you had caught her asleep, and tickled the young creature on that sofa.

Homer and Virgil have been excelled in sublimity by Shakspeare and Milton, as the Caucasus and Atlas of the old world by the Andes and Teneriffe of the new: but you would embellish them all.

Delille. I owe to Voltaire my first sentiment of admiration for Milton and Shakspeare.

Landor. He stuck to them as a woodpecker to an old forest-tree, only for the purpose of picking out what was rotten: he has made the holes deeper than he found them, and, after all his cries and chatter, has brought home but scanty sustenance to his starveling nest.

Delille. Voltaire is not always light, nor deficient in fire.

Landor. Even smoke hath solid parts, and takes fire sometimes.

Delille. You must acknowledge that there are fine verses in his tragedies.

Landor. Whenever such is the first observation, be assured, M. l' Abbé, that the poem, if heroic or dramatic, is bad. Should a work of this kind be excellent, we say, "How admirably the characters are sustained! what delicacy of discrimination! there is nothing to be taken away or altered without an injury to the part or to the whole." We may afterward descend on the versification. In poetry there is a greater difference between the good and the excellent, than there is between the bad and the good. Poetry has no golden mean: mediocrity here is of another metal, which Voltaire however had skill enough to encrust and polish. In the least wretched of his tragedies, whatever is tolerable is Shakspeare's; but, gracious Heaven! how deteriorated! When he pretends to extol a poet, he chooses some defective part, and renders it more so whenever he translates it. I will repeat a few verses from Metastasio, in support of my assertion. Metastasio was both a better critic and a better poet, although of the second order in each quality; his tyrants are less philosophical, and his chambermaids less dogmatic. Voltaire was however a man of abilities, and author of many passable epigrams, beside those which are contained in his tragedies and heroics; yet it must be confessed, that like your Parisian lackeys, they are usually the smartest when out of place.

Delille. What you call epigram gives life and spirit to grave works, and seems principally wanted to relieve a long poem. I do not see why what pleases us in a star, should not please us in a constellation. The coarser bread is that of the larger loaf; we should therefore put into it more salt and leaven.

I believe you have no adequate translation of the *Henriade*. I doubt whether I myself have sufficient mastery over the English language to render it worthily.

Landor. Is it possible to doubt of your powers? May not the commencement be somewhat like this,

> I sing the hero, vanquisher
> Of France, and Mayenne too,
> The king of all his subjects,
> And father of no few;
> One never out-manœuvred
> At rapier or intrigue,
> Who parried off the Spaniard
> And fairly bit the League.
> Descend from heaven's top-gallery,
> Descend, O Truth august!
> And sprinkle o'er my writing
> Thy pink and scented dust.

Delille. Ah ça! That last thought is a bright one indeed! Voltaire would have emptied his snuff-box to replenish it with that fine powder. But.. pardon! Our language has certain shades which none but a Frenchman can seize. There are here a few points of difference in the sentiment. You have indeed abundantly compensated for them, by the delicate allusion to our poet's theatre. But.. but.. *top-gallery*.. Ah Mr. Landor! even Homer would have failed: he would indeed. Our spirit, our *finesse*, our delicacy, are peculiarly ours.

Landor. I will never try again anything so arduous.

Delille. Epigram and versification are the main secrets of French poetry; to which must be added an exactness of thought and a brevity of expression, such for instance as we admire in Boileau. But you promised me something of Metastasio.

Landor. I will repeat the lines, with Voltaire's observations.

The King of Parthia is brought in chains before the Emperor Hadrian, and has leisure for the following paraphrase, by which he would signify that his ruin itself shall be subservient to his revenge.

> Sprezza il furor del vento
> Robusta quercia, avvezza
> Di cento verni e cento
> Le ingiurie a tolerar.
> E se pur cadde al suolo,
> Spiega per l'onde il volo,
> *E con quel vento istesso*
> *Va contrastando* il mar.

Con quel vento istesso! it must make haste then. Voltaire had forgotten the art of concealing his insincerity, when he praised as a *sublime air* the worst and most far-fetched thought in all the operas of Metastasio. He could read Italian poetry, he could write French: we have seen how he judged of the least familiar, let us now inquire how he judges of the most. He considers then the following lines in *Mithridate* as a model of perfection.

J'ai sçu par une longue et pénible industrie
Des plus mortels venins prévenir la furie.
Ah! qu'il m'eût mieux valu, plus sage ou plus heureux,
Et repoussant les traits d'un amour dangereux,
Ne pas laisser remplir d'ardeurs empoisonnées
Un cœur déjà glacé par *le froid des années.*

Alas! the cold of his years, in comparison with the cold of his wit, is but as a flake of snow to a mass of frozen mercury.

Delille. There often are quickness and spirit in the criticisms of Voltaire: but these, I acknowledge, do not constitute a good critic, although a good critic will not have been such without them. His versatility and variety are more remarkable than his correctness. On subjects where religion was not concerned, he was more accurate and dispassionate.

Landor. The physical world seemed a vast thing to him: for it must be a vast thing to contain Paris. He could not imagine that the earth had ever been covered by the sea, but that the shells on mountains were tossed there by Nature in her hours of idleness, to excite, no doubt, the curiosity of English travellers. Never did it once occur to him that changes are taking place eternally in every particle of our solar system, and of other solar systems far remote from ours: never did it occur to him that the ocean and the world within it are less in the hand of God than a bowl of milk with a morsel of bread within it are in a child's, where the one is soon dissolved and dislocates the other. But his taste in high poetry is no better than his judgment in high philosophy. Among the number of his futile and rash remarks, he declares that nothing in Homer is equivalent to Hesiod's description of Pandora. The homely and somewhat dull poem of Hesiod is indeed to a certain degree enlivened by it. But if Voltaire could have read a sentence of Greek, even without understanding one word, the music of those verses in the Odyssea, imitated so well by Lucretius,* on the habitations of the gods, and of those others where the mother of Ulysses† tells him the cause of her decease, would have checked him in the temerity of his decision. Nothing can excel the harmony of these passages, and the poetry they contain is equally perfect. How contemptible then is that critic, and how greatly more that poet, who prefers an indifferent piece of satire not only to these, but to the parting of Hector and Andromache and to the interview of Priam and Achilles.

Delille. Acknowledge at least that in tales and in history he has done something.

Landor. Yes, he has united them very dexterously. In the lighter touches of irony and derision he excels Rabelais and rivals Molière; but in that which requires vigour of conception, and there is a kind which does require it, he falls short of Cervantes and Swift. You have other historians not only more faithful, but as powerful in style and as profound in thought. I place him barely on a level with Robertson, although in composition he may have an advantage over him; nor in disquisition is he comparable to Gibbon, whose manner, which many have censured, I think in general well suited to the work. In the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire there is too much to sadden and disgust: a smile in such a narrative on some occasions is far from unacceptable: if it should be succeeded by a sneer, it is not the sneer of bitterness, which falls not on debility, nor of triumph, which accords not with contempt. The colours, it is true, are gorgeous, like those of the setting sun; and such were wanted. The style is much swayed by the sentiment. Would that which is proper for the historian of Fabius and Scipio, of Hannibal and Pyrrhus, be proper too for Augustulus and the Popes? Gibbon could be grave when an Emperor like Julian commanded it; but could he, or could any one, on rising from the narration of a Greek historian, who has described how an empress played "the royal game of goose?"

Delille. Gibbon, one would imagine, was a mixed production of two different races in Africa, and borrowed the moral features from the one, the physical from the other. The Kabobiguas have no worship, sacrifice, ceremonies, or priests; and the Housouanas have a nose which projects little more than five or six lines; half the face seems to be forehead. This, however, is no reply to your observations on his style. Accordant it may be indeed with the corruption of government and morals it describes; but is it not accordant likewise with the corruption of language at the time?

Landor. I am afraid I should myself be guilty of another great fault attributed to him, that is digression, if I entered into the inquiry with the minuteness and to the extent you might demand. It must be confessed that, in his voluminous work, thirty (or perhaps more) instances of Frenchified or Latinised phraseology may be detected; and, what is worse, sometimes a puerility, contrasting violently with his gravity and pomp, intrudes upon us. His "golden tomb" of the silkworm is worse even than the Alps of Tacitus "faithful to the snow."

Delille. You will not then insist on his superiority over Voltaire in prose.

Landor. Certainly not: no writer is, where eloquence is uncalled for. Gibbon is habituated to a scholastic tone and strut on all occasions, pacing up and down the unventilated school of rhetoric with a measured and heavy step: Voltaire on the contrary is easy and animated, vigorous and supple; there is everywhere nerve enough, and nowhere a superfluity of flesh. His language is always perspicuous; which cannot be said of Gibbon's, and which is the first requisite of style. We will return to him in his criticisms, where he is seldom wrong while he treats on prose. But when he calls the French poetry strong and energetic, he shows himself insensible that the nature both of the language and of the metre prohibits it: when he calls the Italian weak and effeminate and unfit for action, he overlooks his inconsistency in

* Odys. vi. v. 42. † Odys. xi. v. 197.

remarking that "we respect Homer but read Tasso." In his criticisms on poetry, I confess to you that, if you will allow me to deliver my opinion in the words of Chaucer,

He hath a voice as weak as hath a *gote*.

No continental poet is less weak and effeminate than Chiabrera; whose works, I apprehend, Voltaire was just as incapable of appreciating as Homer's. Did he ever hear of Filicaja? rich in thought as Pindar himself, and, on one occasion, more enthusiastic.

Delille. Enthusiastic as Pindar! Ah M. Landor!

Landor. Abbé, I said *more* enthusiastic: for in criticism I love correctness. We have lost the greater and (some believe) the better part of Pindar's poetry: what remains is more distinguished for an exquisite selection of topics than for enthusiasm. There is a grandeur of soul which never leaves him, even in domestic scenes; and his genius does not rise on points or peaks of sublimity, but pervades the subject with a vigorous and easy motion, such as the poets attribute to the herald of the Gods. He is remarkable for the rich economy of his ideas and the temperate austerity of his judgment; and he never says more than what is proper, nor otherwise than what is best.

I remember an observation of yours, that "the dithyrambic is almost entirely lost to the moderns, whose language is still less adapted to it than the Latin*." On the contrary, *all* the modern languages, with the sole exception of yours, are much better adapted to the dithyrambic than that is.

The Baron de Couture, in his notes on Lucretius, is enamoured of his native tongue, although less desperately than Henri Etienne, who calls it "the best of all tongues possible" . . not existing or extinct, but within the gift of the Divinity. The more judicious lover thus expresses his admiration: "If it were permitted me, without offending anyone, to say a few words to the advantage of our language, it appears to me that we may find in it all the ease, the polish, and the majesty of the Roman. To reproach it with its poverty is an outrage. Do not let us cast upon it our own defects: the sterility is in our thoughts. If we do but think, our language will furnish us with expressions. Perhaps I may be a little too partial to it."

Delille. Not at all! not at all!

Landor. He proceeds in acknowledging that he may be rather so in placing it with the Latin, to which, beyond all other of its excellences, it is unquestionably the rival (he says) in poetry. His next observation is that, if the Latin had the constraint of measure and of rhyme to vanquish, he doubts whether it ever would attain the charm of the French.

Delille. Very reasonably: I doubt it too; or rather, I am certain it would not.

Landor. If an organ were forced to imitate a ring of bells, I doubt whether the ring of bells would not succeed the best. He might have added, if the Romans had been obliged to split their heroic verses down the back like broiled mackarel, he doubts whether they would have been better than yours. But your language has a greater quantity of inharmonious sounds, and a smaller of distinct words for rhyme, than any other that employs it. Let a German, a Swede, a Russian, read to you a few pages of his poetry, and this will be evident. Many of the rhymes, indeed a great proportion of them, are formed by the termination of the tenses. Now surely no good writer would wish two similar tenses at equal distances. Talma, in remarking to me that a French actor has difficulties to surmount which an English has not, began with pointing out the necessity he lies under of breaking the joints and claws of every verse, as of pigeons for a pie, and of pronouncing it as if it were none at all; thus undoing what the writer had taken the greater part of his pains to accomplish.

The business of the higher poetry is to chasten and elevate the mind by exciting the better passions, and to impress on it lessons of terror and of pity by exhibiting the self-chastisement of the worse. There should be as much of passion as is possible, with as much of reason as is consistent with it. How admirable is the union of these in the ode of Filicaja to Sobieski!

Delille. Do you really then prefer this Italian to Boileau? his ode to the King is fine.

Landor. There is nearly as much difference between his ode and the Italian, as between Sobieski and Louis; nearly as much as between the liberation of Europe and the conflagration of the Palatinate. Give me the volume, if that in your hand is it.*

The *high* wisdom of a *young* hero is not the *tardy* fruit of *slow old* age.

Dear Abbé, can you ever have read this commencement, and call the Author a man of genius or taste?

. . . Ma muse tremblante
Fuit d'un si *grand fardeau* la charge *trop pesante*.

Vulgarity in the metaphor and redundance in the expression; and look! it occurs again at the conclusion. Addison tells you that he does, what he gives no sign of doing, that he

Bridles in his struggling Muse with pain.

But it is better to turn a Muse into a mare than into a mule or ass, which Boileau does; and Addison has redeemed the wretchedness of his poetry by the suavity and humour of his prose.

Et tandis que ton bras des peuples *redouté*
Va le foudre à la main rétablir l'équité.

I always fancied that the *foudre* is rather a destroyer than an establisher. But why was the arm of Louis feared by the nations, if it was

* Se *prête* moins à la sublimité de l'enthousiasme.

* Our popular critics have never suspected that Boileau is deficient in correctness of thought or expression. It is chiefly for the edification of those who recommend him as a model that this dialogue was written. A grub, if hooked with dexterity, may catch a tunny.

armed only to establish equity? The arm with the thunderbolt in the hand is worse than tautology.

Let us turn to his Satires.

Satire I.

Et puis, comment percer *cette foule effroyable*
De rimeurs affamés . . . *dont le nombre l'accable* . . .
Un lit et deux placets composaient tout son bien;
Ou, pour en mieux parler, Saint-Amant n'avait rien.

It would puzzle me to divine in what this *mieux parler* consists. There never was a verse more idle than this better-spoken one, or what would incur more ridicule in any notoriously bad writer. The bed and the *deux placets* show the extremes of Saint-Amant's poverty, without the least expenditure of wit or fancy to light up the chamber: any other piece of worthless furniture might have been added. This however did not suit the rhyme, Boileau's goddess of Necessity. He therefore ridicules the man for not having what he had just before ridiculed him for having.

Satire II.

Pour qui tient Apollon tous ses trésors ouverts,
Et qui sçais à quel coin se marquent les bons vers.

Behold the art of sinking!

Satire III.

Nothing can be more flat and farther out of character than the last lines, from a person who professes just before an utter indifference to the pleasures of the table.

Satire IV.

Tout hérissé de grec, tout bouffi d'arrogance.

All this, excepting the last word, is in another place. The idea of *hérissé de grec* arose, I presume, from the sharp and slender forms of the Greek letters, as we see them printed. A line of Greek appeared to Boileau like a hedge of aloes.

La même erreur les fait errer diversement.

A contradiction the more apparent, as he had mentioned the hundred roads in which the travellers wandered, some to the right, some to the left. He has ridiculed the errors into which men have run from the imperfection of their reason: a great folly! He now gravely rails at reason itself: a greater!

Que si d'un sort fâcheux la maligne inconstance.

The inconstancy of a *sort fâcheux* was never before complained of, still less called malignant.

Enfin un médecin fort expert en son art
Le guérit . . . par adresse ou plutôt par hasard.

It is quite unimportant to the story, if not to the verse, whether the physician cured the man by skill or chance; but to say that he was *fort expert en son art*, and subjoin that he effected his cure *plutôt par hasard*, proves that the poet must have taken his expressions altogether at hazard.

Satire V.

***On fait cas* d'un coursier qui, fier . . . et plein de cœur . . .**

does what?

Fait paraître en courant sa bouillante vigueur.

This is natural enough: and could not well be otherwise: but what think you of a horse that *jamais ne se lasse?* Do not be surprised: he becomes just like another, and

dans la carrière
S'est couvert *mille fois* . . . d'une *noble* poussière.

Satire VI.

A man who reasons must be aware how silly it is to write an angry satire on cats: yet the first thing that provokes the complaints of Boileau against Paris, is the noise of these animals, and their dangerous conspiracies, in league with the rats, against his repose. Such a confederation is about as rational and natural, and must end in the same manner as the alliance of the crowned crimps against your country, in the name of the holy and undivided Trinity. He then calls this disturbance the least of his misfortunes, and attacks the cocks, which of course are a plague to Paris. Yet neither the cocks nor the blacksmith, who falls next under his displeasure, are, if we may judge from the outcry he makes, so grievous an evil to him as the former licentious disturbers of his peace.

Les voleurs à l'instant s'emparent de la ville.
Le bois *le plus funeste* et le moins fréquenté
Est, au prix de Paris, un lieu de sûreté.

Exaggeration may be carried to any height where there is wit, but rolls down like a load of gravel where there is none.

Malheur donc à celui qu'une affaire imprévue
Engage un peu trop tard au détour d'une rue!

He does not seem conscious that the praises he has been lavishing on Louis are worth nothing, if there is a foundation for this complaint. Thieves are not subjects for satire; but those are whose capitals are crowded with them.

Il faudrait, dans l'enclos d'un vaste logement,
Avoir loin de la rue un autre appartement.

This is curious; for it demonstrates to us that there certainly must have been a time when it was considered, or offered, as wit, satire, or moral.

Delille. You are very fastidious for one so little advanced in years.

Landor. I was more fastidious when I was younger, and I could detect a fallacy in composition as readily as now. I had been accustomed to none but the best models. I had read Pindar and the great tragedians more than once before I had read half the plays of Shakspeare. My prejudices in favour of ancient literature began to wear away on *Paradise Lost;* and even the great hexameter sounded to me tinkling when I had recited aloud in my solitary walks on the sea-shore the haughty appeal of Satan and the deep penitence of Eve. I was above twenty-five years old when I first looked at Dante; one cyclopian corner of the great quaternion.

Delille. You studied much, however; and study sharpens criticism.

Landor. I doubt it; unless by references and comparisons. Only four years of my life were given up much to study; and I regret that I spent so many so ill. Even these debarred me

from no pleasure; for I seldom read or wrote within-doors, excepting a few hours at night. The learning of those who are called the learned is learning at second-hand: the primary and most important must be acquired by reading in our own bosoms; the rest a deep insight into other men's. What is written is mostly an imperfect and unfaithful copy.

Delille. You have taken little from others.

Landor. When I had irrigated my field from the higher sources of literature, I permitted the waste water to run off again. Few things remained in my memory as they entered; more encumbered it; many assumed fresh combinations.

Come; we must talk no longer about so obscure a man, in the presence of this severe censor and eminent poet. We will open

Satire VII.

Mais tout fat me déplait . . . et me blesse les yeux;
Je le *poursuis partout.*

Idle and silly! were it practicable, it would be the ruin of Satire.

Delille. Turn over, and you will find Boileau warmed by the fine French sentiment of loyalty to his King. Ay, that pleases you, I see.

Landor. No sentiment is more just or reasonable than loyalty; but it should belong as much to Kings as to their people: where it is not reciprocal it is worth nothing. What insincerity! what baseness! to rave against the wild ambition of Alexander, who had all the spirit and all the talents of a consummate warrior, and to crouch at the feet of Louis with every expression of homage and admiration; of Louis, who had no such talents, no such spirit, who exposed his person in no battle, but who ordered a massacre to win the favour of a saint, and consumed a province to cure a heresy: a coward, a bigot, perfidious, ungrateful, perjured, who died so despised and hated, that his worshippers jumped up from their kneeling, and pelted his carcass with mire and ordure as it went to burial.

Delille. Ah, M. Landor! you can not do him justice. You must exaggerate or you must detract.

Landor. Fénelon, than whom there never was a more dispassionate judge, or a more veracious man, says of him in a letter to Madame de Maintenon, which it is probable he intended she should show to him, "that he had no idea of his kingly duties." Of what duties had he any?

The satire we have dipped into is borrowed in many parts from Horace, in many from Juvenal; yet Boileau has contrived to torpify with prose and puffing all the gaiety of the one, and to weaken with cold and hoarseness all the declamation of the other.

Satire IX.

C'est à vous, mon Esprit, à qui je veux parler.

It is a pity that his *Esprit* was not summoned to this conference earlier; but even now it is only called to be talked to, and has more to hear than to say.

Mais moi qui, *dans le fond*, sçais bien ce..

A significant nod, to give the sentence the appearance of wit, which, if it lies anywhere in it, lies *dans le fond.*

Phébus a-t-il pour vous aplani le Parnasse?

The word *aplani* is not a very happy one since the difficulties of Parnassus are the triumphs of the poet. I must observe here, that Apollo, Parnassus, &c., are too frequently used by your poets, and that nothing shows barrenness of invention more evidently, than a perpetual recurrence to mythology on subjects unconnected with it. I know but one thing so subversive of illusion in works of fiction.

Delille. What is that?

Landor. The cant-word of novelists, *our hero;* by which you meet the Author face to face inopportunely, and the vision is intercepted by him bodily. The hero whom he represents to us is perhaps a young gentleman fresh from college, whose feats of heroism have been upon a Wilton carpet, or in a pleasant walk among the trees with Emily, or in an innocent ride between two turnpike-gates. It closes with falling in love, with struggling to get out of it, with succeeding by the Leucadian leap of marriage, or in case of failure, as may happen, with blessing her devoutly "on his last legs," as we say in England. But again to an Author who never was in this predicament, and who certainly leads us not into temptation of any kind.

Et ne sçavez-vous pas que, sur ce mont sacré,
Qui ne vole au sommet tombe au plus bas degré.

This is neither true nor ingenious. Horace has misled him by being misunderstood, where he says:

. . . mediocribus esse poetis
Non homines, non di, non concessere columnæ.

Now Horace himself, and Catullus, and Tibullus, have never reached nor attempted to reach the summit of Parnassus; and equally certain is it that they have not fallen *au plus bas degré.* Their poetry is excellent in its kind; as among the French is that of La Fontaine. It is only those whose poetry has risen no higher than to mediocrity in its kind, whatever that kind may be, whose existence as poets is destined to a short duration. Catullus and Horace will be read as long as Homer and Virgil, and more often and by more readers.

Par l'*éclat d'un fardeau* trop pesant à porter.

This is the third time within a few pages that I have observed the metaphor; but I never heard until now that a *fardeau* could have an *éclat.* If it ever is attended by one, it must be, not while it is borne, but at the moment when it is thrown off.

Peindre Bellone *en feu*, tonnant de toutes parts . . .

And what else? Mars, Minerva, Jupiter, the Fates, the Furies!

Et le Belge effrayé . . .

but surely in some act of awful devotion; that

if we fall from such a height, it may be into the bosom of Pity. Ah no!

. . . fuyant sur ses remparts.

How contemptible are these verses on Bellona and the Dutchman, in comparison with those they are intended to imitate!

Cupidum, pater optime, vires
Deficiunt: neque enim quivis horrentia pilis
Agmina, nec fractâ pereuntes cuspide Gallos,
Aut labentis equo describat vulnera Parthi.

Delille. This satire contains the line which has been so often quoted,

Et le clinquant du Tasse à tout l'or de Virgile,

in which Boileau has scarcely his wonted discrimination. Surely Tasso is a superb poet.

Landor. A few remarks on that foolish verse. Your poets have always felt a violent jealousy of the Italian. If Virgil had lived in the age of Tasso, and Tasso in the age of Virgil, Boileau would have transferred and commuted the designation, and have given the tinsel to Virgil, the gold to Tasso. There is little of tinsel in the *Gierusalemme*, and much of gold. The poet fails whenever he attempts the sublime, generally so called; but he seldom overloads his descriptions with idle words or frivolous decorations. His characters are more vivid and more distinct than Virgil's, and greatly more interesting. The heroes of the *Æneid* are like the half-extinct frescoes of Raphael; but what is wanting in the frescoes of the painter is effaced by time, what is wanting in the figures of the poet was wanting to his genius. No man ever formed in his mind an idea of Dido, or perhaps ever wished to form it; particularly on finding her memory so extensive and her years so mature, that she could recollect the arrival of Teucer at Sidon. Mezentius is called a despiser of the Gods; yet the most pious speech in the *Æneid* comes from the lips of Mezentius, the most heroical of all the characters in that poem, and the most resigned to the will of Heaven:

Ast de me divûm pater atque hominum rex
Viderit.

But who would walk among the scenery of woods and waterfalls, of glades and forests, of valleys in their retirement, and of corn-fields in their richness and profusion, for the sake of bringing home a few sticks and stubble? or who could receive more pleasure from such an occupation, than from surveying the majestic growth of the trees and the infinite variety of the foliage?

Virgil has blemishes like Tasso, and Tasso has beauties like Virgil. The *Æneid*, I venture to affirm, is the most mis-shapen of epics; an epic of episodes: for these constitute the greater and better part. The *Gierusalemme Liberata* is, of all such compositions, the most perfect in its plan. In regard to execution, read any one book attentively, and I am persuaded, M. l'Abbé, that you would rather have written it than all the poetry of Voltaire and Boileau.

Let us go on with the volume before us.

de sang-froid . . . et sans être amoureux,
Pour quelqu' Iris en l'air faire le langoureux.

The superfluous on the superfluous! Boileau is one of the forty who have done the same thing. One would imagine that there had lived in Paris some lady of this name, either by baptism or convention. The French poets, if they wished to interest the reader, should at least have engaged a nameless hackneyed. Delia, Corinna, Lesbia, bring with them lively recollections. They are names not taken in vain by the Romans in the days of Roman glory; and the women to whom they were first given were not ideal. Synonymous with beauty, grace, fondness, tenderness, they delight the memory by locality: but we turn with indifference or with disgust from the common *Palais Royal* face of Iris. Boileau might have said to a patron, "you shall be my Apollo, my Richelieu, my Louis:" the expression has something to rest upon: and why should not love enjoy the same privilege as patronage? The judicious La Fontaine has committed this inexcusable fault, and rendered it worse than he found it in any preceding poet: for, in an *Imitation of Anacreon* he places Iris with Venus. Here he confuses the mythological Iris with the Iris to whom you raise, not a temple nor an altar (which I believe were never raised to the heavenly one) but a triangular hat over a buckled and powdered peruke.

La Satire, en leçons, en nouveautés fertile,
Sait seule assaisonner le plaisant et l'utile.

Rhyme consists in similarity of sound, not in identity: an observation that has escaped all your poets, and, what is more wonderful, all the Italian. Satire is less fertile in novelty than any other kind of poetry; and possesses not alone the power attributed to it, but, on the contrary, in a less degree than the rest. If it alone were endowed with this faculty, why should poets employ any kind else? Who would write what cannot be pleasant? who, what cannot be useful? Satire alone would serve the purposes both of poetry and of prose: and we might expect to find a good satire in every good treatise on geometry, or metaphysics, or music, or cookery.

Hé! mon dieu! craignez tout d'un auteur en courroux,
Qui peut . . . Quoi? . . . Je m'entends . . . Mais encor? . . .
Taisez-vous.

Thus ends this long monologue between Boileau and his *Esprit*, which must have rejoiced heartily at its dismissal. Perhaps no line is more suitable to the French taste than this last; so many short sentences, coming out singly and with breaks between them, like the notes in a cock's crow; so many things of which almost every man fancies that he alone is in the secret. I must confess, it is really one to me; and, after all the interpretations it will bear, I find neither wit nor satire in it, nor even the sting of a dead epigram.

Delille. When you compare the tenth satire of Boileau with the manner in which women are attacked by Juvenal, you must be filled with admiration at perceiving how superior French morality is to Roman.

Landor. That is a knotty question, M. l'Abbé: we might bruise our hands, if we attempted to lay hold of it: it is safer to confine our observations to poetry.

Que, si sous Adam même . . . et *loin avant Noé.*

The same fault incessantly recurring! What was under Adam, was long before Noah. Your marquises were not very profound in chronology: but even the most ignorant of them probably knew this fact, notwithstanding the league between his confessor and his vices to keep him from reading the book where it is recorded. In Boileau there is really more of diffuseness than of brevity: few observe it, because it abounds in short sentences: and few are aware that sentences may be very short and the writer very prolix; as half a dozen stones rising out of a brook give the passenger more trouble than a plank across it.

Villon et Saint-Gelais,
Arioste, Marot, Bocace, Rabelais.

One of the beauties at which Boileau aimed, was the nitching of several names together in a verse, without any other word. Caligula spoke justly and admirably, when he compared the sentences of Seneca to lime without sand. Montesquieu, Voltaire, and their imitators, Frederick of Prussia and Catharine of Russia, were perhaps unconscious how perversely they imitated this blameable model of style, and how far they were in general from his gravity and acuteness. Florus and Valerius Maximus seem chiefly to have captivated the attention, and to have formed the manner, of Voltaire; as the style of our historian Hume is evidently taken from a French translation of Machiavelli.

Delille. Montesquieu, of whom Voltaire was among the earliest and best imitators, was a great admirer of Florus. Cardinal Duperon ranked him next to Tacitus, and above Tite-Live.

Landor. Well, Abbé! let us go on, and we shall find, I warrant you, something as silly as that. We will leave the shallow red hat upon the peg. Voltaire owed much to Montesquieu, but greatly more to Le Sage, whose elegance, purity, and variety, never have been and never will be exceeded. We now come among clumsier valets than his.

Seul avec des valets, souvent voleurs et traîtres,
Et toujours, à coup sûr, ennemis de leurs maîtres.

Why so? in any other respect than as *voleurs et traîtres.*

Et, pour le rendre libre, il le faut enchaîner.

This verse alone was worth a pension from Louis. It is indeed the most violent antithesis that ever was constructed: but, as a maxim in politics, it is admirably adapted to your nation, most happy under a despot, and most faithful under a usurper.

Et ne présume pas que Vénus ou Satan, &c.

The two mythologies ought never to be confounded. This is worse than Bellona and the Dutchman, or than Mars *et le fameux fort de Skink.*

L'honneur est comme une île escarpée et sans bords:
On n'y peut plus rentrer dès qu'on en est dehors.

The simily is imperfect, because the fact is untrue. If an island can be entered once, it can be entered twice.

Avec un air plus sombre
S'en aller méditer une vole au jeu d'hombre.

There is no reason, except the rhyme, for this *air plus sombre.* When the lady only *thinks* of playing, she has encountered no ill success, and expects none; otherwise she would not play.

Comme ce magistrat de hideuse mémoire.

The story of this magistrate is badly told: the progress of his passion is untraced. How much better is the Sir Balaam of Pope.

Mais qui pourrait compter le nombre des haillons?

This picture is overcharged. It appears to me that the author had written two descriptions, and not wishing to lose either, nor knowing what to do with both, tacked them together to compose the tenth satire. He confesses that "le récit passe un peu l'*ordinaire*," and desires to know whether it could be given in fewer words. Horace will answer that it can be given both in fewer and better.

Mais qui la priverait huit jours *de ses plaisirs,*
Et qui, loin d'un galant . . . objet *de ses désirs.*

It is natural enough that the lady's gallant should be the object of her desires: but what shall we think of a versification which permits *de ses plaisirs* to be followed by *de ses désirs?*

Sa tranquille vertu conserve tous ses crimes.

A violent counterpoint! Antithesis was always fond of making inroads on the borders of absurdity.

Satire XII.

Et partout sa doctrine en peu de tems portée

what can be added to its extent if it was *partout?* why

Fut du Gange, du Nil, et du Tage écoutée.

Another falling off! Who in the world ever made a voyage to the Ganges for the purpose of arriving at the Tagus? The verse itself did not exact this penance: it could have been written as easily,

Fut du Tage, du Nil, et du Gange écoutée.

This would have described, as it was intended, the progress of the Christian faith. The same fault is committed (and none but a bad reasoner, to say nothing of a bad poet, could commit it) in another couplet, which at this moment comes into my mind, but which, with many more, I have turned over.

Delille. Surely so grave a fault could hardly have escaped him twice.

Landor. What think you of

De Pékin . . à Paris . . et de Paris . . à Rome!

I know not where in any language to find such lethargic verses as the following:

Sans simonie on peut contre un bien temporel
Hardiment échanger un bien spirituel.

Of all the wretched poets ridiculed by Boileau, not one, I believe, has written anything so signally stupid. Turn to the *Discours au Roi.*

Je vais de toutes parts *où me guide ma veine,*
Sans tenir en marchant une route certaine;
Et, sans gêner ma plume en ce libre métier,
Je la laisse au hasard courir sur le papier.

This is untrue: if it were not, he would have written greatly worse than he did. Horace has misled him here, as on other occasions, by being misunderstood: he says,

Ego apis Matinæ
More modoque
Grata carpentis thyma *per laborem*
Plurimum, &c.

This relates to the diversity of subjects chosen by the lyric poet: instead of which Boileau speaks merely of satires, and tells us that he corrects the age at hazard, and without the view or intention of correcting it.

Quand je vois ta sagesse en ses justes projets
D'une heureuse abondance enrichir tes sujets.

Here indeed he is a satirist, and a very bold one, and one who does not let his pen run at random over the paper.

Que je n'ai *ni le ton, ni la voix* assez forte.

This verse resembles that in his translation of Sappho:

Je ne sçaurais trouver . . . de langue . . . ni de voix.

He places the tone and the voice in contradistinction: but what is the difference? Where the tone is loud, the voice is loud, at least for the time. Here, as everywhere, you find the never-failing characteristic of your verse. Your heroic line rises and falls at a certain pitch, like the handle of a pump.

Delille. And yet our heroic verse is more generally read and applauded in Europe than the English.

Landor. Or than the Italian, or than the Latin, or than the Greek. Admiration is no proof of excellence: the point it comes from is its indication, and this point is one and narrow. It must proceed from reason: how few look for that! how few of those who look for it can find it in these regions. Where is the demonstration? who is the demonstrator?

Epître I. *Au Roi.*

Boileau had just issued a long and laborious writ against Equivoque; he had despatched against it Noah's ark by sea and Heresy by land, when Apollo *éperdu* makes him suddenly the prize of his adversary. He has the simplicity to tell Louis that Apollo has cautioned him thus:

Cette mer où tu cours est célèbre en naufrages.

I hope Louis read this line some years afterward, when the application of it would scourge him severely. Deprived of all he had acquired by his treachery, unless the nation that brought him upon his knees had permitted two traitors, Harley and St. John, to second the views of a weak, obstinate, drunken, old woman, and to obstruct those of policy and of England, he had been carted to condign punishment in the Place de Grève, or at Tyburn. Such examples are much wanted, and, as they can rarely be given, should never be omitted.

This man is here called *grand roi* seven times within 200 lines; and to demonstrate that he really was so, the words are written in grand characters.

Te livrer le Bosphore, et . . . d'un vers *incivil*
Proposer au Sultan de te céder le Nil.

Can anyone doubt that, if the letter *e* could have been added to *vers*, the poet would have written *civil* instead of *incivil*. I do not remember in any language an epithet so idle and improper.

Ne t'avons-nous pas *vu* dans les plaines Belgiques,
Quand l'ennemi vaincu, désertant ses remparts,
Au devant de ton joug courait de toutes parts,
Toi-même te borner?

Yes, with the assistance of William.

Au devant de ton joug.

Surely a beneficent prince has no occasion to impose a yoke upon those who run toward him willingly from all parts: nevertheless the sentiment is national.

Iront de ta valeur *effrayer l'univers* . . .

A wise, beneficent, godlike action! but what follows?

Et camper devant Dôle au milieu des hivers ! ! !

He grows more and more reasonable.

On verra les abus par ta main réformés,
La licence et l'orgueil en tous lieux réprimés,
Du débris des traitans ton épargne grossie,
Des subsides *affreux* la rigueur adoucie,
Le soldat, dans la paix, sage et . . . *laborieux*,
Nos artisans grossiers rendus . . . *industrieux*.

What idea must that nation entertain of poetry, which can call this so? To encounter such wretched lines, truly

C'est camper devant Dôle au milieu des hivers.

What more does Louis perform?

Tantôt je tracerai tes *pompeux* bâtiments,
Du loisir d'un héros *nobles* amusements.

These noble amusements, with some others of the same hero, brought France into a state of poverty and wretchedness, which, neglected by his successors, hurled the least vicious of the family to the scaffold.

Delille. I am afraid you will censure some of my finest verses; such as,

Eh! qui du sommet d'un côteau
Voyant le Nil au loin rouler *ses eaux pompeuses*,
Détournerait les yeux de ce *riche tableau*
Et de ces eaux majestueuses?

or,

Tel le *vaste* Apennin de sa cime *hautaine*:

or even this,

Ah, si ce *noble* instinct par qui le *grand* Homère . . .

Landor. Fine verses are often bad poetry. If these are really yours, they are your very worst.

Delille. My friends think otherwise.

Landor. Then they do you injustice. Never take their opinion in future unless upon an eel-pie.

Epître III.

I turn over the leaves hastily. Here we shall discover what happened when Adam was fallen.

Le chardon importun hérissa . . . les guérets,
Le serpent *venimeux* rampa dans . . . les forêts.

According to this, matters were bettered. If the serpent had always been there, Adam would have lost nothing, and the importunity of the

thistle would have been little to be complained of if it had only been in the *guérets*.

Epître IV. *Au Roi.*

Comment en vers heureux assiéger Doësbourg,
Zutphen, Wagheninghen, Harderwic, Knotzembourg?

These names are tacked together for no other purpose than the rhyme: he complains that they are difficult to pronounce, meaning to say difficult to spell; for certainly none of them is very harsh; but whenever a Frenchman finds a difficulty in spelling a word, he throws in a handful of consonants to help him over: these are the fascines of M. Boileau's approaches. The sound of *Wurts* is not offensive to the ear, without which the poet says,

Que j'allais à tes yeux étaler de merveilles!

As you French pronounce *Zutphen* &c., they are truly harsh enough. But that is owing to your nasal twang, the most disagreeable and disgusting of sounds: being produced by the same means as a stink is rejected, and thus reminding us of one. The syllable *Zut* is not harsher than the first in *Zethes*, or *Phen* other than the first in *Phénix*. In fact, the sounds of *Grand Roi* are harsher than any that so powerfully offend him, as to stop him with his *raree-shew* on his back, when he had promised the king a peep at it. I well remember the difficulty I experienced, in teaching a learned countryman of yours that,

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won . . .

is really a verse, and that *'twas* should not be pronounced *it was*, inviting him to read the first line of the Iliad, in which he stumbled at *θεα*, and fell flat upon his face at Πηληϊάδεω.

And let me ask here, in regard to your use of the alphabet, what man of what nation, ancient or modern, could imagine the existence of a people, on the same globe with himself, who employ the letters *e a u x* to express a sound which he and all others would express by the single vowel *o*, and that furthermore *oient* should signify neither more nor less than another single vowel *e*? And what is your barbarity to the most beautiful of the liquids! In *fils* you disinherit it: in *Versailles* you pour two of them into a gargle. If there is a letter that ought to have more force and strength in it than any other, it is the letter *x*, which, in fact, is composed of two stout ones, *k* and *s*: yet you make nothing of it.

I will now show you what to any organs sensible of harmony is really disagreeable; four similar sounds for instance in one verse, which occur in the last of this Epistle, written (we may conjecture) while the din of the blacksmith's shop, before complained of, was ringing in his ears.

Non, non, ne faisons plus de plaintes inutiles:
Puisqu' ainsi *dans* deux mois tu prends quarante villes,
Assuré des *bons* vers *dont ton* bras me répond,
Je t'attends *dans* deux *ans* aux bords de l'Hellespont.

I know nothing of the Dutch language: but I will venture a wager with you, M. l'Abbé, that the harshest verse in it is less so than these; and a Greek or an Italian shall decide. There are dozens similar.

Je vais *faire* la *guerre* aux habitans de l'*air*.
Il me *faut* du repos, des prés et des forêts.
Ont *cru* me rendre affreux aux *yeux* de l'univers.
Ses écrits pleins de *feu* partout brillent aux *yeux*.

The man must have been born in a sawmill, or in France, or under the falls of Niagara, whose ear can suffer these. In the same Epistle we find,

A ces mots, essuyant sa barbe *limoneuse*,
Il prend d'un vieux guerrier la figure *poudreuse*.

Another equivocation. Surely if Boileau had found such poetry in an author of small repute, he would have quoted it as a thing too low to kick up, too flat to ridicule.

What does the Rhine, after wiping the mud off his whiskers with a clean cambric handkerchief, and assuming the powdered face of an old lieutenant-general? he

Du *fameux* fort de Skink prend la route *connue!*

And Louis, what is he about?

Louis, les animant du feu de son courage,
Se plaint de sa grandeur . . . qui l'attache au rivage.

He had many such complaints to make against his grandeur: Cæsar and Alexander had none. A Gascon ran away from a fortress about to be bombarded; he was intercepted and brought back; and, on his trial before a court-martial, said in his defence that he had wished to exhibit his courage in the plain. If this had been permitted, it would probably have been found to be of the same kind as that of Louis.

Turn to the eighth Epistle, which is again addressed to the king. I pass over the intermediate, because it is reasonable to presume that if Boileau looks not well in a court dress, he never looks well. In other cases indeed it would be unjust to confound the poet with the courtier: in him the courtier is the better part. I observe too that these Epistles are particularly celebrated by the editor for "the suppleness and grace of the versification, and for the equality, solidity, and fulness of the style."

Et mes vers en ce style, ennuyeux, sans appas,
Déshonorent ma plume et ne t'honorent pas.

If the verses were *ennuyeux et sans appas*, it is evident enough that they dishonoured his pen; and what dishonoured his pen could not honour his prince. This thought, which Boileau has repeated so often and so ill, is better expressed by several other of your poets, and shortly before by Malleville,

Mais je sçais quel effort demande cet ouvrage;
La grandeur du sujet me doit épouvanter;
Je trahirais sa gloire au lieu de l'augmenter,
Et ferais à son nom moins d'honneur que d'outrage.

Delille. That sonnet of Malleville is very beautiful.

Landor. Particularly in the conclusion: yet your critics preferred, to this and every other, one which displays Phillis and Aurora and Zephyr and Olympus, and in which a most polite apology is

offered to the Sun, for the assertion that the brightness of Phillis was as much superior to his as his was superior to that of the stars. They who reason so profoundly, seem to argue thus: if it requires more skill in a tailor to give a fashionable cut and fresh glossiness to an old court-dress, than to make a new one, it requires a better poet to refurbish a trite thought than to exhibit an original.

Dans les *nobles douceurs* d'un séjour *plein de charmes*
Tu n'es pas moins héros qu'au milieu des alarmes.

In the second line another equivocation! It is perfectly true that he was just as much a hero abed and asleep as in battle; but his heroism was chiefly displayed in these *nobles douceurs*. Pity that Boileau has written no ode on his marriage with a poor peasant girl, whom he met while he was hunting. The Virgin Mary would perhaps have been bridemaid, and Apollo would have presented the Gospel on which he swore. How many of your most glorious kings would, if they had been private men in any free country, or even in their own, have been condemned to the pillory and the galleys!

De ton trône agrandi portant seul tout le faix.

This is the favourite metaphor of your poet: he ought to have known that kings do not carry the burden of thrones, but that thrones carry theirs, and that consequently the metaphor here is not only inelegant, as usual, but imperfect and misapplied.

J'amasse de tes faits le pénible volume.

Again equivocation! In turning over the leaves to arrive at the *Art Poétique*, my eye rests on this verse in the twelfth Epistle:

Qui n'eut jamais pour dieu que glace . . .

A strange God enough! it is not to be wondered at if there should be no other in his company: but there is: who?

. . . et que froideur.

There are follies on which it would be a greater folly to remark. Who would have the courage to ask whether there is not coldness where there is ice? A Latin poet however has written almost as ill:

Alpes
Frigidus aerias atque alta cacumina.

Read the first lines in the "Art Poétique."

C'est en vain qu'au Parnasse un *téméraire auteur*
Pense de l'art des vers atteindre la *hauteur*.

Auteur answers to *hauteur*. After this fashion an echo is the most accomplished of rhymers.

S'il ne sent point du ciel l'influence secrète.

In that case he is not *téméraire*, and the epithet is worse than useless.

Fuyez de ces auteurs l'abondance stérile,
Et ne vous chargez point d'un détail inutile.

The first verse forestalls the second, which is flat; and the three following are worse.

Ou le Temps qui s'enfuit . . . *une horloge à la main*.

He thinks it unreasonable that such an allegory should be censured. Time ought to be represented with no modern inventions to designate him. I presume M. Boileau means the *hour-glass* by his "horloge à la main"; but although we often see in prints an allegorical figure of this description, no poet should think that a sufficient reason for adopting it, but rather (if a better were wanting) for its rejection. An *hour-glass*, in the hand of this mighty and awful power, is hardly less ridiculous than a watch and seals.

Soyez vif et pressé dans vos narrations,
Soyez riche et *pompeux* dans vos descriptions.

I know not which to call the worse, the lines or the advice. But to recommend a man to be *rich* in anything, is a hint that can not always be taken, as we poets know better than most men.

J'aime mieux Arioste et ses fables comiques
Que ces auteurs toujours froids et mélancoliques.

Really! This he intends as a *pis-aller*. Ariosto is a plagiary, the most so of all poets; Ariosto is negligent; his plan inartificial, defective, bad: but divide the *Orlando* into three parts, and take the worst of them, and although it may contain a large portion of extremely vile poetry, it will contain more of good than the whole French language. M. de Voltaire, like M. Boileau, spoke flippantly and foolishly of Ariosto: he afterward gave his reasons for having done it.

Delille. I do not remember them at present. Were they at all satisfactory, or at least ingenious?

Landor. They were very good ones indeed, and exactly such as might have been expected from a critic of his spirit and quickness.

Delille. Do you recollect the sum of them?

Landor. He had never read him! To make amends, he took him kindly by the hand, and preferred him to Dante.

Delille. He might have held back there. But where we have dirted one shoe we may dirt the other: it does not cost a farthing more to clean a pair than an odd one. When, however, not contented with making the grasshopper so loud as to deafen the vales and mountains, Ariosto makes her deafen the sea and heavens, he says rather too much on this worst pest of Italy, this neutraliser of the nightingale.

Cicala col noioso metro
Fra i densi rami del fronzuto stelo
Le valli e i monti *assorda*, e'l mar e'l cielo.

Landor. If he rises too high in one quarter, he falls in another too low. He speaks of Cardinal Ippolito di Este,

magnanimo, sublime . . .
Gran cardinal della chiesa di Roma!!

Since I love Ariosto next to Boccaccio, I am sorry at the discovery we have made together, that the two greatest personages in his *Orlando* are a cardinal and a grasshopper. But come along: we must go further, and may fare worse.

Mais aussi pardonnez, si, plein de ce beau zèle,
De tous vos pas *fameux* observateur fidèle,
Quelquefois du bon or je sépare le faux.

What has *gold* to do, false or sterling, with *steps, zeal, and observation?* And does he mean

to say that there is *false gold* in the *steps* of King Louis? This is surely what the *faithful observer* would not wish to render *famous*, in the midst of a panegyric. *Fameux*, I must remark, is a very favourite expression with him, and is a very unpoetical one. Poetry is the voice of Fame, and celebrates, not what is famous, but what deserves to be. Of this Boileau is ignorant. He uses the same epithet at the beginning of the *Lutrin*.

Et toi, *fameux* héros, dont la sage entremise
De ce schisme naissant débarrasse l'Eglise,
Viens d'un regard heureux *animer mon projet*,
Et garde-toi de rire en si grave sujet.

The last advice suffocated any nascent facetiousness. To *animate a project* is nonsense.

Et de longs traits de *feu* lui sortent par les *yeux*.

This is just as euphonious as the verse,

Ses écrits pleins de *feu* partout brillent aux *yeux*.

Another such is,

De ces ailes dans l'*air* secouant la poussière.

Another no less,

. . . Invisible en ce *lieu*
Je ne pourrai donc plus être vu que de *Dieu*.

And another,

La Xenophon dans l'*air* heurte contre un *La Serre*.

Here we come to the translation of Sappho's ode, in which all is wretchedly bad after the first stanza.

Je sens *de veine en veine* une subtile flamme
Courir *par tout mon corps*.
Je ne *saurais trouver* de *langue* . . . ni de *voix*.
Un nuage *confus* se répand sur ma *vue*.
Je n'entends *plus* . . je tombe en de douces langueurs . .

He had talked about *doux* transports two lines above.

Et pâle, sans haleine, *interdite*, *éperdue*.

This is contrary to the manner of Sappho, as praised by Longinus, and nothing can be more diffuse, more tautological, more prosaic.

You must have remarked, M. l'Abbé, that I have frequently turned over several pages together, and that Familiar, as you may call me, of the Holy Office, I never have invested my meagre and hollow-eyed delinquent with colours of flame and images of devils. Ridicule has followed the vestiges of Truth, but never usurped her place. I have said nothing of the original Odes, commiserating their helpless fatuity. Only throw a glance over that on the taking of Namur.

Quelle *docte* et sainte *ivresse*
Aujourd'hui *me fait la loi* ?

"*Docte* ivresse!" what violent absurdity!

Et par cent bouches *horribles*
L'airain sur ces monts *terribles*.
Dix mille vaillans Alcides.
C'est Jupiter en personne,
Ou c'est le vainqueur . . . de Mons!
Saint-Omer, Besançon, Dôle,
Ypres, Maestricht, et Cambrai!!!
Accourez, Nassau, Bavière . . .

to do what?

Considérer . . . ces approches
Louis à tout donnant l'âme,
Marcher, courir avec eux.

He might have marched with 'em, but he ran before 'em.

Son gouverneur, *qui se trouble*.
De corps morts, de rocs, de *briques*.

Here, I observe, the editor says, "le son de ces mots répond à ce qu'ils expriment." Pray, M. l'Abbé, which is the sound among them that resembles the dead bodies?

Delille. The odes of Boileau, I confess, are inferior to the chorusses of Racine in *Athalie*.

Landor. Diffuse and feeble paraphrases from the Psalms! The best ode in your language is in the form of a sonnet by Gombaud.

. La voix qui retentit, &c.

Racine has stolen many things from Euripides: he has spoilt most of them, and injured all. The beautiful lines which Lucretius had before him in his description of Iphianassa, are thus frenchified:

Fille d'Agamemnon, c'est moi qui la première
Vous appellai, Seigneur, *de ce doux nom de père*.

This reflection ought to come from the father, as in Lucretius, not from the daughter.

The most admired verse of Racine,

Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, &c.

is taken almost literally from Godeau. *Cher Abner* favours the theft. The line preceding is useless, and shows, as innumerable other instances do, his custom of making the first *for* the second, and *after* it. He has profited much from the neglected poets of your country, and wants energy because he wants originality. You pause, M. l'Abbé.

Delille. I cannot well believe that if Boileau, to say nothing of Racine, was a poet so faulty as you represent him, he would have escaped the censure of such sound critics and elegant writers as Johnson and Warton.

Landor. And poets too; the former so powerful that he made the tempests sigh;

O'er the sad plains perpetual tempests sigh.

the latter, that he reduced flame to the temperature of new milk.

How *burnt* their bosoms with *warm* patriot flame!

Delille. Well! what is amiss?

Landor. I perceive, my dear Abbé, that you slide easily on the corruptions of our language. In fashionable life we say, "I am very *warm*," instead of "I am very *hot*;" the expression is wrong. Warmth is temperate heat: we never say *red-warm*, but *red-hot*; never *burning-warm*, but *burning-hot*; we use a *warming-pan* for our beds, a *heater* of red-hot iron for our tea-urns. The epithet of *warm* applied to *flame* is worse than childish: for children speak as they feel; bad poets, from reminiscences and arrangements. Johnson had no feeling for poetry; and Warton was often led astray by a feverish and weak enthusiasm.

Delille. Some of his observations are very just.

Landor. Others are trivial and superficial. He seldom demonstrates his objections, or ascends

to the sources of his admiration. Johnson is practised in both; sometimes going wrong from an obliquity in his view of poetry, rarely from his ratiocination. Neither of them saw the falsity of Pope's inference at the commencement of the *Essay on Man*.

> "Let us, since life can little more supply
> Than just to look around us and to die,
> Expatiate free o'er all this maze of man."

If human life is so extremely contracted, there is little encouragement to expatiate in all its maze, and little power to expatiate *freely*, which can only mean *leisurely*, for freedom of will or purpose is not in question.

Delille. Johnson may not have been quite so learned as some whose celebrity is less; for I believe that London is worse furnished with public libraries of easy access than any city in Europe, not excepting Constantinople; and his private one, from his contracted circumstances, must have been scanty.

Landor. He was studious; but neither his weak eyes nor many other infirmities, on which a severe mental disquietude worked incessantly, would allow him all the reading he coveted: beside, he was both too poor and too wise to collect a large body of authors.

Delille. Ignorant men are often more ambitious than the learned of copious libraries and curious books, as the blind are fonder of sunshine than the sighted. Surely the judgment of Johnson was correct, the style elegant.

Landor. I have spoken of his judgment in poetry. In regard to elegance of style, it appears to me that a sentence of Johnson is like that article of dress which your nation has lately made peace with; divided into two parts, equal in length, breadth, and substance, with a protuberance before and behind. Warton's Essay on Pope is a cabinet of curiosities, in which are many trifles worth looking at, nothing to carry about or use.

Delille. That Racine and Boileau were great borrowers is undeniable.

Landor. And equally that they were in the habit of paying a small portion of the debt.

Delille. Even your immortal Shakspeare borrowed from others.

Landor. Yet he was more original than the originals. He breathed upon dead bodies and brought them into life.

Delille. I think however I can trace Caliban, that wonderful creature, when I survey attentively the Cyclops of Euripides.

Landor. He knew nothing of Euripides or his Cyclops. That poet, where he is irregular, is great; and he presents more shades and peculiarities of character than all other poets of antiquity put together. Yet in several scenes he appears to have written principally for the purpose of inculcating his political and moral axioms: almost every character introduces them, and in almost every place. There is a regular barter of verse for verse; no credit is given for a proverb, however threadbare; the exchange is paid on the nail for the commodity. The dogmas, like *valets de place*, serve any master and run to any quarter. Even when new, they nevertheless are miserably flat and idle: how different from the striking sentences employed unsparingly by Pindar, which always come recommended by some appropriate ornament. Virgil and Ovid have interspersed them with equal felicity. The dialogue of Euripides is sometimes dull and heavy; the construction of his fable infirm and inartificial; and in the chorus I can not but exclaim

> There be *two* Richards in the field to-day.

Aristophanes, who ridicules him in his Comedies, treats him disdainfully as the competitor of Sophocles, and speaks probably the sense of the Athenians in the meridian of their literature. If however he was not considered by them as the equal of Sophocles in dramatic power, or in the continuous train of poetical expression, yet sensible men in all ages will respect him, and the more because they fancy they discover in him greater wisdom than others have discovered: for while many things in his tragedies are direct, and many proverbial, others are allusive and vague, occurring in various states of mind and temperatures of feeling. There is little of the theatrical in his works; and his characters are more anxious to show their understanding than their sufferings.

Euripides came down farther into common life than Sophocles, and he farther down than Æschylus: one would have expected the reverse. But the marvellous had carried Æschylus from the earth, and he filled with light the whole region in which he rested. The temperate greatness and pure eloquence of Pericles formed the moral constitution of Sophocles, who had exercised with him a principal magistracy in the republic; and the demon of Socrates, not always unimportunate, followed Euripides from the school to the theatre. The decencies of the *boudoir* were unknown to him: he would have shocked your chambermaids. Talthybius calls Polyxena a calf; her mother had done the same; and Hercules, in *Alcestis*, is drunk.

Delille. This is horrible, if true. Virgil (to venture nothing further about Racine), Virgil is greatly more judicious in his Dido.

Landor. The passion of Dido is always true to Nature. Other women have called their lovers cruel: she calls Æneas so, not chiefly for betraying and deserting her, but for hazarding his life by encountering the tempests of a wintry sea.

> Even if it were not to foreign lands and unknown habitations that you were hastening, even if Troy were yet in existence and you were destined thither, would you choose a season like this? would you navigate a sea of which you are ignorant, under the stars of winter?

I must repeat the lines, for the sake of proposing an improvement.

> Quinetiam *hyberno* moliris sidere classem,
> Et mediis properas aquilonibus ire per altum.
> Crudelis! quod si non arva aliena domosque
> Ignotas peteres, et Troja antiqua maneret,
> Troja per *undosum* peteretur classibus æquor?

If *hybernum* were substituted for *undosum*, how

incomparably more beautiful would the sentence be for this energetic repetition!

Delille. Adjectives ending with *osus* express abundance and intensity to such a degree, that some learned men derive the termination from *odi*, the most potent and universal of feelings.

Landor. If it be so, *famosus, jocosus, nemorosus, fabulosus, sabulosus*, &c., must have been a later brood.

Undosum, with all its force, would be far from an equivalent for *hybernum*, even if the latter held no fresh importance from apposition.

My admiration of the author of the *Æneid*, as you see, is not inferior to yours: but I doubt whether he has displayed *on the whole* such poetical powers as the author of *Alcestis*, who excels in variety and peculiarity of character all the ancient poets. He has invented, it is true, nothing so stupendous nor so awful as the Prometheus: but who has? The Satan of Milton himself sinks below it; for Satan, if he sometimes appears with the gloomy grandeur of a fallen Angel, and sometimes as the antagonist of Omnipotence, is often a thing to be thrown out of the way, among the rods and foolscaps of the nursery.

Virgil is not so vigorous as Lucretius, so elegant and graceful as Catullus, so imaginative and diversified as Ovid. All their powers united could not have composed the *Æneid;* but in the *Æneid* there is nothing so epic as the contest of Ulysses and Ajax in the *Metamorphoses*. This, in my opinion, is the most wonderful thing in the whole range of Latin poetry; for it unites (what appears incompatible) two pieces of pleading never excelled by Roman or Athenian orator with exquisitely discriminated characters and unparalleled heroic composition. The *Iliad* itself has nothing in the *contentional* so interesting or so animated. When Ajax hath ended, who can doubt of his having gained the cause? Ulysses rises, slowly, modestly; and our enthusiasm subsides just sufficiently to allow him a patient hearing. By degrees he engages, moves, and almost convinces us. At last, when we hesitate and waver, he displays the Palladium before us: and we are gained by that which gained the city, by that which terminates our toils, by that which restores to us our country and our home.

Delille. Ah! you fancy yourself among them. You should have been there.

Landor. I was; I am; I have been often, and shall be often yet. Let me escape for a moment from the soapsuds of the Seine and plunge into the Scamander.

Delille. There are fine speeches, and speeches as long sustained, on our stage.

Landor. So much the worse. But in those four hundred lines (such I think is about the quantity) four should be omitted.

Delille. Which are they?

Landor.

Parque deos oro quos hosti nuper ademi,
Per si quid superest, si quid sapienter *agendum*,
Si quid adhuc audax ex precipitique *petendum*,
Si Trojæ *fatis* aliquid restare *putatis*.

Delille. I see the reason: he rhymes.

Landor. He falls oftener into this fault than any other of the ancients. I would, however, that the four lines were omitted, not only for this but for different reasons. First, after winning his auditors by his modesty, he speaks too much and too directly of his courage and sagacity: secondly, and chiefly, in mentioning the gods he had taken from the enemy, he weakens the effect. Enough was said and done already, by holding out the Palladium, and crying *Huic date*. By this pause he had attained sublimity. There are rhymes, perhaps not unintentional, in Lucretius and in Virgil. Similar sounds at stated distances, although they offend us in the terminations of Greek and Latin verse, occur with admirable power in the most impassioned sentences of Demosthenes and Cicero.

Delille. Surely you would never set up Ovid for the imitation or improvement of our young poets in preference to Virgil.

Landor. Quite the contrary. I wish Virgil, in particular, were followed by our juvenile sweepers of the Haram: he might be without diminution of their grace or strength: indeed he has been once, in the riddle

Dic quibus in terris (et eris mihi magnus Apollo)
Tres pateat *cæli* spatium non amplius ulnas.

The family of Cœlius, you know, was of Verona, and occasionally, it is probable, a visitant of Mantua. He upon whose tomb the ingenuity of Menalcas was about to be exercised, is perhaps the same to whom, fifteen years before, Catullus addressed two of his lighter compositions. Now, Abbé,

Know you the land,
Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute?

Delille. Out upon it! I have it: a grocer's shop kept by one Nightingale. It cannot be otherwise; for olives and citrons in their natural state are ugly enough, but preserved and pickled they fairly beat almonds, raisins, figs, pistachios, and prunes.

Landor. I have heard the paradox that the author intended no enigma.

Delille. His enemies and rivals may assert it.

Landor. They declare that he really means Turkey.

Delille. Ha! ha! ha! spiteful rogues! If it were indeed not a man's house, but a region of the earth, it must be one where there is no peach, apricot, plum, raspberry, strawberry, cranberry, cherry, grape, currant, or crab; and I conceive that in such a situation there can hardly be citron or olive. The nightingale sings for a shorter season than any other bird: his song continues few weeks: and there is something in it like the happiness of man before the Fall: vivid and exuberant, but melancholy from its solitude, and from the shades that we perceive are closing on it.

Landor. You have earned your release from doubt. Whatever was the poet's first intention, he himself now declares that he has no concern

in Nightingale's shop, that his idea is not borrowed from Virgil, and that the land, upon his faith,

Is the clime of the East, is the land of the Sun.

Delille. Pray which? A pleasant release from doubt! a release like a push given by a jailor to his prisoner in the cell, with a cry of *Get out, you rogue!* as he turns the key upon him.

Landor. We may observe that really

The voice of the nightingale never is mute.

Delille. O yes, surely. I am supported by Buffon.

Landor. Songs may be mute; for songs may exist unsung; but voices exist only while they sound. In the same poem I find that

"If aught his lips *essay'd* to groan,
The rushing billows choked the tone."

They need not take the trouble: I will answer for lips doing no harm in the way of groaning, let them *essay* it as long as they list.

We have in England, at the present time, many poets far above what was formerly thought mediocrity; but our national taste begins to require excitement. Our poems must contain *strong things:* we call for essences, not for flowers: we run across from the old grove and soft meadow, into the ruined abbey, the Albanian fortress, and the Sultan's garden: we cut down our oaks and plant cypresses: we reprove our children for not calling a *rose* a *gul:* we kick the first shepherd we meet, and shake hands with the first cutthroat: we are resolved to excite tears, but we conjure them forth at the point of the dagger: and, if they come slower than we wish, we bully and blaspheme.

Nothing is easier than to catch the air of originality now blowing: do not wonder that it pleases the generality. You and I perhaps have stopped, like the children and the servants, to look at a fine transparency on a staircase, while many who call themselves professors have passed a Raphael by, and have never noticed it. Let us censure no one for being easily pleased, but let *us* do the best we can. Whenever I find a critic or satirist vehement against the writers of his age and country, I attribute more of his inspiration to vanity than to malignity, much as I may observe of this. No good writer was ever long neglected; no great man overlooked by men equally great. Impatience is a proof of inferior strength, and a destroyer of what little there may be. Whether, think you, would Shakspeare be amused or mortified, if he were sitting in the pit during the performance of his best tragedy, and heard no other exclamation from one beside him, than, "How beautifully those scenes are painted! what palaces, waterfalls, and rocks!"

Delille. I wish he were more dramatic.

Landor. You would say, more observant of certain rules established for one species of the drama. Never was poet so dramatic, so intelligent of stage-effect. I do not defend his anachronisms, nor his confusion of modern customs with ancient; nor do I willingly join him when I find him with Hector and Aristoteles, arm-in-arm, among knights, esquires, and fiddlers. But our audiences and our princes in those days were resolved that all countries and all ages should be subservient at once, and perceived no incongruity in bringing them together.

Delille. Yet what argument can remove the objection made against your poet, of introducing those who in the first act are children, and grown-up men in the last?

Landor. Such a drama I would not call by the name of tragedy: nevertheless it is a drama; and a very beautiful species of it. Delightful in the first degree are those pieces of history in verse and action, as managed by Shakspeare.

Delille. We must contend against them: we must resist all barbarous inroads on classic ground, all innovations and abuses.

Landor. You fight against your own positions. Such a work is to Tragedy what a forest is to a garden. Those alone are wrong who persist in calling it a garden rather than a forest; who find oaks instead of tulips; who look about the hills and dales, the rocks and precipices, the groves and waterfalls, for flues and balusters and vases, and smooth marble steps, and shepherdesses in hoops and satin. There are some who think these things as unnatural as that children should grow into men, and that we should live to see it.

Delille. Live to see it! but in one day or night!

Landor. The same events pass before us within the same space of time whenever we look into history.

Delille. Ay, but here they act.

Landor. So they do there, unless the history is an English one. And indeed the histories of our country read by Shakspeare held human life within them. When we are interested in the boy, we spring forward to the man, with more than a poet's velocity. We would interrogate the oracles; we would measure the thread around the distaff of the Fates; yet we quarrel with him who knows and tells us all.

Glory to thee in the highest, thou confidant of our Creator! who alone hast taught us in every particle of the mind how wonderfully and fearfully we are made.

Delille. Voltaire was indeed too severe upon him.

Landor. Severe? Is it severity to throw a crab or a pincushion at the Farnese Hercules or the Belvedere Apollo? It is folly, perverseness, and impudence, in poets and critics like Voltaire, whose best composition in verse is a hard mosaic, sparkling and superficial, of squares and parallelograms, one speck each. He, whose poems are worth all that have been composed from the Creation to the present hour, was so negligent or so secure of fame as to preserve no copy of them. Homer and he confided to the hearts of men the treasures of their genius, which were, like conscience, unengraved words. A want of sedulity, at least in claiming the property of thoughts, is not among the deficiences of our modern poets.

Some traveller, a little while ago, was so witty as to call Venice Rome, not indeed the Rome of the Tiber, but the Rome of the sea. A poet, warm with keeping up the ball from gazette to gazette, runs instantly to the printers, out of breath at so glorious an opportunity of perpetuating his fame, and declares to all Europe that he had called Venice Rome the year before. We now perceive, but too late for the laurel which they merited, what prodigious poets were your Marat and Bonaparte and Robespierre, with whom England one day was Tyre, another day Carthage, and Paris the Rome of the Seine.

Delille. The most absurd imitation of antiquity I can remember anywhere, is in Stay's *Modern Philosophy.** He had found in Virgil the youths and maidens carried on their biers before the faces of their parents; and he makes those of England *hang themselves* before them. He was unaware that the parents might cut them down, or that the young people could think it likely.

> Ergo, quæ jubeant prædura incommoda, vitam
> Exsolvunt letho; seu ferrum in viscera condunt,
> Seu se præcipites in *flumen*, in *æquora* mittunt,
> Seu potius laqueo innexo suspendere *gaudent*
> Se manibus *persæpe* suis *ante ora parentum*.
>
> Lib. III.

Landor. We have wandered (and conversation would be tedious unless we did occasionally) far from the subject: but I have not forgotten our Cyclops and Caliban. The character of the Cyclops is somewhat broad and general, but worthy of Euripides, and such as the greatest of Roman poets was incapable of conceiving; that of Caliban is peculiar and stands single; it is admirably imagined and equally well sustained. Another poet would have shown him spiteful: Shakspeare has made the infringement of his idleness the origin of his malice. He has also made him grateful; but then his gratitude is the return for an indulgence granted to his evil appetites. Those who by nature are grateful are often by nature vindictive: one of these properties is the sense of kindness, the other of unkindness. Religion and comfort require that the one should be cherished and that the other should be suppressed. The mere conception of the monster without these qualities, without the sudden impression which bring them vividly out, and the circumstances in which they are displayed, would not be to considerate minds so stupendous as it appeared to Warton, who little knew that there is a *nil admirari* as requisite to wisdom as to happiness.

Delille. And yet how enthusiastic is your admiration of Shakspeare.

Landor.

> He lighted with his golden lamp on high
> The unknown regions of the human heart,
> Show'd its bright fountains, show'd its rueful wastes,
> Its shoals and headlands; and a tower he rais'd
> Refulgent, where eternal breakers roll,
> For all to see, but no man to approach.

The creation of Caliban, wonderful as it is, would excite in me less admiration than a single sentence, or a single sentiment, such as I find in fifty of his pages.

No new fiction of a supernatural being exists in poetry. Hurd traces the genealogy of the Faeries, and fancied he made a discovery: the Sylphs have only another name. Witches and wizards and giants, apparently powerful agents, generally prove the imbecility of the author who has anything to do with them. Dragons and demons awaken our childish fancies, some of which remain with us to the last. Dreams perhaps generated them, superstition presented them with names and attributes, and the poet brings them forth into action.

Take your Boileau. Some morning, when we are both of us quite at leisure, I will engage (if I have not done it already) to make out a full hundred of puerilities in your grave, concise, elegant poet. At present I have nothing more to say, than that he never elevates the mind, he never warms or agitates the heart, he inspires no magnanimity, no generosity, no tenderness. What then is he worth? A smile from Louis.

Delille. There are excellences, my friend, in Boileau, of which you cannot judge so correctly as a native can: for instance his versification.

Landor. I would not creep into the secrets of a versification upon which even you, M. Delille, can ring no changes; a machine which must be regularly wound up at every six syllables, and the construction of which is less artificial than that of a cuckoo-clock. The greater part of the heroic verses in your language may be read with more facility as anapestic than as iambic: there is not a syllable which may not become either short or long, however it usually be pronounced in conversation. The secret of conciseness I know and will communicate to you, so that you may attain it in the same manner and with the same facility as Boileau and Voltaire have done.

Delille. Indeed it costs me infinite pains, and I almost suspect that I have sometimes failed.

Landor. Well then, in future you may be master of it without any pains at all. Do what they did. Throw away the little links and hinges, the little cramps and dovetails, which lay upon the tables of Homer and of Virgil, which were adjusted with equal nicety by Cicero, Plato, and Demosthenes, and were not overlooked by Bossuet and Pascal; then dock the tail of your commas, and behold a period!

* Praised, and perhaps read, by Coleridge.

The French are convinced that all poetry, to be quite perfect, must be theirs or like it, and remark the obligations that Milton lay under to the Abbé Delille, and Shakspeare to Voltaire. Next in vanity, is the declaration of a writer on heraldry, that Raphael, Correggio, and Leonardo, were incapable of painting a *fleur de lis*, and that none but a Frenchman by birth and *courage* could arrive at this summit of glory.

"J'estime qu'il est fort difficile, de bien faire et représenter une fleur de lis *mignonnement troussée*, qui n'est peintre excellent et Français *de nation et de courage:* car un Allemand, un Anglais, Espagnol, et Italien, n'en sçauront *venir à son honneur*, pour la bien proportionner."—*Théâtre d'Honneur* par Fauyn, b. 2. c. 6. p. 185.

What is called a fleur de lis is in fact a spear-head.

Chiffiet wrote a treatise to prove that it was a *bee*. Joannes Ferrandus Aniciensis composed an *Epinicion pro liliis*. It is wonderful that painters of such courage left any doubt, whether what they had drawn so accurately were a flower, a spear-head, or a bee. Before this controversy the Florentines used the *iris* as the symbol of their city, it being indigenous, its root very fragrant, and used in flavouring wine. We call it *orris*, corruptly.

The good Abbé Delille entertained a high esteem for Milton, but felt that Adam and Eve, Michael and Satan, could not be *mignonnement troussés* unless by the hand of a Parisian.

THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER AND CAPO D'ISTRIA.

Capo d'Istria. Your Majesty now perceives the benefits of the Holy Alliance, and may remember my enumeration of them. Here is a fact for every word. The Holy Allies can not retract: they have admitted the principle: they have gone to work upon it. Austria possesses Italy: turbulence in adjacent states may be repressed by invasion: there is not a monarch in Europe who denies it: not one who, whatever his fears, whatever his imprudence may be, will oppose by action or word your long-meditated conquest of the Turkish empire.

Alexander. Capo d'Istria, you are a Greek, and would engage me, prepared or unprepared, in war, for the defence of your native country.

Capo d'Istria. Pardon me, my Emperor! a Greek, it is true, I am, but you will find me not precipitate. The country of a statesman is the council-board of his prince. Let the pack bark in the kennel; the shepherd-dog sleeps upon the wallet of his master.

Alexander. I have never yet caught you running into vagaries and extravagancies, such as even the learned and wise sometimes allow to themselves, in their frowardness and warm blood. Nothing is idler, nothing is more directly in opposition to the actual state of things happily re-established in Europe, nothing is attended by worse consequences, than to mention the ancient republics as models of good government, or their primary citizens as great men. I have agreed with my allies to banish or imprison the professors who in future shall do it; and I hope by degrees to introduce a general law (for Europe must be governed on one system) under the enactment of which law, whoever is found guilty of printing or possessing any book, modern or ancient, containing such doctrines, shall be shut up in a fortress, or sent to join the armies on the frontier. Reason with yourself now: in such governments what should you or I be? Well may you bow; it is not to me, but to truth and conviction. England calls herself the mistress of letters, of liberty, of arts; and indeed she possesses more than any of what exist on our portion of the globe. In relation to her I will not talk of you or me; but suppose her to have produced the personages her unwary youth are ever prone to admire and applaud. According to her laws and usages, Brutus would have been hanged at Newgate; Cato buried with a stake through his body in the high-road; Cicero transported to Botany Bay; Phocion, instead of being called upon to serve his country some forty or fifty times, would have lost his election in any borough of the three kingdoms; and Aristides would not have been thought worth the oyster-shell on which his name was to be written in order to banish him.

I am nauseated with this dust which people stir up about antiquity. Come, give me your opinion, supposing war inevitable.

Capo d'Istria. First then, if war is inevitable, I must publish in the journals, on the testimony of merchants and bankers, that the differences are accommodated. The violence and pride of the Turkish character will indeed at last break off accommodation.* Your good allies, at your earnest entreaty, will zealously interfere, to avoid the effusion of blood: you must request their advice how to avert this tremendous evil: you must weep over the decrepit fathers of families, the virtuous wives, the innocent children, the priests at the altar, with God in their mouths, weltering in their gore.

Alexander. To avoid remonstrance on Greece, I will now further tell you my reasons for what you think forbearance. It has been agreed privately among my brother rulers, that each, in the desire of peace and holiness, shall invade his weakest neighbour, in a friendly and family way: first however protesting in the name of the Holy and Indivisible Trinity, that his armies on the frontier had never such an object or idea as invasion, and shall carry into execution these salutary plans, in all simplicity and sincerity, whenever he judges it convenient. It has beside been declared to me as the opinion of them all, that Turkey is not yet sufficiently despotic; that the Janissaries are but Jacobins in loose trowsers, and that the violence they often commit on the Sublimity of their Emperor, is of dangerous example. We deem it requisite to insure our inviolability, and to execute what our good pleasure prompts us, not only without a struggle, but without a murmur.

Capo d'Istria. The worst part of their institutions and usages, is the misapplication of the bow-string, which sometimes gives an awkward twang across the neck of a vizier, and, just the contrary of what one would suppose, is always the most terrible when it happens to have no arrow to work upon.

Alexander. Another thing. Do not you know that the liberation of Greece, if this liberation failed to make them my vassals, would be greatly and almost solely to the benefit of England? Be cautious: be silent: the Ministers of England have at present no such suspicion. If they had, they would fit out a cutter, and perhaps five-and-twenty marines; a force more than proportionate to that

* This happened three years after.

which they directed against Constantinople in the late war; and this they would be the better disposed to do, as it would authorise them in the eyes of Parliament and of the nation, to appoint a commissariat of ten or fifteen, and about the same number of commissioners, so that every member of the Cabinet might have a new appointment at his disposal, with a comfortable half-pay for life after one month's service.

Capo d'Istria. Sire, not only England, but the potentates of France, Spain, Portugal, Germany, and Italy, should in sound policy desire the formation of republics in Greece; considering that country (of which they know nothing better) as a mere drain, whereby the ill humours of their subjects may be carried off. It should serve them as a warehouse of exportation for all those whose opinions are dangerous; just as America is to England. It is nearer at hand, may be reached at less expense, and there is this further advantage, that if they should publish their opinions, neither the princes nor their subjects can read them: the former then cannot be offended, nor the latter led astray.

Alexander. How will France, England, Sweden, act upon this occasion?

Capo d'Istria. Your Majesty must know that England is not in a condition to equip twenty thousand troops, and that the maintenance of such a force in the field would cost her more than a hundred thousand would cost Russia. Her last year's expenses in the contest with France were triple the expenses of Russia in all the campaigns of Peter the Great; and her march to Paris cost more than the building of Petersburg. If her Ministers had ever been men of calculation, which they should have been above others from the habits and wants of their country, they would have avoided, as Walpole did, nearly all continental wars, and would have been contented to throw in a military and monied force, there only where its weight and celerity must turn the balance. The folly of others is as useful to us as our own wisdom would be without it.

Alexander. England is a brilliant performer, but bad timist.

Capo d'Istria. Employments in England are properties holden under certain families; and victories and conquests are secondary objects in her wars. Against the most consummate generals and the most enthusiastic troops in Europe, was despatched an inexperienced young Prince, in whom the soldiers having no confidence, lost that which personal courage and national pride had implanted in them. Every new disgrace and disaster was a new reason for employing him: expedition followed expedition, defeat followed defeat. On another occasion, republicans were taken out of the prisons, and brigaded with royalists, to fight for the King of France. They landed on the shores of their country, and slew their comrades. Afterward the city of Ferrol was to be attacked: neither the General nor any person under him knew its fortifications or its garrison. They saw the walls, and turned back; although the walls, on the side where they landed, were incapable of sustaining one discharge of artillery, and the garrison consisted of half a regiment; and although the city of Corunna, seven miles distant, is commanded by the hills above it, with walls even more feeble and a garrison more defective, and might have been taken at the same time by the same forces: an attack by sea would be hopeless. Buenos-Ayres was assaulted by the bayonet, without a grain of powder; a stone-built city, the doors strongly chained across, the windows thickly grated. The condition of Antwerp was unexplored when an attack was to be made against it; nay, the English Ministers had never heard that the island of Walcheren was unhealthy; by which ignorance they lost three thousand men.

The Duke of Wellington himself, then untitled, was superseded by two Generals, one after the other, at the moment when he had gained the most arduous of his victories. Nelson's brave heart was almost broken by persevering injustice and by insolent neglect. He returned, like another Bellerophon, from unexpected and undesired success. Constantinople, which never contains fewer than forty thousand fighting men, was to be assailed by four thousand English; a number not sufficient to garrison the Seraglio, as your Majesty will find next October.

The Ministers of England have squandered away the resources of their country among their supporters and dependants: the people are worn down with taxes, and hardly anything short of an invasion could rouse them again to war. Beside, in a time of discontent it is dangerous to collect together so large an army as would be sufficient for any important purpose. A declining nation, it appears to me, must fall before it can recover its strength; as a ball must strike the earth before it can rebound.

Alexander. But look away from England to the Continent.

Capo d'Istria. The armies there have not yet done what they are destined to do. Pertinacity among rulers, in making them the instruments of their ambition, has made them the arbiters of their fate. I would not speak so clearly, if I were not convinced that your Majesty will find full occupation for yours. Soldiers can never stand idle long together: they must turn into citizens or into rebels.* The Janissaries are only a *translation* of the Pretorian-guards.

Alexander. This seems true: and certain I am that England is little formidable to me just now.

Capo d'Istria. Strike the blow, and she will be less. If she attack you, let her attack you in possession of Turkey, not in writing a declaration of war. Threaten her with exclusion for twenty years from your ports, if she moves.

Alexander. Her high spirit would not brook this language.

* This was written in 1823, printed in 1824: the events of 1825 confirmed it.

Capo d'Istria. Her spirit must rise and fall with her condition. She has thrown her enemy upon the ground, but he will rise up first. In a time of the greatest plenty, England removes a tax upon malt, to the advantage of the brewer only. She will proceed in conciliating first one trade, then another, until she sacrifices her *sinking-fund,* which ought to be sacred as the debt itself. It should never have been diminished: on the contrary it should have been augmented, with whatever could have been curtailed from unnecessary and ostentatious offices. Yet I confess I do indeed entertain some fears on the part of England.

Alexander. All at once!

Capo d'Istria. Yes, Sire! I am afraid that even a short delay may give her time to turn herself and open her eyes. It is her interest that we do not interfere in the affairs of Greece: it is her interest to watch over them, brood over them, and foster them secretly into full maturity. If she thinks wisely, or thinks at all, she will consider the minor constitutional governments and the secondary maritime powers not merely as members, but as vital parts of herself. By the provisions of the Holy Alliance, Russia has obtained the same power and the same right of interfering in the political affairs of Europe, as she obtained by her victories over the Turks in those of Servia, Moldavia, and Wallachia. Your Majesty has wiped away with the soft part of the pen what the British Minister thought he had written indelibly in the treaty of Vienna.

Alexander. I shall certainly make some demonstrations, on the side both of Greece and of Spain. The English, I hope, may be intimidated. If they should assist South America, my views of commerce in that quarter will be clouded, and those of conquest utterly shut out.

Capo d'Istria. England looks so long at an object that her eyes grow dim upon it. What she most should deprecate she must at last expect; a violent and long conflict with her liberated provinces. The best, the only allies she could conciliate are the rising states of the south: she should be the first to help them in their distress, the most assiduous to strengthen them in their growth.

Alexander. I must prevent this.

Capo d'Istria. Alas! Sire, you could as easily prevent it from another planet. At present you are among the least formidable of her enemies: you never can touch her but on the Mediterranean or Adriatic. No nation seems yet to have divined the importance of California. The Russians, I hope, are destined to teach it. Possession of this country was taken by Drake, who called it *New Albion.* It is wonderful that the English should never have thought it worth occupation; the more especially since their intercourse with China. Once possessing it, they could hardly by any possible effort be driven out; certainly not by the Mexicans, who never have attempted to conciliate the natives.

If indeed England sits down quietly, and sees you take possession, as you propose to do, of California, and the coasts to the north of that province, by consent of the Spanish King, then indeed may she have reason to tremble all the present century for her dominions in Hindostan. The conquest of them you will always find impracticable from the side of Tartary, through which Bonaparte, in the crassitude of his ignorance, fancied a road was to be opened. If the Americans and English permit your Majesty to occupy as much of the American shore as you, by your imperial *ukase,* lay claim to, you become the arbitrator in the first dispute between them, and possess the commerce that should belong to both. I am afraid that, instead of this, another kind of Holy Alliance may be formed against you; and that America, Sweden, England, Austria, Prussia, may discover the necessity of putting a stop to your career: nor would it be surprising if, after some future and not distant war, Odessa should be the capital of an independent and rich kingdom, standing up erect between you and Turkey, and bounded by the Danube and the Sea of Azof. Take *while* you can, and *what* you can. England may not always be the dupe of a Minister whom the lustre of a diamond brings down from his highest flight, and a snuff-box shuts up for your pocket. Make haste, Sire! acknowledge the liberty of Greece . . and crush it.

Alexander. I had begun to doubt of your sincerity, my faithful friend, and almost to question the soundness of your politics. In our menacing the Turkish empire, the interference of France is much to be apprehended; do not you think so, Capo d'Istria?

Capo d'Istria. The good King of France is occupied in rocking to sleep the martial spirit of his children, as he calls them. The better part of his army is favourable to the cause of Greece; and the Spartan fife is pitched to the carmagnole. France wants colonies; England has too many. To England the most successful war is, on this account, more disastrous than to her defeated adversary: her conquests are the worst of evils to her colonies, and the destruction of another's commerce is a violent shock to hers. Cyprus, or Egypt preferably, would abundantly compensate France: either would accelerate the decadence of her rival, or at least increase her distresses. France will be persuaded by England to make some feeble remonstrances, but your Majesty will be informed of their import. Supposing (for nothing is impossible) that England should confide in her sincerity, it could produce no more than an intemperance of language, the echoes of which boisterousness would sound but feebly on the shores of the Bosphorus.

Alexander. The spirit of your countrymen is not a spirit which I am disposed to encourage. I abhor republicanism.

Capo d'Istria. So your Majesty should. I feel no such abhorrence; but your Majesty shall find that my speculations are lowered down to policy and duty. Leave the Greeks, my countrymen, to their own efforts for a time: every day will produce

some new atrocity: mutual hatred will increase: mutual efforts will be made incessantly: both parties will exhaust themselves: the Turkish cavalry, the strength of the empire, will perish where it cannot act; and among the mountains and defiles it will want both exercise and provender. The Greeks, on becoming your subjects, under whatever form of government, whether absolute, mixed (permit me an absurdity), or free, will be heartily glad to repose; and granting that their fibre still quivers, their strength will be unable to trouble or molest you. Propose to the King of Persia the invasion and possession of the best Turkish provinces, such as Bagdad and Damascus; offer him either a great or a small force, whichever he chooses, of the infantry now quartered on his borders. This will prove your sincerity and ensure his success: and you may *mediate* and recover the whole when the sons contend for the kingdom. Beside, there is an obscure and ancient prophecy, that, as the empire of Persia was conquered by one Alexander, the empire of Turkey will be conquered by another.

Alexander. I never heard of this before. It hath some weight with me. Nothing can resist a good old prophecy.

Capo d'Istria. The Turks have also another: that Constantinople will be entered by the northern gate. Their bones will crack between these prophecies if we clap them together vigorously and opportunely.

Alexander. But Austria will not assist, and may oppose me.

Capo d'Istria. God grant it! Her assistance, at the best, would only be in cutting up the prey; but her opposition would end in being cut up herself. The united kingdoms of Poland and Hungary! We must be fashionable, may it please your Majesty: *united* is the word of the day . . . unless we talk of marriages. The next year may produce that which must happen within the next twenty. The Adriatic is the boundary of the Eastern empire. No Runic spell was ever so powerful as the three words, *Italy is free.* They would disband every army on the continent, and carry you as in a whirlwind to the British Channel. You do not want so much; but what you want you may have. Power says as softly and as invitingly to your Majesty, as love said to an emperor in former times, *Imperatori quod libet licet:* a principle which forms the basis of the Holy Alliance.

Alexander. I again acknowledge my apprehension of France, both from her perpetual favour toward Turkey since the reign of Francis the First, and from her jealousy of any continental superior.

Capo d'Istria. Apparently there is reason from these motives; but others operate in a contrary direction. France will be cautious of raising up a military chief. She remembers how much has been effected by one unworthy of her confidence, one great only by the littleness of his competitors; and she remembers that her King was imposed upon her by the conqueror. The command of armies excites to ambition, and every officer expects promotion under a new dynasty. The King will avoid this by the preservation of peace, which is as necessary to him as war ever was to his predecessor.

Let us now take another view of the subject, and look beyond the King toward the army. Three hundred thousand French bodies lie exposed and stiff along your territory. Place the French army between a Russian and a Turkish, and say to it, "Frenchmen, here are those who slew your companions in arms, unprovoked aggressors; and here, on the other side, are those with whom hitherto you have lived in amity, the slaughterers and oppressors of the Greeks, those children of Leonidas and Epaminondas, the nation which founded Marseilles, Ajaccio and Aleria, and left imprinted its finest features on your character:" they would consult their glory rather than their revenge, and their only hesitation would be, whether it allowed them to attack the weaker enemy. A single spark fires and explodes them.

I must remark to your Majesty that Russia is the sole country in the world whose policy is immutable. Russia, like the star that shines above her, must remain for ever a guide to steer by. The policy of England has varied more frequently than that of any other nation on record, because in general a new administration deems it necessary to change the system of the former. The persons who now administer the affairs of that country, are persons of humble birth and humbler genius, and are maintained in their places by the timidity of the aristocracy, and by the contempt of all classes for the leaders of opposition. They will hazard nothing: they are far more prudent (weak as they are) than any past Ministry for half a century. As we have entered into the French national feeling, so will we now into the English; and I am confident of discovering that no hostility is to be apprehended by your Majesty, from the system of either Cabinet or the spirit of either people.

The Englishman, in all respects the contrary of his neighbour, is too great and too fierce a creature to be gregarious. He has little public honour, much private: his own heart makes large demands upon him, national glory none. The innermost regions of Hindostan, the wildest shores of the American Lakes, should have repeated the language of England. This is power; this is glory. Rome acquired it, and civilised the world by it; with how much scantier stores of intellect, how much less leisure, how much less intercourse, how much less philanthropy, how much less wealth! England would not assist the Greeks from any regard to their past glory, or with any prospective view to her own, but because they have suffered much and fought bravely. When the populace has pelted the King amid his guards (a ceremony not uncommon) and some have been dismounted in the performance of their duty, they have always been hailed with loud cheers. Let a foreigner be attacked and defend himself in London, he raises up an army in his favour by the

first effort of courage, and the brother of his antagonist clears the ground and demands *fair play* for him: such is the characteristic expression of this brave unbloody people. All in other countries crowd about the strong: he alone who prevails is in the right; he alone who wants no assistance is assisted. The Englishman is the friend of the desolate and the defender of the oppressed. Hence his hatred and contempt of those who presume to an equality with him in other states, and the suddenness with which he breaks off intercourse from the few whom he has admitted to his society. On these principles your Majesty will prepossess a most powerful and generous people: and although in the opinion of a few the national interest is concerned in maintaining the Turkish empire, the popular mind will aid you in its overthrow.

On no other resolution than the conquest of Turkey was it prudent in your Majesty to grant the dominion of Italy to Austria. The occupation of Naples does not require an army: four regiments and four hangmen could keep the whole peninsula in subjection. We wanted from governments an acknowledgment of the dogma that every ebullition of the public sentiment should be compressed. We obtained it; we saw it acted on. The first regiment of Austria that marched to Naples paved a road for your guards to Constantinople. Why should we break it up again? why abandon a line of policy both ends of which are in our hands? England in the former city did not stand merely neutral. The whole correspondence, perfidious and traitorous as Englishmen must denominate it, between the King, then at Vienna, and his son, ostensibly at the head of the government, was carried on through the hands and under the cover of a British envoy. Supposing, which is impossible, that any continental power dares to oppose you, is there any that would be so powerful in hostility as the Greeks in amity? Every male of that nation, from puberty to decrepitude, would take up arms; even her women, her bishops, her sacristans, her singers.

Alexander. But France, England, Austria, might confederate.

Capo d'Istria. Their confederation would act more feebly than the efforts of one singly, and would ruin the finances of the only state among them which hereafter might injure you materially. They could not hold together three months; the very first would serve for the seed-time of discord. France has a long account to settle with several on her confines: they know it, and will keep themselves shut closely up at home.

Sweden and Prussia have one only warranty for their integrity. Prussia may expect and obtain much if England moves a foot. Whatever your Majesty could take away from Sweden, is of no value to you, and would be taken only as a punishment for defection. She will therefore seek to cultivate the friendship of a potentate, interested more in preserving than in ruining her, alone capable of either, and alike capable of both. She sees the necessity of peace: for, although her soldiers have been at all times the best that ever marched upon the earth, they never marched without some great object; and none such is now before them. The Swedes are the most orderly and the most civilised people on the continent. Lovers as they are of their country, if they felt an unnecessary weight of taxes, they would change their habitations, well knowing that Swedes make Sweden, in whichever hemisphere. The finest countries in the world are unoccupied. Avarice hath seized a few bays, a few river-banks, a few savannahs, a few mines, of America: the better and greater part remains unpeopled. Emigration has only begun: the colonists at present there are merely explorers. What rational creature would live where the earth itself is taken away from him by nature one-half of the year, where he sees nothing but snow and sky one-half of his lifetime, if the produce of his labour and the exercise of his will were not perfectly his own? Are light and warmth worth nothing? They cost much in every cold climate. There must also be a great expenditure in more costly clothing, in more copious food, in more spiritous beverage, in more profuse and wasteful hospitality. For solitude is intolerable, even to the morose and contemplative, without warmth or light. Every man then is severely taxed by the north itself: rewards, comforts, enjoyments, privileges, should be proposed and invented to detain him: not impositions, not hardships. Sweden, whoever be her King, whatever her constitution, must avoid them, and must employ all imaginable means of procuring from her own soil, her food, her raiment, and her luxuries. She should interdict every unnecessary importation: and her worst land should be proved to be capable of producing fruits from which may be extracted strong and delicious and salutary liquors. Such is the beneficence of Providence, rarely well seconded, and often thwarted and intercepted, that the least fertile countries and the least genial climates would mature vinous fruits, and administer a beverage more wholesome and more grateful, than fifty parts in sixty of the grape-wines brewed in Italy and Spain. This is perhaps the first time, since the reign of Cyrus, that a minister of state ever talked on such matters. When I was twenty years younger I should have come forward with fear and blushes, if I had a word to say to my emperor on plums, cherries, currants, and raspberries. But a labourer may forget his weariness amid the murmur of his hives, and a citizen be attached to his native soil by an apple-tree or a gooseberry-bush. Gardeners are never bad subjects. Sweden will encourage agriculture, plantation, and fishery. The latter is the most fertile of her possessions, and wants no garrisons or encampments. These occupations will deaden excitability to war, without injuring the moral and physical force by which, whenever it is necessary, it may be supported. But she appears to me farther removed from such a necessity than any other nation in the world; and your

Majesty may calculate, for the remainder of your life, on her neutrality.*

One argument answers all objections. If the Holy Allies agreed that Naples should be invaded because the Neapolitans were turbulent, how greatly more forcible is the reason when a more powerful nation is not only more turbulent, but when the same principles as those of the Neapolitans are in action on one side, and a fanaticism in hostility to Christianity on the other! Your Majesty is head of the Greek church: bishops and patriarchs have been massacred by the Mahometans. The Treaty of Jassy in 1791, and of Bucharest in 1812, cede to Russia the right of protecting the Greek church; many of whose members, priests and primates, have been condemned to imprisonment without proof and without examination. It becomes not the dignity of your Majesty to grant any accommodation on such outrages. You might have pardoned (which would have been too much) the insult offered to your ambassador; you might have yielded to the entreaties of your allies in forbearing from the same steps as had been taken by Austria; you might have permitted the aggrandisement of that powerful empire; but you cannot abandon the church of God, placed under your especial care and sole protection.

Alexander. Capo d'Istria! is it you who talk in this manner?

Capo d'Istria. No; it is your Majesty.

Alexander. I have not always found the high pleasure from my conquests which I was led by my Ministers and Generals to expect. When I had purchased of old Cronstadt the entrance into Finland, and when I heard of its being the happiest and best cultivated portion of the north, and inhabited by not only the most industrious but the most civilised and honest and peaceable of men, I expected the compliments of the empress my mother, who, instead of them, calmly said to me, "Son Alexander! if you have done well, my congratulations are unnecessary; if otherwise, they will serve you little:" and saying this she left me with her blessing, to visit and comfort a young man in the hospital whose leg had been amputated that morning; and I found her, on her return, making out an order for the money she should remit to his parents, until he could help them as before by his business as a carpenter.

Capo d'Istria. Sire, let the history of the Empress-Mother be engraven on the hearts of fifty millions, and read by as many millions as you permit to read; yet, like novels and romances, it will interest few beyond the hour, and influence still fewer even so long; while the heroism of your Majesty must leave an indelible impression on many generations, and those who do not read will be as sensible of it as those who do.

Alexander. I am not quite certain that God approves of what my mother disapproves. While we were walking half a mile over scarlet cloth to render him thanks for the victories of our arms in Finland, he knew as well as I do that they were not the victories of our arms, but of our mint; and he sees the Swedish and Russian orders, which Cronstadt wears upon his bosom, drawn back from by the people, as if they were flakes of cotton from Cairo. Yet this is according to our religion, and to that of every Christian church in the world; and many Princes have done worse in zealously serving heaven. My brother Ferdinand of Spain has a sister the most religious woman upon earth, who did the other day what puzzled me, and I cannot say even yet whether it is altogether as it should be. She resolved to offer a silver lamp to the Virgin Mary, whose eyes by this time, the duchess piously considers, may want rather more light than they did formerly. When it was brought to her palace by the silversmith, he, as he held his workmanship in one hand, presented the other to her treasurer for payment. She herself came graciously forth from her apartment, surveying her offering with reverential joy, ejaculating a prayer and a laud, and turning to the tradesman, said she entertained no doubt whatever that the lamp was of proper weight, but that the hook by which it was to be suspended seemed too short. He answered, that he had measured it, and had found it to correspond with her royal order.

"Let us see" said she "whether it hangs as it should do before the picture."

A chair was brought; the silversmith hung up his lamp. As he descended, still gazing on it, and stopping with both hands its oscillation, the duchess touched his arm gently with the extremities of two fingers, and said with religious firmness, "Remove it at your peril! it is now consecrated: beware of sacrilege!" She then crossed herself before the holy Virgin, and implored her protection for herself, and for each of her children by name, and for her brother Ferdinand, and her brother Carlos, and her brother Francesco, and her sister of Portugal, and her cousins at Naples, and her other cousins, living and dead, and for her poor blind sinful people, and above the rest of them, after the clergy and cloistered, for that artificer behind her who would remain all his life unpaid.

Capo d'Istria. Ah! that is carrying legitimacy a trifle too far: just conquest is another thing. Princes have an undoubted right to the coined money of their subjects; but plate and jewels should only be taxed, and not taken in the concrete.

Alexander. My armies cannot stir in this season of the year; the Turks can march all winter.

Capo d'Istria. Let them: we shall have occupation enough in preparing stores and proving our sincerity. We shall be compelled into the war when we are ready. Wait only until after the

* To both speakers are attributed more wisdom and reflection than they possess. It is as difficult in life to show that those who are little *are* little, as to show that those who are great *are* great; and in dialogue it is even more so: for if all men were represented in it just as they are, the reader would throw the book aside with indifference or disgust.

Ramadan: the fierceness of the Turks will subside by fasting, and differences will arise between the European and Asiatic troops.

Alexander. We cannot speculate on the latter case, and our soldiers also will fast.

Capo d'Istria. Or not; as your Majesty pleases. The Christian is the only religion, old or new, in which individuals and nations can dispense, by another's permission, with their bounden duties: such are fasts, curtsies, crosses, genuflexions, processions, and other bodily functions.

Alexander. This would be a religious war; and Islamism may send into the field half a million of combatants.

Capo d'Istria. Then is victory ours. Devastated provinces cannot furnish provisions to one-third of the number in one body, and they would fight not for articles of faith but for articles of food, Turk against Turk, not against Greek and Russian. He who has the best commissariat has the strongest army. Your Majesty can bring into the field as large a force as the enemy, a force better disciplined and better supplied: hence the main body will be more numerous; and with the main body the business of the war will be effected. March directly for Constantinople. All great empires have been lost and gained by one battle, your own excepted. The conquest of the Ottoman will be achieved by one: twenty would not win Rhodes. He who ruined the Persians at Marathon was repulsed from the little rock of Paros. I beg your Majesty's pardon for such an offence against the dignity of diplomacy, as a quotation of ancient history, at a time when the world abounds with young *attachés à la légation*, all braver than Miltiades, more virtuous than Aristides, and more wise than Solon. Your Majesty smiles: I have heard their patrons swear it upon their honour.

Alexander. The very thing on which such an oath should be sworn: the altar is worthy of the offering, and the offering of the altar.

Capo d'Istria. A great encounter within sight of Constantinople throws the most distant dominions of the Sultan into your hands: Selim, the Prophet, and Fate, bend before you. Precedents are good for all, even for Russia: but Russia has great advantages which other powers have never had and never will have. Remember, now and for ever, she alone can play deep at every table, and stake nothing.

KOSCIUSKO AND PONIATOWSKI.

Poniatowski. A short and hasty letter, brought by my courier, will have expressed to you, General, with what pleasure I obtained leave of absence for ten days, that I might present you my affectionate homage here in Switzerland.

Kosciusko. No courier can have arrived, Sir; for we hear the children at play in the street, and they would have been earnest to discover what sort of creature is a courier.

Poniatowski. I myself am no bad specimen of one: I have traversed three kingdoms in five days: such a power of attraction hath Kosciusko on Poniatowski.

Kosciusko. Poniatowski! my brave countryman, I embrace you heartily. Sit down, rest yourself . . not upon that chair; the rushes are cut through in the middle . . the boys and girls come in when I am reading in the window or working in the garden, and play their old captain these tricks.

Poniatowski. I must embrace you again, my General! Always the same kind tender heart, the same simplicity and modesty! There is little of poetry or of ingenuity in the idea that your nativity was between the Lion and the Virgin.

Kosciusko. O Poniatowski! my countryman, comrade and friend! how long it is since we met! I require a few moments to recollect your features: the voice, and the heart that gives it utterance, is the same. I am indeed a revolutionist: I invert the order of established things. Usually the countenance is remembered when benefits are forgotten: from defect of sight, which these gashes have injured, your countenance was only such to my apprehension as to make me wonder whose it could be, while your services were fresh in my memory: services than which, in ages of heroism, no man ever rendered more pure or more illustrious to his country. I do not marvel that you have lost the bloom of youth, knowing your anxieties: but how happens it, that after such exertions, such privations, such injuries, (for all honours but one conferred on you, and that too, by the voice of your countrymen, are such) how happens it, Poniatowski, that you appear more robust than ever, and retain to the full your activity and animation?

Poniatowski. Hope is the source of them; the aroma without which our bodies are putridity, the ether without which our souls themselves, so long as they are here on earth, are cold and heavy vapour. If we could but have saved our Poland, O! my General! less men can rule her. Of all arts this is the easiest, and exercised by the most imbecile. The laws should rule: for courts we have always in readiness a cushion, a king, and a crier: can any wicked wretch want more?

Kosciusko. Ah scoffer!

Poniatowski. I will ask the question then not scoffingly, but in sober sadness. I ask it in the name of our country; I ask her defender and protector; I ask you, chief of Poland! first of mankind! why are you not with us? O with what enthusiasm would our legions follow you! Return among us and command us.

Kosciusko. Where is Poland?

Poniatowski. She rises from her ashes with new splendour: in every battle she performs the most

distinguished part . . do you sigh at hearing it!

Kosciusko. Poniatowski! her blood flows for strangers, and her heroism is but an interlude in the drama of Ambition. She is intoxicated from the cup of Glory, to be dismembered with the less feeling of her loss. When she recovers her senses, in vain will she look around for compassion or for gratitude. Beyond a doubt I am a feeble and visionary politician: nevertheless I will venture to express my opinion, that gratitude, although it never has been admitted among the political virtues, is one; that whatever is good in morals is also good in politics; and that, by introducing it opportunely and dexterously, the gravest of old politicians might occasionally be disconcerted. Do not let us be alarmed at the novelty: many have presumed to recommend the observance of justice; and gratitude is nothing more than justice in a fit of generosity, and permitting a Love or a Genius to carry off her scales.

Poniatowski. We live in an age when no experiments of this kind are tried, and when others are exhausted.

Kosciusko. True, we see nothing in battle but brute force, nothing in peace but unblushing perfidy. War, which gave its name to strategems, would recall them, and can not: they are shut up within the cabinet and counter, where they never should have entered, and the wisest of them are such as would disgrace the talents of a ringdropper.

If the person to whom fortune seems to have given the disposal of mankind, had known anything of our national character, he would have augmented the dominions of Poland, instead of diminishing them: if he had known as much of policy as a peasant, he would have united with it Royal Prussia and Hungary, and its southern boundaries would have been the Danube and the Dnieper. Every German province, excepting a few I am about to mention, would have been erected into a kingdom, under the most powerful or the most popular of its princes, its nobles, its civil magistrates; representatives would have been elected, standing armies would have been abolished. Thus the existence of the governors and the prosperity of the governed would have been his work, and that work would have been indestructible. The erection of twenty kings in twenty minutes would have abundantly gratified his vanity: a consideration not unimportant when we discourse upon crowned heads, and particularly upon heads crowned recently, or indeed upon heads of any kind subject to the vortexes of power. The Scandinavian Peninsula should have been strengthened by the junction of Denmark, Mecklenburgh, and Pomeranis, forming a barrier against the maritime force of England, and (united by confederacy with Poland) against the systematic and unsuspected march of Muscovite aggression. No German kingdom should have contained much more than a million of inhabitants: for it was his business to lessen both the kingly authority and the kingly name.

History hath given us no example of a man whose errors are so manifold and so destructive. I confess that I have been mistaken in foretelling his downfall: I calculated from observations on mankind in ages less effete. I could not calculate the forces that resisted him: for I knew only the military and financial, and this but numerically; I knew not by whom and where and to what specific object it was to be applied. Fortunate! (if usurpers ever are) to spring up in a season of rankness and rottenness, when every principle of vitality had been extinguished in the state, either by the pestilence of despotism or by the tempests of democracy; when they who came against him from without were weaker in judgment than himself, and when the wildest temerity was equally sure of success as the most prudent combinations and best measured conduct. No general versed in war has been consulted by the principal of the belligerents: but persons the least practised in it have been employed as commanders in chief. The good people of England is persuaded that to open a campaign is as easy as to open an oyster, and to finish it is a thing to be done as quickly as to swallow one.

Poniatowski. England will alter her system from one of these two causes. Either (at the end of twenty years perhaps) the families of her aristocracy will be sufficiently enriched, which is the prime motive in her undertakings; or a serious and earnest effort will be made against increasing danger, and some general of capacity will at last be appointed to satisfy the clamours of the people, and to keep the government, or rather the governors, unshaken. But come, let us cease to speculate on the English, and indeed on everything else than our own beloved Poland. You have reason to shake your head, and to hold your hand over your eyes: you have reason to complain of ingratitude: but it is rather on the side of fortune than of princes, who, in good truth, owe you little.

Kosciusko. We hear many complaints of princes and of fortune: but believe me, Poniatowski, there never was a good or generous action that met with much ingratitude.

Poniatowski. Not Sobieski from Austria?

Kosciusko. Sobieski had his reward: God, who alone was great enough, bestowed it.

Poniatowski. But then his kingdom? what befell that? and from whom? Condescending, as you have often been, to the meanest peasant for the slightest service, grateful as I have seen you to an undistinguished soldier for moistening your horse's bit after a battle, do you thus speak of the ungrateful? You to whom no statues are erected, no hymns are sung in public processions; you, who have no country! And you smile upon such injuries and such losses!

Kosciusko. My friend! I have lost nothing: I have received no injury: I am in the midst of our country day and night. Absence is not of matter: the body does not make it: absence quickens our love and elevates our affections: absence is the invisible and incorporeal mother of ideal beauty.

Were I in Poland, how many things are there which would disturb and perhaps exasperate me! Here I can think of her as of some departed soul, not yet indeed clothed in light nor exempted from sorrowfulness, but divested of passion, removed from tumult, and inviting to contemplation. She is the dearer to me, because she reminds me that I have performed my duty toward her. Permit me to go on. I said that a good or generous action never met with much ingratitude. I do not deny that ingratitude may be very general: but even if we experience it from all quarters, there is yet no evidence of its weight or its intensity. We bear upon our heads an immense column of air, but the nature of things has rendered us insensible of it altogether: have we not likewise a strength and a support against what is equally external, the breath of worthless men? Very far is that from being much or great, which a single movement of self-esteem tosses up and scatters. Slaves make out of barbarians a king or emperor; the clumsiest hand can fashion such mis-shapen images; but the high and discerning spirit spreads out its wings from precipices, raises itself up slowly by great efforts, acquires ease, velocity, and might, by elevation, and suns itself in the smiles of its Creator.

MIDDLETON AND MAGLIABECHI.

Magliabechi. The pleasure I have enjoyed in your conversation, sir, induces me to render you such a service, as never yet was rendered by an Italian to a stranger.

Middleton. You have already rendered me several such, M. Magliabechi; nor indeed can any man of letters converse an hour with you, and not carry home with him some signal benefit.

Magliabechi. Your life is in danger, Mr. Middleton.

Middleton. How! impossible! I offend no one, in public or in private: I converse with you only: I avoid all others, and, above all, the busy-bodies of literature and politics. I court no lady: I never go to the palace: I enjoy no favours: I solicit no distinctions: I am neither poet nor painter. Surely then I, if anyone, should be exempt from malignity and revenge.

Magliabechi. To remove suspense, I must inform you that your letters are opened, and your writings read by the police. The servant whom you dismissed for robbery has denounced you.

Middleton. Was it not enough for him to be permitted to plunder me with impunity? does he expect a reward for this villany? will his word or his oath be taken?

Magliabechi. Gently, Mr. Middleton. He expects no reward: he received it when he was allowed to rob you. He came recommended to you as an honest servant, by several noble families. He robbed them all; and a portion of what he stole was restored to them by the police, on condition that they should render to the Government a mutual service when called upon.

Middleton. Incredible baseness! Can you smile at it, M. Magliabechi! Can you have any communication with these wretches, these nobles, as you call them, this servant, this police!

Magliabechi. My opinion was demanded by my superiors, upon some remarks of yours on the religion of our country.

Middleton. I protest, sir, I copied them in great measure from the Latin work of a learned German.*

Magliabechi. True: I know the book: it is entitled *Facetiæ Facetiarum.* There is some wit and some truth in it; but the better wit is, the more dangerous is it; and Truth, like the Sun, coming down on us too directly, may give us a brain-fever.

In this country, Mr. Middleton, we have *jalousies* not only to our windows but to our breasts: we admit but little light to either, and we live the more comfortably for so doing. If we changed this custom, we must change almost every other; all the parts of our polity having been gradually drawn closer and closer, until at last they form an inseparable mass of religion, laws, and usages. For instance, we condemn as a dangerous error the doctrine of Galileo, that the earth moves about the sun; but we condemn rather the danger than the error of asserting it.

Middleton. Pardon my interruption. When I see the doctors of your church insisting on a demonstrable falsehood, have I not reason to believe that they would maintain others less demonstrable, and more profitable? All questions of politics, of morals, and of religion, ought to be discussed: but principally should it be examined whether our eternal happiness depends on any speculative point whatever; and secondly, whether those speculative points on which various nations insist as necessary to it, are well or ill founded. I would rather be condemned for believing that to kill an ibis is a sin, than for thinking that to kill a man is not. Yet the former opinion is ridiculed by all modern nations; while the murder of men by thousands is no crime, provided they be flourishing and happy, or will probably soon become so; for then they may cause discontent in other countries, and indeed are likely to excite the most turbulence when they sit down together the most quietly.

Magliabechi. Let us rather keep within the tenets of our church.

Middleton. Some of them are important, some are not; and some appeared so in one age of the church, which were cast aside in another.

* Perhaps he may also have cast a glance on *Les Conformités des Cérémonies modernes avec les Anciennes*, of Jean de Croi: and, although he was less likely to acknowledge where it was less likely to be detected, he might have added that the whole idea and much of the substance of his *Letter from Rome* was taken from a passage in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy.* All the remainder may be found in Josiah Stopford's *Pagano-Papismus.*

Magliabechi. Pray which were they?

Middleton. She now worships the blessed Virgin Mary: anciently she condemned the Collyridians, for doing it, and called them heretics. Was she infallible then? or is she now? Infants were formerly admitted by her to the Eucharist, and she declared that they could not be saved without it: she now decrees that the doctrine is false. Formerly it was her belief that, before the destruction of the world, Christ should reign upon earth a thousand years, and the saints under him: at present she has no mind that either of them should be so near her. Although there are many things wherein much may be said on both sides, yet it is only on one side in any question that the same thing can be said.

Magliabechi. This is specious, and delivered temperately.

Middleton. Saint Augustin is esteemed among the infallible.

Magliabechi. Certainly; and with justice.

Middleton. He declares that the dead, even saints, are ignorant what the living do; even their own children; for the souls of the dead, he says, *interfere not in the affairs of the living.**

Magliabechi. This is strong; but divines can reconcile it with religion.

Middleton. What can they not?

Magliabechi. I will tell you what they can not: and it is this on which I began our conversation.

Among your other works I find a manuscript on the inefficacy of prayer. I defended you to my superiors, by remarking that Cicero had asserted things incredible to himself, merely for the sake of argument, and had probably written them before he had fixed in his mind the personages to whom they should be attributed in his dialogues; that, in short, they were brought forward for no other purpose than discussion and explosion. This impiety was forgiven. But every man in Italy has a favourite saint, for whose honour he deems it meritorious to draw (I had almost said the sword) the stiletto.

Middleton. It would be safer to attempt dragging God from his throne, than to split a spangle on their petticoats, or to puff a grain of powder from their wigs: this I know. Nothing in my writings is intended to wound the jealousy of the Italians. Truth, like the juice of the poppy, in small quantities, calms men; in larger, heats and irritates them, and is attended by fatal consequences in its excess. For which reason, with plain ground before me, I would not expatiate largely; and I often made an argument, that offered itself, give way altogether and leave room for inferences. My treatise on prayer was not to be published in my lifetime.

Magliabechi. And why at any time? Supposing prayer to be totally inefficacious in the object, is not the mind exalted, the heart purified, are not our affections chastened, our desires moderated, our enjoyments enlarged by this intercourse with the Deity? And are not men the better, as certainly they are the happier, for a belief that he interferes in their concerns? They are persuaded that there is something conditional between them, and that, if they labour under the commission of crimes, their voice will be inaudible as the voice of one under the nightmare.

Middleton. I wished to demonstrate that we often treat God in the same manner as we should treat some doating or some passionate old man: we feign, we flatter, we sing, we cry, we gesticulate.

Magliabechi. Worship him in your own manner, according to the sense he has given you; and let those who cannot exercise that sense, rely upon those who can. Be convinced, Mr. Middleton, that you never will supplant the received ideas of God: be no less convinced that the sum of your labours in this field will be to leave the ground loose beneath you, and that he who comes after you will sink. In sickness, in our last particularly, we all are poor wretches: we are nearly all laid on a level by it: the dry-rot of the mind supervenes, and loosens whatever was fixed in it, except religion. Would you be so inhuman as to tell a friend in this condition not to be comforted? Would you prove to him that the crucifix, which his wandering eye finds at last its resting-place, is of the same material as his bedpost? Suppose a belief in the efficacy of prayer to be a belief altogether irrational . . you may: I never can . . suppose it to be insanity itself, would you, meeting a young man who had wandered over many countries in search of a father, until his intellects are deranged, and who, in the fulness of his heart, addresses an utter stranger as the lost parent, clings to him, kisses him, sobs upon his breast, and finds comfort only by repeating *father! father!* would you, Mr. Middleton, say to this affectionate fond creature, *go home, sit quiet, be silent!* and persuade him that his father is lost to him?

Middleton. God forbid.

Magliabechi. You have done it: do it no more. The madman has not heard you; and the father will pardon you when you meet.

Middleton. Far be it from my wishes and from my thoughts to unhinge those portals through which we must enter to the performance of our social duties: but I am sensible of no irreligion, I acknowledge no sorrow or regret, in having attempted to demonstrate that God is totally and far removed from our passions and infirmities, and that whatever seems fit to him, will never seem unfit in consequence of our entreaties. I would inculcate entire resignation to the divine decrees, acquiescence in the divine wisdom, confidence in the divine benevolence. There is something of frail humanity, something of its very decrepitude, in our ideas of God: we are foolish and ignorant in the same manner, and almost to the same degree, as those painters are, who append a grey beard to his chin, draw wrinkles across his

* Nesciunt mortui, etiam sancti, quid agant vivi, etiam eorum filii; quia animæ mortuorum rebus viventium non intersunt. *De curâ pro Mortuis.*

brow, and cover him with a gaudy and flowing mantle.

Our Saviour does not command us to pray, although his example, for especial purposes, appears to countenance it. His nature, and the nature of his mission, might require this intercourse. He says only, "when ye pray," &c., or, in other words, "if you will pray let your prayer be," &c. For on more than one occasion, desirous as he was of interfering but little with established usages, he condemned the prayers of the Jews.

Magliabechi. They were too long.

Middleton. They were not longer (as far as I know) than those of other nations.* In short, if we believe the essence of God to be immutable, we must believe his will to be so. It is insanity to imagine that his determination can be altered by our whims or wishes; therefore it is not only more wise but also more reverent to suppress them, both in action and in speech. Supposing him altered or moved by us, we suppose him subject to our own condition. If he pardons, he corrects his first judgment; he owns himself to have been wrong and hasty; than which supposition what impiety can be greater?

Magliabechi. Do you question everything that is not in the form of syllogism, or enthymema, or problem with corollary and solution?

Middleton. I never said that what is indemonstrable must therefore be untrue: but whatever is indemonstrable may be questioned, and, if important, should be. We are not to tremble at the shaking of weak minds: Reason does not make them so: she, like Virtue, is debilitated by indulgences, and sickened to death by the blasts of heat and cold blown alternately from your church.

Magliabechi. Do you conceive God then to be indifferent to our virtues or vices, our obstinacy or repentence?

Middleton. I would not enter into such questions: and indeed I have always been slow to deliver my more serious opinions in conversation, feeling how inadequately any great subject must be discussed within such limits, and how presumptuous it would appear, in one like me, to act as if I had collected all that could be said, or even what could be said best, on the occasion. Neither to run against nor to avoid your interrogatory: there are probably those who believe that, in the expansion and improvement of our minds hereafter, they will be so sensitive to the good or evil we have done on earth, as to be rewarded or punished in the most just proportion, without any impulse given to, or suffered by, the First Cause and sole Disposer of things and of events. How rational may be this creed, I leave, with the other, to speculative men; wishing them to recollect that unseasonable and undue heat must warp the instrument by which alone their speculations can be becomingly and rightly made. If God is sensible to displeasure, which is a modification of pain, at the faults or vices of his creatures, he must suffer at once a myriad times more of it than any of them, and he must endure the same sufferings a myriad times longer.

Magliabechi. This hurts our common faith.

Middleton. Pass over what may offend your faith, common or private; mind only (which I am sure you will do) what may disturb the clearness of your conscience and impede the activity of your benevolence. Let us never say openly what may make a good man unhappy or unquiet, unless it be to warn him against what we know will make him more so; for instance, if you please, a false friend; or, if you would rather, a teacher who, while he pretends to be looking over the lesson, first slips his hand into his scholar's pocket, then ties him adroitly to his chair by the coat-skirt, then, running off with his book, tells him to cry out if he dares, promises at last to give him ten better, and, if he should be hungry and thirsty, bids him never to mind it, for he will eat his dinner for him and drink his wine, and say a Latin grace.

Magliabechi. Ha! now you are stretching out your objections against our church, disregarding what Catholics and Protestants hold in common; our prayers, for instance. I have always found that, when we have carried off the mysteries in triumph, you fall foul upon our miracles and our saints.

Middleton. That is idle.

Magliabechi. I am rejoiced to hear you confess it: you then really have some veneration for those holy men whom the church hath appointed for our intercessors?

Middleton. Here we come again into the open road, with visible objects before us. I venerate all holy men: but, doubting whether my own prayers to God would alter his mind concerning me, I should yet more betray my deficiency of confidence in his promises, if I trusted a person who is no relative to him rather than his only son; that is, if I trusted the weaker in preference to the stronger; the worse in preference to the better; him who at his birth and after his birth had sins, to him who was born and lived and died with none. Beside, I have no proof whatever that God requires such counsellors and mediators. Must we believe that some men are lying in the grave while others are conversing with him, and busied in turning him from indignation to mercy? We are informed by Holy Writ, that all alike are to be awakened by sound of trumpet. What then would become of me if I doubted it? And must I not doubt it if I suppose that some are already at the right hand of God?

Magliabechi. His divine will may order it. We know he promised the repentant thief on the cross that he should sup with him that night in Paradise.

* Middleton had the misfortune to disbelieve the efficacy of prayer, and adduces such arguments in support of his opinion as a reasoner so powerful in his perversity would do. Magliabechi is unable to seize the horns of his adversary and bring him at once to the ground: yet the goodness of his cause supplies him with generous and high feeling, and his appeal to the heart of Middleton is more forcible than Middleton's reasoning.

Middleton. He was very merciful to that thief, and has been to many since, who never were upon the cross at all, but who picked pockets under it. What he promised, it would be impiety to doubt of his performing; but I never heard of his promise of supper or Paradise to deacon or doctor, to canon or bishop; much less do I believe that they can introduce a friend or dependent. If you would be consistent and go upon certainty, you would pray to the thief; for beyond all controversy he hath secured his place.

Magliabechi. The church has never canonized him.

Middleton. What! have saints no sanctity until the church hath given it? Do they mount into heaven from the Vatican? God then does not appoint his own counsellors! They are nominated like the cardinals, and by the same voice!

Magliabechi. After due examination.

Middleton. There indeed lies the difference. I should have more confidence in God's chosen thief.

Magliabechi. You would rather trust a robber than bend before the image of a saint?

Middleton. At least I know that the one was accepted; I am ignorant that the other was.

Magliabechi. This indeed is even worse than what you most abominate, idolatry.

Middleton. I am not one of those who consider idolatry as the most heinous of sins. In the commission of idolatry for a lifetime, there is less wickedness than in one malignant action or one injurious and blighting word.

Magliabechi. O Mr. Middleton! Idolatry is denounced for God's especial vengeance: yet in the blindness of your hearts you Protestants accuse us of this tremendous sin. A thousand times have you been told that we do not venerate what represents, but what is represented.

Middleton. You tell us that you do not worship images, but that you worship in them what they express: be it so: the Pagans did the same, neither better nor worse. What will you answer to the accusation of worshipping a living man? Adoration is offered undisguisedly and openly to priests and monks, however profligate and infamous their lives may have been and be. Every Pope is adored by the Holy College on his elevation.*

Magliabechi. We suppose him to be the representative of Jesus Christ.

Middleton. His legate is also his representative, and a *valet de chambre* the legate's. We may obey one man in place of another, but not adore him. The representative system is good only on this side of adoration.

Magliabechi. Prayer, at all times serviceable, may apparently on some occasions be misapplied. Father Onesimo Sozzifante, on his return from England, presented to me a singular illustration of my remark. He had resided some years in London, as chaplain to the Sardinian envoy: in the first floor of his lodginghouse dwelt Mr. Harbottle, a young clergyman, learned, of elegant manners, yet fond of fox-hunting. Inconsistencies like these are found nowhere but in your country: in others, those who have enough for one side of the character, have not enough for the opposite: you in general are sufficiently well-stored to squander much of your intellectual property, to neglect much, and to retain much.

Mutual civilities had passed between the two ecclesiastics, and Father Onesimo had received from Mr. Harbottle many invitations to dinner. After the first, he had declined them, deeming the songs and disputations in a slight degree indecorous. The party at this was clerical: and although he represented it as more turbulent in its conclusion than ours are, and although there were many warm disputants, chiefly on jockies or leaders in Parliament, he assured me he was much edified and pleased, when, at the removal of the dishes, each drank devoutly to his old friend. "I thought of you," said he, "my dear Magliabechi, for every one had then before his eyes the complacent guide of his youth. Mine shed a few tears; at which my friends glanced one upon another and smiled; for from an Englishman not even the crucifix can extort a tear."

Onesimo was at breakfast with Mr. Harbottle, when an Italian ran breathless into the room, kissed the father's hand, and begged him to come instantly and attend a dying man. "We will go together," said Mr. Harbottle. Following their informant, they passed through several lanes and alleys, and at last mounted the stairs of a garret, in which was lying a youth, stabbed the night before by a Livornese, about one of those women who excite the most quarrels and deserve the fewest. "Leave me for a moment," said Father Sozzifante, "I must hear his confession."

Hardly had he spoken, when out came all whom kindness or piety or curiosity had collected, and "He is in Paradise!" was the exclamation. Mr. Harbottle then entered, and was surprised to hear the worthy confessor ask of the dead man whether he forgave his enemy, and answer in another tone, "Yes, father, from my heart I pardon him."

On returning, he remarked that it appeared strange to him. "Sir," answered Onesimo, "the Catholic church enjoins forgiveness of injuries." "All churches enjoin the same," replied Mr. Harbottle. "He was unable to speak for himself," said the father, "and therefore I answered for him like a christian."

Mr. Harbottle, as became him, was silent. On their return homeward they passed by a place

* The Emperor of Austria had a difference with the Holy Ghost on the election of Cardinal Della Somaglia to the Popedom. The Holy Ghost had inspired the Holy College to prefer him: the Emperor of Austria disapproved of this inspiration, and set it aside by his *veto*. He knew that there was enough virtue in Italy already, and declared that he wanted no more learning. In proof of the adoration of his present Holiness, the left hand elect of the Holy Ghost, I shall transcribe the very words of the official gazette.

"Si recò alla Basilica Vaticana per ricevere colà dall' altare della Tribuna l' *adorazione* ed ubbedienza del Sacro Collegio ed solenni riti compleli."

which, if I remember, is called New-gate, a gate above which, it appears, criminals are hanged. At that very hour the cord was round the neck of a wretch who was repeating the Lord's prayer: the first words they heard were, "Give us this day our daily bread." The father looked at his companion with awe, spreading his fingers on his sleeve, and pressing it until he turned his face toward him. They both pushed on; but, such was the crowd, they could not pass the suppliant before he had uttered, "And lead us not into temptation." The good father stepped before Mr. Harbottle, and, lifting his hands above his ears, would have said something; but his companion cried smartly, "I have seals to my watch, Signor Sozzifante, and there is never a fellow hanged but he makes twenty fit for it: pray walk on."

Fairly out of the crowd, "Poor sinful soul!" said the father, "ere this time thou art in purgatory! Thy daily bread! alas, thou hast eaten the last mouthful! Thy temptation! thou wilt find but few temptations there, I warrant thee, my son! Even these divine words, Mr. Harbottle, may come a little out of season, you perceive."

Mr. Harbottle went home dissatisfied. In about an hour a friend of his from Oxford called on him: as the weather was warm, the door standing ajar, Sozzifante heard him repeat the history of their adventure, and add: "I will be damned if in my firm persuasion the fellow is not a Jesuit: I never should have thought it: he humbugged me about the dead man, and perhaps got another hanged to quiz me. Would you believe it? He has been three good years in getting up this farce; the first I have ever caught him, and the last he shall ever catch me at."

Father Onesimo related to me these occurrences, without a word of reproach or an accent of ill-humour. "The English is a strong language," said he placidly, "and the people, the least deceivers in the world, are naturally the most indignant at a suspicion of deceit. Mr. Harbottle, who, I dare to say, is ripened ere this time into an exemplary and holy man, was then rather fitter for society than for the church. Do you know," said he in my ear, although we were alone, "I have seen him pay his laundress (and there was nothing between them) five shillings for one week only! a sum that serves any cardinal the whole winter-quarter: in April and May indeed, from one thing or other, linen wants washing oftener."

Mr. Middleton, I have proved my candour, I trust, and my freedom from superstition: but he who seeks will find: and perhaps he who in obstinacy closeth his eyes long together, will open them just at the moment when he shall meet what he avoided. I will inform you of some facts I know, proving the efficacy of prayer to saints.

Giacomo Pastrani of Genoa, a citizen not abundant in the gifts of fortune, had however in his possession two most valuable and extremely rare things, a virtuous wife and a picture of his patron Saint Giacomo by Leonardo. The wife had long been ill: her malady was expensive: their substance was diminishing: still no offers had tempted him, although many had been made, to sell the picture. At last he refused to alienate it otherwise than in favour of a worthy priest, and only as the price of supplications to the Virgin. "Who knows how many it may require?" said the holy man; "and it is difficult to make a prayer which the Virgin has not heard before; perhaps fifty will hardly do. Now fifty crowns would be little for such protection." The invalid, who heard the conversation, wept aloud. "Take it, take it," said the husband, and wept too, lifting it from the nail, and kissing for the last time the glass that covered it. The priest made a genuflexion, and did the same. His supplications prevailed; the wife recovered. The priest, hearing that the picture was very valuable, although the master was yet uncertain, and that in Genoa there was no artist who could clean it, waited for that operation until he went to Milan. Here it was ascertained to be the work of Leonardo, and a dealer gave him four thousand crowns for it. He returned in high glee at what had happened, and communicated it to all his acquaintance. The recovered woman, on hearing it, fell sick again immediately, and died. Wishing to forget the sacrifice of her picture, she had prayed no more to Saint Giacomo; and the Virgin, we may presume, on that powerful saint's intercession, had abandoned her.

Awful fact! Mr. Middleton. Now mark another perhaps more so. I could overwhelm you with a crowd of witnesses.

Middleton. My dear sir, I do perceive you could.

Magliabechi. The saints in general are more vindictive than our Lady; of whose forbearance, not unaccompanied at last by chastisement, I will relate to you a memorable example. I have indeed no positive proof that he of whom I am about to speak had neglected his prayers to the Virgin; but, from what he certainly did, it is by no means uncharitable to suppose it. He moreover, by this action, as you will remark, was the cause why others were constrained to omit the salutary act of supplication as they went along.

Middleton. I am in suspense.

Magliabechi. Contiguous to my own villa there is one belonging to Signor Anco-Marzio Natale del Poggio. At the corner of the road was inserted in the garden-wall an image of the blessed Virgin, with the *bambino* in her arms. Anco-Marzio had been heard to call it, somewhat hastily, an ugly one, and to declare that he would take it down. The threat however, for several years, was not carried into execution: at last it was accomplished. Behold the consequence! Robbers climbed over the wall (would you believe it?) in the very place whence the effigy had been removed, and upon the very night too of its removal: and Anco-Marzio lost not only the whole crop of his lemons, none of which had ever been stolen in former years, but also a pair of knee-buckles, which his maid servant had taken that occasion of polishing with quick lime, and of which he deeply lamented

the loss, not because a crown could scarcely have replaced them, but because they were his father's, and he had bequeathed them by his last will and testament to a very dear old friend.

No reply, no reasoning, can affect this. I know the fact: I visited the spot the next morning: I saw the broken wall: I saw the leaves of the lemon-trees under the vases, without a lemon the size of a filbert on the plants. Who delayed the mad project so long? who permitted it at last? who punished it? and for what end? Never afterward did Anco-Marzio pass an effigy of the blessed Virgin, but he kissed it again and again with due reverence, although it were wet with whitewash or paint. Every day did he renew the flowers before the one whose tabernacle he had violated, placing them where he could bend his head over them in humble adoration as he returned at night from his business in the city. It has indeed been suspected that he once omitted his duty; certain it is, that he once was negligent in it. He acknowledged to me that, coming home later than usual, and desirous of turning the corner and reaching the villa as soon as might be, it being dusk, he was inclined to execute his duty too perfunctoriously, and encountered, instead of the flowers, a bunch of butchers-broom. Some grows thereabout. I do not insist on this: but the lemons, Mr. Middleton! the thieves, Mr. Middleton! the breach in the garden-wall, made for an irreligious purpose, and serving to punish irreligion. Well may you ponder. These things do not occur among you Englishmen.

Middleton. Excuse me, I pray you, my dear sir! Knowing the people of this country, my wonder was (for indeed I did wonder) that the lemons had never been stolen until that year.

Magliabechi. They never were, I do assure you from my own knowledge, for the last thirty.

Middleton. The greater of the two miracles lies here.

Magliabechi. Of the two miracles? Astonishment and sudden terror make us oftentimes see things doubly: for my part, I declare upon my conscience I can see but one.

Middleton. Nor I neither; to speak ingenuously.

Magliabechi. Ha! ha! I comprehend you, and perhaps have to blame my deficiency of judgment in going a single step aside from the main subject of prayer. Now then for it: arm yourself with infidelity: chew the base metal, as boys do while they are whipped, lest they cry out.

Middleton. I am confident, from your present good-humour, that the castigation you meditate to inflict on me will be lenient. He is not commended who casts new opinions for men, but he who chimes in with old.

Magliabechi. The wisest of us, Mr. Middleton, can not separate the true from the untrue in everything.

Middleton. It required the hand of God himself, as we are informed, to divide the light from the darkness: we can not do it, but we can profit by it. What is light we may call so; and why not what is dark?

Magliabechi. Would it fail to excite a discontent in England, if your Parliament should order Christmas to be celebrated in April? Yet Joseph Scaliger, the most learned man that ever existed, and among the least likely to be led astray by theory, has proved to the satisfaction of many not unlearned, that the nativity of our Lord happened in that month.

Middleton. As the matter is indifferent both in fact and consequences, I would let it stand. No direct or indirect gain, no unworthy end of any kind, can be obtained by its continuance: it renders men neither the more immoral nor the more dastardly: it keeps them neither the more ignorant of their duties nor the more subservient to any kind of usurpation.

Magliabechi. There may be inconveniences in an opposite direction. Pride and arrogance are not the more amiable for the coarseness of their garb. It is better to wrap up religion in a wafer, and swallow it quietly and contentedly, than to extract from it all its bitterness, make wry faces over it, and quarrel with those who decline the delicacy and doubt the utility of the preparation. Our religion, like the vast edifices in which we celebrate it, seems dark when first entered from without. The vision accommodates itself gradually to the place; and we are soon persuaded that we see just as much as we should see.

Middleton. Be it so: but why admit things for which we have no authority, and which we can not prove? I have left unsaid a great deal of what I might have said. Not being addicted to ridicule, nor capable of sustaining a comic part, I never have spoken a word about *the bread of the angels*.

Magliabechi. God forbid you should!

Middleton. Even your own church, I imagine, will hardly insist that the bread taken by Christians here on earth, in the sacrament of the eucharist, is the ordinary or extraordinary sustinence of angels. For whatever *our* faith may be, whatever supports it may require, *theirs* is perfect and has received its fruit.

Magliabechi. This is specious; so are many of your thoughts; but as I cannot prove the fact, neither can you prove the contrary; and we both perhaps shall act wisely in considering it as a phrase of devotion.

Middleton. I should think so, if the latitude of such phrases had not offered too many fields of battle. But let me hear the miracle with which you threatened me.

Magliabechi. My dear friend, I am now about to lay before you a fact universally known in our city, and which evinces at once the efficacy of prayer, even where it was irrational, and the consequence of neglecting it afterward.

Angiolina Cecci on the day before her nuptials took the sacrament most devoutly, and implored of our Florentine saint, Maria Bagnesi, to whose family she was related, her intervention for three

blessings: that she might have one child only; that the *cavaliere serviente*, agreed on equally by her father and her husband, might be faithful to her; and lastly that, having beautiful hair, it never might turn grey. Now mark me. Assured of success to her suit by a smile on the countenance of the saint, she neglected her prayers and diminished her alms thenceforward. The money-box, which is shaken during the celebration of mass to recompense the priest for the performance of that holy ceremony, was shaken aloud before her day after day, and never drew a *crazia* from her pocket. She turned away her face from it, even when the collection was made to defray the arrears for the beatification of Bagnesi. Nine months after her marriage she was delivered of a female infant. I am afraid she expressed some discontent at the dispensations of Providence; for within an hour afterward she brought forth another of the same sex. She became furious, intractable, desperate; sent the babes without seeing them, into the country, as indeed our ladies usually do; and spake slightingly and maliciously of Saint Maria Bagnesi. The consequence was a puerperal fever, which continued several weeks, and was removed at great expense to her family, in masses, wax-candles, and processions. Pictures of the Virgin, wherever they were found by experience to be of more peculiar and more speedy efficacy, were hired at heavy charges from the convents: the cordeliers, to punish her pride and obstinacy, would not carry theirs to the house for less than forty *scudi*.

She recovered, admitted her friends to converse with her, raised herself upon her pillow, and accepted some consolation. At last it was agreed by her physicians that she might dress herself and eat brains and liver. Probably she was ungrateful for a benefit so signal and unexpected; since no sooner did her *cameriera* comb her hair, than off it came by the handful. She then perceived her error, but, instead of repairing it, abandoned herself to anguish and lamentation. Her *cavaliere serviente*, finding her bald, meagre, and eyesore, renewed his addresses to the mother. The husband, with two daughters to provide for, the only two ever reared out of the many entrusted to the same peasants, counted over again and again the dowry, shook his head, sighed piteously, and, hanging on the image of Maria Bagnesi a silver heart of five ounces, which, knowing it to have been stolen, he bought at a cheap rate of a Jew on Ponte Vecchio, calculated that the least of impending evils was, to purchase an additional bed just large enough for one.

You ponder, Mr. Middleton: you appear astonished at these visitations: you know my sincerity: you fully credit me: I can not doubt a moment of your conviction: I perceive it marked strongly on your countenance.

Middleton. Indeed, M. Magliabechi, I now discover the validity of prayer to saints, and the danger of neglecting them: recommend me in yours to Saint Maria Bagnesi.*

* Saints in general make a great quantity of oil disappear; but Saint Maria Bagnesi on the contrary made a good deal of it come suddenly out of nothing; as will be evident to whoever reads *Breve Ragguaglio della produzione d'oglio seguita o scoperta il dì* 30 *Maggio* 1806, *nel venerabile monastero degli Angeli e S. Maria-Maddalena de' Pazzi, ad intercessione della B. M. Bartolommea Bagnesi, Virg. Fior. del Terz. Ordine di S. Domenico. Verificata autenticamente per sentenza della Curia Arcivescovile Fiorentina del dì* 10 *Decembre* 1806. The quantity was not stinted to a flask or two, but filled up to the brim an earthen vessel containing six or seven barrels, which, by order of the Queen of Etruria, sister of Ferdinand VII. of Spain, was granted in small quantities to the faithful. The minutest portion of it rubbed on the body, as the book attests, with the simple invocation of Saint Maria Bagnesi, produced its own miracle. The courtiers were deeply impressed with this awful verity; so were some in the religious orders; to others it only gave (as oil of old) a cheerful countenance; for Saint Maria Bagnesi did not belong to them.

MILTON AND ANDREW MARVEL.*

Milton. Friend Andrew, I am glad to hear that you amuse yourself in these bad times by the composition of a comedy, and that you have several plans in readiness for others. Now let me advise you to copy the better part of what the Greeks and Romans called the *old*, and to introduce songs and music, which, suitable as they are to Tragedy, are more so to the sister Muse. Furthermore, I could desire to see a piece modelled in every part on the Athenian scheme, with the names and characters and manners of times past. For surely you would not add to the immorality of the age, by representing anything of the present mode upon the theatre. Although we are more abundant in follies, which rather than vices are the groundwork of Comedy, we experience less disgust in touching those of other times than of our own; and in a drama the most ancient would have the most novelty. I know that all the periods and all the nations of the world united, have less variety of character than we find in this one city: yet, as you write to amuse yourself and a few learned friends, I am persuaded you would gladly walk out of it for once, and sit down to delineate a Momus or a Satyr, with at least as much complacency as a vulgar fopling or a party-coloured buffoon.

O, Andrew! albeit our learning raiseth up against us many enemies among the low, and more among the powerful, yet doth it invest us with grand and glorious privileges, and confer on us a largeness of beatitude. We enter our studies and enjoy a society which we alone can bring together: we raise no jealousy by conversing with one in preference to another: we give no offence

* Milton had given his opinion in full on government and religion, and on many kinds of poetry; what he may be supposed to have thought on comedy was wanting.

to the most illustrious by questioning him as long as we will, and leaving him as abruptly. Diversity of opinion raises no tumult in our presence: each interlocutor stands before us, speaks or is silent, and we adjourn or decide the business at our leisure. Nothing is past which we desire to be present; and we enjoy by anticipation somewhat like the power which I imagine we shall possess hereafter, of sailing on a wish from world to world. Surely you would turn away as far as possible from the degraded state of our country; you would select any vices and follies for description, rather than those that jostle us in our country-walks, return with us to our house-doors, and smirk on us in silks and satins at our churches.

Come, my old friend, take down your *hortus siccus*: the live plants you would gather do both stink and sting: prythee leave them to wither or to rot, or to be plucked and collated by more rustic hands.

Marvel. I entertain an utter contempt for the populace, whether in robes or tatters; whether the face be bedaubed with cinnabar or with dirt from the alleys and shops. It appears to me, however, that there is as much difference between tragedy and comedy as between the heavens and the clouds; and that comedy draws its life from its mobility. We must take manners as we find them, and copy from the individual, not the species; into which fault Menander fell and seduced his followers. The characters whereon he raised his glory are trivial and contemptible.

> Dum fallax servus, durus pater, improba lena
> Vivent, dum meretrix blanda, Menander erit.

His wisdom towered high above them, and he dashed with smiles what Euripides charged with spleen. The beauty of his moral sentences was hurtful to the spirit of comedy, and I am convinced that, if we could recover his works, we should find them both less facetious and less dramatic than those of Plautus. Once, by way of experiment, I attempted to imitate his manner, as far as I could judge of it from the fragments we possess. I will give you a specimen: it is the best I have.

> Friendship, in each successive stage of life,
> As we approach him, varies to the view:
> In youth he wears the face of Love himself,
> Of Love without his arrows and his wings;
> Soon afterward with Bacchus and with Pan
> Thou findest him, or hearest him resign
> To some dog-pastor by the quiet fire,
> (With much good-will and jocular adieu)
> His age-worn mule or broken-hearted steed.
> Fly not, as thou wert wont, to his embrace,
> Lest, after one long yawning gaze, he swear
> Thou art the best good fellow in the world,
> But he had quite forgotten thee, by Jove!
> Or laughter wag his newly-bearded chin
> At recollection of his childish hours.
> But wouldst thou see, young man, his latest form,
> When e'en this laughter, e'en this memory fails?
> Look at yon figtree statue, golden once,
> As all would deem it; rottenness falls out
> At every little chink the worms have made,
> And if thou triest to lift it up again
> It breaks upon thee. Leave it, touch it not,
> Its very lightness would encumber thee:
> Come, thou hast seen it; 'tis enough; away!

Milton. This indeed is in the manner I would propose.

Marvel. Yet if it were spoken on our stage, I should be condemned as a man ignorant of the art; and justly too; for it accords not with its complexion. Inevitable events and natural reflections, but reflections not exhibited before, and events not expected, please me better than the most demonstrable facts, the most sober truths, the most clever improbabilities, and the most acute repartees. In comedy we should oftener raise reflections than present them.

Now for plot.

Intricacy was always held necessary on the modern stage, and the more so when delicacy was the least. It was however so difficult to make the audience keep watch and ward for it, and to command an uninterrupted attention for five whole acts, that many of the best writers, from Terence to the present age, have combined two plots, hoping that what is twisted together will untwist together, and leaving a great deal to the goodness of Providence, and to the faith and charity of their fellow creatures.

Milton. True enough. Your plotters bring many great changes into many whole families, and sometimes into several and distant countries, within the day; and, what is more difficult and incredible, send off all parties well satisfied, excepting one scape-goat. For my own share I am contented with seeing a fault wittily rebuked and checked effectually, and think *that* surprising enough, considering the time employed in doing it, without the formation of attachments, the begetting or finding of children, bickerings, buffetings, deaths, marriages, distresses, wealth again, love again, whims and suspicions, shaking heads, and shaking hands. These things are natural, I confess it; but one would rather breathe between them, and perhaps one would think it no bad husbandry to put some of them off until another season. The combination of them, marvellous as it appears, is less difficult to contrive than to credit.

Marvel. I have always been an idle man, and have read or attended the greater part of the plays that are extant, and will venture to affirm that, exclusive of Shakspeare's and some Spanish pieces never represented nor translated, there are barely half a dozen plots among them, comic and tragic. So that it is evidently a much easier matter to run over the usual variations, than to keep entirely in another tune, and to raise up no recollections. Both in tragedies and comedies the changes are pretty similar, and nearly in the same places. You perceive the turns and windings of the road a mile before you, and you know exactly the precipice down which the hero or heroine must fall. You can discover with your naked eye, who does the mischief and who affords the help; where the assassin bursts forth with the dagger, and where the old gentleman shakes the crabstick over the shoulder of his dissolute nephew.

Milton. I do not wish direction-posts to perplexities and intrigues: I oppose this agrarian law,

this general inclosure act: I would not attempt to square the circle of poetry: and am avowedly a nonjuror to the doctrine of grace and predestination in the drama.

Marvel. In my project, one action leads to and brings about another, naturally but not necessarily. The event is the confusion of the evil-doer, whose machinations are the sole means of accomplishing what their motion seemed calculated to thwart and overthrow. No character is introduced that doth not tend toward the developement of the plot; no one is merely prompter to a witticism, or master of the ceremonies to a repartee.

Characters in general are made subservient to the plot: here the plot is made subservient to the characters. All are real: I have only invited them to meet, and bestowed on them those abilities for conversation, without which a comedy might be very natural, but would not possess the nature of a comedy. I expose only what arises from the headiness of unruly passions, or is precipitated by the folly that verges upon vice. This exposure is in the corner of a room, not in the stocks nor in the market-place. Comedy with me sits in an easy chair, as Menander is represented by the statuary: for it is as possible to be too busy on the scenic theatre as it is on the theatre of life. To those who admire the double plot and the machinery of the rope-walk, I only say, "Go to my betters whom you have so long neglected; carry off from them as much as you can bear; you are then welcome to rip up my sheet, and to sew a scene in wherever the needle will go through. In this manner, the good may be made acceptable by the new, and the new can be no loser by the good."

Milton. You say nothing about the chorus. I have introduced it, you know, in my *Samson Agonistes*, and intend to bring it forward in my *Macbeth*.

Marvel. Dear John! thou art lucky in having escaped two Stuarts; and luckier wilt thou be if thou escapest one Macbeth. Contend with Homer, but let Shakspeare rest: drop that work; prythee drop it for ever: thou mayest appear as high as he is (for who can measure either of you?) if thou wilt only stand some way off.

In tragedy the chorusses were grave people, called upon, or ready without it, to give advice and consolation in cases of need. To set them singing and moralising amid the dolefullest emergencies, when the poet should be *reporting progress*, is like sticking a ballad upon a turnstile to hasten folks on. The comic poet called out his regular chorus, in imitation of the tragic, till the genius of Menander took a middle flight between Aristophanes and Euripides. Comedy had among the ancients her ovations, but not her triumphs.

Milton. Menander's form, which the Romans and French have imitated, pleases me less than the older. He introduced better manners, but employing no variety of verse, and indulging in few sallies of merriment, I incline to believe that he more frequently instructed than entertained. In the joyous glades of Aristophanes the satyrs did not dance without the nymphs, and in the rich variety of the festival the purest and most refreshing water was mixed with the most sparkling wine. If it were not tedious to continue or take up again a metaphor, I should say that all the fruit of Jonson, and those like him, is mashed and mealy; and, where there is any flavour at all, it is the strong flavour of fermentation or of mustiness.

The verse itself of Aristophanes is a dance of Bacchanals: one can not read it with composure, He had, however, but little true wit, whatever may be asserted to the contrary. There is abundance of ribaldry, and of that persecution by petulance which the commonalty call banter.

Marvel. He takes delight in mocking and ridiculing the manner of Euripides. In my opinion, if a modern may form one upon the subject, he might with his ingenuity have seized more points to let his satire lighten on, and have bent them to his purpose with more dexterity and address.

Milton. His ridicule on the poetry is misplaced, on the manners is inelegant. Euripides was not less wise than Socrates, nor less tender than Sappho. There is a tenderness which elevates the genius: there is also a tenderness which corrupts the heart. The latter, like every impurity, is easy to communicate; the former is difficult to conceive. Strong minds alone possess it; virtuous minds alone value it. I hold it abominable to turn into derision what is excellent. To render undesirable what ought to be desired, is the most mischievous and diabolical of malice. To exhibit him as contemptible, who ought, according to the conscience of the exhibitor, to be respected and revered, is a crime the more odious, as it can be committed only by violence to his feelings, against the reclamations of Justice, and among the struggles of Virtue. And what is the tendency of this brave exploit? To cancel the richest legacy that ever was bequeathed to him, and to prove his own bastardy in relation to the most illustrious of his species. If it is disgraceful to demolish or obliterate a tombstone over the body of the most obscure among the dead, if it is an action for which a boy would be whipped as guilty of the worst idleness and mischief, what is it to overturn the monument that Gratitude has erected to Genius, and to break the lamp that is lighted by Devotion over against the image of Love? The writings of the wise are the only riches our posterity can not squander: why depreciate them? To Antiquity again; but afar from Aristophanes.

Marvel. Our admiration of Antiquity is in part extraneous from her merits: yet even this part, strange as the assertion may appear, is well founded. We learn many things from the ancients which it cost them no trouble to teach, and upon which they employed no imagination, no learning, no time. Those among us who have copied them, have not succeeded. To produce any effect on morals or on manners, or indeed to attract any attention, which, whatever be the pretext, is the

principal if not the only aim of most writers, and certainly of all the comic, we must employ the language and consult the habits of our age. We may introduce a song without retrospect to the old comedy; a moral sentence, without authority from the new. The characters, even on their improved and purified stage, were, we know, of so vulgar and uncleanly a cast, that, with all their fine reflections, there was something like the shirt of Lazarus patched with the purple of Dives. Do not imagine I am a detractor from the glory of our teachers, from their grace, their elegance, and their careful weeding away of tiny starvling thoughts, that higher and more succulent may have room.

Milton. No, Marvel, no. Between their poetry and ours you perceive as great a difference as between a rose and a dandelion. There is, if I may express myself so, without pursuing a metaphor till it falls exhausted at my feet, a sort of refreshing odour flying off it perpetually; not enough to oppress or to satiate; nothing is beaten or bruised; nothing smells of the stalk; the flower itself is half-concealed by the Genius of it hovering round. Write on the same principles as guided them.

Marvel. Yes; but I would not imitate them farther. I will not be pegged down to any plot, nor follow any walk, however well rolled, where the persons of the drama can not consistently lead the way.

Milton. Reasonable enough: but why should not both comedy and tragedy be sometimes so disciplined as may better fit them for our closets? I allow that their general intention is for action: it is also the nature of odes to be accompanied by voices and instruments. I only would suggest to you that a man of learning, with a genius suited to comedy, may as easily found it upon antiquity as the tragedian of equal abilities his tragedy, and that the one might be made as acceptable to the study as the other to the stage. I would not hamper you with rules and precedents. Comply with no other laws or limits than such as are necessary to the action. There may be occasion for songs, and there may not; beside, a poet may be capable of producing a good comedy who is incapable of composing a tolerable stanza; and, on the other hand, Pindar himself might have been lost in a single scene.

Marvel. True: but tell me, friend John, are you really serious in your proposal of interspersing a few antiquated words, that my comedy may be acceptable to the readers of Plautus and Terence? This I hear.

Milton. I have, on several occasions, been a sufferer by the delivery of my sentiments to a friend. Antiquated words, used sparingly and characteristically, give often a force, and always a rarity, to composition. It is not every composition that admits them: a comedy *may* in one character, but charily and choicely.

There is in Plautus a great fund of language and of wit: he is far removed from our Shakspeare, but resembles him more than any other of the ancients. In reading him and Terence, my delight arises not so materially from the aptitude of character and expression, as from a clear and unobstructed insight into the feelings and manners of those ancient times, and an admission into the conversations to which Scipio and Lælius attended.

You will carefully observe the proper and requisite unities, not according to the wry rigour of our neighbours, who never take up an old idea without some extravagance in its application. We would not draw out a conspiracy in the presence of those who are conspired against; nor hold it needful to call a council of postilions, before we decide on the distance we may allow to our heroes between the acts. Let others treat them as monkeys and parrots, loving to hear them chatter, tied by the leg. The music renders a removal of twenty or thirty miles, during the action, probable enough, unless you take out your watch, and look upon it while you are listening. In that case, although you oblige the poet to prove the pedigree of the horses, and to bring witnesses that such horses might go thus far without drawing bit, your reasons are insufficient by fifty minutes or an hour.

The historical dramas of Shakspeare should be designated by that name only, and not be called tragedies, lest persons who reflect little (and how few reflect much?) should try them by the rules of Aristoteles; which would be as absurd as to try a gem upon a touchstone. Shakspeare, in these particularly, but also in the rest, can only be relished by a people which retains its feelings and character in perfection. The French, more than any other, are transmuted by the stream that runs over them, like the baser metals. Beautiful poems, in dialogue too, may be composed on the greater part of a life, if that life be eventful, and if there be a proper choice of topics. *Votivâ veluti depicta tabellâ.*

No other than Shakspeare hath ever yet been able to give unceasing interest to similar pieces: but he has given it amply to such as understand him. Sometimes his levity (we hear) is misplaced. Human life is exhibited not only in its calamities and its cares, but in the gay unguarded hours of ebullient and confident prosperity; and we are the more deeply interested in the reverses of those whose familiarity we have long enjoyed, and whose festivity we have recently partaken.

Marvel. Now, what think you about the number of acts?

Milton. There is no reason, in nature or in art, why a drama should occupy five. Be assured, my friend Andrew, the fifth-act-men will hereafter be thought as absurd as the fifth-monarchy-men. The number of acts should be optional, like the number of scenes, and the division of them should equally be subordinate to the convenience of the poet in the procession of his events. In respect to duration, nothing is requisite or reasonable but that it should not loiter nor digress, and that it should not exhaust the patience nor disappoint

the expectation of the audience. Dramatists have gone to work in this business with so much less of wisdom than of system, that I question, when they say a comedy or tragedy in *five acts*, whether they should not rather say in *five scenes;* whether, in fact, the scenes should not designate the divisions, and the acts the subdivisions; for the *scene* usually changes to constitute a new *act*, and when a fresh *actor* enters we usually call it a new *scene*. I do not speculate on anyone carrying the identity of place strictly throughout a whole performance, least of all, a tragedy, unless for the purpose of ridiculing some late French critics. As a tragedy must consist of opposite counsels and unforeseen events, if the author should exhibit his whole action in one hall or chamber, he would be laughed to scorn. Comedy is not formed to astonish: she neither expects nor wishes great changes. Let her argue rarely; let her remark lightly; if she reasons too well, her audience will leave her, and reflect upon it. Those generally are the most temperate who have large and well-stored cellars. You have everything at home, Andrew, and need not step out of your way. Those show that they possess much who hold much back.

Marvel. Be not afraid of me: I will not push my characters forward, and make them stare most one upon another when they are best acquainted. The union of wisdom with humour is unexpected enough for me. I would rather see it than the finest piece of arras slit asunder, or the richest screen in Christendom overturned; than the cleverest trick that was ever played among the scenes, or than a marriage that should surprise me like an Abyssinian's with a Laplander.

WASHINGTON AND FRANKLIN.

Washington. Well met again, my friend Benjamin! Never did I see you, I think, in better health: Paris does not appear to have added a single day to your age. I hope the two years you have spent there for us, were spent as pleasantly to yourself as they have been advantageously to your country.

Franklin. Pleasantly they were spent indeed, but, you may well suppose, not entirely without anxiety. I thank God, however, that all this is over.

Washington. Yes, Benjamin, let us render thanks to the Disposer of events, under whom, by the fortitude, the wisdom, and the endurance of our Congress, the affairs of America are brought at last to a triumphant issue.

Franklin. Do not refuse the share of merit due to yourself, which is perhaps the largest.

Washington. I am not of that opinion: if I were, I might acknowledge it to you, although not to others. Suppose me to have made a judicious choice in my measures, the Congress then made a judicious choice in me: so that whatever praise may be allowed me, is at best but secondary.

Franklin. I do not believe that the remainder of the world contains so many men who reason rightly as New England. Serious, religious, peaceable, inflexibly just and courageous, their stores of intellect are not squandered in the regions of fancy, nor in the desperate ventures of new-found and foggy metaphysics, but warehoused and kept sound at home, and ready to be brought forth in good and wholesome condition at the first demand. Their ancestors had abandoned their estates, their families, and their country, for the attainment of peace and freedom; and they themselves were ready to traverse the vast wildernesses of an unexplored continent, rather than submit to that moral degradation which alone can satisfy the capriciousness of despotism. Their gravity is converted into enthusiasm: even those among them who never in childhood itself expressed by speech or countenance a sign of admiration, express it strongly in their old age at your exploits.

Washington. Benjamin, one would imagine that we both had been educated in courts, and that I were a man who could give, and you a man who could ask. Prythee, my friend, be a philosopher in somewhat more than books and bottles, and, as you have learned to manage the clouds and lightnings, try an experiment on the management of your fancies. I declare on my conscience I do not know what I have done extraordinary, unless we are forced to acknowledge, from the examples to which we have been accustomed, that it is extraordinary to possess power and remain honest. I believe it may be: but this was a matter of reflection with me: by serving my country I gratified my heart and all its wants. Perhaps I am not so happy a creature as he who smokes his pipe on the bench at the tavern-door; yet I am as happy as my slow blood allows; and I keep my store of happiness in the same temperature the whole year round, by the double casement of activity and integrity.

Franklin. I do not assert that there never was a general who disposed his army in the day of battle with skill equal to yours: which, in many instances, must depend almost as much on his adversary as on himself: but I assert that no man ever displayed such intimate knowledge of his whole business, guarded so frequently and so effectually against the impending ruin of his forces, and showed himself at once so circumspect and so daring. To have inoculated one half of your troops under the eye of the enemy . .

Washington. Those actions are great, which require great calculation, and succeed in consequence of its correctness: those alone, or nearly alone, are called so, which succeed without any. I knew the supineness of the British general, his utter ignorance of his profession, his propensity to gaming, to drinking, in short to all the camp vices. I took especial care that he should be informed of

my intention to attack him, on the very day when my army was, from the nature of its distemper, the most disabled. Instead of anticipating me, which this intelligence, credited as it was, would have induced a more skilful man to do, he kept his troops unremittingly on the alert, and he himself is reported to have been sober three days together. The money which he ought to have employed in obtaining just and necessary information, he lost at cards; and when he heard that I had ventured to inoculate my army, and that the soldiers had recovered, he little imagined that half the number was at that moment under the full influence of the disease.

Attribute no small portion of our success to the only invariable policy of England, which is, to sweep forward to the head of her armaments the grubs of rotten boroughs and the droppings of the gaming-table; and, Benjamin, be assured that, although men of eminent genius have been guilty of all other vices, none worthy of more than a secondary name has ever been a gamester. Either an excess of avarice, or a deficiency of what in physics is called excitability, is the cause of it: neither of which can exist in the same bosom with genius, with patriotism, or with virtue. Clive, the best English general since Marlborough and Peterborough, was apparently an exception: but he fell not into this degrading vice until he was removed from the sphere of exertion, until his abilities had begun to decay, and his intellect in some measure to be deranged.

Franklin. I quite agree with you in your main proposition, and see no exception to it in Clive, who was more capable of ruining a country than of raising one. Those who record that chess was invented in the Trojan war, would have informed us if Ulysses, Agamemnon, or Diomedes ever played at it; which however is usually done without a stake, nor can it be called in any way a game of chance. Gustavus Adolphus, and Eugene of Savoy, and Marlborough, and Frederick of Prussia, and Charles XII. of Sweden, and William III. of England, had springs and movements within themselves, which did not require to be wound up every night. They deemed it indecorous to be salvages to an ell of green cloth, and scandalous to cast upon a card what would cover a whole country with plenteousness.

Gaming is the vice of those nations which are too effeminate to be barbarous, and too depraved to be civilised, and which unite the worst qualities of both conditions; as for example, the rags and lace of Naples, its lazzaroni and other titulars. The Malays, I acknowledge, are less effeminate, and in all respects less degraded, and still are gamesters: but gaming with the Malays is a substitute for betel: the Neapolitan games on a full snuff-box. Monarchs should encourage the practice, as the Capets have done constantly: for it brings the idle and rich into their capitals, holds them from other intrigues and from more active parties, makes many powerful families dependent, and satisfies young officers who would otherwise want employment. Republics, on the contrary, should punish the first offence with fine and imprisonment, the second with a public whipping and a year's hard labour, the third with deportation.

Washington. As you please in monarchies and republics: but prythee say nothing of them in mixed governments: do not affront the earliest coadjutors and surest reliances of our commonwealth. The leaders of party in England are inclined to play; and what was a tartouche but yesterday will make a rouleau to-morrow.

Franklin. Fill it then with base money, or you will be overreached, little as is the danger to be apprehended from them in any higher species of calculation. They are persons of some repute for eloquence; but if I conducted a newspaper in that country, I should think it a wild speculation to pay the wiser of them half-a-crown a-day for his most elaborate composition. When either shall venture to publish a history, or even a speech of his own, his talents will then be appreciated justly. God grant (for our differences have not yet annihilated the remembrance of our relationship) that England may never have any more painful proofs, any more lasting documents, of their incapacity. Since we Americans can suffer no farther from them, I speak of them with the same indifference and equanimity as if they were among the dead.

Washington. But come, come: the war is ended: God be praised! Objections have been made against our form of government, and assertions have been added that the republican is ill-adapted to a flourishing or an extensive country. We know from the experience of Holland that it not only can preserve but can make a country flourishing, when Nature herself has multiplied the impediments, and when the earth and all the elements have conspired against it. Demonstration is indeed yet wanting that a very extensive territory is best governed by its people: reason and sound common-sense are the only vouchers. Many may fancy they have an interest in seizing what is another's; but surely no man can suppose that he has any in ruining or alienating his own.

Franklin. Confederate states, under one President, will never be all at once, or indeed in great part, deprived of their freedom.

Washington. Adventurers may aspire to the supreme power illegally; but none can expect that the majority will sacrifice their present interests to his ambition, in confidence or hope of greater. He never will raise a standing army who can not point out the probable means of paying it, which no one can do here; nor will a usurper rise up anywhere, unless there are mines to tempt the adventurous and avaricious, or estates to parcel out with labourers to cultivate them, or slaves to seduce and embody, or treasures to confiscate.

Franklin. The objections bear much more weightily against monarchal and mixed governments: because these, in wide dominions, are always composed of parts at variance in privileges

and interests, in manners and opinions, and the inhabitants of which are not unreluctant to be employed one against the other. Hence, while we Americans leave our few soldiers to the states where they were levied, the kings of Europe will cautiously change the quarters of theirs, and send them into provinces as remote as possible. When they have ceased to have a home, they have ceased to have a country: for all affinities are destroyed by breaking the nearest. Thrones are constructed on the petrifaction of the human heart.

Washington. Lawless ambition has no chance whatever of success where there are neither great standing armies nor great national debts. Where either of those exist, freedom must waste away and perish. We are as far from the one as from the other.

Franklin, Dangers grow familiar and unsuspected: slight causes may produce them, even names. Suppose a man calling another his subject, and having first received from him marks of deference, and relying on his good-temper and passiveness, and exerting by degrees more and more authority over him, and leaving him at last to the care and protection of his son or grandson. We are well acquainted with the designation; but we are ignorant how deeply it cuts into the metal. After a time a shrewd jurist will instruct the subject in his duties, and give him arguments and proofs out of the name itself. What so irrefragable!

The Latin language, which answers so nearly all our demands upon it from its own resources, or, not having quite wherewithal, borrows for us a trifle from the Greek, neither can give us nor help us to find, directly or circuitously, a word for *subject. Subditus,* the term in use, is not Latin in that sense, whether of the golden, the silver, or the brazen age: it means *substitute* primarily, and then *subdued* or *subjected.* Yet people own themselves to be subjects who would be outrageous if you called them vassals; an appellation quite as noble.

Poetry, closing her eyes, has sung until people slept over it, that liberty is never more perfect or more safe than under a mild monarch: history teaches us the contrary. Where princes are absolute, more tyranny is committed under the mild than under the austere: for the latter are jealous of power and entrust it to few. The mild delegate it inconsiderately to many: and the same easiness of temper which allows them to do so, permits their ministers and those under them to abuse the trust with impunity. It has been said that in a democracy there are many despots, and that in a kingdom there can be one only. This is false: in a republic the tyrannical temper creates a check to itself in the very person next it: but in a monarchy all entrusted with power become tyrannical by a nod from above, whether the nod be of approbation or of drowsiness. Royalty not only is a monster of more heads, but also of more claws, and sharper.

It is amusing to find us treated as visionaries. All the gravest nations have been republics, both in ancient times and in modern. I shall believe that a king is better than a republic, when I find that a single tooth in a head is better than a set, and that in its solitariness there is a warrant for its strength and soundness.

Washington. Many have begun to predict our *future* greatness:* in fact, no nation is ever greater than at the time when it recovers its freedom from under one apparently more powerful. America will never have to make again such a struggle as she made in 1775, and never can make one so glorious. A wide territory does not constitute a great people, nor does enormous wealth, nor does excessive population. The Americans are at present as great a people as we can expect them to be in future. Can we hope that they will be more virtuous, more unanimous, more courageous, more patriotic? They may become more learned and more elegant in their manners: but these advantages are only to be purchased by paying down others equivalent.

Franklin. All acquisitions, to be advantageous, must have some mart and vent. Elegance grows familiar with venality. Learning may perhaps be succeeded by a Church-Establishment; an institution perversive of those on which the government of America is constructed. Erudition (as we use the word) begins with societies, and ends with professions and orders. Priests and lawyers, the flies and wasps of ripe and ripening communities, may darken and disturb America. A few of these (we will allow) are necessary; many are, of all the curses that the world is subject to, the most pernicious. These guardians have been proved in every country the poisoners of their wards, Law and Religion. They never let us exist long together in an equable and genial temperature: it is either at fever heat or at zero.

Washington. The solid sense of our people, their speculative habits, their room for enterprise around home, and their distance from Europe, ensure to them, if not a long continuance of peace, exemption from such wars as can affect in a material degree their character or their prosperity. We might have continued the hostilities, until a part or even the whole of Canada had been ceded to us. The Congress has done, what, if my opinion had been asked, I should have urgently recommended. Let Canada be ours when she is cultivated and enriched; let not the fruit be gathered prematurely; indeed let it never be plucked; let it fall when our bosom can hold it. This must happen within the century to come: for no nation is, or ever has been, so intolerably vexatious to its colonies, its dependencies,

* Of the Americans in late years Madame de Staël says, *There is a people which will one day be very great,* placing her fine impressive pen on the broad rude mark of the vulgar, who measure greatness by the standard of aggression. America was never so great as on the day when she declared her independence, and never will be greater: although she will constitute *two* great empires, more powerful and more unassailable than any now existing.

and its conquests, as the British. I have known personally several Governors, many of them honest and sensible men, many of them of mild and easy character; but I never knew one, nor ever heard of any from older officers, who attempted to conciliate the affections, or systematically to promote the interests, of the governed. Liberality has been occasionally extended to them; the liberality of a master toward a slave, and only after grievous sufferings. Services have then been exacted, not hard perhaps in themselves, but in a manner to cancel all recollection and deaden all sense of kindness. The French and Spaniards act differently: they extract advantage from their undisturbed possessions, appealing to the generosity of their children, and softening their commands by kind offices and constant attentions. Wherever a French regiment is quartered, there are balls and comedies; wherever an English, there are disturbances in the street, and duels. Give the Spaniard a bull-fight, and you may burn his father at the stake, commending him to the God of Mercy in a cassock painted with the flames of hell. The English (and we their descendants are most deserving of the name) require but justice; whatever comes as a favour comes as an affront. To what a pitch then must our indignation be excited, when we are not permitted even to pay that which is required of us, unless we present it with the left hand, or upon the nose, or from our knees amid the mire! The orators of the British parliament, while they are colouring this insolence and injustice, keep the understanding of the people at tongue's length.

Franklin. In good truth then the separation is no narrow one. I have been present while some of them have thrown up the most chaffy stuff two hours together, and have never called for a glass of water. This is thought the summit of ability, and he who is capable of performing it, is deemed capable of ruling the east and west.* The rich families that govern this assembly, have made us independent; they have given us thirteen provinces, and they will people them all for us in less than fifty years. Religious and grave men, for none are graver or more religious than the beaten, are praising the loving-mercies of God, in loosening from their necks the mill-stone of America. What a blessing to throw aside such an extent of coast, which of itself would have required an immense navy for its defence! No one dreams that England, in confederacy with America, would have been so strong in sailors, in ports, in naval stores, as to have become (I do not say with good management, I say in spite of bad) not invincible only, but invulnerable.

Washington. If she turns her attention to the defects of her administration in all its branches, she may recover not much less than she has lost. Look at the nations of Europe, and point out one, despotic or free, of which so large a portion is so barbarous and wretched as the Irish. The country is more fertile than Britain; the inhabitants are healthy, strong, courageous, faithful, patriotic, and quick of apprehension. No quality is wanting which constitutes the respectability of a state; yet, from centuries of misrule, they are in a condition more hopeless than any other nation or tribe upon the globe, civilized or savage.

Franklin. There is only one direct way to bring them into order, and that appears so rough it never will be trodden. The chief misery arises from the rapacity of the gentry, as they are styled, and the nobility, who, to avoid the trouble of collecting their rents from many poor tenants, and the greater of hearing their complaints, have leased their properties to what are called *middlemen.* These harass their inferiors in the exact ratio of their industry, and drive them into desperation. Hence slovenliness and drunkenness; for the appearance of ease and comfort is an allurement to avarice. To pacify and reclaim the people, leases to middle-men must be annulled: every cultivator must have a lease for life, and (at the option of his successor) valid for as many years afterward as will amount in the whole to twenty-one. The extent of ground should be proportionate to his family and his means. To underlet land should be punished by law as *regrating.*

Washington. Authority would here be strongly exercised, not tyrannically, which never can be asserted of plans sanctioned by the representatives of a people, for the great and perpetual benefit of the many, to the small and transient inconvenience of the few.

Franklin. Auxiliary to this reform should be one in church-livings. They should all embrace as nearly as possible the same number of communicants. Suppose three thousand souls under each cure: a fourth part would consist of the infirm, and of children not yet prepared for the reception of doctrine. The service, as formerly, should be shorter, and performed thrice each Sunday: so that all might in turn be present, and that great concourse would be avoided, which frequently is the prelude to licentiousness and brutality. Abolishing tithes, selling the property of the crown, of the church, and of corporations, I would establish a fund sufficient to allow each clergyman, in addition to his house, one hundred and forty pounds annually. Each would be remunerated, not for his profession, but for services done toward the state by his attention to the morals of his communicants. If the people pay forty pounds for taking up a felon, would they not willingly pay four times as much for reclaiming a dozen?

Washington. I do not know: for we must never argue that men or their rulers are the likelier to do a thing because it is rational or useful. If ever the poorer clergy are rendered more comfortable, it will be only when the richer are afraid of losing a part of their usurped dominions. English and Irish bishops, who possess ten and twelve thousand a year, will be the last to relieve

* Pitt may be complimented on his oratory in the words wherewith Anacreon congratulates the tettinx, ἀπαθὴς, ἄναιμ', ἄσαρκε.

the necessities of their brethren: and their selfishness will not alienate from them those who are habituated to long abuses. The fine linen of popery sticks close to the skin: and there is much of it in the wardrobe of the English church.

On all subjects I can talk dispassionately, and perhaps the most so on that topic which renders the great body of mankind the most furious and insane. Never would I animadvert on the tenets of the Catholic or any other church, apart from civil polity. But I am suspicious, if not inquisitive, when I see questionable articles day after day smuggled in, and when I am pushed aside if I venture to read the direction or lift up the wrapping. Articles of faith are innocent in themselves: but upon articles of faith what incontrollable domination, what insupportable prerogatives, what insolent frauds, what incessant tyranny, have been asserted and enforced.

Franklin. I am ready to be of that church, if you will tell me which it is, in which there are the fewest of them. Show me that a single pope in one country tells fewer lies and sits quieter than twenty in another, and he is the pope for my money, when I lay it out on such a commodity. The abuses of the clergy were first exposed by the clergy, the lower assailing the higher. If something more like equality, something more near moderation, had pervaded all, fewer sects would have arisen, and those fewer less acrimonious. Dogmas turn sour upon too full stomachs, and empty ones rattle against them. Envy, which the wolves and bears are without, and the generous dog alone seems by his proximity to have caught from us, Envy, accompanying Religion, swells amid her genuflexions to the episcopal canopy, at seeing so much wealth so ill distributed. The low cannot be leaders without a change nor without a party. Some unintelligible syllable is seized; and the vulgar are taught to believe that salvation rests upon it. Even this were little: they are instructed that salvation may be yet perhaps insecure, unless they drag others to it by the throat, and quicken their paces at the dagger's point. Popery first laid down this doctrine; the most abominable and monstrous of her tenets, and the only one that all establishments, splitting off from her, are unanimous in retaining.

Washington. The reductions you propose would bring about another: they would remove the necessity of a standing army in that unfortunate country, and would enable the government to establish three companies for fisheries, the herring, the cod, and the whale, and to enrich her remote dominions with the superabundance of a discontented peasantry. The western part of Ireland in another century may derive as great advantages from her relative position with America, as the eastern from hers with the mercantile and manufacturing towns of Lancashire. The population is already too numerous, and is increasing, which of itself is the worst of curses, unless when high civilisation regulates it; and the superflux must be diverted by colonisation, or occupied on the seas by commerce. Manufactures tend to deteriorate the species, but begin by humanising it. Happy those countries which have occasion for little more of them than may supply the home consumption! National debts are evils, not so much because they take away from useful and honest gains, as because they create superfluous and dishonest ones; and because, when carried as far as England would carry hers, they occasion half the children of the land to be cooped up in buildings which open into the brothel and the hospital.

In assenting to you, I interrupted your propositions; pray go on.

Franklin. I would permit no Englishman to hold in Ireland a place of trust or profit, whether in church or state. I would confer titles and offices on those Irish gentlemen who reside in the country; and surely they would in time become habituated to a regular and decorous mode of life. The landlord and clergyman might in the beginning lose something of current coin; but if you consider that their lives, houses, and effects would be safe, that provisions would be plentiful in proportion to the concessions they make, and that in no year would their rents and incomes fail, as they now do at least thirty in each century, you will find that their situation, like the situation of their inferiors, must be improved.

Washington. Many will exclaim against the injustice of taking from one class alone a portion of its property as insurance-money.

Franklin. Not from one alone: property should be protected at its own cost: this is the right and the object of governments. The insurance is two-fold; that of the private man and that of the community; the latter is the main consideration. I perceive nothing arbitrary, nothing novel, in its principle.* The King of England and Ireland, as head of the church, succeeds by consent of Parliament to the disposal of benefices. He surely can do in his own kingdom what the pope can do in another's, where ecclesiastical property (if any can be called so) is concerned. The religion of a state is established for the correction of its morals, and its morals are requisite to the maintenance of the laws. Religion then, in the view of a statesman, is only a thing that aids and assists the laws, removing from before them much of their painful duties, and lessening (if good and effectual) the number of their officers and executioners. So that in political economy there is between them a close and intimate connection, and both alike are subject to regulations in them from the same authority. Where there is a state religion the salary of a clergyman should be as much subject

* There is an argument which could not be attributed to Franklin, because it is derived from an authority to which he never appealed, and the words containing it are unlikely to have lain within the range of his reading.

"Le Pape peut revoquer la loi etablie par lui ou par predecesseur, et oster *mesme sans occasion* les effects procedens d'icelle, et le benefice valide à un chacun: car il a entiere disposition sur les benefices." *Em. Sa.* p. 522.

to the state as the stipend of a custom-house officer and exciseman. If a government exerts the power of taxing one trade or profession, it does the same thing or more. Suppose it should levy a tax of a hundred pounds on every man who begins the business of an apothecary or lawyer, is not the grievance even heavier, as pressing on those whose gains are yet uncertain and to be derived from others, than it would be if bearing upon those whose emoluments are fixed, and proceed from the government which regulates and circumscribes them? But they have been accustomed, you will say, to the enjoyment of more. So much clear gain for them; and I hope they may have made a liberal and prudent use of the superfluity. Those who have done so, will possess minds ready to calculate justly their own lasting interests, and the interests of the community for whose benefit they have been appointed. If there is anything the existence of which produces great and general evil, and the abolition of which will produce great and general good, in perpetuity, the government is not only authorised by right, but bound by duty, to remove it. Compensation should be made to the middle-men for all losses; it should be made even to the worst; these losses may as easily be ascertained, as those occasioned to proprietors and tenants through whose lands we open a road or a canal.

Washington. Methods, far short of what you indicate, will be adopted, and will fail. Constitutional lawyers will assent that Ireland be subject to martial law for thirty years in the century, and to little or none for the remainder, but will not assent that everything unlawful be unnecessary and unprovoked. In consequence of which, within the lifetime of some in existence we shall have two millions of Irishmen in America, reclaimed from their ferocity by assuaging their physical and moral wants, and addicted to industry by the undisturbed enjoyment of its reward. Experience seems to have given no sort of instruction to their rulers: they profit by nothing old, they venture on nothing new.

Franklin. We are informed by the scientific in chemistry, that a diamond and a stick of charcoal on the hearth are essentially of the same materials. In like manner those among men who to the vulgar eye are the most dissimilar in externals, are nearly the same in mind and intellect; and their difference is the effect of accident and fortune, of position and combination. Those who, governing the political, influence in a high degree the moral world, can perform at once what Nature is myriads of years in accomplishing: they can convert the stick of charcoal into a diamond by the aliment and situation they allow to it. Our government will find its interest in doing so: others will pursue their old occupation in reducing the diamond to its dark original, and exercise their divine right of keeping it unextracted.

If I were a member of the British Ministry, I should think I acted wisely, not in attempting to prove that the constitution is the best in the world, but in demonstrating, if I could, the reverse. For in proportion as they labour to extol it, in the same proportion do they oblige us to suppose them its most impudent and outrageous violators, or, at the least, ignorant of its spirit and incapable of its application. Otherwise how could this excellent form be the parent of deformity? How could the population, where the country is so fertile and the race so industrious, contain a larger number of indigent families, and those among the most laborious and the most virtuous, than any other upon earth?

Washington. If the constitution were what it is represented, its agents could not abuse it; and if its agents could not abuse it, America would not have been at this time separated from England; nor would Ireland have been condemned to a massacre once at furthest in two generations; nor would the British people be more heavily taxed in its comforts and its necessaries than the Algerines and Turks, when its industry is so much greater, and when its territory has not been occupied nor invaded nor endangered by an enemy.

Franklin. The Persian despots never debased the souls of the nations they had conquered, and do not appear to have coveted their purses. Herodotus calls the taxation of the Ionian states a tranquillising and pacificatory measure. No portion of the globe was more advantageously situated for commerce than the Greek republics in Asia; no soil richer, no climate healthier, no people more industrious. Æolians, Ionians, and Dorians, together with Pamphylia, Lycia, the islands of Rhodes, Cos, Samos, Chios, and Sestos, on the whole exceeding four hundred miles by forty, were taxed unalterably at four hundred talents (about £105,000), by Darius, according to a scale *submitted to their deputies* by his father Artaxerxes. Italy in the time of Nero contained at the lowest computation twenty-six millions of inhabitants, and paid less in taxes than the City of London with its appurtenances. Appian states that Pompey imposed on the Tyrians and Cilicians a hundredth of their income. Hadrian was accused of great severity toward the Jews, in having somewhat augmented the rate which Vespasian had decreed, and which, according to Zonaras and Xiphilinus, was about sixteen pence on each. Strabo remarks that Egypt brought a revenue of about £180,000 to the father of Cleopatra, which was doubled by Augustus. When he was declared Imperator against M. Antonius, the Senate decreed a temporary property-tax of a twentieth. Plutarch in his *Life of Pompey* informs us that he levied on Asia £192,000. M. Antonius had exacted in advance at one time the tribute of ten years.

Washington. The possibility of levying in a single year the ordinary taxes of ten, is a proof how extremely light were the impositions on the richest subjects of the Roman empire. Labouring under the enormous debt of £200,000,000, the English could not in any emergency pay the rate of three years anticipated.

Franklin. The nations of Asia had recently paid more heavily: for it was objected to them as a reproach, and as a cause for this exaction, that they had raised for Cassius and Brutus in the one preceding year what was now demanded for ten.

Washington. So long as the English tolerate the absorption of their wealth under the patronage of their Peerage, wars and taxation will severely scourge them. Wars, the origin of taxation, are systematical in their periods, however little so in their conduct, and must recur about every twenty years, as a new generation springs up from the aristocracy, for which all the great civil employments, however multiplied, are insufficient, and which disdains all other professions than the military and the naval. But when this devourer hath exhausted and concentrated in itself nearly all the land and riches of the nation, then it will begin to discuss the question, whether it can gain most by suppressing the church establishment, or by maintaining it in its rankness.

Franklin. May it not happen that the question be tried before a session of other jurors; and that the benches of the Lords Spiritual have nothing else upon them than the benches of the Lords Temporal with the legs uppermost? If state religions were abolished, the world would be quieter and better: in England the national debt would be liquidated in a century, and in Ireland the public tranquillity would be established in a year. Among our own injuries on the part of England, this never bore upon us, namely, to pay for hearing what we knew or for what we disbelieved. If there existed no establishment in England, fear would be entertained of puritanism.

Washington. Against what could puritanism act? It overthrew the established church in her state of inebriety: it kicked into the street her crosiers and mitres, and other such ensigns of barbarism and paganism and despotism. When it finds nothing to quarrel with out of doors, it will quarrel at home.

Franklin. It grows strong by being kept in the cool, and bunged up by the ecclesiastical excise.

Washington. Benjamin, I do not like to meddle with religions, nor indeed to speak about them. All of them appear to me inoffensive, excepting the Popish, which not only would have a hand in every man's pocket, but an ear on every man's pillow.

Franklin. I know not whether the Irish are very fervent in their devotion to the Bishops of Rome. Probably they are unaware of some among the benefits they have heretofore received from them. Few, I dare say, have ever heard that their Holy Father, Hadrian the Fourth, solemnly gave his sanction to Henry the Second to invade and subjugate their country. This, I dare likewise say, would be loudly contradicted by the few who know it. Indeed I must correct my words before I go farther. Hadrian did not give his sanction; he sold it. A tax was to be paid the Holy See on every Irish family. So that the Holy See was as much interested as Henry himself that the conquest should be effectual and complete. The Holy Father chose rather a tax on families than a capitation: for, although many thousands of men would be exterminated, few whole families would.

Washington. We may talk together in private of these historical facts; but if we mention them to people whose eyes might be opened by them, we shall render them in the same degree our enemies as we are their true friends.

Franklin. I knew a certain man who would take the most nauseous medicine in health, because he had paid money for it at the apothecary's when he was ill; at the same time he would not eat a fresh salad at the next door. Things are valued by the places they come from. If a reasoner were to say what a Saint hath said about the Blessed Trinity, in most countries he would be called an infidel, and even in some of the most tolerant he would be subject to fine and imprisonment.

Washington. How is that?

Franklin. St. Augustine says, "We talk of Three Persons merely for the sake of talking."

Washington. O the knave!

Franklin. And scholars do say that the Latin expression is an ugly one: "Dictum est Tres *Personæ*, non ut aliquid diceretur, sed ne taceretur."

Washington. Instead of sending to a rotten old city, the most profligate and the most venal on earth, for spiritual advice and counsel, which always comes to you in the form of a command, and enclosing an order to pay a pretty round sum to the bearer, could not every city and every hamlet find some worthy inhabitant, capable of giving his opinion upon those matters, if indeed there be any such, which the Disciples of Christ were unable or inattentive or indifferent to elucidate and explain? I see nothing worth a quarrel in them; and certainly there is nothing which the blessed Author of our religion would recommend us to fight about. If there were no hierarchy in England and Ireland, the people of both countries would be brotherly and contented. They would mind their own business, and not the business of those who fare sumptuously on their credulity, and ride in rich housings on their fiery animosities. The revenues of ecclesiastics would overpay the just demands of a protecting and frugal government. Let the Protestant Church be no longer a hireling; and the Popish will drop away rag after rag, image after image, to the great emolument of the barber's shop. The poor people of that persuasion would not long be so foolish and besotted as to pay tithes where the heretic pays none. Inequality would shake their creed, extortion would open their eyes, and they would feel on that occasion what they now feel on another, that they were not, as they ought to be, in the same condition as the Protestant. The parties will never be peaceable until the banners are thrown into the dust between them, and each tramples upon his own. Absurdities in worship would soon cease if nobody gained by them. Within half a century, the whole people would

find in their hands and hearts nothing else than the unencumbering and unexhausting page, which, if its spirit were received in its purity, might well be denominated the Book of Life. So mischievous a use however has been made of it for above a thousand years, that, if you take, as churches would force you, their glosses and interpretations for part of it, then indeed may it be called more properly the book of imposture and extortion, of darkness and destruction.

Franklin. We may become so habituated to tyranny as neither to feel nor see it. The part on which its poison has been perpetually dropping, is deadened: else would it be possible that throughout a whole nation, incomparably the most enlightened of any upon earth, young men should be sent from a distance, quite unknown to the parishioners, and often of a vicious or loose character, and for the greater part of a light one, to teach the experienced as well as the inexperienced their duties, and to be paid for a lesson which has been already taught by others!

Washington. Supposing an establishment to exist at all, the uttermost that a grave and reflecting people could reasonably be expected to endure is, that the bishop or presbyter, chosen by the clergy of the diocese, should nominate at least three natives of it, in order for the parishioners to appoint one of them to the vacant benefice. They should agree with him upon the stipend, which they would do amicably, just as they agree with an apothecary for his attendance on the paupers. He should be removable for any offence against the laws, or for any habits which they and the bishop should declare to be inconsistent with his office.

Franklin. These remarks of yours are reasonable. In regard to the appointment of clergymen, the Roman Church is more observant of propriety than the English. It rarely if ever happens that a parish-priest is sent from a distance to his cure: he almost always is chosen from among his townsmen or provincials. This difference would be a subject of wonder to me, if I did not likewise see the representatives of boroughs, not selected as they were formerly from among the most respectable of the burgesses, but invited for the greater part from a distance, and utterly unknown both morally and politically by those who depute them to parliament. Can anything be more disgraceful to the inhabitants of a city, than to declare by their actions that none of them is worthy of confidence, or capable of transacting their affairs! And either this must be the inference, or we must attribute their conduct to the most scandalous venality.

Washington. I would obviate present evils by present remedies, as in the case of Ireland. Many good things can not be done, many indifferent ones may be: if indeed those are to be called indifferent which are only so at the time, and very far from it in the consequences. Religion, I agree with you, is too pure for corporations: it is best meditated on in our privacy, and best acted on in our ordinary intercourse with mankind. If we believe in Revelation, we must believe that God wishes us to converse with him but little, since the only form of address he has prescribed to us is an extremely short one. He has placed us where our time may be more beneficially employed in mutually kind offices, and he does not desire us to tell him hour after hour how dearly we love him, or how much we want from him: he knows these things exactly.

Franklin. These however are the things which occupy the pulpit: and the ceremonies attending them and the modes of doing them, together with disquisitions on his body and parentage, have cost the lives of millions. In money too and lands I have calculated what Europe has paid for them; but the sum total, if I could repeat it, would confound the head of any arithmetician; nor was there ever a man in the world who could remember the figures, if he had heard them but once or twice read to him. The despots of France never exacted by their detested *corrée* so large a portion as the pastors claim in England; a tenth forsooth of every man's industry; and this tenth is taken off the ground untaxed, while the other nine parts are liable to new deductions. If truths are plain, they ought not to cost so much; if not plain, still less are they worth it. The tyrants of Sicily demanded a tenth of the corn, but not a tenth of oil or wine or hay or legumes, or fruits of any kind, in which the island was equally abundant. This satisfied them, and sufficed to keep the bodies and minds of their subjects in order and subjection.

Washington. We never had to complain of England for persecuting us by her fox-hunters in the Church; nor indeed, to speak honestly and freely, so much of any persecution as of idle and unprofitable vexation.

Franklin. The conduct of England toward us resembles that of Ebenezer Bullock toward his eldest son Jonas.

Washington. I remember old Ebenezer; and I believe it was Jonas who, when another youth, after giving him much offence and seeing him unresisting, would fain fight him, replied, "Nay, I will not fight thee, friend! but if thou dost with that fist what thou threatenest, by the Lord's help I will smite thee sore, marking thee for one of an ill unprofitable flock; and thou shalt walk home in heaviness, like a wether the first morning he was made one." Whereat he took off his coat, folded it up, and laid it on the ground, saying, "This at least hath done no harm, and deserveth good treatment." The adversary, not admiring such an object of contemplation, went away, muttering more reasonable threats, conditional and subjunctive. Ebenezer, I guess, aggravated and wore out his son's patience; for the old man was rich and testy, and would have his comforts neither encroached upon nor much partaken.

Franklin. My story is this. Jonas had been hunting in the woods, and had contracted a rheumatism in the face which drew it awry, and,

either from the pain it occasioned or from the medicines he took to cure it, rotted one of his grinders. Old Ebenezer was wealthy, had little to do or to care about, made few observations on his family, sick or sound, and saw nothing particular in his son's countenance. However, one day after dinner, when he had eaten heartily, he said, "Son Jonas, methinks thy appetite is not over-keen: pick (and welcome) the other half of that hog's foot."

"Father," answered he, "I have had a pain in my tooth the last fortnight; the northerly wind does it no good to-day: I would rather, if so be that you approve of it, eat a slice of yon fair cheesecake in the closet."

"Why, what ails the tooth?" said Ebenezer. "Nothing more" replied Jonas "than that I can not chew with it what I used to chew." "Drive a nail in the wall," quoth stoutly and courageously Ebenezer, "tie a string to one end and lace the other round thy tooth."

The son performed a part of the injunction, but could not very dexterously twist the string around the grinder, for his teeth were close and the cord not over-fine. Then said the father kindly, "Open thy mouth, lad! give me the twine: back thy head: back it, I tell thee, over the chair."

"Not that father, not that; the next;" cried Jonas. "What dost mean?" proudly and impatiently said Ebenezer. "Is not the string about it? dost hold my hand too, scape-grace? dost give me this trouble for nought?" "Patience now, father!" meekly said Jonas with the cord across his tongue; "let me draw my tooth my own way."

"Follow thine own courses, serpent!" indignantly exclaimed Ebenezer. "As God 's in Boston, thou art a most wilful and undutiful child." "I hope not, father." "Hope not! rebel! Did not I beget thee and thy teeth one and all? have not I lodged thee, clothed thee, and fed thee, these forty years? and now, I warrant ye, all this bustle and backwardness about a rotten tooth! should I be a groat the richer for it, out or in?"

Washington. Dignity in private men and in governments has been little else than a stately and stiff perseverance in oppression; and spirit, as it is called, little else than the foam of hard-mouthed insolence. Such at last is become the audacity of Power, from a century or more of holidays and riot, it now complains that you deprive it of its prerogative if you limit the exercise of its malignity. I lament that there are those who can learn no lesson of humanity, unless we write it broadly with the point of the sword.

Franklin. Let us hope, however, that we may see the day when these scholars shall be turned out of school.

Washington. The object of our cares and solicitudes, at present, is the stability of the blessings we have obtained. No attempt against them is dangerous from without, nor immediately from within; but the seeds of corruption are inherent, however latent, in all bodies, physical and political; guards therefore should be stationed, and laws enacted, to deter adventurers from attempts at despotism.

Franklin. Other offences, even the greatest, are the violation of one law: despotism is the violation of all. The despot then should be punished, not only by loss of life, which the violation of only one law may incur, and which leaves no pain, no repentance, no example, but also with exposure and scourges, as among the Romans. Conspiracies are weak and frivolous: the hand of every man should be directed against him whose hand is directed against every man. Societies, on the contrary, should be instituted to recompense the avenger of humanity: every land should be his country, every free citizen his brother. The greatest men, according to what is taught in schools and colleges, are those who have offered the greatest violence to reason and humanity. Destroyers of freedom are more celebrated than its founders; Pompey than Pelopidas, Cæsar than Timoleon; just as we hear more of him who burns a house than of him who builds one.

Washington. In the proper choice of teachers, and in the right course of education, are to be found the best preventive laws against despotism. Wherever there is a political church, of whatever creed, supported by the shoulders of the people, whether against their will or partially with it, there will be much dissatisfaction and much intolerance. Unhappily most of Christ's doctrines are superseded or explained away. There is one indeed which was never in fashion, and which, where all are good, is among the best. *Commune with thine own heart in thy chamber and be still.* This, if attended to in England and Ireland, would speedily send episcopal thrones into the lumber-room.

Franklin. When certain men cry loudest they feel least. Indeed there is a great deal less of bigotry in the world than is usually supposed, and a great deal more insincerity. Our faith is of little moment or concern to those who declaim against it. They are angry, not at our blindness, but that the blind will trust his own dog and staff rather than theirs; and, what is worse, that he will carry the scrip. This is wilfulness: they would fain open his eyes to save him from the sin of it: and they break one or two bones because he will not take them for his oculists.

Washington. Love of power resides in the breast of every man, and is well regulated and discreet in few. Accompanied by genius, it is likewise too frequently accompanied by pride and arrogance. Although it assumes to itself the highest character, it is really among the weakest of our affections. Christianity, in its unadulterated form, is perfectly adapted to control it: in its adulterated, it has been the main support of aggression and iniquity. If ever we reduce it in America to an *Establishment* (as people call it) its spirit flies, and its body so weighs upon us, that we cast it down, or let it slip quietly from our arms. For

Christianity is in itself of such simplicity, that, whoever would make an establishment of it, must add imposture; and from imposture grows usurpation.

Franklin. Every mother, if left to herself, would teach her child what that child during the whole of his lifetime pays dearly for being taught, and what from such payment makes often an unkindly and unjust impression on him. He is obliged to purchase a commodity he does not require, and one which, sometimes it may happen, he has a larger store of than the patentee and vender. The most pious and moral men upon earth are the inhabitants of New-England; and they are so because their consciences have never been drilled nor swathed, and because they never have been taught to divide their offering, the prayer and psalm on this side, the bag of wheat and truss of clover on that, between God and the ministers of the church.

Washington. While such men as the New-England men are existing, our independence and liberty are secure. Governments, in which there are establishments, will, without great prudence, fall into danger from sects: every new one gives a fresh security and an additional stability to ours.

Franklin. A mixture of sects is as advantageous to a political system as a mixture of blood is to the strength and perpetuity of the human race. Everything wants gentle, insensible, unrestricted, renovation; air, fire, earth, water, the vegetables, the animals, man, states. To you, fellow-citizen and defender, the most beneficent on record is principally owing. If America had been conquered, the breath of Freedom had been stifled in every region of the world, and we should have lamented the fate even of the people who in their blindness had enslaved us.

Looking to what may happen in future, on the ground you have marked out to me, I recollect an admirable law of Solon, which enacts that in case of usurpation the magistrates should resign their offices; and that he who continued his functions after the extinction of the popular power, should, together with the subverter of it, be punished with death by any private citizen. Let jurists decide whether it be not right and expedient to punish not usurpers only, but (if in compliance with the vulgar use of language we must distinguish them) conquerors too, in this manner; on the principle that every individual may recover his own property, and slay the spoiler who detains it aggressively. And let moralists judge, whether a few of such chastisements, on choice subjects, would not cool in a great degree the lust of spoliation and conquest. We will not be morose and captious with the lovers of peace and order: we will concede to them that it is a dangerous question to agitate, whether an arbitrary but salutary imprisonment now and then, with now and then an unlucky but well-meant torture, should be resisted or endured: for such things (they will tell us) happen occasionally in the most flourishing and best-regulated governments. But when constitutions are destroyed and legal magistrates are displaced, every man may pick up the broken laws; and it is a virtue to exercise the most solemn and the most imperative of them gratuitously. That of Solon, moderate as he was, goes farther. A similar law was enacted at Rome on the abolition of the decemvirate.*

Washington. Our constitution is flexible and yielding, by reason of its homogeneousness and its purity. Like the surface of our country, it may in some measure be changed by improvements and still preserve its character and features. The better part of what we have imported from England is retained for the present; because it is difficult to introduce new regulations in times of trouble; and that the mischievous should not burst in between the old paling and the new. Several of these must be repealed, but gradually and occasionally.

Franklin, In England more have been made and repealed again within one century than in all the rest of the universe within three; not reckoning, as would be unfair, what has been effected by revolutions. The worst have lasted the longest.† Barrenness is perennial; fertility is the produce of a season.

Washington. The whole system of representation, on which everything depends of law and liberty, has been changed within our memory.

Franklin. Except the Chancery-court.

Sedet æternumque sedebit.

It has carried more ruin and desolation into innocent families than all the gaming-houses and other haunts of vice in the three kingdoms. Orphans, charities, schools, hospitals, are absorbed by the hundred, and swallowed up in this inland Maëlstrom.

Washington. The English talk of other grievances, and hardly notice this: we may be so near an object as not to see it in its full extent nor clearly.

Franklin. A sailor condemned to be hanged, was thus admonished: "Prepare yourself to ap-

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* Ne quis ullum magistratum sine provocatione crearet: qui creasset, eum jus fasque esset occidi, neve ea cædes capitalis noxæ haberetur. *Liv.* III. 55.

† Nevertheless it is proved and declared from the Bench that the mass of the people lives in comfort, not to say in affluence; for Mr. Justice Best informs us that *most of the industrious part of the community live upon nothing else than bread and water.* That the laws are liberal is proved also and declared from the Bench by the same high authority. He tells us that writers of newspapers ought to report *nothing* of the King: but what has been communicated by the Ministry. Mr. Justice Best being raised to the Peerage, said "*I bullied them into it.*" At a public dinner he proposed the health of George IV, enumerated his manifold virtues, and stated the benefits he had conferred on the nation. Upon which Mr. T. Erskine begged to remind him of one omission, and to suggest that the national thanks should be humbly offered to his Majesty for the late abundant harvest. We may hope that ere long allied kings, instead of sending each other stars, snuff-boxes, and crosses, will amicably exchange ministers, jurists, and judges; all good and useful for all.

pear before your eternal judge." "What does his lordship mean?" said he to the gaoler who was conducting him away. "Sure, I can have nothing to do with my Lord Chancellor! I have neither land nor tenement; and he would turn up his nose at my jacket and trousers."

There is no country where laws are so disproportionate to offences, so sanguinary, so disputable, so contradictory, so tardy, so expensive. Now these are the six principal defects of laws, and to which it would be difficult to add a seventh of weight: for laxity cannot coexist with them. More fortunes have been wrecked upon the quicksands of British jurisprudence than ever have been engulfed by any one despotism: and more crimes are capital in England than were even known by name among the Jews in the time of Moses, or among the Athenians in the time of Draco.

Washington. Sometimes it is not the ignorant who act the most absurdly. Our late enemies are now just as angry with us as if they fancied we were mocking their mutability; some of them are more alarmed at the form of government we have chosen than at any other consequence of our liberation; I think, without reason. Republicanism is fit only for nations grown up, and is equally ill adapted to those in decay and to those in infancy. Europeans do indeed call ours an infant state.

Franklin. Ay indeed? I never heard of an infant who kicked its mother down-stairs.

Washington. Be graver, Benjamin, and inform me whether, in your opinion, states do not reasonably date from their instruction and experience, and not from this or from that effect of vicissitude; and whether any nation in the world was ever better informed than ours, in its duties and interests.

Franklin. None on record: and God grant that every novelty in our country may be as just and reasonable as that contained in your observation with regard to dates. We are as old a nation as the English, although we are not so old in America as they in England. Crossing the ocean does not make a man younger, neither does it a people.

Washington. Other accusations than those of juvenility are brought against us, and in appearance weightier. We are accused of the worst ingratitude, in having turned our strength and prosperity against the authors of it. Prosperity and strength never have excited a colony to rebellion, nor is wealth a whisperer to independence. But when arrogance and injustice stride forth into a colony strong and prosperous, it takes the advantage of its strength and prosperity; and then indeed wealth, which has not been the mover, becomes the supporter, of emancipation. Every colony of England hath evinced a desire of quitting her when it could; not a single one of ancient Rome. Under the government of Hadrian, Utica, Italica, and Gades, enjoying the privileges of municipal towns, entreated and obtained the title of colonies; though in the former condition they might exercise all the magistracies, and enjoy all the dignities, of the republic. Yet Rome, we are informed, was the subjugator of mankind, and England the protector.

Franklin. God protect the wretchedest of his creatures from such protection.

Washington. We have spoken of the danger to which every state, sooner or later, is subject from arbitrary power, and on the principles which ought to be instilled into every young citizen, first to guard against it, and then, if unsuccessful in his precautions, to exterminate it. Aristocracy, in the eyes of many, is as great an evil, and more imminent. Hence we have a party in force against the institution of a senate; and indeed if I could consider it as anything like an aristocracy or oligarchy in its gait or tendency, I should disapprove of it openly and loudly. But in fact ours is the only intermediate body which can do good; and I think it capable of this to a great extent. Hereditary Senates, under whatever name, are eternally tearing and consuming the vitals of their country. Our senate brings no such evil with it: on the contrary, everything about it is conservative and prospective. Its beneficent effects go beyond itself, and exceed its attributions: for, as none can be elected into it whose fortunes do not show him to have been prudent, and whose demeanour has not been regular and decorous, many spirits which from their nature, from youth, from zeal, from ambition, would be clamorous and unruly among our representatives, are controlled and guided by the hope of rising thence into this venerable assembly.

Franklin. Tiberius, the wisest of despots, to increase his own power, increased that of the senate, and transferred to it the business of the *comitia*. In more barbarous times the king and aristocracy will contend for power, and the people will lift up its head between them: in more civilised, when abundance of wealth produces abundance of offices, the two will unite, and the people sink imperceptibly under them. For it is requisite in such a state to the existence of both that the mass do not become rich or instructed; against which evils, wars and lucrative places are devised, and elections are so managed as to occasion a vast expenditure, and to be accompanied by as many vices as can find room. Where senates have not been the executive power or the appointers of it, they have been instruments, but never intermediaries. That of papal Rome is in nothing less respectable than that of imperial. The venerable body, consisting of one man, a robe, and a periwig, went this year before the "Holiness of our Lord," requesting his permission to wear masks the last * week of the carnival. Who can doubt the utility and dignity of such institutions, or that something of such gravity and decorum ought always to stand between the prince and people?

Washington. Other nations seem to entertain more fears for us, in the abundance of their benevolence, than we entertain for ourselves. They

* This was likewise done in 1824.

acknowledge you and some few more among us to be honest and well-meaning persons, and, pressing them hardly, do not deny altogether that you are moderate, reasonable, capable of instruction, nay indeed wise: yet the merest youths, whist-players and jockeys, turn their heads across their shoulders to give you a word of advice. When the popular part, the senatorial part, the executive part, are summarily discussed, the whole together is taken up as lightly and as easily disposed of. "Republics can not stand" is the exclamation of council-board and sounding-board; the echo of Church and Chamber.

Franklin. I would reduce the question to as few words as they would. A single argument is enough for a single truth: whatever comes after, is in part illustration, in part confusion.

When the advantages of kingship and republicanism are opposed, the main inquiry is, not about forms or families, not about the government of the fewer or the more; but whether the good shall control the bad or the bad control the good. A whole people can not long err in its choice. One man or two may agree with a groom that an unsound horse is a sound one; but twenty will not, take the twenty even at hazard. The great advantage is, however, when you can send back the horse after trying him, or change him on discovering his infirmity.

Washington. There are certain parts of our constitution which are capable of improvement. In my situation it would be imprudent and indecorous to point them out. But it is better in its present condition than if it were more centralised and compact. It is like those bridges which are overlaid with loose planks, and of which, when the tide is rising rapidly, the platform would be heaved up and broken if it were more strained into apparent solidity.

Franklin. In government, as in other things, we, and not only we, but even those wiser and greater men, the ministers of kings, may profit by reading the first half-page in the *Elements of Geometry*, in which we find that "the right line is the shortest way from one point to another," and I would add, *ceteris paribus*, the easiest and surest.

We were called, a little while ago, the partisans of anarchy. At that time we could not argue with our opponents, they being in a state of frenzy, and running loose; but now that their arms are tied behind them, and that they are at home and abed, we may reason calmly with them, and tell them that no number is so near to nothing as one, and no government so near to anarchy as monarchy. There is more than one kind of anarchy, though there is only one known by name; as there are plants and metals under our feet, unclassed and undescribed. We are in the habit of calling those bodies of men anarchal which are in a state of effervescence; but the most anarchal of all are those which surrender self-rule to the caprice of the worst informed and least tractable members of society. Anarchy, like other things, has its certain state and season of quiescence; and its features are only the more flushed and discomposed by the somnolence of repletion and supineness.

Washington. A third question, of less intense anxiety, is raised by those who read our fortunes, not in the palms of our hands, but in the clouds. At some future day, they portend to us that every province will be an independent state.

Franklin. Horrible prediction! We shall experience the misfortune then to have cultivated our wilds; to have subdivided and peopled hill, forest, and savannah; to have excavated quarries, mines, canals; to have erected arsenals, to have constructed navies; to be so rich in short and so powerful as to fear no enemy and to need no alliance. The time undoubtedly will come when each province will produce as much as all do now: so that as easily and safely as all now stand together, each will then stand alone. A long experience of their true interests, a certainty that they depend upon peace and concord, will render wars impossible among them; and if any European power should have the temerity to attack the weakest, not only will our other states chastise that power, but its own subjects will abandon or subvert it. Repose from oppression, refuge from persecution, respect for honesty, and reward for industry, are found here. A labourer gains more in this country than a "professor of humanity" in some of the most civilised on the other continent. Resolute to defend these advantages, the children of America are for ever free: those of Europe, many years yet, must thread the labyrinth and face the Minotaur.

ROGER ASCHAM AND LADY JANE GREY.

Ascham. Thou art going, my dear young lady, into a most awful state; thou art passing into matrimony and great wealth. God hath willed it: submit in thankfulness.

Thy affections are rightly placed and well distributed. Love is a secondary passion in those who love most, a primary in those who love least. He who is inspired by it in a high degree, is inspired by honour in a higher: it never reaches its plenitude of growth and perfection but in the most exalted minds. Alas! alas!

Jane. What aileth my virtuous Ascham? what is amiss? why do I tremble?

Ascham. I remember a sort of prophecy, made three years ago: it is a prophecy of thy condition and of my feelings on it. Recollectest thou who wrote, sitting upon the sea-beach the evening after an excursion to the Isle of Wight, these verses?

Invisibly bright water! so like air,
On looking down I feared thou couldst not bear
My little bark, of all light barks most light,
And look'd again, and drew me from the sight,
And, hanging back, breath'd each fresh gale aghast,
And held the bench, not to go on so fast.

Jane. I was very childish when I composed them; and, if I had thought any more about the matter, I should have hoped you had been too generous to keep them in your memory as witnesses against me.

Ascham. Nay, they are not much amiss for so young a girl, and there being so few of them, I did not reprove thee. Half an hour, I thought, might have been spent more unprofitably; and I now shall believe it firmly, if thou wilt but be led by them to meditate a little on the similarity of situation in which thou then wert to what thou art now in.

Jane. I will do it, and whatever else you command; for I am weak by nature and very timorous, unless where a strong sense of duty holdeth and supporteth me. There God acteth, and not his creature.

Those were with me at sea who would have been attentive to me if I had seemed to be afraid, even though worshipful men and women were in the company; so that something more powerful threw my fear overboard. Yet I never will go again upon the water.

Ascham. Exercise that beauteous couple, that mind and body, much and variously, but at home, at home, Jane! indoors, and about things indoors; for God is there too. We have rocks and quicksands on the banks of our Thames, O lady, such as Ocean never heard of; and many (who knows how soon!) may be engulfed in the current under their garden-walls.

Jane. Thoroughly do I now understand you. Yes indeed, I have read evil things of courts; but I think nobody can go out bad who entereth good, if timely and true warning shall have been given.

Ascham. I see perils on perils which thou dost not see, albeit thou art wiser than thy poor old master. And it is not because Love hath blinded thee, for that surpasseth his supposed omnipotence; but it is because thy tender heart, having always leant affectionately upon good, hath felt and known nothing of evil.

I once persuaded thee to reflect much: let me now persuade thee to avoid the habitude of reflection, to lay aside books, and to gaze carefully and stedfastly on what is under and before thee.

Jane. I have well bethought me of my duties: O how extensive they are! what a goodly and fair inheritance! But tell me, would you command me never more to read Cicero and Epictetus and Plutarch and Polybius? The others I do resign: they are good for the arbour and for the gravel-walk: yet leave unto me, I beseech you, my friend and father, leave unto me for my fireside and for my pillow, truth, eloquence, courage, constancy.

Ascham. Read them on thy marriage-bed, on thy child-bed, on thy death-bed. Thou spotless undrooping lily, they have fenced thee right well. These are the men for men: these are to fashion the bright and blessed creatures whom God one day shall smile upon in thy chaste bosom. Mind thou thy husband.

Jane. I sincerely love the youth who hath espoused me; I love him with the fondest, the most solicitous affection; I pray to the Almighty for his goodness and happiness, and do forget at times, unworthy supplicant! the prayers I should have offered for myself. Never fear that I will disparage my kind religious teacher, by disobedience to my husband in the most trying duties.

Ascham. Gentle is he, gentle and virtuous: but time will harden him: time must harden even thee, sweet Jane! Do thou, complacently and indirectly, lead him from ambition.

Jane. He is contented with me and with home.

Ascham. Ah Jane! Jane! men of high estate grow tired of contentedness.

Jane. He told me he never liked books unless I read them to him: I will read them to him every evening: I will open new worlds to him richer than those discovered by the Spaniard: I will conduct him to treasures, O what treasures! on which he may sleep in innocence and peace.

Ascham. Rather do thou walk with him, ride with him, play with him, be his faery, his page, his everything that love and poetry have invented; but watch him well; sport with his fancies; turn them about like the ringlets round his cheek; and if ever he meditate on power, go toss up thy baby to his brow, and bring back his thoughts into his heart by the music of thy discourse.

Teach him to live unto God and unto thee; and he will discover that women, like the plants in woods, derive their softness and tenderness from the shade.

LORD BACON AND RICHARD HOOKER.

Bacon. Hearing much of your worthiness and wisdom, Master Richard Hooker, I have besought your comfort and consolation in this my too heavy affliction: for we often do stand in need of hearing what we know full well, and our own balsams must be poured into our breasts by another's hand. As the air at our doors is sometimes more expeditious in removing pain and heaviness from the body than the most far-fetched remedies would be, so the voice alone of a neighbourly and friendly visitant may be more effectual in assuaging our sorrows, than whatever is most forcible in rhetoric and most recondite in wisdom. On these occasions we can not put our-

selves in a posture to receive the latter, and still less are we at leisure to look into the corners of our store-room, and to uncurl the leaves of our references. As for Memory, who, you may tell me, would save us the trouble, she is footsore enough in all conscience with me, without going further back. Withdrawn as you live from court and courtly men, and having ears occupied by better reports than such as are flying about me, yet haply so hard a case as mine, befalling a man heretofore not averse from the studies in which you take delight, may have touched you with some concern.

Hooker. I do think, my Lord of Verulam, that, unhappy as you appear, God in sooth has foregone to chasten you, and that the day which in his wisdom he appointed for your trial, was the very day on which the King's Majesty gave unto your ward and custody the great seal of his English realm. And yet perhaps it may be, let me utter it without offence, that your features and stature were from that day forward no longer what they were before. Such an effect do power and rank and office produce even on prudent and religious men.

A hound's whelp howleth if you pluck him up above where he stood: man, in much greater peril from falling, doth rejoice. You, my Lord, as befitteth you, are smitten and contrite, and do appear in deep wretchedness and tribulation to your servants and those about you; but I know that there is always a balm which lies uppermost in these afflictions, and that no heart rightly softened can be very sore.

Bacon. And yet, Master Richard, it is surely no small matter to lose the respect of those who looked up to us for countenance; and the favour of a right learned king; and O Master Hooker! such a power of money! But money is mere dross. I should always hold it so, if it possessed not two qualities; that of making men treat us reverently, and that of enabling us to help the needy.

Hooker. The respect, I think, of those who respect us for what a fool can give and a rogue can take away, may easily be dispensed with; but it is indeed a high prerogative to help the needy; and when it pleases the Almighty to deprive us of it, let us believe that he foreknoweth our inclination to negligence in the charge entrusted to us, and that in his mercy he hath removed from us a most fearful responsibility.

Bacon. I know a number of poor gentlemen to whom I could have rendered aid.

Hooker. Have you examined and sifted their worthiness?

Bacon. Well and deeply.

Hooker. Then must you have known them long before your adversity, and while the means of succouring them were in your hands.

Bacon. You have circumvented and entrapped me, Master Hooker. Faith! I am mortified: you the schoolman, I the schoolboy!

Hooker. Say not so, my Lord. Your years indeed are fewer than mine, by seven or thereabout, but your knowledge is far higher, your experience richer. Our wits are not always in blossom upon us. When the roses are overcharged and languid, up springs a spike of rue. Mortified on such an occasion! God forefend it! But again to the business . . I should never be over-penitent for my neglect of needy gentlemen who have neglected themselves much worse. They have chosen their profession with its chances and contingencies. If they had protected their country by their courage or adorned it by their studies, they would have merited, and, under a king of such learning and such equity, would have received in some sort their reward. I look upon them as so many old cabinets of ivory and tortoise-shell, scratched, flawed, splintered, rotten, defective both within and without, hard to unlock, insecure to lock up again, unfit to use,

Bacon. Methinks it beginneth to rain, Master Richard. What if we comfort our bodies with a small cup of wine, against the ill-temper of the air. Wherefore, in God's name, are you affrightened?

Hooker. Not so, my Lord; not so.

Bacon. What then affects you?

Hooker. Why, indeed, since your Lordship interrogates me . . I looked, idly and imprudently, into that rich buffet; and I saw, unless the haze of the weather has come into the parlour, or my sight is the worse for last night's reading, no fewer than six silver pints. Surely six tables for company are laid only at coronations.

Bacon. There are many men so squeamish that forsooth they would keep a cup to themselves, and never communicate it to their nearest and best friend; a fashion which seems to me offensive in an honest house, where no disease of ill repute ought to be feared. We have lately, Master Richard, adopted strange fashions; we have run into the wildest luxuries. The Lord Leicester, I heard it from my father . . God forefend it should ever be recorded in our history . . when he entertained Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth Castle, laid before her Majesty a fork of pure silver. I the more easily credit it, as Master Thomas Coriatt doth vouch for having seen the same monstrous sign of voluptuousness at Venice. We are surely the especial favourites of Providence, when such wantonness hath not melted us quite away. After this portent, it would otherwise have appeared incredible that we should have broken the Spanish Armada.

Pledge me: hither comes our wine.

[*To the Servant.*

Dolt! villain! is not this the beverage I reserve for myself?

The blockhead must imagine that Malmsey runs in a stream under the ocean, like the Alpheus. Bear with me, good Master Hooker, but verily I have little of this wine, and I keep it as a medicine for my many and growing infirmities. You are healthy at present: God in his infinite mercy long maintain you so! Weaker drink is more wholesome for you. The lighter ones of France

are best accommodated by Nature to our constitutions, and therefore she has placed them so within our reach, that we have only to stretch out our necks, in a manner, and drink them from the vat. But this Malmsey, this Malmsey, flies from centre to circumference, and makes youthful blood boil.

Hooker. Of a truth, my knowledge in such matters is but spare. My Lord of Canterbury once ordered part of a goblet, containing some strong Spanish wine, to be taken to me from his table, when I dined by sufferance with his chaplains, and, although a most discreet prudent man, as befitteth his high station, was not so chary of my health as your Lordship. Wine is little to be trifled with, physic less. The Cretans, the brewers of this Malvasy, have many aromatic and powerful herbs among them. On their mountains, and notably on Ida, grows that dittany which works such marvels, and which perhaps may give activity to this hot medicinal drink of theirs. I would not touch it, knowingly: an unregarded leaf, dropped into it above the ordinary, might add such puissance to the concoction, as almost to break the buckles in my shoes: since we have good and valid authority, that the wounded hart, on eating thereof, casts the arrow out of his haunch or entrails, although it stuck a palm deep.

Bacon. When I read of such things I doubt them. Religion and politics belong to God and to God's vicegerent the King: we must not touch upon them unadvisedly: but if I could procure a plant of dittany on easy terms, I would persuade my apothecary and my gamekeeper to make some experiments.

Hooker. I dare not distrust what grave writers have declared, in matters beyond my knowledge.

Bacon. Good Master Hooker, I have read many of your reasonings; and they are admirably well sustained: added to which, your genius has given such a strong current to your language as can come only from a mighty elevation and a most abundant plenteousness. Yet forgive me, in God's name, my worthy Master, if you descried in me some expression of wonder at your simplicity. We are all weak and vulnerable somewhere: common men in the higher parts; heroes, as was feigned of Achilles, in the lower. You would define to a hair's breadth, the qualities, states, and dependencies, of Principalities, Dominations, and Powers; you would be unerring about the Apostles and the Churches; and 'tis marvellous how you wander about a potherb.

Hooker. I know my poor weak intellects, most noble Lord, and how scantily they have profited by my hard painstaking. Comprehending few things, and those imperfectly, I say only what others have said before, wise men and holy; and if, by passing through my heart into the wide world around me, it pleaseth God that this little treasure shall have lost nothing of its weight and pureness, my exultation is then the exultation of humility. Wisdom consisteth not in knowing many things, nor even in knowing them thoroughly; but in choosing and in following what conduces the most certainly to our lasting happiness and true glory. And this wisdom, my Lord of Verulam, cometh from above.

Bacon. I have observed among the well-informed and the ill-informed nearly the same quantity of infirmities and follies: those who are rather the wiser keep them separate, and those who are wisest of all keep them better out of sight. Now examine the sayings and writings of the prime philosophers; and you will often find them, Master Richard, to be untruths made to resemble truths. The business with them is to approximate as nearly as possible, and not to touch it: the goal of the charioteer is *evitata fervidis rotis*, as some poet saith. But we who care nothing for chants and cadences, and have no time to catch at applauses, push forward over stones and sands straightway to our object. I have persuaded men, and shall persuade them for ages, that I possess a wide range of thought unexplored by others, and first thrown open by me, with many fair inclosures of choice and abstruse knowledge. I have incited and instructed them to examine all subjects of useful and rational inquiry: few that occurred to me have I myself left untouched or untried: one however hath almost escaped me, and surely one worth the trouble.

Hooker. Pray, my Lord, if I am guilty of no indiscretion, what may it be?

Bacon. Francis Bacon.

Lest it be thought that authority is wanting for the strong expression of Hooker on the effects of dittany, the reader is referred to the curious treatise of Plutarch on the reasoning faculties of animals, in which (near the end) he asks, "Who instructed deer wounded by the Cretan arrow to seek for dittany? on the tasting of which herb the bolts fall immediately from their bodies."

GENERAL LACY AND CURA MERINO.

Merino. General, we have fought in the same cause, and I shall be sorry if our sentiments at last diverge. What is peace if there be not concord?

Lacy. Enthusiasm makes way for reflection, and reflection leads to that concord which we both desire. We think first of our wrongs and afterward of our rights. Injustice may become, where there is anything to be stirred, a lighter evil to the sufferer than to the worker.

Merino. We talk of the people and of parliaments, and, as it appears to me, are blindly following the restless and changeful French. In fact we are ready in our politics to build up a tower of Babel. Shall these unbelievers persuade us that they are the cleverest people in the world, by sweetening us a cup of chocolate with a bunch of turnips or a truss of hay, or by whipping us off a leg while we are saying an ave-maria? Let

them instruct us in surgery and chemistry, but let them always be considered as our inferiors in morality and government.

Lacy. Here, Señor Cura, we agree perfectly. Prosperity has made them so giddy, adversity can not sober them. The varnish that once covered their sharp and shallow character, cracked off in the dogdays of the Revolution, and they have lost the greatest of their virtues, their hypocrisy. Although I have fought against them and against their partisans, while they were under the same banners, yet I would gladly see all Spaniards in amity and at home. The French faction, as you call it, fought for the same object as we did.

Merino. How! they fought for our beloved Ferdinand?

Lacy. They fought for our beloved Spain, for her independence, for her freedom. Ought they to be persecuted because they were betrayed? Should we murder a man because he has fallen into a pit? or starve him to death because he has gone for bread to another baker than ours? and liberty is surely, like bread, an article of the first necessity to a Spaniard.

Merino. They followed not their lawful king.

Lacy. Did we? did any wise man? Did not all implore him to remain? did not all deprecate and detest that lowest of degradation which he neither scorned nor shunned, but ran into and courted?

Merino. It was God's will. As for those rebels, the finger of God . . .

Lacy. Prythee, Señor Cura, let God's finger alone. Very worthy men are apt to snatch at it upon too light occasions: they would stop their tobacco-pipes with it. If Spain, in the opinion of our late opponents, could have obtained a free constitution by other means, they never would have joined the French. True, they persisted: but how few have wisdom or courage enough to make the distinction between retracting an error and deserting a cause! He who declares himself a party-man, let his party profess the most liberal sentiments, is a registered and enlisted slave: he begins by being a zealot and ends by being a dupe: he is tormented by regret and anger: yet is he as incapable from shame and irresolution of throwing off the livery under which he sweats and fumes, as was that stronger one, more generously mad, the garment empoisoned with the life-blood of the Centaur.

Merino. How much better is it to abolish parties by fixing a legitimate king at the head of affairs!

Lacy. The object, thank God, is accomplished. Ferdinand is returning to Madrid, if perverse men do not mislead him.

Merino. And yet there are Spaniards wild enough to talk of Cortes and Chambers of Peers.

Lacy. Of the latter I know nothing: but I know that Spain formerly was great, free, and happy, by the administration of her Cortes: and as I prefer in policy old experiments to new, I should not be sorry if the madness, as you call it, spread in that direction.

There are many forms of government, but only two kinds: the free and the despotic: in the one the people hath its representatives, in the other not. Freedom, to be, must be perfect: the half-free can no more exist, even in idea, than the half-entire. Restraints laid by a people on itself are sacrifices made to liberty; and it never exerts a more beneficent or a greater power than in imposing them. The nation that pays taxes without its own consent is under slavery: whosoever causes, whosoever maintains, that slavery, subverts or abets the subversion of social order. Whoever is above the law is out of the law, just as evidently as whoever is above this room is out of this room. If men will outlaw themselves by overt acts, we are not to condemn those who remove them by the means least hazardous to the public peace. If even my daughter brought forth a monster, I could not arrest the arm that should smother it: and monsters of this kind are by infinite degrees less pernicious than such as rise up in society by violation of law.

In regard to a Chamber of Peers, Spain does not contain the materials. What has been the education of our grandees? how narrow the space between the hornbook and *sanbenito?* The English are amazed, and the French are indignant, that we have not imitated their constitutions. All constitutions formed for the French are provisionary. Whether they trip or tumble, whether they step or slide, the tendency is direct to slavery: none but a most rigid Government will restrain them from cruelty or from mischief: they are scourged into good humour and starved into content. I have read whatever I could find written on the English constitution: and it appears to me, like the Deity, an object universally venerated, but requiring a Revelation. I do not find the House of Peers, as I expected to find it, standing between the king and people. Throughout a long series of years, it has been only twice in opposition to the Commons: once in declaring that the slave-trade ought not to be abolished; again in declaring that those who believe in transubstantiation are unfit to command an army or to decide a cause.

Merino. Into what extravagances does infidelity lead men, in other things not unwise. Blessed virgin of the thousand pains! and great Santiago of Compostella! deign to bring that benighted nation back again to the right path.

Lacy. On Deity we reason by attributes, on government by metaphors. Wool or sand, embodied, may deaden the violence of what is discharged against the walls of a city: hereditary aristocracy hath no such virtue against the assaults of despotism, which on the contrary it will maintain in opposition to the people. Since its power and wealth, although they are given *by* the king, must be given *from* the nation: the one has not an interest in enriching it, the other has. All the countries that ever have been con-

quered, have been surrendered to the conqueror by the aristocracy, stipulating for its own property, power, and rank, yielding up the men, cattle, and metals, on the common. Nevertheless, in every nation the project of an upper chamber will be warmly cherished. The richer aspire to honours, the poorer to protection. Every family of wealth and respectability wishes to count a peer among its relatives, and, where the whole number is yet under nomination, everyone may hope it. Those who have no occasion for protectors, desire the power of protecting; and those who have occasion for them, desire them to be more efficient.

Despotism sits nowhere so secure as under the effigy and ensigns of Freedom. You would imagine that the British peers have given their names to beneficent institutions, wise laws, and flourishing colonies: no such thing: instead of which, a slice of meat between two slices of bread derives its name from one; a tumble of heels over head, a feat performed by beggar-boys on the roads, from another. The former, I presume, was a practical commentator on the Roman fable of the belly and the members, and maintained with all his power and interest the supremacy of the nobler part; and the latter was of a family in which the head never was equivalent to the legs. Others divide their titles with a waistcoat, a bonnet, and a boot; the more illustrious with some island inhabited by sea-calves.

Merino. I deprecate such importations into our monarchy. God forbid that the ermine of his Catholic Majesty be tagged with the sordid tail of a monster so rough as feudality!

Lacy. If kings, whether by reliance on external force, by introduction of external institutions, or by misapplication of what they may possess within the realm, show a disposition to conspire with other kings against its rights, it may be expected that communities will, some secretly and others openly, unite their moral, their intellectual, and, when opportunity permits it, their physical powers against them. If alliances are holy which are entered into upon the soil usurped, surely not unholy are those which are formed for defence against all kinds and all methods of spoliation. If men are marked out for banishment, for imprisonment, for slaughter, because they assert the rights and defend the liberties of their country, can you wonder at seeing, as you must ere long, a confederacy of free countries, formed for the apprehension or extinction of whoever pays, disciplines, or directs, under whatsoever title, those tremendous masses of human kind, which consume the whole produce of their native land in depopulating another? Is it iniquitous or unnatural that laws be opposed to edicts, and constitutions to despotism? O Señor Merino! there are yet things holy: all the barbarians and all the autocrats in the universe cannot make that word a byword to the Spaniard. Yes, there may be holy alliances; and the hour strikes for their establishment. This beautiful earth, these heavens in their magnificence and splendour, have seen things more lovely and more glorious than themselves. The throne of God is a speck of darkness, if you compare it with the heart that beats only and beats constantly to pour forth its blood for the preservation of our country! Invincible Spain! how many of thy children have laid this pure sacrifice on the altar! The Deity hath accepted it: and there are those who would cast its ashes to the winds!

If ever a perverseness of character, or the perfidy taught in courts, should induce a king of Spain to violate his oath, to massacre his subjects, to proscribe his friends, to imprison his defenders, to abolish the representation of the people, Spain will be drawn by resentment to do what Policy in vain has whispered in the ear of Generosity. She and Portugal will be one: nor will she be sensible of disgrace in exchanging a prince of French origin for a prince of Portuguese. There is a north-west passage to the golden shores of Freedom; and, if pirates infest the opener seas, brave adventurers will cut their way through it. Let kings tremble at nothing but their own fraudulence and violence; and never at popular assemblies, which alone can direct them unerringly.

Merino. Educated as kings are, by pious men, servants of God, they see a chimera in a popular assembly.

Lacy. Those who refuse to their people a national and just representation, calling it a chimera, will one day remember that he who purchases their affections at the price of a chimera, purchases them cheaply: and those who, having promised the boon, retract it, will put their hand to the signature directed by a hand of iron. State after state comes forward in asserting its rights, as wave follows wave; each acting upon each; and the tempest is gathering in regions where no murmur or voice is audible. Portugal pants for freedom, in other words is free. With one foot in England and the other in Brazil, there was danger in withdrawing either: she appears however to have recovered her equipoise. Accustomed to fix her attention upon England, wisely will she act if she imitates her example in the union with Ireland; a union which ought to cause no other regret than in having been celebrated so late. If on the contrary she believes that national power and prosperity are the peculiar gifts of independence, she must believe that England was more powerful and prosperous in the days of her heptarchy than fifty years ago. Algarve would find no more advantage in her independence of Portugal, than Portugal would find in continuing detached from the other portions of our peninsula. There were excellent reasons for declaring her independence at the time; there now are better, if better be possible, for a coalition. She, like ourselves, is in danger of losing her colonies: how can either party by any other means retrieve its loss? Normandy and Brittany, after centuries of war, joined the other provinces of France: more centuries of

severer war would not sunder them. We have no such price to pay. Independence is always the sentiment that follows liberty; and it is always the most ardently desired by that country, which, supposing the administration of law to be similar and equal, derives the greatest advantage from the union. According to the state of society in two countries, to the justice or injustice of government, to proximity or distance, independence may be good or bad. Normandy and Brittany would have found it hurtful and pernicious: they would have been corrupted by bribery, and overrun by competitors, the more formidable and the more disastrous from a parity of force. They had not however so weighty reasons for union with France, as Portugal has with Spain.

Merino. To avoid the collision of king and people, we may think about an assembly to be composed of the higher clergy and principal nobility.

Lacy. What should produce any collision, any dissension or dissidence between king and people? Is the wisdom of a nation less than an individual's? Can *it* not see its own interests? and ought *he* to see any other? Surround the throne with state and splendour and magnificence, but withhold from it the means of corruption, which must overflow upon itself, and sap it. To no intent or purpose can they ever be employed, unless to subvert the constitution; and beyond the paling of a constitution a king is *fera naturæ*. Look at Russia and Turkey: how few of their Czars and Sultans have died a natural death! unless indeed in such a state of society the most natural death is a violent one. I would not accustom men to daggers and poisons; for which reason, among others, I would remove them as far as possible from despotism.

To talk of France is nugatory: England then, where more causes are tried within the year than among us within ten, has only twelve judges, criminal and civil, in her ordinary courts. A culprit, or indeed an innocent man, may lie six months in prison before his trial, on suspicion of having stolen a petticoat or pair of slippers. As for her civil laws, they are more contradictory, more dilatory, more complicated, more uncertain, more expensive, more inhumane, than any now in use among men. They who appeal to them for redress of injury, suffer an aggravation of it; and when Justice comes down at last, she alights on ruins. Public opinion is the only bulwark against oppression, and the voice of wretchedness is upon most occasions too feeble to excite it. Law in England, and in most other countries of Europe, is the crown of injustice, burning and intolerable as that hammered and nailed upon the head of Zekkler, after he had been forced to eat the quivering flesh of his companions in insurrection.* In the statutes of the North American United States, there is no such offence as libel upon the Government; because in that country there is no worthless wretch whose government leads to, or can be brought into, contempt. This undefined and undefinable offence, in England, hath consigned many just men and eminent scholars to poverty and imprisonment, to incurable maladies, and untimely death. Law, like the Andalusian bull, lowers her head and shuts her eyes before she makes her push; and either she misses her object altogether, or she leaves it immersed in bloodshed.

When an action is brought by one subject against another, in which he seeks indemnity for an injury done to his property, his comforts, or his character, a jury awards the amount: but if some parasite of the king wishes to mend his fortune, after a run of bad luck at the gaming-table or of improvident bets on the race-course, he informs the attorney-general that he has detected a libel on Majesty, which, unless it be chastised and checked by the timely interference of those blessed institutions whence they are great and glorious, would leave no man's office, or honour, or peace, inviolable. It may happen that the writer, at worst, hath indulged his wit on some personal fault, some feature in the character far below the crown: this is enough for a prosecution: and the author, if found guilty, lies at the mercy of the judge. The jury in this case is never the awarder of damages. Are then the English laws equal for all? Recently there was a member of parliament who declared to the people such things against the Government, as were openly called seditious and libellous, both by his colleagues and his judges. He was condemned to pay a fine, amounting to less than the three-hundredth part of his property, and to be confined for three months: in an apartment more airy and more splendid than any in his own house. Another, no member of parliament, wrote something ludicrous about Majesty, and was condemned, he and his brother, to pay the full half of their property, and to be confined among felons for two years! This confinement was deemed so flagrantly cruel, that the magistrates soon afterward allowed a little more light, a little more air, and better company; not however in separate wards, but separate prisons. The judge who pronounced the sentence is still living; he lives unbruised, unbranded, and he appears like a man among men.

Merino. Why not? He proved his spirit, firmness, and fidelity: in our country he would be appointed Grand-inquisitor on the next vacancy, and lead the queen to her seat at the first *auto da fé*. Idlers and philosophers may complain; but certainly this portion of the English institutions ought to be commended warmly by every true Spaniard, every friend to the altar and the throne. And yet, general, you mention it in such a manner, as would almost let a careless inattentive hearer go away with the persuasion that you disapprove of it. Speculative and dissatisfied men are existing in all countries; even in Spain and England; but we have scourges in store for the

* Alberini *Sull' origine del Danubio* and *Respublica Hungarica.*

pruriency of dissatisfaction, and cases and caps for the telescopes of speculation.

Lacy. The faultiness of the English laws is not complained of nor pointed out exclusively by the speculative or the sanguine, by the oppressed or the disappointed; it was the derision and scoff of George the Second, one of the bravest and most constitutional kings. "As to our laws," said he, "we pass near a hundred every session, which seem made for no other purpose but to afford us the pleasure of breaking them."

This is not reported by whig or tory, who change principles as they change places, but by a dispassionate unambitious man, of sound sense and in easy circumstances, a personal and intimate friend of the king, from whose lips he himself received it, Lord Waldegrave. Yet an Englishman thinks himself quite as free, and governed quite as rationally, as a citizen of the United States! so does a Chinese. Such is the hemlock that Habitude administers to Endurance; and so long is it in this torpor ere the heart sickens.

I am far from the vehemence of the English commander Nelson; a man however who betrayed neither in war nor policy any deficiency of acuteness and judgment. He says unambiguously and distinctly in his letters, "All ministers of kings and princes are in my opinion as great scoundrels as ever lived."

Merino. Certainly there is no reason to complain that he is ambiguous or indistinct in his phraseology.

Lacy. Versatility, indecision, falsehood, ingratitude, had strongly marked, as he saw, the two principal ones of his country, Pitt and Fox; the latter of whom openly turned honesty into derision, while the former sent it wrapped up decently to market. Now if all ministers of kings and princes are, what the admiral calls them from his experience, "as great scoundrels as ever lived," we must be as great fools as ever lived if we endure them: we should look for others.

Merino. Even that will not do: the new ones, possessing the same power and the same places, will be the same men.

Lacy. I am afraid then the change must not be only in the servants, but in the masters, and that we must not leave the choice to those who always choose "as great scoundrels as ever lived." Nelson was a person who had had much to do with the ministers of kings and princes; none of his age had more; an age in which the ministers had surely no less to do than those in any other age since the creation of the world. He was the best commander of his nation: he was consulted and employed in every difficult and doubtful undertaking: he must have known them thoroughly. What meaning then shall we attribute to his words? Shall we say that "as great scoundrels as ever lived" ought to govern the universe in perpetuity? Or can we doubt that they must do so, if we suffer kings and princes to appoint them at each other's recommendation?

Merino. Nelson was a heretic, a blasphemer, a revolutionist.

Lacy. On heresy and blasphemy I am incapable of deciding; but never was there a more strenuous antagonist of revolutionary principles; and upon this rock his glory split and foundered. When Sir William Hamilton declared to the Neapolitan insurgents, who had laid down their arms before royal promises, that his Government having engaged with the Allied Powers to eradicate revolutionary doctrines from Europe, he could not countenance the fulfilment of a capitulation which opposed the views of the *coalition*, what did Nelson? He tarnished the brightest sword in Europe, and devoted to the most insatiable of the Furies the purest blood! A Caroline and a Ferdinand, the most opprobrious of the human race, and among the lowest in intellect, were permitted to riot in the slaughter of a Caracioli.

The English constitution, sir, is founded on revolutionary doctrines, and her kings acknowledge it. Recollect now the note of her diplomatist. Is England in Europe? If she is, which I venture not to assert, her rulers have declared their intention to eradicate the foundations of her liberties: and they have broken their word so often, that I am inclined to believe they will attempt to recover their credit by keeping it strictly here. But the safest and least costly conquests for England, would be those over the understandings and the hearts of men. They require no garrisons; they equip no navies; they encounter no tempests; they withdraw none from labour; they might extend from the arctic to the antarctic circle, leaving every Briton at his own fireside; and Earth like Ocean would have her great Pacific. The strength of England lies not in armaments and invasions: it lies in the omnipresence of her industry, and in the vivifying energies of her high civilisation. There are provinces she can not grasp; there are islands she can not hold fast: but there is neither island nor province, there is neither kingdom nor continent, which she could not draw to her side and fix there everlastingly, by saying the magic words Be Free. Every land wherein she favours the sentiments of freedom, every land wherein she but forbids them to be stifled, is her own; a true ally, a willing tributary, an inseparable friend. Principles hold those together whom power would only alienate.

Merino. I understand little these novel doctrines: but Democracy herself must be contented with the principal features of the English constitution. The great leaders are not taken from the ancient families.

Lacy. These push forward into Parliament young persons of the best talents they happen to pick up, whether at a ball or an opera, at a gaming-table or a college-mess, who from time to time, according to the offices they have filled, mount into the upper chamber and make room for others: but it is understood that, in both chambers, they

shall distribute honours and places at the command of their patrons. True indeed, the ostensible heads are not of ancient or even of respectable parentage. The more wealthy and powerful peers send them from their boroughs into the House of Commons, as they send race-horses from their stables to Newmarket, and cocks from their training-yard to Doncaster. This is, in like manner, a pride, a luxury, a speculation. Even bankrupts have been permitted to sit there; men who, when they succeeded, were a curse to their country worse than when they failed.

Let us rather collect together our former institutions, cherish all that brings us proud remembrances, brace our limbs for the efforts we must make, train our youth on our own arena, and never deem it decorous to imitate the limp of a wrestler writhing in his decrepitude.

The Chamber of Peers in England is the dormitory of Freedom and of Genius. Those who enter it have eaten the lotus and forget their country. A minister, to suit his purposes, may make a dozen or a score or a hundred of peers in a day. If they are rich they are inactive; if they are poor they are dependent. In general he chooses the rich, who always want something: for wealth is less easy to satisfy than poverty, luxury than hunger. He can dispense with their energy if he can obtain their votes, and they never abandon him unless he has contented them.

Merino. Impossible! that any minister should make twenty, or even ten peers, during one convocation.

Lacy. The English, by a most happy metaphor, call them *batches*, seeing so many drawn forth at a time, with the rapidity of loaves from an oven, and moulded to the same ductility by less manipulation. A minister in that system has equally need of the active and the passive, as the creation has equally need of males and females. Do not imagine I would discredit or depreciate the House of Peers. Never will another land contain one composed of characters in general more honourable; more distinguished for knowledge, for charity, for generosity, for equity; more perfect in all the duties of men and citizens. Let it stand: a nation should be accustomed to no changes, to no images but of strength and duration: let it stand then, as a lofty and ornamental belfry, never to be taken down or lowered, until it threatens by its decay the congregation underneath: but let none be excommunicated who refuse to copy it, whether from haitiness in their foundation or from deficiency in their materials. Different countries require different governments. Is the rose the only flower in the garden? is Hesperus the only star in the heavens? We may be hurt by our *safe-guards*, if we try new ones.

Don Britomarte Delciego took his daily siesta on the grass in the city-dyke of Barbastro: he shaded his face with his *sombrero*, and slept profoundly. One day unfortunately a gnat alighted on his nose, and bit it. Don Britomarte roused himself; and, remembering that he could enfold his arms in his mantle, took off a glove and covered the unprotected part with it. Satisfied at the contrivance, he slept again; and more profoundly than ever. Whether there was any savoury odour in the glove, I know not: certain it is that some rats came from under the fortifications, and, perforating the new defence of Don Britomarte, made a breach in the salient angle which had suffered so lately by a less potent enemy; and he was called from that day forward *the knight of the kid-skin vizor.*

Merino. Sir, I do not understand stories: I never found wit or reason in them.

Lacy. Let us return then to graver facts. England in the last twenty years has undergone a greater revolution than any she struggled to counteract: a revolution more awful, more pernicious. She alone of all the nations in the world hath suffered by that of France: she is become less wealthy by it, less free, less liberal, less moral. Half a century ago she was represented chiefly by her country-gentlemen. Pitt made the richer, peers; the intermediate, pensioners; the poorer, exiles; and his benches were overflowed with Honourables from the sugar-cask and indigo-bag. He changed all the features both of mind and matter. Old mansions were converted into workhouses and barracks: children, who returned from school at the holidays, stopped in their own villages and asked why they stopped. More oaks followed him than ever followed Orpheus; and more stones, a thousand to one, leaped down at his voice than ever leaped up at Amphion's. Overladen with taxation, the gentlemen of England, a class the grandest in character that ever existed upon earth, the best informed, the most generous, the most patriotic, were driven from their residences into cities. Their authority ceased: their example was altogether lost; and it appears by the calendars of the prisons, that two-thirds of the offenders were from the country; whereas, until these disastrous times, four-fifths were from the towns. To what a degree those of the towns themselves must have increased, may be supposed by the stagnation in many trades, and by the conversion of labourers and artisans to soldiers.

The country-gentlemen, in losing their rank and condition, lost the higher and more delicate part of their principles. There decayed at once in them that robustness and that nobility of character, which men, like trees, acquire from standing separately. Deprived of their former occupations and amusements, and impatient of inactivity, they condescended to be members of gaming-clubs in the fashionable cities, incurred new and worse expenses, and eagerly sought, from among the friendships they had contracted, those who might obtain for them or for their families some atom from the public dilapidation. Hence nearly all were subservient to the minister: those who were not, were marked out as disaffected to the constitution, or at best as singular men who courted celebrity from retirement.

Such was the state of the landed interest; and what was that of the commercial? Industrious tradesmen speculated; in other words, gamed. Bankers were coiners, not giving a piece of metal, but a scrap of paper. They who had thousands, lent millions, and lost all. Slow and sure gains were discreditable; and nothing was a sight more common, more natural, or seen with more indifference, than fortunes rolling down from their immense accumulation. Brokers and insurers and jobbers, people whose education could not have been liberal, were now for the first time found at the assemblies and at the tables of the great, and were treated there with the first distinction. Every hand through which money passes was pressed affectionately. The viler part of what is democratical was supported by the aristocracy; the better of what is republican was thrown down. England, like one whose features are just now turned awry by an apoplexy, is ignorant of the change she has undergone, and is the more lethargic the more she is distorted. Not only hath she lost her bloom and spirit, but her form and gait, her voice and memory. The weakest of mortals was omnipotent in parliament; and being so, he dreamed in his drunkenness that he could compress the spirit of the times; and before the fumes had passed away, he rendered the wealthiest of nations the most distressed. The spirit of the times is only to be made useful by catching it as it rises, to be managed only by concession, to be controlled only by compliancy. Like the powerful agent of late discovery that impels vast masses across the ocean, or raises them from the abysses of the earth, it performs everything by attention, nothing by force, and is fatal alike from coercion and from neglect. That government is the best which the people obey the most willingly and the most wisely: that state of society, in which the greatest number may live and educate their families becomingly, by unstrained bodily, and unrestricted intellectual exertion: where superiority in office springs from worth, and where the chief magistrate hath no higher interest in perspective than the ascendancy of the laws. Nations are not ruined by war: for convents and churches, palaces and cities, are not nations. The Messenians and Jews and Araucanians saw their houses and temples levelled with the pavement: the mightiness of the crash gave the stronger mind a fresh impulse, and it sprang high above the flames that consumed the last fragment. The ruin of a country is not the blight of corn, nor the weight and impetuosity of hailstones; it is not inundation nor storm, it is not pestilence nor famine; a few years, perhaps a single one, may cover all traces of such calamity. But that country is too surely ruined, in which morals are lost irretrievably to the greater part of the rising generation: and there are they about to sink and perish, where the ruler has given, by an unrepressed and an unreproved example, the lesson of bad faith.

Merino. Sir, I cannot hear such language.

Lacy. Why then converse with me? Is the fault mine if such language be offensive? Why should intolerance hatch an hypothesis, or increase her own alarm by the obstreperous chuckle of incubation.

Merino. Kings stand in the place of God among us.

Lacy. I wish they would make way for the owner. They love God only when they fancy he has favoured their passions, and fear him only when they must buy him off. If indeed they be his vicegerents on earth, let them repress the wicked and exalt the virtuous. Wherever in the material world there is a grain of gold, it sinks to the bottom; chaff floats over it: in the animal, the greatest and most sagacious of creatures hide themselves in woods and caverns, in morasses and solitudes, and we hear first of their existence when we find their bones. Do you perceive a resemblance anywhere? If princes are desirous to imitate the governor of the universe, if they are disposed to obey him, if they consult religion or reason, or, what oftener occupies their attention, the stability of power, they will admit the institutions best adapted to render men honest and peaceable, industrious and contented. Otherwise, let them be certain that, although they themselves may escape the chastisement they merit, their children and grandchildren will never be out of danger or out of fear. Calculations on the intensity of force are often just, hardly ever so those on its durability.

Merino. As if truly that depended on men! a blow against a superintending Providence! It always follows the pestilential breath that would sully the majesty of kings.

Lacy. Señor Merino, my name, if you have forgotten it, is Lacy: take courage and recollect yourself. The whole of my discourse hath tended to keep the majesty of kings unsullied by preserving their honour inviolate. Any blow against a superintending Providence is too insane for reproach, too impotent for pity: and indeed what peril can by anyone be apprehended from the Almighty, when he has Cura Merino to preach for him and the Holy Inquisition to protect him?

Merino. I scorn the sneer, sir! and know not by what right, or after what resemblance, you couple my name with the Holy Inquisition; which our Lord the King in his wisdom hath not yet reestablished, and which the Holy Allies for the greater part have abolished in their dominions.

Lacy. This never would have been effected if the holy heads of the meek usurpers had not raised themselves above the crown; proving from doctors and confessors, from old Testament and new, the privilege they possessed of whipping and burning and decapitating the wearer. The kings in their fright ran against the chalice of poison, by which many thousands of their subjects had perished, and by which their own hands were, after their retractings and writhings, ungauntleted, undirked, and paralysed.

Europe, Asia, America, sent up simultaneously

to heaven a shout of joy at the subversion: Africa, seated among tamer monsters and addicted to milder superstitions, wondered at what burst and dayspring of beatitude the human race was celebrating around her so high and enthusiastic a jubilee.

Merino. I take my leave, general. May your Excellency live many years!

I breathe the pure street-air again. Traitor and atheist! I will denounce him: he has shaved for the last time: he shall never have Christian burial.

PERICLES AND SOPHOCLES.

Pericles. O Sophocles! is there in the world a city so beautiful as Athens? Congratulate me, embrace me; the Piræus and the Pœcile are completed this day; * my glory is accomplished; behold it founded on the supremacy of our fellow-citizens.

Sophocles. And it arises, O Pericles, the more majestically from the rich and delightful plain of equal laws. The Gods have bestowed on our statuaries and painters a mighty power, enabling them to restore our ancestors unto us, some in the calm of thought, others in the tumult of battle, and to present them before our children when we are gone.

Pericles. Shall it be so? Alas, how worthless an incumbrance, how wearisome an impediment is life, if it separate us from the better of our ancestors, not in our existences only, but in our merits! We are little by being seen among men; because that phasis of us only is visible which is exposed toward them and which most resembles them: we become greater by leaving the world, as the sun appears to be on descending below the horizon. Strange reflection! humiliating truth! that nothing on earth, no exertion, no endowment, can do so much for us as a distant day. And deep indeed, O Sophocles, must be the impression made upon thy mind by these masterly works of art, if they annihilate in a manner the living; if they lower in thee that spirit which hath often aroused by one touch, or rather flash, the whole Athenian people at thy tragedies, and force upon thee the cold and ungenial belief, the last which it appears to be their nature to inculcate, that while our children are in existence it can cease to be among them.

Sophocles. I am only the interpreter of the heroes and divinities who are looking down on me. When I survey them I remember their actions, and when I depart from them I visit the regions they illustrated.

Neither the Goddesses on Ida nor the Gods before Troy were such rivals as our artists. Æschylus hath surpassed me:† I must excel Æschylus. O Pericles, thou conjurest up Discontent from the bosom of Delight, and givest her an elevation of mien and character she never knew before: thou makest every man greater than his competitor, and not in his own eyes but in another's. We want historians: thy eloquence will form the style, thy administration will supply the materials. Beware, O my friend, lest the people hereafter be too proud of their city, and imagine that to have been born in Athens is enough.

Pericles. And this indeed were hardly more irrational, than the pride which cities take sometimes in the accident of a man's birth within their walls, of a citizen's whose experience was acquired, whose virtues were fostered, and perhaps whose services were performed, elsewhere.

Sophocles. They are proud of having been the cradles of great men, then only when great men can be no longer an incumbrance or a reproach to them. Let them rather boast of those who spend the last day in them than the first; this is always accidental, that is generally by choice; for, from something like instinct, we wish to close our eyes upon the world in the places we love best, the child in its mother's bosom, the patriot in his country. When we are born we are the same as others: at our decease we may induce our friends, and oblige our enemies, to acknowledge that others are not the same as we. It is folly to say, Death levels the whole human race: for it is only when he hath stripped men of everything external, that their deformities can be clearly discovered or their worth correctly ascertained. Gratitude is soon silent; a little while longer and Ingratitude is tired, is satisfied, is exhausted, or sleeps. Lastly fly off the fumes of party-spirit; the hottest and most putrid ebullition of self-love. We then see before us and contemplate calmly the creator of our customs, the ruler of our passions, the arbiter of our pleasures, and, under the Gods, the disposer of our destiny. What then, I pray thee, is there dead? Nothing more than that which we can handle, cast down, bury; and surely not he who is yet to progenerate a more numerous and far better race, than during the few years it was permitted us to converse with him.

Pericles. When I reflect on Themistocles, on Aristides, and on the greatest of mortal men, Miltiades, I wonder how their countrymen can repeat their names, unless in performing the office of expiation.*

* Their decorations only; for the structures were finished before. The propylea of Pericles were entrances to the citadel: other works of consummate beauty were erected as decorations to the city, but chiefly in the Pœcile, where also was seen the Temple of Cybele, with her statue by Phidias.

† Sophocles gained the first prize for which he contended with Æschylus, and was conscious that he had not yet deserved the superiority, which enthusiasm on the one side and jealousy on the other are always ready to grant a vigorous young competitor. The character of Sophocles was frank and liberal, as was remarkably proved on the death of his last rival, Euripides.

* There are some who may deem this reflection unsuitable to Pericles. He saw injustice in others, and hated it; yet he caused the banishment of Cimon, as great a man as any

Sophocles. Cities are ignorant that nothing is more disgraceful to them, than to be the birthplaces of the illustriously good, and not afterward the places of their residence; that their dignity consists in adorning them with distinctions, in entrusting to them the regulation of the commonwealth, and not in having sold a crust or cordial to the nurse or midwife.

Pericles. O Zeus and Pallas! grant a right mind to the Athenians! If, throughout so many and such eventful ages they have been found by you deserving of their freedom, render them more and more worthy of the great blessing you bestowed on them! May the valour of our children defend this mole for ever; and constantly may their patriotism increase and strengthen among these glorious reminiscences! Shield them from the jealousy of surrounding states, from the ferocity of barbarian kings, and from the perfidy of those who profess the same religion! Teach them that between the despot and the free all compact is a cable of sand, and every alliance unholy! And, O givers of power and wisdom! remove from them the worst and wildest of illusions, that happiness, liberty, virtue, genius, will be fostered or long respected, much less attain their just ascendancy, under any other form of government!

Sophocles. May the Gods hear thee, Pericles, as they have always done! or may I, reposing in my tomb, never know that they have not heard thee!

I smile on imagining how trivial would thy patriotism and ideas of government appear to Chloros. And indeed much wiser men, from the prejudices of habit and education, have undervalued them, preferring the dead quiet of their wintry hives to our breezy spring of life and busy summer. The countries of the vine and olive are more subject to hailstorms than the regions of the north: yet is it not better that some of the fruit should fall than that none should ripen?

Pericles. Quit these creatures; let them lie warm and slumber; they are all they ought to be, all they can be. But prythee who is Chloros, that he should deserve to be named by Sophocles?

Sophocles. He was born somewhere on the opposite coast of Eubœa, and sold as a slave in Persia to a man who dealt largely in that traffic, and who also had made a fortune by displaying to the public four remarkable proofs of ability: first, by swallowing at a draught an amphora of the strongest wine; secondly, by standing up erect and modulating his voice like a sober man when he was drunk; thirdly, by acting to perfection like a drunken man when he was sober; and fourthly, by a most surprising trick indeed, which it is reported he learnt in Babylonia: one would have sworn he had a blazing fire in his mouth; take it out, and it is nothing but a lump of ice. The king, before whom he was admitted to play his tricks, hated him at first, and told him that the last conjuror had made him cautious of such people, he having been detected in filching from a royal tiara one of the weightiest jewels: but talents forced their way. As for Chloros, I mention him by the name under which I knew him; he has changed it since; for although the dirt wherewith it was encrusted kept him comfortable at first, when it cracked and began to crumble it was incommodious.

The barbarians have commenced, I understand, to furbish their professions and vocations with rather whimsical skirts and linings: thus for instance a chessplayer is *lion-hearted* and *worshipful;* a drunkard is *serenity* and *highness;* a hunter of fox, badger, polecat, fitchew, and weazel, is *excellency* and *right honourable;* while, such is the delicacy of distinction, a rat-catcher is considerably less: he however is *illustrious*, and appears, as a tail to a comet, in the train of a legation, holding a pen between his teeth to denote his capacity for secretary, and leading a terrier in the right hand, and carrying a trap baited with cheese and anise-seed in the left.

It is as creditable among them to lie with dexterity as it is common among the Spartans to steal. Chloros, who performed it with singular frankness and composure, had recently a cock's feather mounted on his turban, in place of a hen's, and the people was commanded to address him by the title of *most noble.* His brother Alexaretes was employed at a stipend of four talents to detect an adultress in one among the royal wives: he gave no intelligence in the course of several months: the king on his return cried angrily, "What hast thou been doing? hast thou never found her out?" He answered, "Thy servant, O king, hath been doing more than finding out an adultress: he hath, O king, been making one."

Pericles. I have heard the story with this difference, that the bed-ambassador being as scantily gifted with facetiousness as with perspicacity, the reply was framed satirically by some other courtier, who, imitating his impudence, had forgotten his dulness. But about the reward of falsehood, that is wonderful, when we read that formerly the Persians were occupied many years in the sole study of truth.

Sophocles. How difficult then must they have found it! no wonder they left it off the first moment they could conveniently. The grandfather of Chloros was honest: he carried a pack upon his shoulders, in which pack were contained the coarser linens of Caria: these he retailed among the villages of Asia and Greece, but principally in the islands. He died: on the rumour of war the son and grandson, then an infant, fled: the

of the three. It is true he had afterward the glory of proposing and of carrying to Sparta the decree of his recall. Let us contemplate the brighter side of his character, his eloquence, his wit, his clemency, his judgment, his firmness, his regularity, his decorousness, his domesticity; let us then unite him with his predecessor, and acknowledge that such illustrious rivals never met before or since, in enmity or in friendship. Could the piety attributed to Pericles have belonged to a scholar of Anaxagoras? Eloquent men often talk like religious men: and where should the eloquence of Pericles be more inflamed by enthusiasm than in the midst of his propylea, at the side of Sophocles, and before the Gods of Phidias?

rest is told. In Persia no man inquires how another comes to wealth or power, the suddenness of which appears to be effected by some of the demons or genii of their songs and stories. Chloros grew rich, was emancipated from slavery, and bought several slaves himself. One of these was excessively rude and insolent to me: I had none near enough to chastise him, so that I requested of his master, by a friend, to admonish and correct him at his leisure. My friend informs me that Chloros, crossing his legs, and drawing his cock's feather through the thumb and finger, asked languidly who I was, and receiving the answer, said, "I am surprised at his impudence: Pericles himself could have demanded nothing more." My friend remarked that Sophocles was no less sensible of an affront than Pericles. "True," replied he, "but he has not the power of expressing his sense of it quite so strongly. For an affront to Pericles, who could dreadfully hurt me, I would have imprisoned my whole gang, whipped them with wires, mutilated them, turned their bodies into safes for bread and water, or cooled their prurient tongues with hemlock: but no slave shall ever shrug a shoulder the sorer or eat a leek the less for Sophocles."

Pericles. The ideas of such a man on government must be curious: I am persuaded he would prefer the Persian to any. I forgot to mention that, according to what I hear this morning, the great king has forbidden strange ships to sail within thirty parasangs of his coasts, and has claimed the dominion of half ours.

Sophocles. Where is the scourge with which Xerxes lashed the ocean? Were it not better laid on the back of a madman than placed within his hand?

Pericles. It has been observed by those who look deeply into the history of physics, that all royal families become at last insane. Immoderate power, like other intemperance, leaves the progeny weaker and weaker, until Nature, as in compassion, covers it with her mantle and it is seen no more, or until the arm of indignant man sweeps it from before him.

We must ere long excite the other barbarians to invade the territories of this, and before the cement of his new acquisitions shall have hardened. Large conquests break readily off from an empire by their weight, while smaller stick fast. A wide and rather waste kingdom should be interposed between the policied states and Persia, by the leave of Chloros. Perhaps he would rather, in his benevolence, unite us with the great and happy family of his master. Despots are wholesale dealers in equality; and, father Zeus! was ever equality like this?

Sophocles. My dear Pericles! . . do excuse a smile . . is not that the best government which, whatever be the form of it, we ourselves are called upon to administer?

Pericles. The Piræus and the Pœcile have a voice of their own wherewith to answer thee, O Sophocles! and the Athenians, exempt from war, famine, tax, debt, exile, fine, imprisonment, delivered from monarchy, from oligarchy, and from anarchy, walking along their porticoes, inhaling their sea-breezes, crowning their Gods daily for fresh blessings, and their children for deserving them, reply to this voice by the symphony of their applause. Hark! my words are not idle. Hither come the youths and virgins, the sires and matrons; hither come citizen and soldier . .

Sophocles. A solecism from Pericles! Has the most eloquent of men forgotten the Attic language? has he forgotten the language of all Greece? Can the father of his country be ignorant that he should have said hither *comes?* for citizen and soldier is one.

Pericles. The fault is graver than the reproof, or indeed than simple incorrectness of language: my eyes misled my tongue: a large portion of the citizens is armed.

O what an odour of thyme and bay and myrtle, and from what a distance, bruised by the procession!

Sophocles. What regular and full harmony! What a splendour and effulgence of white dresses! painful to aged eyes and dangerous to young.

Pericles. I can distinguish many voices from among others. Some of them have blessed me for defending their innocence before the judges; some for exhorting Greece to unanimity; some for my choice of friends. Ah surely those sing sweetest! those are the voices, O Sophocles! that shake my heart with tenderness, a tenderness passing love, and excite it above the trumpet and the cymbal. Return we to the Gods: the crowd is waving the branches of olive, calling us by name, and closing to salute us.

Sophocles. O citadel of Pallas, more than all other citadels, may the Goddess of Wisdom and of War protect thee! and never may strange tongue be heard within thy walls, unless from captive king!

Live, Pericles! and inspire into thy people the soul that once animated these heroes round us.

Hail, men of Athens! Pass onward; leave me; I follow. Go; behold the Gods, the Demigods, and Pericles!

Artemidoros! come to my right. No: better walk between us; else they who run past may knock the flute out of your hand, or push it every now and then from the lip! Have you received the verses I sent you in the morning? soon enough to learn the accents and cadences?

Artemidoros. Actaios brought them to me about sunrise; and I raised myself up in bed to practise them, while he sat on the edge of it, shaking the dust off his sandals all over the chamber by beating time.

Sophocles. Begin we.

The colours of thy waves are not the same
Day after day, Poseidon! nor the same
The fortunes of the land wherefrom arose
Under thy trident the brave friend of man.
Wails have been heard from women, sterner breasts
Have sounded with the desperate pang of grief,
Grey hairs have strown these rocks: here Ægeus cried,

"O Sun! careering over Sipylus,
If desolation (worse than ever there
Befell the mother and those heads her own
Would shelter when the deadly darts flew round)
Impend not o'er my house in gloom so long,
Let one swift cloud illumined by thy chariot
Sweep off the darkness from that doubtful sail."

Deeper and deeper came the darkness down;
The sail itself was heard; his eyes grew dim;
His knees tottered beneath him, but availed
To bear him till he plunged into the deep.

Sound, fifes! there is a youthfulness of sour
In your shrill voices: sound again, ye lips
That Mars delights in. I will look no more
Into the time behind for idle goads
To stimulate faint fancies: hope itself
Is bounded by the starry zone of glory.
On one bright point we gaze, one wish we brea

Athens! be ever as thou art this hour,
Happy and strong, a Pericles thy guide.

LOUIS XIV. AND FATHER LA CHAISE.

Louis. Father, there is one thing which I never have confessed; sometimes considering it almost as a light matter, and sometimes seeing it in its true colours. In my wars against the Dutch I committed an action . .

La Chaise. Sire, the ears of the Lord are always open to those who confess their sins to their confessor. Cruelties and many other bad deeds are perpetrated in war, at which we should shudder in our houses at Paris.

Louis. The people who were then in their houses did shudder, poor devils! It was ludicrous to see how such clumsy figures skipped, when the bombs fell among their villages, in which the lower part of the habitations was under water; and children looked from the upper windows, between the legs of calves and lambs, and of the old household dog, struggling to free himself, as less ignorant of his danger. Loud shrieks were sometimes heard, when the artillery and other implements of war were silent: for fevers raged within their insulated walls, and wives execrated their husbands, with whom they had lived in concord and tenderness many years, when the father enforced the necessity of throwing their dead infant into the lake below. Our young soldiers on such occasions exercised their dexterity, and took their choice; for the whole family was assembled at the casement, and prayers were read over the defunct, accompanied with some firm and with some faltering responses.

By these terrible examples God punished their heresy.

La Chaise. The Lord of Hosts is merciful: he protected your Majesty in the midst of these horrors.

Louis. He sustained my strength, kept up my spirits, and afforded me every day some fresh amusement, in the country of this rebellious and blasphemous people, who regularly, a quarter before twelve o'clock, knowing that mass was then performed among us, sang their psalms.

La Chaise. I cannot blame a certain degree of severity on such occasions: on much slighter, we read in the Old Testament, nations were smitten with the edge of the sword.

Louis. I have wanted to find that place, but my Testament was not an old one: it was printed at the Louvre in my own time. As for the edge of the sword, it was not always convenient to use that; they are stout fellows; but our numbers enabled us to starve them out, and we h engineers and better. Beside which, I to liar vengeance on some of the principal and on some among the most learned of t fessors: for if any had a dissolute son, dissolute sons usually are, was the darlin house, I bribed him, made him drunk, verted him. This occasionally broke the heart: God's punishment of stubbornnes

La Chaise. Without the especial grac Holy Spirit, such conversions are transi is requisite to secure the soul while we by the exertion of a little loving-kindness. deliver the poor stray creatures up to thei straightway, lest he should call me to ac their back-sliding. Heresy is a leprosy, w whiter it is the worse it is. Those who a most innocent and godly, are the very do the most mischief and hold the fewe vances. They hardly treat God Almig a gentleman, grudge him a clean napki own table, and spend less upon him tha Christmas dinner.

Louis. O father La Chaise! you have my heart: you have brought to light my offences. Nothing is concealed from yo tration. I come forth like a criminal in h

La Chaise. Confess, Sire, confess! I the oil into your wounded spirit, taking that the vengeance of heaven be satisfied atonement.

Louis. Intelligence was brought to me cook of the English general had prepared dinner, in consequence of what that inso vainglorious people are in the habit of success. "We shall soon see," exclaimed is successful: God protects France." T army shouted, and, I verily believe, at that would have conquered the world. I def my designs lie in my own breast. Fathe heard such a shout in my life: it remind Cherubim and Seraphim and Archange infantry cried with joy; the horses cap neighed and ventriloquized right and left, excess of animation. Leopard-skins, be Genoa velvet, Mechlin ruffles, Brussels feathers and fringes and golden bands, u air at once; pawings and snortings, thr adjurations, beginnings and ends of song Henry and Cæsar, Alexander and David magne and Agamemnon: I had only

the word; they would swim across the Channel, and bring the tyrant of proud Albion back in chains. All my prudence was requisite to repress their ardour.

A letter had been intercepted by my scouts, addressed by the wife of the English general to her husband. She was at Gorcum: she informed him that she would send him a glorious *mincepie*, for his dinner the following day, in celebration of his victory. "Devil incarnate!" said I on reading the dispatch, "I will disappoint thy malice." I was so enraged, that I went within a mile or two of cannon-shot; and I should have gone within half a mile if my dignity had permitted me, or if my resentment had lasted. I liberated the messenger, detaining as hostage his son who accompanied him, and promising that if the *mincepie* was secured, I would make him a chevalier on the spot. Providence favoured our arms: but unfortunately there were among my staff-officers some who had fought under Turenne, and who, I suspect, retained the infection of heresy. They presented the *mincepie* to me on their knees, and I ate. It was Friday. I did not remember the day when I began to eat; but the sharpness of the weather, the odour of the pie, and something of vengeance springing up again at the sight of it, made me continue after I had recollected; and for my greater condemnation, I had inquired that very morning of what materials it was composed. God set his face against me, and hid from me the light of his countenance. I lost victory after victory; nobody knows how; for my Generals were better than the enemy's, my soldiers more numerous, more brave, more disciplined. And, extraordinary and awful! even those who swore to conquer or die, ran back again like whelps just gelt, crying, "It is the first duty of a soldier to see his king in safety." I never heard so many fine sentiments, or fewer songs. My stomach was out of order by the visitation of the Lord. I took the sacrament on the Sunday.

La Chaise. The sacrament on a Friday's *gras!* I should have recommended first a *de profundis*, a *miserere*, and an *eructavit cor meum*, and lastly a little oil of ricina, which, administered by the holy and taken by the faithful, is almost as efficacious in its way as that of Rheims. Penance is to be done: your Majesty must fast: your Majesty must wear sackcloth next your skin, and carry ashes upon your head before the people.

Louis. Father, I can not consent to this humiliation: the people must fear me. What are you doing with those scissors and that pill? I am sound; give it Villeroy or Richelieu.

La Chaise. Sire, no impiety, no levity, I pray. In this pill, as your Majesty calls it, are some flakes of ashes from the incense, which seldom is pure gum; break it between your fingers, and scatter it upon your peruke: well done. Now take this.

Louis. Faith! I have no sore on groin or limb. A black plaister! what is that for?

La Chaise. This is sackcloth. It was the sack in which Madame de Maintenon put her knitting, until the pins frayed it.

Louis. I should have believed that sackcloth means . .

La Chaise. No interpretations of scripture, I charge you from authority, Sire. Put it on your back or bosom.

Louis. God forgive me, sinner! It has dropped down into my pantaloon: will that do?

La Chaise. Did it, in descending, touch your back, belly, ribs, breast, or shoulder, or any part that needs mortification, and can be mortified without scandal?

Louis. I placed it between my frills.

La Chaise. In such manner as to touch the skin sensibly?

Louis. It tickled me, by stirring a hair or two.

La Chaise. Be comforted then: for people have been tickled to death.

Louis. But, father, you remit the standing in presence of the people?

La Chaise. Indeed I do not. Stand at the window, son of St. Louis.

Louis. And perform the same ceremonies? no, upon my conscience! My almoner . .

La Chaise. They are performed.

Louis. But the people will never know what is on my head or in my pantaloon.

La Chaise. Penance is performed so far: to-morrow is Friday: one more rigid must be enforced. Six dishes alone shall come upon the table; and, although fasting does not extend to wines or *liqueurs*, I order that three kinds only of wine be presented, and three of *liqueur*.

Louis. In the six dishes is soup included?

La Chaise. Soup is not served in a dish; but I forbid more than three kinds of soup.

Louis. Oysters of Cancale?

La Chaise. Those come in barrels: take care they be not dished. Your Majesty must either eat them raw from the barrel, or dressed in scallop, or both; but beware, I say again, of dishing this article, as your soul shall answer for it at the last day. There are those who would prohibit them wholly. I have experienced . . I mean in others . . strange uncouth effects therefrom, which, unless they shadow forth something mystical, it were better not to provoke.

Louis. Pray, Father, why is that frightful day which you mentioned just now, and which I think I have heard mentioned on other occasions, called the last? when the last in this life is over before it comes, and when the first in the next is not begun.

La Chaise. It is called the last day by the Church, because after that day the Church can do nothing for the sinner. Her saints, martyrs, and confessors, can plead at the bar for him the whole of that day until sunset, some say until after *angelus;* then the books are closed, the candles put out, the doors shut, and the key turned. The flames of purgatory then sink into the floor, and would not wither a cistus-leaf full-blown and shed: there is nothing left but heaven and hell, songs and lamentations.

Louis. Permit me to ask another question of no less importance, and connected with my penance. The Bishop of Aix in Provence has sent me thirty fine quails.

La Chaise. There are naturalists who assert that quails have fallen from heaven, like manna. Externally they bear the appearance of birds, and I have eaten them in that persuasion. If however anyone from grave authority is convinced of the contrary, or propends to believe so, and eats thereof, the fault is venial. I conferred with Tamburini on this momentous point. He distinguishes between quails taken in the field or in the air as they descend, and tame quails bred within coops and enclosures, which are begotten in the ordinary way of generation, and of which the substance in that case must be different. I cannot believe that the Bishop of Aix would be the conservator of creatures so given to fighting and wantonness; but rather opine that his quails alighted somewhere in his diocese, and perhaps as a mark of divine favour to so worthy a member of the Church. It is safer to eat them after twelve o'clock at night; but where there is purity and humility of spirit, I see not that they are greatly to be dreaded.

The fiction of the quails will appear extravagant to those only who are in ignorance that such opinions have prevailed among casuists. The Carthusians, to whom animal food is forbidden, whereby they mean solely the flesh of quadrupeds and of birds, may nevertheless eat the otter and the gull; it may be eaten by Catholics even in Lent. From this permission in regard to the *gull*, do we derive the English verb and noun?

We often lay most stress on our slightest faults, and have more apprehension from things unessential than from things essential. When Lord Tylney was on his deathbed, and had not been shaved for two days, he burst suddenly into tears, and cried to his valet, "Are not you ashamed to abandon me? would you let me go this figure into the presence of my Maker?"

He was shaved, and (let us hope) presented.

* * * *

Louis XIV. is the great examplar of kingship, the object of worship to declaimers against the ferocity of *the people*. The invasion of Holland, the conflagration of the Palatinate, the revocation of the edict of Nantes, have severally been celebrated, by French poets, French historians, French jurists, and French bishops, Massillon and Bossuet among them. The most unprovoked act of cruelty on record was perpetrated by another King of France. These are the words of an historian, their defender and panegyrist, Bussieres. "Victi Bulgari, et ex sociis in servitutem rapti, mox eorum plures relictâ patriâ exulatum ultro abierunt. Ex iis ad *novem millia, uxoribus liberisque impliciti*, a Dagoberto sedes petunt . . Jussi per hyemem hærere in Bavariâ dum amplius rex deliberaret, in plures urbes domosque sparsi sunt; tum novo barbaroque facinore unâ nocte cæsi omnes simul. *Quippe Dagobertus immani consilio Botarios jubet, singulos suis hospitibus secum inferre, ratione nullâ ætatis aut sexûs*; et quâ truculentiâ imperatum, obtemperatum eâdem. Conclctâ nocte miseri homines in asylo somni obtruncantur, imbelles feminæ, insontes pueri; totque funera hilaritati fuerunt, non luctui." A peculiar feature in the national character, indestructible amid all forms of government. It is amusing to read our jesuit's words in the sequel. "Ad beneficiorum fontem se convertit, multaque dona elargitus templis, *emendabat scelera liberalitate* . . Nec Dagoberto *liberalitas* pia frustra fuit: siquidem sancti quos in vivis multum coluerat, Dionysius, Mauritius, et Martinus, oblati sunt Joanni monacho *vigilanti*, regis animam eripientes e potestate dæmonum sævisque tormentis, eamque secum in cœli regiam deducentes."

SAMUEL JOHNSON AND JOHN* HORNE (TOOKE).

Tooke. Doctor Johnson, I rejoice in the opportunity, late as it presents itself, of congratulating you on the completion of your great undertaking: my bookseller sent me your *Dictionary* the day it came from the press, and it has exercised ever since a good part of my time and attention.

Johnson. Who are you, sir?

Tooke. My name is Horne.

Johnson. What is my *Dictionary*, sir, to you?

Tooke. A treasure.

Johnson. Keep it then at home and to yourself, sir, as you would any other treasure, and talk no more about it than you would about that. You have picked up some knowledge, sir; but out of dirty places. What man in his senses would fix his study on the hustings? When a gentleman takes it into his head to conciliate the rabble, I deny his discretion and I doubt his honesty. Sir, what can you have to say to me?

Tooke. Doctor, my studies have led me some little way into etymology, and I am interested in whatever contributes to the right knowledge of our language.

Johnson. Sir, have you read our old authors?

* J. Horne assumed the name of Tooke after the supposed date of this Conversation.

Tooke. Almost all of them that are printed and extant.

Johnson. Prodigious! do you speak truth?

Tooke. To the best of my belief.

Johnson. Sir, how could you, a firebrand tossed about by the populace, find leisure for so much reading?

Tooke. The number of English books printed before the accession of James the First, is smaller than you appear to imagine; and the manuscripts, I believe, are not numerous; certainly in the libraries of our Universities they are scanty. I wish you had traced in your preface all the changes made in the orthography these last three centuries, for which about five additional pages would have been sufficient. The first attempt to purify and reform the tongue was made by John Lyly, in a book entitled *Euphues and his England*,* and a most fantastical piece of fustian it is. This Author has often been confounded with William Lily, a better grammarian, and better known. Benjamin Jonson did somewhat, and could have done more. Although our governors

* Among the works of Charles de St. Pierre is *Projet pour reformer l'Orthographie des Langues de l'Europe*: he must not be confounded with Barnardin de St. Pierre, fanciful as is the treatise.

have taken no pains either to improve our language or to extend it, none in Europe is spoken habitually by so many. The French boast the universality of theirs: yet the Germans, the Spaniards, and the Italians may contend with them on this ground: for as the Dutch is a dialect of the German, so is the Portuguese of the Spanish, and not varying in more original words than the Milanese and Neapolitan from the Tuscan. The *lingua franca*, which pervades the coasts of the Mediterranean, the Ionian, and the Ægean seas, is essentially Italian. The languages of the two most extensive empires in Europe are confined to the fewest people. There are not thirteen millions who speak Turkish, nor fifteen who speak Russian, though branches of the Sclavonic are scattered far. If any respect had been had to the literary glory of our country, whereon much of its political is and ever will be dependent, many millions more would at this time be speaking in English; and the Irish, the Welsh, and the Canadians, like the Danes and Saxons, would have forgotten they were a conquered people.

We should be anxious both to improve our language and to extend it. England ought to have no colony in which it will not be soon the only one spoken. Nations may be united by identity of speech more easily than by identity of laws: for identity of laws only shows the conquered that they are bound *to* another people, while identity of speech shows them that they are bound *with* it. There is no firm conjunction but this; none that does not retain on it the scar and seam, and often with much soreness.

Johnson. So far, I believe, I may agree with you, and remain a good subject.

Tooke. Let us now descend from generalities to particulars. Our spelling hath undergone as many changes as the French, and worse.

Johnson. And because it hath undergone many, you would make it undergo more! There is a fastidiousness in the use of language that indicates an atrophy of mind. We must take words as the world presents them to us, without looking at the root. If we grubbed under this and laid it bare, we should leave no room for our thoughts to lie evenly, and every expression would be constrained and cramped. We should scarcely find a metaphor in the purest author that is not false or imperfect, nor could we imagine one ourselves that would not be stiff and frigid. Take now for instance a phrase in common use. *You are rather late.* Can anything seem plainer? Yet *rather*, as you know, meant originally *earlier*, being the comparative of *rathe*; the "rathe primrose" of the poet recalls it. We can not say, *You are sooner late:* but who is so troublesome and silly as to question the propriety of saying, *You are rather late.* We likewise say, *bad orthography* and *false orthography:* how can there be false or bad *right-spelling?*

Tooke. I suspect there are more of these inadvertencies in our language than in any other.

Johnson. Sir, our language is a very good language.

Tooke. Were it not, I should be less solicitous to make it better.

Johnson. You make it better, sir!

Tooke. By reverencing the authority of the learned, by exposing the corruptions of the ignorant, and by reclaiming what never ought to have been obsolete.

Johnson. Sir, the task is hopeless: little can be done now.

Tooke. And because little can be done, must we do nothing? Because with all our efforts we are imperfect, may not we try to be virtuous? Many of the anomalies in our language can be avoided or corrected: if many shall yet remain, something at least will have been done for elegance and uniformity.

Johnson. I hate your innovations.

Tooke. I not only hate them, but would resist and reject them, if I could. It is only such writers as you that can influence the public by your authority and example.

Johnson. Sir, if the best writer in England dared to spell three words differently from his contemporaries, and as Milton spelt them, he would look about in vain for a publisher.

Tooke. Yet Milton is most careful and exact in his spelling, and his ear is as correct as his learning. His language would be still the language of his country, had it not been for the Restoration.

Johnson. I have patience, sir! I have patience, sir! Pray go on.

Tooke. I will take advantage of so much affability; and I hope that patience, like other virtues, may improve by exercise.

On the return of Charles from the Continent, some of his followers may really have lost their native idiom, or at least may have forgotten the graver and solider parts of it; for many were taken over in their childhood. On their return to England, nothing gave such an air of fashion as imperfection in English: it proved high-breeding, it displayed the court and loyalty. Home-bred English ladies soon acquired it from their noble and brave gallants; and it became the language of the Parliament, of the Church, and of the Stage. Between the last two places was pretty equally distributed all the facetiousness left among us.

Johnson. Keep clear of the church, sir, and stick to language.

Tooke. Punctually will I obey each of your commands.

Johnson. Did South and Cowley and Waller fall into this slough?

Tooke. They could not keep others from it. I peruse their works with pleasure: but South, the greatest of them, is negligent and courtly in his spelling, and sometimes, although not often, more gravely incorrect.

Johnson. And pray now what language do you like?

Tooke. The best in all countries is that which is spoken by intelligent women, of too

high rank for petty affectation, and of too much request in society for deep study. Cicero praises more than one such among the Romans; the number was greater among the Greeks. We have no writer in our language so pure as Madame de Sévigné. Indeed we must acknowledge that the French far excel us in purity of style. When have we seen, or when can we expect, such a writer as Le Sage? In our days there is scarcely an instance of a learned or unlearned man who has written gracefully, excepting your friend Goldsmith and (if your modesty will admit my approaches) yourself. In your *Lives of the Poets*, you have laid aside the sceptre of Jupiter for the wand of Mercury, and have really called up with it some miserable ghosts from the dead.

Johnson. Sir, I desire no compliments.

Tooke. Before, I offered not my compliment but my tribute; I dreaded a repulse; but I little expected to see, as I do, the finger of Aurora on your face.

Johnson. If the warmth of the room is enough to kindle your poetry, well may it possess a slight influence on my cheek. The learned men, I presume, are superseded by your public orators.

Tooke. Our parliamentary speakers of most eminence are superficial in scholarship, as we understand the word, and by no means dangerously laden with any species of knowledge. Burke is the most eloquent and philosophical of them; Fox the readiest at reply, the stoutest debater, the acutest disputant.

Johnson. Rebels! but what you say of their knowledge is the truth. I have said it of one party, and I know it of the other, else I would trounce you for your asseveration.

Tooke. You yourself induced me to make the greater part of my remarks; more important, as being on things more important, than transitory men; such is language.

Johnson. How, sir, did I?

Tooke. By having recommended in some few instances a correcter mode of spelling. Bentley and Hall and Dryden, though sound writers, are deficient in authority with me; when, for example, they write *incompatible* for *incompetible:* we want both words, but we must be careful not to confound and misapply them. Dryden and Roscommon formed a design of purifying and fixing the language: neither of them knew its origin or principles, or was intimately or indeed moderately versed in our earlier authors, of whom Chaucer was probably the only one they had perused. It is pretended that they abandoned the design from the unquietness of the times: as if the times disturbed them in their studies, leaving them peace enough for poetry, but not enough for philology.

Johnson. And are you, sir, more acute, more learned, or more profound? What! because at one time our English books were scanty, you would oppose the scanty to the many, with all the rashness and inconsistency of a republican.

Tooke. Bearing all your reproofs and reproaches with equanimity and submission, I converse with you on this subject because you have given up much time to it: with another I should decline the discussion. I am hopeful of gaining some information and of suggesting some subject for inquiry. Illiterate, inconsiderate, irreverent, and overweening men, will be always disregarded by me. Like children and clowns, if they see a throne or a judgment-seat, they must forsooth sit down in it. Such people set themselves above me, and enjoy the same feelings as those in the one-shilling gallery who look down on Garrick. He is only on the stage, no higher than the footlights, and plays only for others; whereas they have placed themselves at the summit, and applaud and condemn to please their fancies. It is equitable that coarse impudence should be met with calm contempt, and that Wisdom should sit down and lower his eyes, when Impudence trips over the way to discountenance her, or Ignorance starts up to teach her.

Johnson. Coxcombs and blockheads always have been, and always will be, innovators; some in dress, some in polity, some in language.

Tooke. I wonder whether they invented the choice appellations you have just repeated.

Johnson. No, sir! Indignant wise men invented them.

Tooke. Long ago then. Indignant wise men lived in the time of the Centaurs: such combinations have never existed since. Your remark however on the introducers of new words into our language, is, I apprehend, well-founded: but you spoke generally and absolutely, and in this (I think) incorrectly. Julius Cæsar, whom you ought to love and reverence for giving the last blow to a republic, was likewise an innovator in spelling; so was Virgil; and to such a degree, that, Aulus Gellius tells us, he spelled the same word differently in different places, to gratify his ear. Milton has done the same.

Johnson. And sometimes injudiciously: for instance, in writing *Hee* emphatically; *He* less so. He also writes *subtile*, as a scholar should do; and *suttle*, as the word is pronounced by the most vulgar.

Tooke. Cicero, not contented with new spellings, created new words. Now the three Romans have immemorially been considered the most elegant and careful writers in their language: and we confer on our countryman but a small portion of the praises due to him, in asserting that both in poetry and prose his mastery is above them all. Milton is no factitious or accrete man; no pleader, no rhetorician. Truth in him is the parent of Energy, and Energy the supporter of Truth. If we rise to the Greek language, the most eloquent man on record, Pericles, introduced the double T instead of the double S: and it was enamelled on that golden language to adorn the eloquence of Aspasia, and to shine among the graces of Alcibiades. Socrates bent his thoughtful head over it, and it was observed in the majestic march of

Plato. At the same time Thucydides and the tragedians, together with Aristophanes, contributed to form, or united to countenance, the *Middle Attic*. One would expect that Elegance and Atticism herself might have rested and been contented. No: Xenophon, Plato, Æschines, Demosthenes, were promoters of the *New Attic*, altering and softening many words in the spelling. With such men before me, I think it to be deeply regretted that coxcombs and blockheads should be our only teachers, where we have much to learn, much to obliterate, and much to mend.

Johnson. Follow your betters, sir!

Tooke. Such is my intention: and it is also my intention that others shall follow theirs.

Johnson. Obey the majority, according to your own principles. You reformers will let nothing be great, nothing be stabile. The orators you mention were deluders of the populace.

Tooke. And so were the poets, no doubt: but let us hope that the philosophers and moralists were not, nor indeed the writers of comedy. Menander was among the reformers: so was Plautus at Rome: the most highly estimated for his rich Latinity by Cicero and all the learned. Our own language had, under the translators of the Bible and of the Liturgy, reached the same pitch as the Latin had in the time of Plautus; and the sanctitude of Milton's genius gave it support, until the worst of French invasions overthrew it. Cowley, Sprat, Dryden, imported a trimmer and succincter dress, stripping the ampler of its pearls and bullion. Arbuthnot and Steele and Swift and Addison added no weight or precision to the language, nor were they choice in the application of words. None of them came up to their French contemporaries in purity and correctness; and their successors, who are more grammatical, are weak competitors with the rival nation for those compact and beautiful possessions. De Foe has a greater variety of powers than they, and he far outstrips in vigour and vivacity all the other pedestrians who started with him. He spells some words commendably, others not. Of the former are *onely, admitt, referr, supplie, relie, searcht, wisht;* of the latter, *particulars, perusall, speciall, vallues*. Hurd, very minute and fastidious, in like manner writes often reprehensibly, though oftener well. Do you tolerate his "*catched*."

Johnson. Sir, I was *teached* better.

Tooke. He also writes "under these circumstances."

Johnson. Circumstances are things *round about;* we are *in* them, not *under* them.

Tooke. We find "those who *had* rather *trust* to the equity" for "*would* rather." I believe he is the last writer who uses the word *wit* for *understanding*, although we continue to say "he is out of his wits." He very properly says *encomiums*, to avoid a Grecism. We never say "rhododendra," but "rhododendrons." In our honest old English, all 's well that ends well: and *encomiums, phenomenons, memorandums*, sound thoroughly and fully English. Hurd is less so in his use of the word *counterfeit*, which we are accustomed to take in an unfavourable sense. "Alexander suffered none but an Apelles and a Lysippus to *counterfeit* the form and features of his person." The sentence is moreover lax. I am glad, however, to find that he writes *subtile* instead of *subtle*. He has the merit too of using *hath* instead of *has*, in many places, but is so negligent as to omit it sometimes before a word beginning with *s*, or *ce* and *ci*. This is less bad than before *th*. Like Middleton, he writes *chast*.

Johnson. Improperly. Nobody writes *wast* for *waste*. In all such words the vowel is pronounced long, which his spelling would contract. Dr. Hurd writes plainly, and yet not ignobly. His criticisms are always sensible, never acute; his language clear, but never harmonious.

Tooke. We cease to look for Eloquence; she vanished at the grave of Milton.

Johnson. Enough of Milton. Praise the French, sir! A republican is never so much at his ease as among slaves.

Tooke. We must lead happy lives then. But you were pleased to designate us as enemies to greatness and stability. What is it I admire in Milton but the greatness of his soul and the stability of his glory? Transitory is everything else on earth. The minutest of worms corrodes the throne; a slimier consumes what sat upon it yesterday. I know not the intentions and designs of others: I know not whether I myself am so virtuous that I should be called a republican, or so intelligent that I should be called a reformer. In regard to stability, I do however think I could demonstrate to you, that what has a broad basis is more stabile than what has a narrow one, and that nothing is gained to solidity by top-heaviness. In regard to greatness, I doubt my ability to convince you. Much in this is comparative. Compared with the plain, the mountains are indeed high: compared with what is above them in the universe of space, they are atoms and invisibilities. Such too are mortals. I do not say the creatures of the cannon-foundry and the cutlery; I do not say those of the jeweller and toyman, from whom we exclude light as from infants in a fever, and to whom we speak as to drunken men to make them quiet; but the most intellectual we ever have conversed with. What are they in comparison with a Shakspeare or a Bacon or a Newton? You however seemed to refer to power only. I have not meditated on this subject so much as you have, and my impression from it is weaker: nevertheless I do presume to be as hearty and as firm a supporter of it, removing (as I would do) the incumbrances from about it, and giving it ventilation.

Johnson. Ventilation! yes forsooth! from the bellows of Brontes and Steropes and Pyracmon.

Tooke. Come, Doctor, let us throw a little more dust on our furnace, which blazes fiercelier than our work requires. The word *firy* comes appositely: why do we write it *fiery*, when *wire* gives

wiry? The word rushes into my mind out of Shakspeare,

"And the *delighted* spirit
To bathe in *fiery* floods."

Truly this would be a very odd species of delight. But Shakspeare never wrote such nonsense: he wrote *belighted* (whence our *blighted*), struck by *lightning*: a fit preparation for such bathing. Why do we write *lieutenant*, when we write, "I would as *lief*." Would there be any impropriety or inconvenience in writing endevor and *demeanor* as we write *tenor*, omitting the *u*?

Johnson. Then you would imitate cards of invitation, where we find *favor* and *honor*.

Tooke. We find *author* and *editor* and *inventor* in the works of Doctor Johnson, who certainly bears no resemblance to a card of invitation. Why can not we place all these words on the same bench? Most people will give us credit for knowing that they are derived from the Latin; but the wisest will think us fools for ending them like *hour*, *sour*, and *flour*, pronounced so differently. I look upon it as a piece of impudence to think we can correct the orthography of such writers as Selden and Milton. They wrote not only *honor*, *favor*, *labor*, but likewise *brest*, *lookt*, *unlookt-for*, *kinde*, *minde*. To spell these differently is a gross absurdity.

Johnson. By removing a single letter from the holy word *Saviour*, you would shock the piety of millions.

Tooke. In that word there is an analogy with others, although the class is small: *paviour* and *behaviour*, for instance.

Johnson. It now occurs to me that *honor* was spelt without the *u* in the reign of Charles I., with it under his successor. Perhaps *armour* should be *armure*, from the low Latin *armatura*.

Tooke. If we must use such words as *reverie*, why not oblige them to conform with their predecessors, *travesty* and *gaiety*, which should have the *y* instead of the *i*. When we, following Cowley, write *pindarique*, we are laughed at; but nobody laughs at *picturesque* and *antique*, which are equally reducible to order.

Johnson. It is an awful thing to offend the Genius of our language. We can not spell our words as the French spell theirs. No other people in the world could reduce to nothing so stiff and stubborn a letter as *x*, which they do in *eaux*.

Tooke. We never censure them for writing *carême*, which they formerly wrote *caresme*, more anciently *quaresme*, and other words similarly: yet they have one language for writing, another for speaking, and affect a semblance of grammatical construction by a heap of intractable letters. While three suffice with us (*a*, *m*, *a*), they use eight (*aimaient*), of which the greater part not only are unprofitable, but would, in any language on earth, express a sound, or sounds, totally different from what they stand for: r, s, t, end words whose final sound is our a. We never censure the Italians for writing *ricetto*, as they pronounce it, without a p, and *benedetto* without a c: we never shudder at the danger they incur of losing the traces of derivation. The most beautiful and easy of languages assumes no appearance of strength by the display of harshness, nor would owe its preservation to rust. Let us always be analogical when we can be so without offence to pronunciation. There are some few words in which we are retentive of the Norman laws. We write *island* with an *s*, as if we feared to be thought ignorant of its derivation. If we must be reverential to custom, let it rather be in the presence of the *puisne* judge. There are only the words *puisne*, *isle*, *island*, *demesne*, *viscount*, and the family name *Grosvenor*, in which an *s* is unsounded. I would omit it in these. The French have set us an example here, rejecting the useless letter. They also write *dette*, which we write "debt." I know not why we should often use the letter b where we do. We have no need of it in *crumb* and *coomb*; the original words being without it.

Johnson. King Charles I. writes *dout*. In the same sentence he writes *wherefor*.* But to such authority such men as you refuse allegiance even in language. Your *coomb* is sterile, and your *crumb* is dry; as such minutenesses must always be.

Tooke. So are nuts; but we crack and eat them. They are good for the full, and for those only.

Johnson. The old writers had strange and arbitrary ways of spelling, which makes them appear more barbarous than they really are. There are learned men who would be grieved to see removed from words the traces of their origin.

Tooke. There are learned men who are triflers and inconsiderate. Learning, by its own force alone, will never remove a prejudice or establish a truth. Of what importance is it to us that we have derived these words from the Latin through the French? We do not preserve the termination of either. Formerly if many unnecessary letters were employed, some were omitted. *Ea* and *oa* were unusual. In various instances the spelling of Chaucer is more easy and graceful and elegant than the modern. He avoids the diphthong, or reduplication, in *coat*, *green*, *keen*, *sheaf*, *goat*; writing *cote*, *grene*, *kene*, *shefe*, *gote*. Sackville, remarkable for diligence and daintiness of composition, spells "delights" *delites*, and "shriek" *shreek*. He also writes *bemone*, *brest*, *yeeld*. What we foolishly write *work* was formerly spelt *werke*, as we continue to pronounce it. Formerly there was such a word as *shew*: we still write it, but we pronounce it *show*, and we should never spell it otherwise. There is another of daily occurrence which we spell amiss, although we pronounce it rightly. *Coxcomb* in reality is *cockscomb*, and Ben Jonson writes it so, adding an *e*. He who first wrote it with an *x* certainly did not know how to spell his own name. In a somewhat like manner we have changed our *pennies* into *pence*, and our *acquaintants* into *acquaintance*. Now what have

* Letter to P. Rupert. See Forster's Life of Cromwell, in his *Statesmen of the Commonwealth*.

these gained by such exchange? Latterly we have run into more unaccountable follies; such as *compel* for *compell*, and I have seen *inter* for *interr*. Nobody ever pronounces the last syllables of these words short, as the spelling would indicate. You would be induced to believe such writers are ignorant that their *inter* and our *enter* are of a different stock. In the reign of Charles I. *parliament* was usually, though not universally, spelt *parlement*: how much more properly! What we write *door* and *floor* the learned and judicious Jonson wrote *dore* and *flore*. I find in his writings *coten, profest, spred, partrich, grone, herth, theater, forreine, diamant, pheasants, mushromes, banisht, rapt, rusht, addrest, ake, spred, stomack, plee, strein* (song), *windore, fild* (filled), *moniment, beleeve, yeeld, scepter, sute* (from sue), *mist* (missed), *grone, crackt, throte, yong, harbor, harth, oke, cruze, orost, markt, minde* (which it is just as absurd to write *mind*, as it would be to write *time tim*), *taught, banisht, cherisht, keapt, thankt*. It is wonderful that so learned a man should be ignorant that *spitals* are hospitals. He writes: "Spittles, post-houses, hospitals." Had he spelt the first properly, as he has done all the other words, he could not have made this mistake. Fairfax writes *vew, bow* (bough), *milde, winde, oke, spred, talkt, embrast*. Fleming, in his translation of the Georgics, *ile, oke, anent*; (which latter word, now a Scotticism, is used by Philemon Holland); *gote, feeld, yeeld, spindel*. Drayton, and most of our earlier writers, instead of *thigh*, write *thie*. Milton in the Allegro,

Where the bee with honied *thie*.

I perceive that you yourself, in your letter to Lord Chesterfield, have several times written the word *til*; and I am astonished that the propriety of it is not generally acknowledged after so weighty an authority. *Sent*, for *scent*, is to be found in old writers, following the derivation. There are several words now obsolete which are more elegant and harmonious than those retained instead. *Gentleness* and *idleness* are hardly so beautiful as Chaucer's *gentilesse* and *idlesse*. We retain the word *lessen*, but we have dropped *greaten*. Formerly good authors knew its value.

I wish I were as sure that

Multa renascentur quæ jam cecidere,

as I am that,

cadentque
Quæ nunc sunt in honore vocabula.

I am unacquainted with any language in which, during the prosperity of a people, the changes have run so seldom into improvement, so perpetually into impropriety. Within another generation, ours must have become so corrupt, that writers, if they hope for life, will find it necessary to mount up nearer to its sources.

Johnson. And what will they do when they get there? The leather from the stiff old jerkin will look queerly in its patches on the frayed satin.

Tooke. Good writers will suppress the violence of contrast. They will rather lay aside what by its impurity never had much weight, than what has lost it by the attrition of time; and they will be sparing of such expressions as are better for curiosities than for utensils. You and I would never say "by *that* means" instead of *these*; nor "*an* alms;" yet Addison does. He also says a "*dish* of coffee," yet coffee never was offered in a dish, unless it was done by the fox to the crane after the dinner he gave her. We hear of our *lyrical* poetry, of our *senate*, of our *manes*, of our *ashes*, of our *bards*, of our British *Muse*. Luckily the ancients could never run into these fooleries; but their judgment was rendered by discipline too exact for the admission of them. Only one valuable word has been received into our language since my birth, or perhaps since yours. I have lately heard *appreciate* for *estimate*.

Johnson. I am an antigallican in speech as in sentiments. What we have fairly won from the French let us keep, and avoid their new words like their new fashions. Words taken from them should be amenable, in their spelling, to English laws and regulations. *Appreciate* is a good and useful one; it signifies more than *estimate* or *value*; it implies to "value *justly*." All words are good which come when they are wanted; all which come when they are not wanted, should be dismissed.

Tooke. Let us return from new words to the old spellings of Benjamin Jonson, which other learned men followed: *deprest, speke, grete, fede, reson, reper, sheves, relefe, leve, grene, wether, erthe, breth, seke, seson, sege, meke, stepe, rome, appere, dere, throte, tothe, betwene, swete, deth, hele, chere, nere, frende, tretise, teche, conceve, tonge, bere, speche, stere*. Altogether there are about forty words, out of which the unnecessary diphthong is ejected. He always omits the s in *island* and *isle*; he writes *sovrane, subtil, childe*, and *werke*. He would no more have written *sceptre* than *quivre*.

Johnson. Milton too avoided the diphthong; he wrote *drede* and *redy*. Mandevile wrote *dede*, and *grane* of incense.

Tooke. You tell us that the letter *c* never ends a word according to English orthography: yet it did formerly both in words of Saxon origin and British, as *Eric, Rod-eric, Caradoc, Madoc. Wenlock*, the name of a town in Shropshire, formerly ended in *c*, and Hume always writes Warwic.

Johnson. Sir, do not quote infidels to me. Would you write *sic* and *quic*?

Tooke. I would, if we derived them from the Greek or Latin.

Johnson. Without the authority of Ben Jonson, on whom you so rely?

Tooke. There is in Jonson strong sense, and wit too strong; it wants airiness, ease, and volatility. I do not admire his cast-iron ornaments, retaining but little (and that rugged and coarse-grained) of the ancient models, and nothing of the workmanship. But I admire his judgment in the spelling of many words, and I wish we could return to it. In others we are afraid of being as English as we might be and as we ought to be. Some appear to have been vulgarisms

which are no longer such. By vulgarism I mean what is unfounded on ratiocination or necessity: for instance *underneath*.

Johnson. Our best writers have used it.

Tooke. They have; and wisely; for it has risen up before them in sacred places, and it brings with it serious recollections. It was inscribed on the peasant's grave-stone, long before it shone amid heraldic emblems in the golden lines of Jonson, ushering in

"Pembroke's sister, Sydney's mother."

Beside, it is significant and euphonious. Either half conveys the full meaning of the whole. But it is silly to argue that we gain ground by shortening on all occasions the syllables of a sentence. Half a minute, if indeed so much is requisite, is well spent in clearness, in fulness, and pleasureableness of expression, and in engaging the ear to carry a message to the understanding. *Whilst* is another vulgarism which authors have adopted, the last letter being added improperly. *While* is "the *time* when"; "*whiles* "the times when."

Johnson. I am inclined to pay little attention to such fastidiousness, nor does it matter a straw whether we use the double *e*, instead of *ee*, in *sweet*, and the other words you recited from good authors. But I now am reminded that *near* is *nigher*, by Sir Thomas More writing "*never* the *nere*." However, you are not to suppose that I undervalue the authority of Benjamin Jonson. I find sometimes his poetry unsatisfactory and troublesome; but his prose is much better, and now and then almost harmonious; which his verses never are for half a dozen lines together.

Tooke. I know little about poetry; but it appears to me that in his, where he has not the ague he has the cramp. Nearly all his thoughts are stolen. The prettiest of his poems,

"Drink to me only with thy eyes,"

is paraphrased from Scaliger's version of Aristænetus. He collected much spoil from his campaign in the Low Countries of Literature. However, his English for the most part is admirable, and was justly looked up to until Milton rose, overshadowing all England, all Italy, and all Greece. Since that great man's departure we have had nothing (in style I mean) at all remarkable. Locke and Defoe were the most purely English: and you yourself, who perhaps may not admire their simplicity, must absolve them from the charge of innovation. I perceive that you prefer the spelling of our gentlemen and ladies now flourishing, to that not only of Middleton but of Milton.

Johnson. Before I say a word about either, I shall take the liberty, sir, to reprehend your unreasonable admiration of such writers as Defoe and Locke. What, pray, have they added to the dignity or the affluence of our language?

Tooke. I would gladly see our language enriched as far as it can be without depraving it. At present we recur to the Latin and reject the Saxon. This is strengthening our language just as our empire is strengthened, by severing from it the most flourishing of its provinces. In another age we may cut down the branches of the Latin to admit the Saxon to shoot up again: for opposites come perpetually round. But it would be folly to throw away a current and commodious piece of money because of the stamp upon it, or to refuse an accession to an estate because our grandfather could do without it. A book composed of merely Saxon words (if indeed such a thing could be) would only prove the perverseness of the author. It would be inelegant, inharmonious, and deficient in the power of conveying thoughts and images, of which indeed such a writer could have but extremely few at starting. Let the Saxon however be always the groundwork.

Johnson. Is Goldsmith plain and simple enough for you?

Tooke. I prefer him to all our writers now living; but he has faults such as we do not find in less men, Louth for instance, and Hurd. In his *Essay on the present State of Polite Literature*, he thus terminates a sentence: "Without a friend to drop a tear on their *unattended obsequies*." Now what are *obsequies* but funeral attendance? And surely he is a bad philosopher and a worse historian who says,

"A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man."

There never was any such time; and if ever there should be, we who believe that "England's griefs" have more than begun already, are fortunate in being born at the present day.

Johnson. He writes more correctly than Middleton; so let him alone. Middleton is not so correct a writer as you fancy. He was an infidel, sir, and, what is worse, a scoffer. He wants the sweetness of Pope and Addison, the raciness of Dryden and Cowley, the compression of Swift and Hobbes, the propriety and justness and elevation of Barrow, the winning warmth and affectionate soul of Jeremy Taylor, the terseness of Junius, the vivacity of Burke, clinging to a new idea like a woodbine to a young tree, till he embraces every part of it and overtops it.

Tooke. I was apprehensive of your insisting that we have nothing so classical in our language as the *Life of Cicero*; for such, I understand, is the opinion of our scholars at the Universities. I have detected many inaccuracies in Middleton; not in his reasonings and conclusions, for in these he is clear and strong, but in expression. He says in his *Letter from Rome*, "The temple of some heathen deity *or* that of the Paphian Venus," as if the Paphian Venus was not a heathen deity. "Popery, *which* abounds with instances of the grossest forgeries both of saints and reliques, *which* have been *imposed for genuine*, &c." To have been *forgeries*, they must have been *imposed for genuine*: here is also a confusion in the repetition of *which*, relating to two subjects; as again, "The prejudices *which* the authority of so

celebrated a writer may probably *inject* to the disadvantage of my argument, *which*, &c."

Johnson. If Warburton had been as discerning in language as he was acute in argument, he would have exposed to ridicule the expression, "*inject a prejudice.*"

Tooke. His acuteness seems usually to have forsaken him the moment he lost his malignity. As some beasts muddy the water by tramping it before they drink, so nothing is palatable to Warburton but what he has made turbid. Nothing is weaker than his argument on this question, nothing more inelegant than his phraseology. In another place he writes "*de*nounced" for "*an*nounced." Our pugnacious bishop, although he defended the divine legation of Moses, would have driven the chariot of Pharaoh against him into the Red Sea. He says, in reference to Middleton, "How many able writers have employed *their* time and learning to prove Christian Rome to have borrowed *their* superstitions from the pagan city!" He means *her* superstitions, and not the superstitions of the *able writers*, which the words, as they stand, designate. He surely could not dissent from Middleton, with whom nearly all the papists agree, drawing however far different inferences.

Johnson. On this ground I go with Middleton: he states a historical fact: he states a thing visible: but while he pretends to approach Religion for the sake of looking at her dress, he stabs her. Come, sir! come, sir! philology rather than this!

Tooke. A little more then of philology: but first, let me suggest to you that no stab, my good Doctor, can inflict a dangerous wound on Truth. Homer had probably the design of impressing some such sentiment, when he said that gashes in celestial bodies soon unite again. If you have ever had the curiosity to attend a course of lectures on chemistry, or have resided in the house of any friend who cultivates it, you may perhaps have observed how a single drop of colourless liquid, poured on another equally colourless, raises a sudden cloud and precipitates it to the bottom: so, unsuspected falsehood, taken up as pure and limpid, is thrown into a turbid state by a drop; and it does not follow that the drop must be of poison.

I wish it were possible on all occasions to render the services we owe to criticism, without the appearance of detracting from established or from rising reputations. Since however the judicious critic will animadvert on none whose glory can be materially injured by his strictures, on none whose excellence is not so great and so well-founded that his faults in the comparison are light and few, the labour is to be endured with patience. For it is only by this process that we can go on from what is good to what is perfect. I am in the habit of noting down the peculiarities of every book I read; and, knowing that I was to meet you here, I have placed in the fold of my sleeve such as I once collected out of Middleton.

Johnson. I shall be gratified, sir, by hearing them; and much more than by dissertations, however rich and luminous, on his character and genius, which prove nothing else to me than the abilities of the dissertator.

Tooke. I will begin them with his orthography. He writes constantly *intire, onely, florish, embassador, inquire, genuin, tribun, troublesom, chast, hast* for *haste, wast* for *waste.*

Johnson. Pronouncing the three last as the common people do universally, and as others beside the common people do in his native county, Yorkshire. I approve of the five first; I disapprove of the rest.

Tooke. We who condemn the elision of the final e in these words, in which the pronunciation requires it, elide it where it must likewise be pronounced. Our better authors in a wiser age never wrote *find, mind, kind, blind,* without the final vowel.

Johnson. It is wonderful we ever should have consented to part with it, having once had it, and knowing its use.

Tooke. To return to Middleton. He writes *battel, sepulcher, luster, theater.*

Johnson. I do not blame him. Milton, and most of our best scholars, have done the same. Addison saw at Verona the famous *theater.*

Tooke. He writes the verb *rebell* with a single l.

Johnson. The fault must surely be the printer's; and yet several final consonants have lately been omitted in our verbs, either by the ignorance and indifference of the writer, or by the unrebuked self-sufficiency of the compositor. I was unaware that the corruption began so early, and with a scholar.

Tooke. He writes *grandor* in preference to *grandeur;* the only word of the kind which we persist in writing as the French do. Their *honneur* and *faveur* are domesticated with us and invested with our livery, while the starveling *grandeur* is left alone like a swallow on the house-top, when all the others have flown away. *Grandor* sounds more largely and fully than that puny offspring of the projected jaw. The authority of Milton, were there no other and better, ought to eliminate so ungainly an anomaly: for *liqueur* is not yet Englished.

Johnson. No, sir! we have *dram.* But whatever we would be ashamed of expressing in English, we call in French.

Tooke. Of the three words *soup, group, troop,* borrowed from the French, there is only one which we have fairly naturalised. If *troop* is written with a double o, instead of *ou,* why should not the others!

Johnson. Why, indeed!

Tooke. Creature has only two syllables, *creator* three. Why not write *creture,* as we pronounce it! correcting an anomaly so easily.

Now to go on again with Middleton. He confuses *born* and *borne,* which indeed are of the same origin, but differently spelt in their different significations. As these two participles are the

same, so are the two substantives *flower* and *flour*; which we may see the more plainly by removing them a little out of our own language, and placing them at the side of a cognate word in another. An academy of Tuscany, still in existence I think, entitled *Della Crusca*, chose for its emblem a sieve, and for its motto, *Il più bel fior ne coglie*.

Johnson. True enough: and now indeed I perceive the reason, indifferently versed as I am in the Italian language, why the members of that academy have been universally called, of late years, *coglioni*.

Tooke. Whenever I hear a gentleman addressed by that title, I shall bow to him as to a personage of high distinction, if I should travel at any time so far as Florence.

Johnson. Rightly judged, sir! A *coglione* in all countries is treated (I doubt not) with deference and respect.

Tooke. Middleton writes *clame, proclame, exclame*; I think properly; as *pretense* and *defense*. He never uses the word *boast*, but *brag* instead of it; and the word *ugly*, in itself not elegant, most inelegantly. "There are many ugly reports about him," "which Cicero calls an ugly blow," "an ugly precedent," "an ugly disturbance broke out." He uses *proper* too as only the vulgar do. "Cicero never speaks of him with respect, nor of his government but as of a *proper* tyranny." "*A proper apotheosis.*"

Johnson. I did not imagine him to be so little choice in his expressions; you have collected a number that quite astonishes me.

Tooke. May I read on?

Johnson. Are there more still upon that small piece of paper? Pray satisfy my curiosity.

Tooke. Will you admit a *southsayer*?

Johnson. No, truly; although in the days of Elizabeth many wrote it so.

Tooke. And many wrote then more idiomatically and more analogically than at present. What we write *monarch* and *tetrarch*, they wrote *monark* and *tetrark*, as we find in Aylmer and all the learned. Why should they be spelt like *arch* and *march* and *starch*?

Johnson. I agree with you: we did spell several words better in the reigns of Elizabeth and James than we do now. The learned were recognised then, and inferiors submitted to legitimate authority.

Tooke. Yet, Doctor, you inform us in your preface that if the authors who write *honor, labor, explane, declame*, &c., have done no good, they have done little harm, because few have followed them, and because they innovated little. In fact, the writers to whom you refer have not innovated at all, but have followed the best authorities: and attempted to do good by substituting the better for the worse. A man or a writer is not the less good because he is not followed. There was a time, we read, when all went wrong, excepting one family. Every one of the words you have cited was written by learned, harmonious, and (I will add) considerate and elegant writers, excepting *red*, to which two unnecessary letters were added; of these the last has been rejected by universal consent. The double *d* was retained to distinguish the preterite of the verb from the adjective *red*: but the sense alone would always do that. Some other words are without the same advantage. We frequently find the adverb *still*, where it is doubtful whether it is an adverb or an adjective: for which reason, as well as for analogy, I would write *stil*. We write *until*, and should, as you have done, write *til*. In the same preface you inform us that "our language has been exposed to the corruptions of ignorance and the caprices of innovation." This is true, and to an extent which few men have the organs to see clearly. You commend the spelling of *hight* by Milton; and at the same time you are reluctant to correct our worst anomalies, declaring your unwillingness to "disturb upon narrow views, or for minute propriety, the orthography of our fathers." But if our fathers were licentious, and encroached on the patrimony of our grandfathers, what is to be done? Would it not be well to recover, by any obvious and honest means, as much as may be? If my father was a hair-dresser, and chatted agreeably but wrote vilely, would it not be better to imitate my grandfather, who was a curate, and who spoke with seriousness and wrote with precision?

Johnson. Perhaps you are right. I have had my fling at Middleton; now take yours again.

Tooke. Do you prefer a Gallicism or a Latinism? However, you shall have both. "Not *obnoxious* to Clodius's law," for not *amenable, liable*, or *subject*. Then "he dresses up in a clear and agreeable style:" then he goes on to "depreciate a *name*, so highly revered for its patriotism, and *whose* writings, &c." Now in what school-room was a *name* ever taught to *write*. "The senate had no stomach to meddle with an affair so delicate."

Johnson. The delicacy of a thing in general is no reason why the stomach is disinclined to meddle with it.

Tooke. "An oath which Cato himself, though he had publicly declared that he would never do it, was forced at last to swallow. He had digested many things against his will."

Johnson. He might have swallowed them against his will, but surely he must have been the more glad at having digested them in proportion to their hardness. If he digested them against his will, the digestion could not have been forced nor difficult. The evil is, when we have the will and can not do it! But I hope we may now leave the dining-room.

Tooke. In Middleton's time it was usual to call Cicero by the familiar name of *Tully*, and we continue to say *Tully's Offices*. A mere Englishman, and only to such should we think we are speaking when we speak in English, would never comprehend the meaning of the title.

Johnson. Why not call the book *Cicero on Moral Obligations*, or, in one word, on *Duties*?

Tooke. It might deceive some purchasers, on seeing only the title-page. *Duties*, in our days, signify *taxes*. Whenever we talk of the duties simply and solely, the taxes are understood: these being the only duties which statesmen inculcate on the people. The Roman names have fared among us worse than the Greek. Several retain their full proportions. Mark Antony has no Roman feature: such a name is more applicable to an English coal-heaver or mackerel-crier than to the great orator or the celebrated triumvir.

Johnson. In a translation from the Latin, wherever the Romans are introduced as speakers, I should think it more dignified to pronounce the names at full. I would not offer my money in a clipped and sweated state.

Tooke. We retain the folly of turning the Greeks into Romans, and ending in *us* what ought to end in *os*; as Anytus and Melitus. This is absurder than naturalising them at once. Are you inclined to look again at the coarseness and clumsiness of Middleton?

Johnson. Drag him out, by all means.

Tooke. "I did not take him to be a rascal." "Such clauses were only bugbears." "The occasion was so pat." "Shall I do it, *says I*, in my own way?" and two lines lower, "I will move the senate then, *says I*;" and three after, "So I thought, *says I*." Cicero is the speaker! "Cross the Tyber" for *across*. "I *had* rather *have* him the comrade of Romulus than of the goddess Safety." "To try what fortunes he could *carve* for himself." "He seems to be hard *put to it*, for a pretext." "Part *with without* regret." "*Dressing up* an impeachment." "If any other fate *expect me*." "They would submit their conduct to the judgment of Cato, and deposit four thousand pounds *apiece* in his hands."

Johnson. *Apiece*, although Hooker has once applied the expression to men, ought never in such cases to be used instead of *each*. Its proper sense is of things saleable, inert or alive, but rather of the inert.

Tooke. In that case it might do very well for his senate or ours. I find in most writers the word *each* used indiscriminately for *every*: this is wrong in prose: *each* ought never to be employed but in reference to persons or things mentioned before.

Johnson. I never heard that.

Tooke. It may be wrong; consider it. Middleton translates the word *innocens*, which, when spoken of military men, signifies their forbearance and moderation, into *innocent*, a term quite ridiculous when thus applied in English. In Cato's letter to Cicero, about his intended triumph, we find it thrice. "Young *Cæsar flowed* from the source of my counsels." "What *flows* from the result."

Johnson. False metaphor!

Tooke. "If ever they *got the better*." "To *give* the *exclusion*." "Coming *forward towards*."

Johnson. Redundant and very inelegant!

Tooke. He always writes *oft* instead of *often*.

Johnson. Poetry alone has this privilege.

Tooke. "The high office *which* you fill, and the eminent distinction *that* you bear."

Johnson. Much better without both *which* and *that*.

Tooke. He uses the superlative *freest*.

Johnson. Properly the word *free* has no comparative nor superlative: for all monosyllables are made dissyllables by them, which could not be in *freer* and *freest*. I do not willingly write *re-establish* or *re-edify*. The better word for the one would be *restablish*, if *restore* and *refix* are inadequate, and for the other *reconstruct*. It is bad enough to be affected, but it is intolerable to be at once affected and uncouth. Justly may he be laughed at who falls into that slough which with a troublesome mincing gait he would avoid. They who might be shocked at *reappear* as a dissyllable, tolerate *ideal* as one, and *real* as a monosyllable.* Yet they would pronounce *reality* and *ideality* rightly. Many of Middleton's political and religious, and some of his moral and historical reflections, do not please me.

Tooke. A scholar, as he was, should never have countenanced the sentence of Valerius Maximus on Marius. "Arpinum," he says, "had the singular felicity to produce the most *glorious contemner*, as well as the most illustrious improver, of the arts and eloquence." A singular kind of felicity indeed! If this glory had had its followers, the greater part of the world would at this time have been a forest. He places strange and discordant ideas in close apposition. Speaking of Sylla, he says, "He employed himself particularly in *reforming the disorders* of the state, by putting his new *laws* in execution, and in *distributing the confiscated lands of the adverse party* among his legions: so that the republic seemed to be once more seated on a *legal basis*, and the laws and judicial proceedings began to flourish in the forum." Confiscation is a pretty legal basis, no doubt. Here he brings me to the Rostra. *Rostra* must be plural: I wonder he wrote "*that* rostra." There is an idle and silly thought in the Preface. Romulus, he tells you, seems to have *borrowed* the plan of his new state from the old government of Athens, as it was instituted by Theseus. What could Romulus know of Theseus or of Athens? The people were in the same state of civilisation, had the same wants, and satisfied them alike. Romulus borrowed the houses, harvests, and wives, of those near him: he borrowed no more from Athens than from 'Change-Alley. The laws of Solon were known to Numa first among the Romans, if indeed Numa was a Roman, and not rather a Corinthian. The name seems fictitious.

Johnson. Leave politics alone: let history lie quiet. What I remarked, some time since, on comparatives and superlatives, makes me desirous that we had a collection of Latin and English

* We find in Byron "*real*" a monosyllable. He caught it from a Scotch mother, quite uneducated. His grammar is very incorrect: for instance.

"Let *he* who made thee answer that." *Cain.*

comparatives, the former terminating in the masculine and feminine by *ior*, the latter in *er*. It would show us at a glance to what words the Roman writers, and our own, thought it better to prefix *magis* and *more*, instead of the comparative by the termination; and we should see, what never occurred to me until now, that the ancient and elegant chose the simpler mode preferably. Middleton, whom you have been quoting and examining so attentively, writes, *honester, modester:* Milton *virtuousest*.

Tooke. With all my veneration for this extraordinary and exemplary man, I would never use the word; and with all the preference I give, whenever it can be given, to the comparative formed by the final syllable, I never would admit it, nor the superlative, in words ending with *ous:* such as *virtuous, pious, religious.*

Johnson. Nor I truly: but perhaps our contemporaries are somewhat too abstemious in words to which it might be more gracefully adapted.

Tooke. Middleton writes "for good and all." This is somewhat in the manner of your friend Edmund Burke, who uses the word *anotherguess;* in which expression are both vulgarity and ignorance: the real term is *another-guise:* there is nothing of *guessing.* Beside *another-guise* we have *another-gates.*

"When Hudibras about to enter
Upon *anothergates* adventure," &c.

Johnson. Edmund Burke, sir, is so violent a reformer that I am confident he will die a Tory. I am surprised that anything he does or says should encounter your disapprobation. He, sir, and Junius should have been your favourites, if indeed they are not one and the same: for Edmund writes better when he writes for another, and any character suits him rather than his own. Shenstone, when he forgot his Strephons and Corydons and followed Spenser, became a poet. Your old antagonist Junius wears an elegant sword-knot, and swaggers bravely. What think you?

Tooke. His words are always elegant, his sentences always sonorous, his attacks always vigorous, and rarely (although I may be a sufferer by admitting it) misplaced. However, those only can be called great writers, who bring to bear on their subject more than a few high faculties of the mind. I require in him whom I am to acknowledge for such, accuracy of perception, variety of mood, of manner, and of cadence; imagination, reflection, force, sweetness, copiousness, depth, perspicuity. I require in him a princely negligence of little things, and a proof that although he seizes much, he leaves much (alike within his reach) unappropriated and untouched. Let me see nothing too trim, nothing quite incondite. Equal solicitude is not to be exerted upon all ideas; some are brought into the fulness of light, some are adumbrated: so on the beautiful plant of our conservatories, a part is in fruit, a part in blossom; not a branch is leafless, not a spray is naked. Then come those graces and allurements, for which we have few and homely names, but which among the ancients had many, and expressive of delight and of divinity, *lepores, illecebræ, veneres,* &c.: these, like the figures that hold the lamps on staircases, both invite us and show us the way up: for, write as wisely as we may, we cannot fix the minds of men upon our writings unless we take them gently by the ear.

Johnson. On this we meet and agree; but you exact too much. You include too many great properties within your stipulations.

Tooke. Several of these in Junius were uncalled for; some that would have been welcome were away; and he is hardly a great writer in whom anything that is great is wanting.

Johnson. Sometimes even Cicero himself is defective both in ratiocination and in euphony.

Tooke. It can not be controverted that, even in this most eloquent author, there are sentences which might be better.

Johnson. For instance in the monkish canticle,

Bellum autem ita *suscipiatur*
Ut nihil aliud nisi pax quæsita *videatur*.

Tooke. By writing *susceptum sit,* he would have avoided the censure he has here incurred too justly. Toward the end of his dialogue *De Claris Oratoribus,* he runs into the tautology, "*Hic me dolor tangit; hæc me cura solicitat.*" Can anything be more self-evident, and therefore more unnecessary to state and insist on, than *that those are worthy of friendship in whom there is a reason why they should be our friends!*

Digni autem sunt amicitiâ, quibus in ipsis inest causa cur diligantur:

or indeed much more so, than *that old age comes on by degrees;* which he expresses in words redundant with the letter s.

Sensim sine sensu ætas senescit.

And I wish I could think it were free from the ambition of an antithesis, in the *sensim sine sensu.*

Johnson. He is the only Latin prose writer in whom you will find a pentameter.

Quid dominus navis? eripietne suum?

And I doubt whether in any other the tenses of *possum* are repeated seven times in about fourteen lines,* as they are here, with several of the same both before and after.

Tooke. This pentameter is not his only one.

Johnson. Stop there. We write pentameter with the *e* before the *r,* and *metre* inversely. I throw out this fresh bone to you in my largess.

Tooke. In the third book *De Oratore,* where he reproves the fault, he commits it. If you never have remarked the passage, you will wonder at finding both a hexameter and pentameter, and in sequence.

Complexi plus multo etiam vidisse videntur
Quam quantum nostrorum ingeniorum acies, &c.

Milton puts several verses together in his prose.

* *De Officiis,* l. ii, beginning at the close of the paragraph, "Adde ductus aquarum, &c."

At the conclusion of the second book of his *Treatise against Prelaty*, are nearly four of the most powerful and harmonious he ever wrote,

"When God commands to take the trumpet, &c."

In another place he likewise writes as prose,

"The blessed meekness of his lowly roof,
Those ever open and inviting doors, &c."

But these last, although good fair verses, are only to the pitch of *Paradise Regained*.

Johnson. The dog barked at bishops; and Cicero praised those who slew his benefactor.

Tooke. We have nothing to do at present with the politics of either, although we have raised into a blaze the tenets of the one, and have slain more friends than the other ever conciliated or deserved. Let us try to express our thoughts as clearly; we may then as easily pardon those who discover a few slight faults in our writings, as he would pardon us, were he living, for pointing them out in his. The two most perfect writers (I speak of style) are Demosthenes and Pascal; but all their writings put together are not worth a third of what remains to us of Cicero; nor can it be expected that the world will produce another (for the causes of true eloquence are extinct) who shall write at the same time so correctly, so delightfully, and so wisely.

Johnson. Let him give way, sir, let him give way, for your rump-parliament and regicide. The causes of true eloquence are extinct! I understand you, sir: rump and regicide for ever!

Tooke. Doctor, I am not one of those who would agitate so idle a question, as, whether it is the part of a contemptible man, much less whether it is that of a criminal one, to scoff at superstitions forbidden by the religion of our country, or to punish with death and ignominy, a torturer, a murderer, a tyrant, a violator of all his oaths and a subverter of all his laws!

Johnson. That sentence, sir, is too graceful for mouths like yours. *Burn, sink, and destroy*, are words of better report from the hustings.

Tooke. I presume you mean, Doctor, when they are directed by pious men against men of the same language and lineage: for words, like ciphers and persons, have their value from their place. I am sorry you seem offended.

Johnson. It is the nature of the impudent never to be angry.

Tooke. Impudence, I find, is now for the first time installed among the christian virtues.

Johnson. No, sir: impudence is to virtue what cynicism is to stoicism. Nothing is harder or crueler; nothing seems less so.

Tooke. Doctor, let me present to you this cup of tea.

Johnson. Why! the man wears upon his mind an odd party-coloured jacket; half-courtier, half-rebel. I do not think I have flattered him very much; yet he bowed as if he was suing me to dance with him.

I can listen, sir, while you talk rationally: but I am angry that a gentleman of your abilities should be so inordinately fond of change. Do you think anything correct in any author whatsoever?

Tooke. Once I was of opinion that nothing in Pascal could be corrected or improved: this opinion I have seen reason to change, still considering him more exact and elaborate than the best English writers. In the second sentence of his *Provincial Letters*, he says, "Tant d'assemblées d'une compagnie aussi célèbre qu'est la Faculté de Théologie à Paris, et où il s'est passé tant de choses *si extraordinaires* et *si* hors d'exemple, en font concevoir une *si* haute idée qu'on ne peut croire qu'il n'y en ait un sujet bien *extraordinaire*. Cependant vous serez bien surpris, quand vous apprendrez par ce récit à quoi se termine un *si* grand éclat."

Johnson. These repetitions indeed appear inelegant.

Tooke. In the first sentence, a few lines above, he used *bien abusé*, and afterward *bien important*. I shall make no observation on the disagreeable recurrence of sound in *surpris* and *récit*. Similar sounds have sometimes a good effect; but it must be an exquisite ear that distinguishes the proper time. Permit me to continue the period. "Et c'est ce que je vous dirai en peu de mots, après m'en être parfaitement instruit."

Johnson. Here I can detect no fault.

Tooke. It lies in the reasoning: Pascal says plainly, "You will be much surprised, when you learn by my recital how such a bustle terminates; and I will tell you it in few words, when I am perfectly informed of it."

Johnson. I have not yet seen the error.

Tooke. How can Pascal say positively that his correspondent will be *much surprised*, at the result of a thing which he is about to relate, when he himself does not well know what that result will be? That he does not, is evident; because he says he will tell him *after* he has discovered the matter of fact. He makes another promise too, rather hazardous: he promises that he will tell it in few words. Now, not seeing the extent of the information he may receive on it, few words perhaps might not suffice.

Johnson. I doubt whether the last objection be not hypercriticism.

Tooke. Better that than *hypocriticism*; the vague and undisciplined progeny of our Mercuries, which run furiously from the porter-pot to the tea-pot, and then breathe their last. There can be no hypercriticism upon such excellent writers as Pascal. Few suspect any fault in him; hardly one critic in a century can find any. Impudence may perch and crow upon high places, and may scratch up and scatter its loose and vague opinions: this suits idlers: but *we* neither talk to the populace nor stand in the sun pointing out what they heed not, and what they could never perceive.

Another fault of his comes into my recollection, and could never come more opportunely than after my expression of esteem for him. "C'est le motif de tous les hommes, jusqu'à ceux qui se tuent *et qui se pendent*." As if he who hangs himself is different from him who kills

himself, and has another motive. Were the volumes of Pascal before me, I might lay my finger on other small defects, some in expression, some in reasoning: and I should do it: for you would not suffer him to fall thereby in your esteem, nor even to mingle in the crowd of high literary names. He stands with few; and few will ever join him.

Johnson. Good scholars and elegant writers may sometimes lapse. Gray is both: yet he says,

"Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse, &c."

There were nine, mythologists tell us; but they have forgotten to inform us which was the unlettered one. We might as well talk of the powerless Jupiter, the lame Mercury, and the squinting Venus. In another poem, *the court was sat* is not English; nor is the note, in the *Ode to Music*, on Mary de Valence, "of whom tradition says that her husband:" tradition does not speak here of *her*, but of the husband. I have attempted to demonstrate some improprieties of expression in other places.

Tooke. You are supposed by many inconsiderate readers to have been too severe on him.

Johnson. A critic is never too severe when he only detects the faults of an author. But he is worse than too severe when, in consequence of this detection, he presumes to place himself on a level with genius. A rat or a serpent can find a hole in the strongest castle: but they could about as much construct it as he could construct the harmonious period or "the lofty rhyme." Severity lies in rash exaggeration and impudent exposure. Such as fall into it cut their own fingers, and tie them up so clumsily as to make them useless. He who exults over light faults betrays a more notable want of judgment than he censures. Sir, have I been two minute in my examination of Gray?

Tooke. I think you have not: but I doubt whether you have assigned to him that place among the poets (I dare hardly say the men of genius) to which he is entitled. Expunge from his *Elegy* the second and third stanza, together with all those which follow the words

"Even in our ashes live their wonted fires,"

and you will leave a poem with scarcely a blemish: a poem which will always have more readers than any other in any language. Every church-yard contains a monument of Gray inscribed with everlasting characters.

Johnson. You are enthusiastic for once.

Tooke. No poetry can make me that: and I am quite as sensible of Gray's imperfections as you are. He is often very harsh, and, what is wonderful in so laborious a composer, incorrect.

Johnson. Come hither, young lady! Have you Gray's poems? Go fetch them. Now give them this gentleman. Sir! you need not kiss her hand: she is not the queen.

Tooke. That graceful curtsey might have well deceived me.

Johnson. Sir! you make the girl blush.

Tooke. If so, I implore you not to look so stedfastly at her, pointing me out for so great a criminal.

Johnson. Whisper less loudly. She caught every syllable, and walked away smiling. And now she is standing before the fire, to lay all her blushes upon that.

Tooke. Doctor, you are surely the nicest of observers. Turn, if you please: here are the words we want:

"Fair Venus' train."

Johnson. Ay, indeed, that is harsh enough.

Tooke.

"Yet hark how through the peopled air
The busy murmur glows."

Johnson. He might as well have said, *Hark!* what fantastic green palings and dingy window-shutters!

Tooke. "The azure flowers that blow," are precisely the azure flowers that never did blow.

"Hard unkindness' altered eye"

is harsh, ungrammatical, unpoetical, and worse than nonsense. If her eye were altered, it must be altered for the better.

"Gay Hope is theirs, by Fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possest."

Unless they possessed it, how is it theirs? He means the *object* of Hope, not Hope.

"Nor second he that *rode sublime*
Upon the seraph wings of ecstacy
The secrets of the abyss to spy."

This is just as if I should ride to Highgate or Harrow for the purpose of looking into the hold of a lighter on the Thames. Who would ride *sublime* to spy what lies low, even in an abyss? particularly to spy its secrets? Speaking of Dryden he mentions his "*bright-eyed fancy.*" Vigorous sense and happy expression are the characteristics of Dryden, certainly not fancy.

"Thoughts that *breathe.*"

It is no great matter to say that of them.

"Loose his beard."

Beards were never tied up like the tails of coach-horses.

"Hark! how each giant oak and desart cave
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath;
O'er thee, O king, their hundred arms they wave."

Who wave their hundred arms? Why, the giant oaks, to be sure. True enough; but not the desert caves, nor the torrent's awful voice; and never was sighing more in vain than theirs.

"The thread is *spun.*"

The thread must have been spun before they began *weaving.*

"And gorgeous dames and statesmen old
In bearded majesty appear."

What! the gorgeous dames too? Where were their scissors?

"Nor envy base, nor creeping gain,
Dare the muse's walk to *stain.*"

One would think he had before his eyes the geese on Wimbledon common. And I wish he had not written

"Ah happy hills! ah pleasing shades!
Ah fields beloved in vain!"

Johnson. Why so? the verses are tender.

Tooke. In the next breath he tells us plainly that they were *not* beloved in vain; quite the contrary: that they soothed his weary soul and breathed a second spring. What could he have more from them?

Johnson. Rent, sir, rent. I have graver things to adduce against him. He has dared to talk about the *star of Brunswick*.

Tooke. Doctor, I entreat you, as a lover of loyalty, to let every man be loyal in his own way. Obedience to the existing laws is a virtue: respect and reverence of misfortune is another. Only cast out from the pale of loyalty those who espouse the interests of a part rather than of the whole. Whenever I see a person whose connections are plebeian, strive and strain for aristocracy, I know what the fellow would have: he would sacrifice the interests of his friends and class for his own profit. Generosity may induce the high-born man to drop behind his family, and to concern himself in meliorating the condition of those below him. Officiousness and baseness are the grounds on which the plebeian moves, who wrangles and fights for certain men more powerful than enough without him. This is the counterfeit loyalty on which I would gladly see descend your reprobating stamp and hammer. The star of Brunswick is no more censurable than the star of Brentford, and very like it both in brilliancy and magnitude.

Johnson. Return to philology: even Cicero himself, as we have seen, speaks incorrectly.

Tooke. Sometimes. Yet my estimation of his good sense and eloquence is undiminished by his inattention and negligence, which rarely occur, and on unimportant matters. The English use *infinity* for *innumerability*, which word he uses: and it is curious, as being the only word in the whole compass of latinity which (with its enclitic) contains nine syllables. "Infinitatem locorum *innumerabilitatemque* mundorum." I never can think that the word *infinitior* is founded on reason. What is infinite cannot be *more* infinite. I do not object so strongly to *perfectissimus*: this is only a mode of *praising* what is perfect, which, like infinity, cannot be extended or increased. There are words, however, which neither in their sense nor their formation seem capable of a comparative or superlative. There are properly no such words as *restless*, *relentless*, *shameless*, which we often find not only in poetry but in prose: for all adjectives ending in *less*, of which the first to strike us authors is *moneyless*, are formed from substantives. Yet we can not say *more* or *most* peerless; *more* or *most* penniless. We often find indeed a *most* careless servant, a *most* thoughtless boy: but the expression is at least inelegant and unhappy: I should even say vicious, if celebrated writers did not check and control me by their authority.

Johnson. Sir, this is quibbling.

Tooke. If correctness be the best part of eloquence, and as ninety-nine to a hundred in it, which I think it is, then this is no quibble. When our servants or tradesmen speak to us, it is quite enough that we understand them; but in a great writer we require exactness and propriety. Unless we have them from him, we are dissatisfied, in the same manner as if the man who refuses to pay us a debt should offer us a present. I am ready for eloquence when I find correctness. You complain, and justly, of that affected and pedantic expression of Milton, where he says that Adam was the most comely of men ever born since, and Eve the fairest of her daughters.

Johnson. Ay, certainly.

Tooke. Yet you understand what he means. We employ in our daily speech an expression equally faulty. We say, "You of all *others* ought not, &c." Now surely *you* are not one of *others*. Correctly spoken, the phrase would be, "You of all men." On reading Milton's verses the other day, I recollected a parallel passage in Tacitus on Vespasian: "Solus omnium *ante se* principum in melius mutatus:" and fancying that I had seen it quoted by La Rochefoucault, I had the curiosity to inquire in what manner he translated it: for he leaves none without a French version. His words are, "Il fut le seul des empereurs, *ses prédécesseurs*, qui changea en mieux." Here we see how two acute men pass over, without observing it, a preposterous perversion of language and plain sense.

Johnson. There are faults committed by pedants for the mere purpose of defending them.

Tooke. Writers far removed from pedantry use expressions, which, if we reflect on them, excite our wonder.

Johnson. Better those than vulgarisms.

Tooke. There we disagree. No expression can become a vulgarism which has not a broad foundation. The language of the vulgar hath its source in physics: in known, comprehended, and operative things: the language of those who are just above the vulgar is less pure, as flowing from what they do not in general comprehend. Hence the profusion of broken and ill-assorted metaphors, which we find in the conversation of almost all who stand in the intermediate space between the lettered and the lowest. I will go further, and venture to assert that you will find most of the expressions in daily use among ourselves to be ambiguous and vague. Your servant would say, *a man told me so*: the most learned and elegant of your acquaintance would probably say, on the same occasion, *a certain person informed me*. Here the person is not *a certain* but an *uncertain* one, and the thing told may have nothing in it of *information*. A farmer would say, *a deal of money for a galloway*: a minister of state, *a considerable sum*, speaking of the same. Reflection demonstrates clearly that, although the sum may have been

the double of the value, it could not be an object of *consideration*, which word, however abused, is equivalent to *contemplation*; another word strangely degraded and misapplied. *Certain* then is *uncertain*, and *considerable* is *inconsiderable*. These words, you cannot fail to have observed, are the signs and figures whereby we denote the very two things which, in one form or other, are the most operative on the human mind; magnitude and truth. As *considerable* is *inconsiderable*, and *certain* is *uncertain*, so *doubt* is used for *believe*. "I *doubt* you are wrong," is said for "*I believe* you are wrong." This is elliptical. "I come to the conclusion, or the suspicion, by doubting on points about it, that you are wrong."

Johnson. We will return, at some future time, to the metaphysical of language. The new and strange word an *individual* seems rather to signify a *dividual* or *par*ticular. Pray tell me now, since you have always a word in defence of the vulgar, what the fools can mean by a *dead heat*, when racers reach the goal together, and a *dead hand*, speaking of a man apparently the most alive and active: as a *dead hand* at quoits or tennis?

Tooke. Add also *dead level*. *Dead* is *finished, accomplished*; in that sense the same as *deed*; *deed* is *fact*, and *fact* implies *certainty*. A *dead level* is an exact one.

Johnson. Deed however is no adjective.

Tooke. Nor is *net*, nor is *life*: yet we say a *net*-income and a *life*-interest. I have sometimes thought that *net* might be *neat*. I am however more inclined to believe that it means *purse* in this instance, a thing of the same texture; and my reason is, that we say ordinarily, "he *netted* so much." Since you have admitted me into court as advocate for the vulgar, let me remark that we laugh at those who pronounce an aspirate where there should be none: but are not we ourselves more ridiculous, who deliberately write it before words in which it never is pronounced? If we are to pronounce it, why put *an* to it? as *an* honest, *an* honourable, an *hour*. The simple *a* denotes that it is wanted; as in *a* harp, *a* heart, *a* house, *a* home, *a* harness. Unprofitably do we employ *an* before words beginning with the aspirate; and much is it to be regretted that we see broken up and dissevered this household of familiar words. All that are aspirated should have *a* rather than *an* prefixed. There are other things also we often see in print, but never say: for instance, *an unicorn, an university, an use, an ewe, an yew-tree*. We properly say *an only son*, improperly *such an one*; because in *only* the *o* has simply its own sound, in *one* it sounds as if *w* were before it. Exactly half our vowels are occasionally consonants. Who would venture to say *an* year ago, or *an* youth, or *an yelping* cur, or *an yesterday's* newspaper?

Johnson. Proceed, sir, proceed: but I do not expect much regularity in your proceedings.

Tooke. Look on me as on a fox-hunter in the field. I cannot go straightforward continually. At one time there is a quickset hedge before me; at another there are rotten stakes; here a deep ditch, there a quagmire, and farther onward a wide morass. I will mention words for your consideration as they arise before me, and not in such order as a grammar would require. We are walking in a forest, where the climate is genial, where the soil is rich, and where the fruits are growing wild: we will not at present take the trouble to assort them. As here you find a quince next to a cedar, and there peach-blossoms dropping on a yew, so here we may catch a substantive and an adverb close together, both ready for correction.

Johnson. Have it so, and go on.

Tooke. If we write *entrance*, why not *uttrance*? than which nothing can be expressed harsher. We should always write "enterance," were it only to make a distinction between this substantive and the verb *entrance*. Shakspeare has done it in *Macbeth*:

> "The raven himself is hoarser
> That croaks the fatal enterance of Duncan
> Under my battlements:"

and many other words on the same principle: for example, the verse in *All's Well that Ends Well*:

> "And lasting in her sad remembrance."

Johnson. Shakspeare has indeed thus written; but what man dares always to be right?

Tooke. Simile is not an English word, nor a Latin one, as a substantive. *Simily* should replace it. But of all the inelegances in pages professedly English, *fac-simile* is the vilest; worse in its conformation than its twin-brother *fac-totum*. In our language there are other parts of speech used somewhat promiscuously. Some verbs with us are French nouns and particles united. What think you of *engross*? *en gros*. It means in one sense, as probably you have remarked in your *Dictionary*, what is written in *thick* characters by lawyers; in another, that appropriation to themselves of what is not theirs by right; attributing to the means (the engrossing, or writing in *thick* letters) what is done by the employer of those means, the lawyer. Colloquially, and sometimes in graver business, we say *on all sides*.

Johnson. Why not?

Tooke. How many sides have we? I should have believed that we had two only, if a certain compound did not twitch me by the skirt and lay claim to a third.

Johnson. Sir, a man has but two sides from which that expression could have been deduced; for *outside* and *inside* have nothing to do with it. They however show us that *side* in their case signifies *part*; and it has this signification when we say *on all sides*. *Side*, in this sense, is the same as the Latin *situs*, the Italian *sito*. *Usum loquendi populo concessi*.

Tooke. Scientiam mihi reservavi. We have only two *halves*; yet we say on my *behalf*, on your *behalf*, and on his *behalf*, when the same matter is in litigation among three persons. Chaucer says, *on this halfe God*; on this side of God; and *four halves*, four *sides*, as his interpreter expresses it.

Johnson. Would you, who are a stickler for propriety, use such an expression as *somehow or other*, which we hear spoken and find written continually!

Tooke. I would not; because *somehow* expresses the whole meaning, and other *how* is not English. We, who are not vulgar, say *brother-in-law, son-in-law*, &c. wherein we appear to vie in folly with the French and Italians, and even to exceed them. An Italian calls *cognato* what we call *brother-in-law*, neither of which is true. He is not cognate to us, nor is he a brother by the laws. The *beaufrère* of the Frenchman is ludicrous; so is the *parent*; but not so much as our *grandson*, one day old. A Frenchman must speak more ridiculously still if he would speak of a horse-shoe made of anything but iron: as Voltaire in *Zadig:* "Des fers *d'argent* à onze deniers de fin." From the same poverty and perversion of language, he attributes *sense* to dust or clouds: "Nuages agités en *sens* contraires," meaning *direction*. There is also an odd expression for "I have it in my power," *Je suis à-même:* oddness, but not corruption, as in many of ours. We say *coadjutor* where there is only one helper. And there are expressions which in themselves are very incorrect, yet give an idea not to be mistaken: such for instance is, *Round your fireside.* You can not be round a side.

Johnson. "Round the fire" would be better.

Tooke. Not at all. We can not be round it in our houses, unless some of us are behind the chimney. We say, *Light the fire.* Nothing has less need of lighting. The Italians say, *Light the chimney.* Now for an impropriety or two in verbs. *Originate*, a deponent, is become active. People of fashion say *He originated the measure.*

Johnson. Scholars will always say *The measure originated from him.*

Tooke. There is another word which we use improperly. We say, "Such a person was *executed* for robbery:" now the *person* is *prosecuted*, the *sentence executed.* One would imagine that *executioner* should designate the *judge*, him who executes the laws; not him who executes only one decision of them; but in our jurisprudence we have the hangman so perpetually before us that the expression is accountable and reasonable. *Execution* then stands with us for *juridical death*, and not for the completion of any other sentence. We employ it again on the seizure of goods under a warrant.

Johnson. Within the last year or two, I have heard the expression "a man of *talent*," instead of "a man *of talents:*" and I am informed by my friend, Sir Joshua Reynolds, who quickly discerns an inelegance and strongly disapproves an innovation, that an *artist* now signifies a *painter*, and *art painting*, exclusively.*

Tooke. Ignorant people, I myself have remarked, are beginning to speak so: the fashion cannot continue. We might as well call a Doctor of Physic a doctor of rhubarb, and a Doctor of Laws a doctor of subpœnas. And yet we smile at the expressions of the vulgar. You would think me vulgar, if I called a man a *desperate* fool, or a house a *desperate* big house.

Johnson. Ay, indeed I should.

Tooke. Come along, my learned and affable preceptor. Be it as pleasant for you to be released from the columns of a dictionary as for me to escape from the chapters of a grammar. We will expatiate freely over the wide and varied field before us, here trampling down a troublesome thistle, and there raising up again a neglected flower. We will make hay while the sun shines; and I perceive already that the clouds are rolling off. We will toss it about, lightly and easily; which is the true meaning of the word *discuss;* we will let in plentifully light and air, and inhale a fresh fragrance at every heaving of the rake. Others may cart it, lay it on the stack, press it, trim it, truss it, and carry it to market. Even if I should assist you but little, think it somewhat to have drawn around you so many stedfast and inquiring eyes, so many fair heads, each radiant with its circle of glory, like angels about some beatified saint.

Johnson. Don't play the fool.

Tooke. Alas! it is the only game I have ever learnt to play: but I dislike to play it single-handed. Come along, Doctor! We have many words implying intensity, now gone or going out of use among the middling classes, and lapsed entirely from the highest. Such as *mighty* (for *very*) which exactly corresponds with the Latin *valde;* and *desperate*, in the same sense, for which they had a relative in *insanus*, used by Cicero before the senate in designating the terraces of Clodius, which he calls "*insanas* substructiones." The vulgar now use *mortally* as Cicero uses *immortally*, an expression of intensity and vehemence. "Te a Cæsare quotidie plus diligi *immortaliter* gaudio."

Johnson. There is hardly any writer who does not sacrifice elegance to force, when he has occasion. Addison says that Virgil "*strained hard* to outdo Lucretius in the description of the plague."

Tooke. Addison, in the same sentence, which I remember for its singular weakness, says also that "if the reader would see with what success, he may find it at large in Scaliger."

Johnson. He might.

Tooke. Could he not find it equally at large in Lucretius and Virgil; or is Scaliger nearer at hand, presenting a more authentic document than the original! Addison is not only an inconsiderate and superficial critic, but is often vulgar and mean: he is sometimes ungrammatical. He is both in that verse by which he has expressed how much more useful the senate was in Thessaly than at Rome.

Johnson. I remember none such.

Tooke.

"The *corps* of half her senate
Manure the fields of Thessaly."

* Since the time of Johnson, the establishment of an academy for painting in England has much infected our language. If we find five metaphors in a chapter, four of them are upon trust from the oil-and-colour-man.

The grammatical fault would not have been committed, if the word *corps* had been written, as it should be, with a final *e*. In his *Poem to the King* he hath several times used the word *corps* in the plural. On the contrary he has added *s* to the word *seraphim*. The bathos was never so well illustrated by Swift, as it might have been if he had taken his examples of it from Addison alone. What think you of this?

"Thus Ætna, when in fierce eruption *broke*,
Fills heaven with ashes .. and the earth with smoke."

Look now at his *Saint Cecilia*. The imbecility of the first line we will pass over: in the second, where is the difference between the voice and the accents?

"Cecilia's name does all our numbers grace,
From every voice the tuneful accents fly."

What does the word *it* relate to, in the next? certainly not to *the accents*, probably not to *voice*, for the *every* stands in the way.

"In soaring trebles now *it* rises high,
And now it sinks and dwells upon the base."

Doctor, I am a dealer in words, a *word-fancier*; excuse me then if I premise to you, in the spirit of trades and callings, the importance I attach to mine.

Johnson. Let us hear what you have to say. Wisdom is founded on words; on the right application of them.

Tooke. We have two which we use indifferently; *on* and *upon*. It appears to me that those who study elegance, by which I always mean precision and correctness, may give a specimen here. I would say *upon a tower*: on the same principle I would say *on a marsh*. There would indeed be no harm in saying *on a tower*; but there would be an impropriety in saying *upon a marsh*; for *up*, whether we are attentive or inattentive, whether we have been a thousand times wrong or never, means *somewhat high*, somewhat to which we ascend. I should speak correctly if I said, "Doctor Johnson *flew on* me," incorrectly, if I said "he *fell upon* me." Custom is a rule for everything but contradiction. We have hardly three writers of authority.

Johnson. How! sir! hardly three! People of your cast in politics are fond of vilifying our country. Is this your whigship?

Tooke. Whigship it is indeed: but not mine. Consider me as holding out a cake of meal and honey to appease you, when I bring to your recollection that the Romans have but one. For however great is the genius of Sallustius and Livius and Tacitus, faults have been detected in their style by those who could judge better of it than we can. Almost every elegant verse, almost every harmonious sentence in poetry and prose among the Romans, was written within half a century. The comic Authors were imitators of the Greeks: nothing national is to be found in Plautus himself, in whose pieces every sentence bears the impression of its Attic mint. The great work of Lucretius and the greater of Ovid were the first and last deserving the name of poems, great as was the vigour and high the spirit of Ennius. Judging by the language, one would imagine that several centuries had intervened between them; yet the same reader might have been living the day when each was edited. The most beautiful flowers grow in clusters. Lucretius, Catullus, and Calvus, the loss of whose works is the greatest that latinity has sustained: then Virgil, Ovid, Horace, and Cassius of Parma, the next great loss: for desirous as every man must be to recover the rest of Cicero and Livius, yet he perceives that there is enough of them before him to judge of their genius quite correctly: the remainder would afford him only the same pleasure as what he enjoys. In the lost poets the sources of it are cut off altogether: they can afford us no delight, and we can render them no justice.

Johnson. Addison has exhausted your stock.

Tooke. I had forgotten him again. Since however you bring him back to me, I will endeavour to prove that he has exhausted neither my justice nor my patience. His spelling is villanous: *coffy-house, bin* (for been), *every, instanc'd, inclin'd*. He is fond of the word *hint*, which, as a substantive, no poet has used, or ever will use.

"Music can noble hints impart."

What is merely a hint, can hardly be noble.

"The Almighty listens to a tuneful tongue,
And seems well pleased and courted with a song."

If these lines had been translated from Voltaire, you would have cried out against his impiety. I know not your opinion of Chaucer.

Johnson. I do not read what I should read with difficulty.

Tooke. Addison says of him,

"In vain he jests in his unpolished strain,
And tries to make his readers laugh in vain."

The verses are a tautology, and the remark an untruth. In his observations on Cowley there is a bold conceit, which I think must have been supplied by a better poet.

"He more had pleased us had he pleased us less."

This, if it is nonsense, is more like the nonsense of Dryden than of Addison, and is such as conveys an idea. Here comes *hint* again.

"What muse *but* thine can equal *hints* inspire."

To make it English, we must read some other word than *but*.

"And plays in *more unbounded* verse, &c."

Unbounded has in itself the force of a superlative, and cannot admit the comparative *more*. On Milton he expresses your sentiments, but not as you would have expressed them.

"O had the poet ne'er profaned his pen
To varnish o'er the guilt of faithless men,
His other works *might* have deserved applause,
But now the language can't support the cause."

Johnson. I confess that here he has reversed the matter, and that his own cause can not support his language.

Tooke. What has *the cause* to do with the *other* works? He might forsooth have succeeded in scenes of grandeur, if he *never* had written in defence of the commonwealth. It is indeed time that Addison should "*bridle in his struggling muse.*"

Johnson. Sir, let us call the ostler and put her into the stable for the night. She has a good many blemishes, and winces more than one would have suspected from her sleek and fleshy appearance.

Tooke. She gives some indication too of having been among the vetches.

Johnson. To be grave on it, metaphor is inapplicable to personification.

Tooke. Hurd is among the most conceited writers of the present day. He has imitated in prose the metaphor so justly ridiculed in these verses of Addison. In his *Dialogue on Sincerity*, he represents Waller saying, "After a few wanton circles, as it were to *breathe* and exercise my *muse*, *I drew her* in from these amusements to a stricter *manage*."

Johnson. His criticisms on others are usually sound and sensible. In his manners he is courtly; but in his language he mistakes vulgarity for ease, and inaccuracy for freedom. I remember an instance of his employing that word *manage* ambiguously. Instead of leaving it French he must give it an English spelling. With an English spelling it ought to have an English meaning, which it has not, but quite the contrary. His words are, "To the Hollanders indeed she could *talk big*; and it was not her humour to *manage* those over whom she had gained an ascendant." Now surely this expresses the very reverse of what the learned prelate wished to say. "*Look big*" recurs just below: and soon after "much *indevoted* to the court," and "misconceived *of*," and a *great means* of the hierarchical *greatness*." *Means* is plural. "To both your *satisfactions*:" for "to the satisfaction of you both." Since you have mentioned Dryden, let me remark to you that his spelling is negligent. He writes *look'd, traduc'd, describ'd, supply'd, assur'd, polish'd, circle'd*. In his preface to the translation of the *Pastorals*, we find "Is there anything more *sparkish* and better humour'd than Venus *her* addressing her son, &c." And he spells *icicles* "ycicles."

"Are these the limbs for ycicles to tear."

Tooke. He is rather to be followed in his *cou'd* and *wou'd* and *shou'd*; because so it is, and so it was then, pronounced. Addison too has written the same words in the same manner. I wish he had sanctioned by his authority more of our usages, and older and better. But our vicious spelling, and everything else that is vicious in language, is likely to deepen; for every fresh deal of novelists raises up some muddiness and wriggles against some weed. Of all the absurdities that ever were compressed into one word, surely the greatest is in the word *chiselled* when applied to features. If they who employ it mean to signify a fineness and delicacy, let them be taught that the chisel does only the rougher work, and that the polish is given by attrition. There is no such a thing in existence as a man or a woman; they are turned into *persons* and *individuals*. Nothing is given or granted; everything is *accorded*. Weapons are out of use; but a pistol or a sword is become an *arm*.

Johnson. Very true. And soldiers are not encamped; they are *biv . . biv*. Do pronounce the word; you have flexible organs, and can pronounce the hardest in *Gulliver's Travels*. As for spelling it, I set the two Universities at defiance.

Tooke. I hear, Doctor, what anyone may easily suppose, that your acquaintance is greatly sought among the ladies. Now, for their benefit, and for the gentlemen too who write novels and romances, I would request you to exert your authority in repressing the term *our hero*. These worthy people seem utterly unaware that the expression turns their narrative into ridicule. Even on light and ludicrous subjects, it destroys that illusion which the mind creates to itself in fiction; and I have often wished it away when I have found it in Fielding's *Tom Jones*, although used jocularly. While we are interested in a story we wish to see nothing of the author or of ourselves.

Johnson. I detest, let me tell you, your difficulties and exceptions, your frivolity and fastidiousness; I have employed the word myself. You admit one great writer in one language! three or four in another! pray how many do you allow to Greece?

Tooke. I would not interrupt you, Doctor; thinking it of all things the most indecorous. England has many great writers, Rome has many: but languages do not retain their purity in the hands even of these. Whenever I think of Greece, I think with astonishment and awe; for the language and the nation seem indestructible. Long before Homer, and from Homer to Epictetus, there must have been an uninterrupted series of admirable authors, although we have lost the earliest of them, both before the poet and after. For no language can hold its breath one whole century: it becomes, if not extinct, very defective and corrupted, if no great writer fosters it and gives it exercise in that period. What a variety of beauty, what a prodigality and exuberance of it in the Greek! Even in its last age it exists in all its freshness. The letter which the mother of Saint Chrysostom addressed to that enthusiast in his youth, is far more eloquent, far more powerful in thought and sentiment, than anything in Xenophon or Plato. That it is genuine cannot be doubted; for it abounds in tenderness, which saints never do, and is concise, which Chrysostom is not.

Johnson. Greece ought to be preserved and guarded by the rulers of the world, as a cabinet of gems, open and belonging to them all. Whatever is the fate of other countries, whatever changes may be introduced, whatever laws imposed, whatever tributes exacted, she should preserve her lineaments uneffaced. Her ancient institutions

and magistracies should be sanctioned to her, in gratitude for the inestimable blessings she has conferred on us. There is no more danger that republicanism would be contagious from it, than from a medal of Cimon or Epaminondas. To Greece is owing the conversation we hold together; to Greece is owing the very city in which we hold it; its wealth, its power, its equity; its liberality. These are among her earlier benefits: her later are not less. We owe to her the better part of that liturgy by which the divine wrath (let us hope) may be averted from the offences of our prosperity.

Tooke. I would rather see this regeneration, than Viscount Corinth or Marquis Lacedæmon; than conduct to her carriage the Duchess Œnoanda, or even than dance with Lady Ogygia or Lady Peribœa. We may expect the worthy baronet, Sir Acamas Erechthyoniades, High Sheriff of Mycenæ, if more fashionable systems should prevail, to be created Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of that county.

Johnson. How much better and how much easier is it, to remove the dirt and rubbish from around this noble statue, and to fix on it again the arm that is broken off and lies under it, than to carve it anew into some Gothic form, and to set it up in the weedy garden of an ignorant and drunken neighbour.

Tooke. The liberation of Greece is the heirloom of our dreams, and comes not under the cognisance even of imagination when awake. To suppose that she could resist the power of Turkey one year, would be to suppose her more valiant and heroic than she ever was. If this were possible, the most despotic governments, the most friendly to her enslaver, the most indifferent to glory, the most deaf to honour, the very dead to Christianity, would lend an arm to support and save her. Nothing could be more politic, for England in particular, than to make her what Rhodes was formerly, what Malta should now be, equipped if not for the faith, equipped and always under sail against piracy; and religion would not induce her, as it would the knights of those islands, to favour the Catholics in case of war.

Johnson. Here our political views converge. Publish your thoughts; proclaim them openly; such as these you may.

Tooke. It would cost me three thousand pounds to give them the requisite weight; and I believe there are some other impediments to my entrance into the House of Commons. Nothing is fitted to the hands of a king's minister but what is placed in them by a member of that honourable house. They take my money, which serves them little, while my advice, which might do some good, they would reject disdainfully. As where there is omniscience there is omnipotence, so wisdom (we seem to think) is always in proportion to power. A great man feels no want of it; and faulty arguments are only to be discovered through a hole in the dress.

Johnson. If your observations were always as just and your arguments as innocent, I never should decline your conversation; but, on the contrary, I should solicit from you a catalogue of such peculiarities and defects, as a profound insight into our language, and a steady investigation of its irregularities and intricacies, have enabled you to remark.

Tooke. And now, Doctor Johnson, you are at last in good-humour, I hope to requite your condescension by an observation more useful than any I have yet submitted to you. Annibal Caracci, I know not whether in advice or in reproof, said to a scholar, *What you do not understand you must darken.* Are not we also of the Bologna school, my dear Doctor? Do not we treat men and things in general as Caracci would have the canvas treated? What we can not so well manage or comprehend, we throw into a corner or into outer darkness. I do not hate, believe me, nor dislike you for your politics: whatever else they prove, they prove your constancy and disinterestedness. Nor do I supplicate you for a single one more of those kind glances which you just now vouchsafed me. The fixedness of your countenance, frowning as it is, shows at least that you attend to me, which, from a man of your estimation in the world, is no slight favour. Contented as I ought to be with it, I would yet entreat for others in the same condition, that you may be pleased to consider those writers whose sentiments are unpopular, as men walking away spontaneously from the inviting paths of Fortune, and casting up the sum of an account which is never to be paid or presented.

Johnson. I did not think there was so much wisdom in you.

Tooke. Nor was there until this conversation and this strong hand created it.

Johnson. How! have I then shaken hands with him? and so heartily?

CAVALIERE PUNTOMICHINO AND MR. DENIS EUSEBIUS TALCRANAGH.

The Cavaliere Puntomichino was the last representative of an ancient family. He was an honest and rich man; so that, when his intention was understood at Florence of travelling to England, it excited suspicion in some, and surprise in all; for Italians of that description were seldom known to have crossed the Channel. He went however, and remained there several years, reading our best authors, and wondering (as he informed me) at one thing only, which is, that there could really be in the whole human race so prodigious a diversity, as he found in almost every five men he conversed with in our metropolis. "I have often observed," said he, "more variety in a single household than I believe to exist in all Italy."

He never had about him the slightest taint of affectation: yet became he singular, and glaringly so, at his first introduction to the academy of La Crusca. For he asserted three paradoxes: first, that no sentence or speech in a comedy should exceed a fair sheet in octavo; secondly, that no witticism should be followed by an explanation, in the dialogue, of more than two pages; and thirdly, that Shakspeare had nearly or quite as much genius as Goldoni. Henceforward he was a worthy man, but an oddity. His claim to the literary character I shall forbear to discuss; although I have many papers, not indeed of his own writing, but addressed to him by others, some of which go so far as to call him a nightingale, some a great doctor, some an eagle, some a phœnix, some a sun, and one both a sun and a phœnix. But this last was written by a rival of him who wrote the preceding: and therefore its accuracy may be suspected, and it was declared by the academy, after three sittings, to be more ingenious than correct.

His sedentary life had been unfriendly to his health, and he was seized in the beginning of this winter with repeated and severe attacks in the breast. As he had inherited a good property, and had collected many rare books, all the canonics and professors began to write *tributes, monodies, elegies, musæ plangentes, Etruriæ luctus*, and consolations to his heir, no very distant relative, whose brother in the time of the French government had been hanged for a robbery at the age of eighteen. He himself was in the galleys at Pisa for the murder of his father-in-law, who had educated him and had promised to leave him his estate. On the death of the Cavaliere, it was foreseen that he, too late indeed for his happiness and sensibility, would be found innocent of an offence, for which the French laws in their precipitancy had condemned him. The proofs of this innocence were produced, the patron found, the sum stipulated, when the Cavaliere died. On opening the will, it appeared that he had destined his property to the maintenance of soldiers' widows, and the redemption of slaves from Barbary. *Diavoli! and mezo!* and *eappari!* and *Bacco!* tripped up and exploded the Muses and Etruria. Rosini, the Pisan professor, their choregus, who, printer no less than professor and poet, had already struck off his *Lamentation*, spoke more calmly and reasonably than the rest, saying manfully, "Gabriel, take down those sheets in papal quarto, and throw them upon the *Codes* of Napoleon: the thing won't do." The expected and expecting heir was accused of hiding the evidences; and fresh severities were taken for his attempts to corrupt justice.

Let me now revert to my first acquaintance with the Cavaliere. I never in my life accepted a letter of introduction, nor ever expressed a wish, whatever I might have felt, for any man's society. By some accident this peculiarity was mentioned to Puntomichino, and he called on me immediately. Returning his visit, I found him in the library: several English books were upon the table, and there was seated at the window a young gentleman of easy manners and fashionable appearance, Mr. Denis Eusebius Talcranagh, of Castle-Talcranagh and of Skurrymore-Park, county Down, and first cousin, as he informed me, of Lord Cowslipmead, of Dove's-nest-Hall, county Meath, a great fire-eater. I bowed: on which he fancied that I had known his lordship intimately. On my confessing the contrary, he appeared surprised. "You must however have heard something," continued he, "in your earlier days, of Sir Roderic James O'Rowran, my uncle, who, whenever he entered an inn with his friends, placed himself at the head of the table, and cried, 'Whiskey and pistols for eight!'"

It was now my turn to be mortified, and I could only reply that there were many men of merit whom it had never been my fortune to know. "Then, sir," said he, "ten guineas to one you never were in Ireland in your life; for you must have known him if you had met him, whether you would or not."

There was an infinity of good-humour in Mr. Talcranagh; and if his ideas were not always perspicuous, they often came forth with somewhat of prismatic brilliancy. He acknowledged a predilection for the writers of his own country, "which," he said, "we authors are not apt to do." I then discovered that I had been conversing with a literary man, who had published an imperial folio of eleven pages on the Irish Wolf-dog.

"I sold my copies," said he, "and bought a tilbury and a leash of setters. And now, sir, if ever you should print anything, take my advice: cuts in wood or cuts in stone, and a black-letter title-page, for your life! I did it, without a knowledge of printer or publisher ... to be sure, I was master of my subject, which goes a great way: and then indeed I had a pair of extraordinary capital buckskins, which, it is true, began to carry on the surface, as Southey says of Flemish scenery,

'A grey and willowy hue,'

but I found a fellow in Cockspur-street who procured me a favourable criticism for them. I went no further in expenditure, although Valpy was constantly at the heels of my groom Honorius, pressing him also to write a criticism on the *Wolf-dog of Erin* for the *Classical Journal*; since I from ignorance of custom was too proud to do it; and assuring him that, look as he might, and shake his head as he would, he was no Jew, and would do the thing reasonably. Sir," added Mr. Talcranagh smartly, "are you a friend to dogs?"

"A thousand thanks to you, Mr. Talcranagh," cried I, "for asking me a question at last which I can answer in the affirmative. There is a sort of freemasonry among us, I verily believe: for no dog, except a cur, a pug, or a turnspit, ever barks at me; they and children love me universally. I have more than divided empire: these form the best part of the world." "Add the women," shouted he aloud, "and here is my hand for you." We saluted cordially.

"Indeed," said I, "Mr. Talcranagh, you have reason to be proud of your countrywomen, for their liveliness, their beauty, and their genius. The book before us, by Miss Edgeworth, which you were looking into, abounds in philosophy and patriotism; there is nothing of commonplace, nothing of sickly sentiment, nothing of insane enthusiasm. I read warily; and whenever I find the writings of a lady, the first thing I do, is to cast my eyes along her pages, to see whether I am likely to be annoyed by the traps and spring-guns of interjections, or if any French or Italian is sprinkled on the surface; and if I happen to espy them, I do not leap the paling. In these volumes I see much to admire, and nothing that goads or worries me into admiration."

"Gentlemen," said the Cavaliere, "I am as warm an admirer of the Irish ladies in their authorship as either of you, and perhaps if one of them, lately here in Florence, had consulted me on a few matters and persons, I could have rendered her some service by setting her right. Travellers are profuse of praise and censure in proportion as they have been civilly or indecorously received, not inquiring nor caring whether the account be quite correct, if the personages of whom they write be of celebrity: for censure no less than praise requires a subject of notoriety. Many English and Irish court a stranger of rank in this city, who did not even put on mourning at the decease of his wife's brother, Napoleon, though he owed to him the highest of his distinctions, and the greater part of his unwieldy fortune. He suffered to die here, imprisoned for debt, a woman once lovely, generous, and confiding; who had ruined herself to make her house appear worthy of his reception. At the moment when she was breathing her last, in silence, in solitude, in want of sustenance, his palace resounded with music, with dances, with applauses to archducal guests and their magnificent entertainer. The sum expended on that night's revelry would have released her from captivity, and would have rescued her from death. Our fair traveller does not mention this: but did she not know it? She has spoken of our patriots: what were they doing? They were contented to act in the character of buffoons before the court.

"Do you wish a little anecdote of the Florentine Russel, as she called the man? Go half a mile up the road to Bologna, and you will probably see before their cottage a family of thirteen, in tears. Ask them why they weep: they will inform you that our Russel, who administers and manages the estates and affairs of his father, has given them notice to quit their vineyard. Ask them for what reason. They will reply, 'we are thirteen in number; God has willed it. Some of us are too old, others too young, for work: our family has lived upon this little plot for many generations: many a kind soul, now in Paradise, has drawn water from this well for the thirsty traveller: many a one has given the fig off his bread at noon, to the woman labouring with child, and resting on that stone. We have nothing now to give! no, not even a bunch of roses to our Protectress over the gate . . . mercy upon us! Until this unproductive season we have always paid our rent: we are now thirty crowns in arrears. We went to the good old lady; she shook her head, and said she would do what she could for us, but that her son managed, and he already knew the case.' On hearing this they will tell you, as they told me, their courage forsook them, groans burst simultaneously from every breast, desperation seized the adult and vigorous, agony the aged and infirm, and the first articulate sounds they uttered, were, 'O God! there is none to help us!' An Englishman of stern countenance came up at the beginning of the narration: he looked at me with defiance, and seemed to say internally, 'be off.' As they continued to speak, he closed his lips more strongly; the muscles of his jaw trembled more and more; he opened his eyes wider; I heard every breath of air he drew into his nostrils; he clenched his fist, stamped with his heel into the turf; cried, 'What can this cursed slave do here?' and throwing down a card of address, without a thought of their incapacity to read it, *Venite da me*, cried he, in an accent rather like fury than invitation. He walked away rapidly: the wind was in his face: I saw something white blown over his shoulder at intervals till he reached the Porta San Gallo.

"There may formerly have been a virtuous or a brave citizen in the family so extolled, and indeed in what family has there not been, earlier or later? but if those who now compose it are called Russels, with equal right may the cast horses of a sandcart be called Bucephaluses. Strangers are disposed to consider us the vilest and most contemptible race in Europe; and they must appear to have reason on their side, if such creatures are taken for the best of us. Not a single one of these flaming patriots ever subscribed a farthing to aid the Spaniards or the Greeks, nor in furtherance of any agricultural or other useful association in their own country. Allowing to the Russel of the Bologna-road all his merits, I insist for the honour of my native place that no inhabitant of it, be his condition what it may, has fewer: I do not depress the one, nor will I suffer the other to be depressed. Patriotism has here a different meaning from what it has in England. A patriot, with us, is a man who is unfriendly to any established government, and who, while he flatters a native prince, courts over an invader. His only grievances are, to pay taxes for the support, and to carry arms for the defence, of his country. He would loosen the laws as impediments to the liberty of action, with a reserve of those which secure to him the fruits of rapine and confiscation: those are provident and conservative, and enthroned in light by the philanthropy of the age. Hospitality is the virtue of barbarians . . ."

"Blood and *hounds!*" cried indignantly my young friend, "I would ask him, whoever he is, whether that was meant for me. If there is bar-

barism in a bottle of claret, there is as much of it in a corked as in an uncorked one."

"Sir," replied mildly Puntomichino, "I could point out to you a Russel of the Italian school, and it is no other than this, who received unusual civilities in England; and of all those gentlemen there who treated him with attention and kindness, of all with whom he dined constantly, not a single one, or any relative, was ever invited in his house even to a glass of stale barleywater or sugarless lemonade."

"Cavaliere," said I, "we more willingly give invitations than accept them: I speak of others, not of myself, for I have never been tempted to dine from home these seven years: yet, although I am neither rich nor convivial, and hardly social, I have given at least a hundred dinners in the time, if not superb, at least not sordid: and those who knew me long ago, say, 'Landor is become a miser: his father did otherwise'."

"Cappari!" exclaimed Puntomichino: "this whole family, with thirty thousand crowns of income, has not done a ninetieth part of it within the memory of man."

"Faith! then," interrupted Talcranagh, "it must have come into the Russels by a forced adoption. The Russels of England are of opinion, right or wrong, that the first thing are good principles, and the next, good cheer. I wish, sir," said he, looking mildly and somewhat mournfully at me, "I had not heard you say what you did about not dining from home. I began to think well of you; I know not why; and I doubt not still, God forbid I should, that you are a worthy and conscientious man. As for that other, I thank him for teaching me what I never should have learnt at home, that a fellow may be a good patriot with a very contracted heart, and as much ingratitude as he can carry to market. Why! you might trust a Correggio across his kitchen-chimney on Christmas-day; ay, Signor Puntomichino?"

"Gentlemen," said our host, "under the least vindictive of Princes we may talk as loudly as we please of liberty, which we could not do without fear and trembling when we were in the full enjoyment of it. What are you pondering so gravely, Mr. Talcranagh?"

"Woe!" replied he, "woe to the first family that ever dines yonder! Let them each take a bottle of *eau de Cologne*, against the explosion of mould from the grand evolution of the tablecloth. Now, concerning your Ministers, there are some things not entirely to my mind, neither: your Prince, I dare to say, knows nothing about them."

Puntomichino looked calmly, and replied, "Our Ministers are liberal, my young friend. They have indeed betrayed in succession all the sovrans who employed them, yet they let every man do his best or his worst: and if you are robbed or insulted, you may insult or rob again. All parties enjoy the same plenitude of power."

"Plenitude! by my soul, Sir Cavaliere," cried Mr. Talcranagh, "and a trifle, I think, to spare. One of them a few days ago did what a king of Great Britain and Ireland would not dare to do, and which, if the first potentate on earth had done in London, he would have been kicked down the stairs for his impudence. The exhibition of pictures at your Academy was announced as opening to the public at ten. His Excellency entered alone, and remained in the principal apartment until two, the doors of which were locked to others. If it had been possible for him to have acted so among us, he would have been tossed in a blanket till the stars blinked upon him; the people would have perfumed his frill and ruffles abundantly with home-made essences, would have added new decorations to his waistcoatful of *orders*, and would have treated his eagles with more eggs than they could swallow."

Puntomichino for a time was silent, and then said placidly, "Believe me, sirs, our government, which would be a detestable one for the English, is an excellent one for us. Every day in London brings with it what to a stranger looks like a rebellion, or at best a riot: no mischief is done thereby. Your strength, which causes this irregularity, sustains you: but weak bodies bear little fermentation."

"Wisely thought and well expressed," said Mr. Talcranagh. "I am convinced that if we had not a riot now and then in Ireland, we should be mopish and sullen as the English, or insincere and ferocious as the French. And I have observed, Signor Cavaliere, that, strange as it may appear, whenever there has been much of a riot there has been sunshine. Smile as you will, Mr. Landor, I swear to the fact."

To which I answered, "Your assertion, Mr. Talcranagh, is quite sufficient: but is it impossible that the fine weather may have brought together a great concourse of people to the fair or festival, and that whiskey or beauty or politics or religion may have incited them to the exertion of their prowess?"

"There are causes that we know," replied he, "and there are causes that we know not. Inquiry and reflection are sensible things; but there is nothing like experience, nothing like seeing with one's own eyes. We must live upon the spot to judge perfectly and to collect evidences. Philosophy ought to lead us, but only to a certain point: there we leave her, and joy go with her. I have seen impudent rogues in Dublin, and have fancied that the world could not match them: now what think you of a set of fellows, with coats without a collar, who take us by the hand, and say with the gravest face upon earth, 'The elements shall be elements no longer,' and strip them one after another of their title-deeds, as easily as Lord *Redwhiskers* stripped a royal Duke of his last curtain and carpet. It is enough to make one grave to think on this abuse of intellect. Do you know, Signor Cavaliere, we have lately had people among us, and learned ones, who doubted the exist-

ence of the Trojan war, on which chronicles are founded."

"Sir," remarked Puntomichino, "the doubt is not of recent origin. Eberard Rudolph Roth attempted in 1674 to prove from three ancient coins that Troy was not taken. What, if the Iliad should be in great measure a translation? Many of the names might lead us to suspect it: such as Agamemnon and Sarpedon, which are oriental ones with dignities prefixed: *Aga* and *Sha*, which the Greeks and Romans, not possessing the shiboleth, could pronounce no otherwise. Thus they wrote *Sapor*, the same name (with the title preceding it) as *Porus*. *Aga* seems indeed to have migrated into Greece among the first Pelasgi, and designates in many things what is excellent, as in ἀγαθος, ἀγαπητος, and several proper names, as Agamedes, Agasicles, Agatharcides; but *Memnon* is not hellenic."

"Signor Cavaliere, I cannot keep up with you on your Turkish horse," cried aloud Talcranagh, "which is better for any business than the road. Upon plain ground nearer us, the acutest men may be much mistaken even after long experience. I assure you, I have found grossly inaccurate the first piece of information given me by a very cautious old traveller. He mentions the honesty of the Savoyards and the thievery of the Italians: now here have I been a fortnight, safe and sound, and have not lost a hair. I had not been twenty-four hours in Savoy when they had the meanness to steal my hatband. In future I shall be persuaded how illusory are sketches of national character."

"That a traveller," said the Cavaliere, "may receive a wrong opinion of events and things, after even a deep study of them, and with as much knowledge of the world as happens to most men, I myself have a proof in my late uncle Fontebuoni. On that marriage, the best fruit of which was Peter Leopold, he was sent into France, to announce the event to the Court of Versailles: and after the revolution, when the Directory was established, he resolved to revisit the country of pleasure and politeness. He resided there one month only; long enough, he protested to me, for any man in his senses. 'I have heard the same thing, uncle,' said I, 'and that not only politeness is swept away, but that the women are become most indecent and wanton.' 'Nephew Puntomichino,' he replied, 'in regard to politeness what you have heard is indeed too true; but, with all my hatred and abhorrence of the present system, I am obliged in conscience to declare that the women are more correct in their morals than they were formerly. A heart is to be touched only by a diamond pin; a head is to be turned only by a peruke *à la Lucrèce* worth ten louis. A compliment did formerly: if one knelt it was uncivil not to return the condescension by something as like it as possible.' This he said at dinner, with his tooth-pick in his fingers, wandering and flitting here and there for its quarry, over the wold of his hard smooth gums. He was in his sixty-ninth or seventieth year when he went a second time to Paris, and never found out that women are made continent by our ages more often and more effectually than by their own."

"Well, that never struck me," said Mr. Talcranagh. I was here startled by some musical accents from a sofa behind me. Puntomichino cried, "What are you about, Magnelli?" "I must go," replied he, "to the English Minister's. He is composing an opera: he has every note ready and only wants my assistance just to put them in order; which I shall have accomplished in three weeks, by going daily, and taking my dinner and supper with him."

On this he left the room. "These musicians," said Puntomichino, "are people of no ceremony. He entered, as usual, without a word, threw himself upon the sofa, sate half an hour, and the first we heard of him was the hum of a dozen notes. His observation on parting is very similar to one from a gentleman at my next-door, a worthy creature, and fond of chess. 'Why so much embarrassment, Signor Gozzi?' 'It is not embarrassment,' answered he calmly, 'but reflection: I can move my man in a moment: I am only thinking where I may put him.' 'Ah! Signor Gozzi!' said a friend of mine who was present, "if Ministers of State would think about the same thing as long, they would dispose of places more wisely than they do in general.'"

"As for systems," said Mr. Talcranagh, "come, Signor Cavaliere, you have weighed them well. I have not patience to talk about them. Conclusions are drawn even from skin and bones; eyes, noses, teeth; they will soon come (saving your presence)."

"I know not what they will come to," was the timely reply of the Cavaliere; "but I can mention as wonderful a fact as the sunshine elicited by shilelahs. My father was a physiognomist, and when Lavater first published his work, 'Now,' cried he, rubbing the palms of his hands together, 'men begin to write again as they should do.' He insisted that a man's countenance, in all its changes, indicated his virtues or vices, his capacities or defects. The teeth, among other parts, were infallible indexes; they were in the human visage what consonants are in the alphabet, the great guides, the plain simple narrators. Amid his apophthegms was, 'Never trust a man with a twisted tooth.' In fact, of all I had ever seen and of all I have ever seen since under that description, not one has proved worthy of trust. I inquired of my father with submission, whether age or accident might not alter the indications. 'By no means,' exclaimed he emphatically; 'if the indications are changed, the character is changed. God, before he removed the mark, removed the taint.' He observed that where the teeth turn inward, there is wariness, selfishness, avarice, inhumanity; where they turn outward, there is lasciviousness, prodigality, gaming, glut-

. I then doubted these indications, and ined that a part of the latter was taken up st a priest, not indeed in high reputation for ety or continence, who had offended my r in a tender quarter. My father had erected e for the convenience of his peasants; but the iption was so prolix * he was forced to ave the conclusion of it upon the church-h. The Latin, as the priest acknowledged, classical; yet he requested it might be ved to our dovecote, which was farther off, not by the side of any road. The exo- teeth of the reverend gentleman by some own accident received a blow, which ad- d them between the extremes; and my r was asked in joke, whether he had a r opinion of his spiritual guide since his ovement in dentition. 'Indeed I have,' he ered gravely; 'for so sudden and so great nge, whether brought about by the organic ions of the frame, or by an irresistible stress, which certain sentiments or sensations may upon it, must be accompanied by new powers, er or smaller, and by new qualities and pro- ties. Some internal struggle may in length ne have produced an effect not only on the , but through them on the harder part of xtremities.' The favourable opinion of my r was carried to the priest; who lamented aid) no dispensation of Providence by which nciliated the better sentiments of so enlight- and charitable a man. He was soon a daily r at the house; entered into the studies of Excellency, meditated on his observations, ed them highly, and by degrees had the ge to submit to so experienced a master a remarks of his own. He pursued them er: and I should blush to relate, if all ence did not know it, that my stepmother, a g lady of twenty-four, aided him too deeply is investigations, and confirmed my father, ugh not exactly by working the problem as would have recommended, that an internal ggle may produce an effect not only on the s, but through them on the harder part of xtremities. Then too became it public, that her husband had been the holy man's dentist, nsequence of too close an application to simi- studies in his house."

t the end of which calm narration, up started Talcranagh, and several times pushing his fingers rapidly through the hair over his forehead, exclaimed; "Why! how! what! do you talk in this tone and manner? Did not you nor your father flay the devil alive? Did not you spigot him nor singe him?"

"I was at school: my father," said the Cavaliere, "took his wife to Siena; proof enough that he resented the injury. In our country, as you know, every lady of quality has her *cavaliere serviente*. It serves to distinguish the superior order from the lower, and belongs to none, legitimately, excepting those who by wealth or services have obtained the liberty to stick their knee-buckles on their coats with a tag of scarlet. My father, as you may suppose, was indignant that a priest out of the gates, neither a *canonico* nor a *maestro di casa*, should beget his children, and aspire, as he would have done by degrees (for impudence is never retrogessive) to conduct his lady to her carriage. I have many books in which is the text written with his own hand, 'Never trust a man with a twisted tooth;' but I have searched in vain for any such sentence as, 'Trust a man with an untwisted one.' His enthusiasm seems to have cooled from the time that he found a scholar so capable of his place. Another of my father's maxims was, 'Open a man's mouth and look whether his under-jaw be uneven, with a curvature like a swine's, which curvature is necessarily followed by the teeth, and, discovering these, you will infallibly find him swinish in one way or other: you will find him, take my word for it, slothful, or gluttonous, or selfish. I have observed few such who were not slothful, and never one who was not both selfish and gluttonous.' 'In the latter case, father,' said I, 'it will not be necessary to open his mouth for him. I may philosophise across the table, finding there all the instruments adapted to the process of investigation.'

"'It would not demonstrate to you,' added my father, 'how incorrigible is the nature of such men. Goffrido Piccoluomini is of the conformation I have described; and his parents, who themselves love good living, and who are liberal to excess, attempted to divert at a riper age the tendency they were unable to conquer in his childhood. Many means were resorted to, and failed. He had a cousin at Perugia, an heiress, rich, playful, beautiful, and accomplished. Several families were at variance, because the elder son of one had been preferred to the elder of another, this in the morning, that in the evening; and there were only two things in which they agreed: first, that she was an angel of Paradise; secondly, that she was very wrong in not fixing her choice. To quiet these animosities, her father, whose health was declining, resolved to join his brother Guido, the father of Goffrido, at the baths of Lucca. Goffrido was beckoning to a boy who carried a basket of trout upon his head, when the carriage drove up to the door. He stood before it, his eye this moment on the trout, that moment on his cousin. The boy had retreated a step or two, when he caught him

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[illegible] an inscription on a stile should surpass the reader's [illegible], here is one *On a prince changing horses at a Villa*, to [illegible], as it says expressly, that *all men and nations* [illegible] should know it: "Honori Ferdinandi III. Aust: [illegible] ad veterem Etruriæ dominationem redux in hoc [illegible] gentis prætorio xv. Kal. Octob. MDCCCXIV. [illegible] substitit, dum rhedæ itinerariæ regalis substi- [illegible], qua urbem principem inter communes plausus [illegible] lacrimas introiret; herisque ob faustitatem [illegible] dignitatemque sibi locoque ab hospite magno im- [illegible] lætitiâ elatis pristinam benevolentiam comitate [illegible] gratique animi significatione declaravit; Marchio [illegible] Robertus Capponius ad memoriam facti postgenitis [illegible] tradendam."

with his right hand by the coat, and opened with the left the coach-door. He had not seen Leopoldina since she was a chubby ruddy child. There are blossoms in field and garden, which first are pink, and which whiten as they expand: Leopoldina was like one of these. Her face alone had retained its plumpness: she was rather pale and slender. At sight of Goffrido, who still held the boy's skirt, she not merely smiled but laughed; she would however have put her hand before her face, for she had been educated by a French lady of high rank, when she recollected that she must give it to her cousin, who now held out his. Never had he felt the force of admiration to such a degree: his mouth was open: his teeth, white as ivory, but unlucky in their curvature, looked like a broken portcullis which would not come down. He actually loosed the fisher-boy's coat, and almost had forgotten, in the midst of his compliment, to desire he would go into the house; which he did, the first of the party.

"'I am incapable of giving such descriptions as would suit a novel or romance, and must therefore do injustice to the young people. Goffrido is really a fine young man, blooming in health, and addicted to no pleasures but those of the table, which he thinks the most solid of all, and takes especial care shall not be the least durable. These however by degrees he divided awhile with more visionary and exalted. He failed in no kind of attention to his fair cousin, and, when her appetite seemed to flag a little, looked out for whatever was choicest at table, presented it to her with grace and disinterestedness, and pressed it on her attention with recommendations the most anxious, and with solicitude the most pathetic. Spring had passed away, long as it lingers in this delightful region, when some moral reflections, I know not from which first, induced the fathers to devise a union: and never were two children more obedient. *If my father wishes it, his will is mine*, said Goffrido. *Dear sir, you have instructed me in my duty: dispose of your Leopoldina*, was the answer of his cousin. They agreed to remain together at the baths until the vintage, at which time they must be at Perugia, and the ceremony should be performed. It rarely happened now that either had a bad appetite; and if either had, the other did not observe it: for security had taken place of solicitude, and tenderness had made room for good-humour. The more delicate fruits are seldom conveyed in perfection up these mountains: they are generally bruised and broken. Goffrido, observing this, and corroborated in his observation by Leopoldina, rode manfully to Marlia, bought a basketful of the most lovely peaches, rolled up each separately in several fig-leaves, and returned for dinner. Surely some evil Genius watches the Anti-Vestal fire of our lowest concupiscence, and renders it inextinguishable. Goffrido presented the peaches to Leopoldina, and she took, whether by choice or accident, the finest. Her lover, seeing it in her plate, fixed his heart upon it, and saying, *You have taken a bruised one*, transferred it to his, and gave her two others. His mother said, laughing, *Goffrido, I see no bruise; let me look.* He blushed deeply; he lost his presence of mind; he could not support the glance of surprise which his change of countenance alone had excited in his cousin, nor the idea of yielding to so light a temptation: he left the room. The old people sat silent: Leopoldina was afflicted, for she loved him. She too retired soon after; and, being alone, began to revolve in her memory her whole acquaintance with him; and this revolving of hers cast up many similar things against him. Finally, her thoughts wandered as far as Perugia, and dwelt for a moment, in the chain of ideas, on a little boy who, a few years before, had fought a battle with a stouter for having taken a pear from her and bitten it before she could catch him. She remembered that, when she would have taken it back and eaten it, her champion cried, *No, Signora Leopoldina, the thief has bitten it; I will bring you another instead!* Poor Antonino! sighed she, *what made me think of thee again?*

"'He had not been one of her lovers: how could he have been; she was scarcely eleven years old, he only fourteen; beside, he was the son of the parish-priest, and what is more scandalous, the acknowledged son. The father had been reproved by his bishop, and threatened with suspension unless he denied it publicly. *My Lord!* answered the priest, *my passions on this one occasion overcame my reason! The mother of the child, cruelly treated by her family for my transgression, sank under the double weight of shame and sorrow. Take my poor infant, cried she: teach him, O unhappy man, to love God . . as well as I thought I did! and she expired in my arms. I have educated the child to virtue; the best reparation of my fault: falsehood, my lord, would be none.*

"'Leopoldina, on her return to Perugia, walked often on the field of battle . . a more important one not only to her but to us, if I may judge by the interest I seem to have excited, than that other in the vicinity where Hannibal vanquished the Romans. Antonino, she thought, avoided her: she had sometimes seen him, and fancied he had seen her. At last she was certain he had; for while she was talking with an old woman, she perceived the old woman's eyes to wander from her towards the parsonage, and heard a window-blind close. She turned round. *Another time will do*, said the old woman. *I must say he had patience enough: he has little to give me, but he brings me himself when I can not walk, or when it rains; and he comforts me as much by smiling and laughing as another could do by praying.*

"'I should like to look a little at Leopoldina's teeth,' added my father, 'for she is a most singular girl. Would you believe it? she is grown as decisive as any in the city: she has declined the visits of all her lovers, and has declared to

parents that if she ever marries it shall be Antonino.'"

This Conversation is reported in a manner differing from the rest. The meaner of us have spoken but seldom. A conversation with a young Irishman of good natural abilities, and among no race of men are those abilities more general, is like a forest walk, in which, while you are delighted with the healthy fresh air and the green unbroken turf, you must stop at every twentieth step to extricate yourself from a briar. You acknowledge that you have been amused, but that you rest willingly, and that you would rather take a walk in another direction on the morrow.

ANDREW HOFER, COUNT METTERNICH, AND THE EMPEROR FRANCIS.

Metternich. Who are you, man? I hear you have brought some intelligence from Tyrol. Be brief; I have little time for audiences, and am surprised that you should have required one, although you mountaineers are somewhat used to liberties. What, in few words, have you brought from your country?

Hofer. This.

Metternich. No enigmas: at the court of Vienna we understand no other than plain language.

Hofer. Your Excellency commanded me to be brief: I was. This is the heron's feather which moved merrily over the Alps, when not an eagle's was stirring. If the slaughter of thirty thousand enemies is worth a recompense, I come at the instigation of those who followed me, to ask one.

Metternich. I expected it: never was an audience asked of me, or of any other minister, which did not begin or end so. But, friend, many years of war have exhausted the treasury: England is penurious: and we have innumerable young men, of high rank and great promise, disappointed in their hopes of preferment: beside, who ordered you to take up arms?

Hofer. My oath of allegiance, the voice of my country, my hatred of the French, and my contempt of the Italians, by whom principally our towns and villages were garrisoned.

Metternich. You would fain be another William Tell.

Hofer. As willingly as William Tell, now among the saints in heaven, would, if he were living, be another Andrew Hofer. We are creatures too humble for jealousy; we have neither rank nor beauty, neither silk hosiery nor powdered cawl; we write no poems, challenge no club for attention, and solicit no clerk for preferment.

Metternich. I have found your name in the French gazettes, and you have just now mentioned it, I think, but really I quite forget what it may be.

Hofer. Andrew Hofer.

Metternich. Such is the tenderness of the Emperor my master for those who have served him faithfully, that, although you are no longer his subject, yet, as you are a person of known bravery and of some repute in your county, if you will only change your name and enter into the service as an Austrian, I myself will venture to mention you as worthy of the earliest promotion, and, within three or four years at furthest, I entertain the best-founded hopes that you may be made a corporal.

Hofer. Excellent sir, I do not ask so much.

Metternich. A little money, if I could dispose of it, should not be wanting... but...

Hofer. Pardon me, sir, an interruption to the current of your kindness. I have grain and wine under a certain rock I could mention, with two hundred crowns, and my freehold may be valued at twelve hundred more, and I have children who are brave and healthy, who love their father and fear God.

Metternich. You want something, and it is neither money nor promotion. I believe I am as acute as most people, yet here I confess my dullness.

Hofer. If I have devoted my little property, which is always dearer to the possessor than a great one; as every shrub and hillock is familiar to him, and the scene of some joviality, some tenderness, or some kindness; if I have hazarded and exposed my life in all places and seasons, for him whom we both are serving, grant me only a cell or a dungeon in this city. I have a country to defend, I have a family to educate, I have duties to teach and to perform; and your Excellency knows that the French police has traced me into the Austrian states and has demanded that I should be delivered up. Never shall this happen. I could not preserve the dominions of my master, but I will preserve his honour. Little did I ever dream of prisons: to us Tyrolese they are horrible as hell, and like hell the abodes of crime only: but he whom I have sworn to obey must do nothing unworthy of his name and station. Rather would I waste away my strength in this dreary asylum; rather would I live among the unholy and unjust; rather would I, if such be God's ordinance, lose the blossoming of my brave lads at home, which is worth a thousand times more, not only than all the future, but than all the past of life. There are those about them who will tell them of me, and there are places to take them into, on the cliffs and in the valleys, in many a copse and craggy lane, where my name, summer or winter, will sound in their ears right well.

Metternich. Mr. Hofer, I cannot enter into these discussions. It appears by your own acknowledgment that there will be little loss on either side. Your children will be taken care of, you say, whatever may happen, and a trifle at most can be the damage to your affairs. What then do you miss?

Hofer. The sight of my native hills, my homestead, my garden-plot of sweet herbs, the young

apple-trees in my croft, the friends of my youth, the companions of my dangers, and the associates of many a freak and frolic requiring no less enterprise. I lose above all... but alas! what are the children of the great to them! You stare at me, sir Count, when I spoke to you of mine. One would imagine that *family* meant coaches, horses, grooms, liveries, and gravy-spoons: one would imagine there is some indecency in the word *child*. Believe me, sir, they are different things with us from what they are with you. If you happen to cherish them, it is that they may carry a lily, a lion, a bear, a serpent, or a bird, when you have done with it. I love in them, yes, beyond my own soul, God forgive me! the very worst things about them; their unparriable questions, triumphant screams, and boisterous embraces. It is true, I never talked of them before so; but they are now beyond hail or whistle far enough.

Metternich. I shall be happy to expedite the business of your petition, from which it appears to me, my friend, you have somewhat deviated, forgetting the exact place and circumstances where you are.

Hofer. Excuse me, sir, once more: I acknowledge my error: I have been discoursing as if all the cloth in the world were of one colour and one fineness, and as if a man who goes upon two legs were equal to one who goes upon eight or sixteen, with a varnished plank betwixt, and another man's rear at his nostrils.

Metternich. The brute! Others may have the same pretensions as you, and it is difficult to protect all we would favour.

Hofer. I stand alone in this proscription. Pretensions I have none: my country has used me as she would a trumpet: I was in her hands what she wished me to be, and what she made me. Whether her brave hearts followed me or followed this feather, what matters it? I am not better than those of them who are with God: had I been, he would have called me among the first. Those who are yet living wish to reserve me for another day, if another, such as brave men pant for, is decreed us.

Francis (entering). Sit still: who is that man, Count, stroking his cock's feather with his forefinger?

Metternich. It is the Andrew ... Hofer... I think it is written.

Francis. I wish we were fairly rid of him.

Hofer. Sir, your countenance did not inspire me in the beginning with much confidence. When you entered, I observed that you dared not meet an honest man's eye.

Metternich. Audacious! do you know ...

Francis. We may draw something from him: let him go on. Are we safe, Metternich? He is a strong rogue: I don't like his looks.

Hofer. It becomes not me to be angry with anyone; but until I asked a favour from you, it would have been well in you to leave his Excellency to his own kind intentions. The little good that drips from the higher sources, is intercepted or corrupted by secretaries, clerks, valets, such people as you.

Francis. What does he want?

Metternich. A place in prison.

Francis. Give him it.

Hofer. I thank you, friend. If you you seem to be, pray show me the v along: we are losing time.

Francis. Make out the order: send

Hofer. The gentleman is gone then his advice very fluently, almost as if I When I would have embraced him for h to serve me, his breath drove me bac fresh pipe of tobacco! a bundle of sw sprig of thyme! a bean-flower! Othe have each his own peculiar ill savou suffices for the whole of him; but m particular those of cities, have beds an and plots and knots of stinks, varying from the dells and dingles to the mc There are people who stink heart and bodies are the best of them. Away fellows! I would not be a materialist help it; I was educated in no such bes is it possible that God should ever ha spirits like these to be immortal?

Metternich. Friend, it is not permi public office to exceed the business to b there. I will venture to pronounce t the first reflection ever made in one; a no proof of your delicacy or discreti wish protection, never hazard a rem kind, unless you intend it for publicat case the censor will judge of its propr may do you no harm. Write freely; thing you please; high souls are p Vienna.

Soldier, take this note to the gov rected: you may accompany him, Mr.

Hofer. To the governor! Do fav with a prison.

Metternich. I do.

Hofer. But without sending me to lency the governor of the city.

Metternich. My note is addressed to t of the prison.

Hofer. What! are jailers called gov

Metternich. God's blood! the fello tions: he examines ranks and dignitie well, Mr. Hofer: God preserve you, i your zeal and fidelity.

Francis (returning). Is he gone?

Metternich. This instant, sire.

Francis. The French minister is in the business: what is to be done?

Metternich. I am afraid he must be s

Francis. The empress says that all E cry out against it, as an action the m rous and ungrateful: such are her wo

Metternich. With your Majesty's p not only would oppose to them the op archdukes and of the whole aulic could also prove the contrary by pla fragable arguments. Ungenerous it

because he desired no reward, and none was in question. Ungrateful it can not be; for kings and emperors are exempt by the nature of things from that odious vice. It is the duty of subjects to do their utmost for the advantage of the prince: nothing is owing to them for an act of duty: duty is the payer, not the receiver. Whatever is accorded by a sovran to his vassal is granted by special indulgence; a signification of being pleased, a testimonial of being served, a patent to the person thus gratified that he is at full liberty to serve and please again. There can be gratitude only where there are obligations and duties; and to suppose any in reciprocity between prince and people, is rank jacobinism.

Francis. Insurgents talk always of their country; a term which I would willingly never hear at all, and which no good subject ever utters in the first place. *Emperor and country, king and country*, we may bear; but hardly; although I have been assured that such phrases are uttered by many well-meaning men. But who ever heard of *country and emperor, country and king?* The times are bad enough; still the subversion of right principles is not universal and complete.

Metternich. What orders would your Majesty give, relating to this Andrew Hofer?

Francis. He appears an irreverent, rash, hot-headed man: he could however be kept in order, as I said yesterday, by entering into one of my Austrian regiments, by going into Transylvania, or by lying a few years in the debtors' prison: and perhaps the French government, after a time, would be satisfied with the arrangement. To deliver him up is, after all, the more conformable to the desires of Bonaparte; and he can do me more injury than Hofer can do me good.

Metternich. Your Majesty has contemplated the matter in its true political point of view, and is persuaded that those few diamonds, of which I informed your Majesty as usual, have no influence on my sentiments. I would not even offer my opinion; but hearing your Majesty's, it is my duty to see that your imperial will and pleasure be duly executed.

DAVID HUME AND JOHN HOME.

Hume. We Scotchmen, sir, are somewhat proud of our families and relationships: this is however a nationality which perhaps I should not have detected in myself, if I had not been favoured with the flattering present of your tragedy. Our names, as often happens, are spelt differently; but I yielded with no reluctance to the persuasion, that we are, and not very distantly, of the same stock.

Home. I hope, sir, our mountains will detain you among them some time, and I presume to promise you that you will find in Edinburgh a society as polished and literate as in Paris.

Hume. As literate I can easily believe, my cousin, and perhaps as polished, if you reason upon the ingredients of polish: but there is certainly much more amenity and urbanity at Paris than anywhere else in the world, and people there are less likely to give and take offence. All topics may be discussed without arrogance and supercilliousness: an atheist would see you worship a stool or light a candle at noon without a sneer at you; and a bishop, if you were well-dressed and perfumed, would argue with you calmly and serenely, though you doubted the whole Athanasian creed.

Home. So much the worse: God forbid we should ever experience this lukewarmness in Scotland.

Hume. God, it appears, has forbidden it: for which reason, to show my obedience and submission, I live as much as possible in France, where at present God has forbidden no such thing.

Home. Religion, my dear sir, can alone make men happy and keep them so.

Hume. Nothing is better calculated to make men happy than religion, if you will allow them to manage it according to their minds; in which case the strong men hunt down others, until they can fold them, entrap them, or noose them. Here however let the discussion terminate. Both of us have been in a cherry orchard, and have observed the advantages of the jacket, hat, and rattle.

Home. Our reformed religion does not authorise any line of conduct diverging from right reason: we are commanded by it to speak the truth to all men.

Hume. Are you likewise commanded to hear it from all men?

Home. Yes, let it only be proved to be truth.

Hume. I doubt the observance: you will not even let the fact be proved: you resist the attempt: you blockade the preliminaries. Religion, as you practise it in Scotland, in some cases is opposite to reason and subversive of happiness.

Home. In what instance?

Hume. If you had a brother whose wife was unfaithful to him without his suspicion; if he lived with her happily; if he had children by her; if others of which he was fond could be proved by you, and you only, not to be his; what would you do?

Home. O the harlot! we have none such here, excepting the wife indeed (as we hear she is) of a little lame blear-eyed lieutenant, brought with him from Sicily, and bearing an Etna of her own about her, and truly no quiescent or intermittent one, which Mungo Murray (the apprentice of Hector Abercrombie) tells me has engulfed half the dissolutes in the parish. Of the married men who visited her, there was never one whose boot did not pinch him soon after, or the weather was no weather for corns and rheumatisms, or he must e'en go to Glasgow to look after a bad debt, the times being too ticklish to bear losses. I run into this discourse, not fearing that another philosopher will, like Empedocles, precipitate himself into the crater, but merely to warn you against the

husband, whose intrepidity on entering the houses of strangers has caught many acute and wary folks. After the first compliments, he will lament to you that elegant and solid literature is more neglected in our days than it ever was. He will entreat you to recommend him to your bookseller, his own having been too much enriched by him had grown insolent. It is desirable that it should be one who could advance three or four guineas: not that he cares about the money, but that it is always best to have a check upon these people. You smile: he has probably joined you in the street already, and found his way into your study, and requested of you *by the bye* a trifling loan, as being the only person in the world with whom he could take such a liberty.

Hume. You seem to forget that I am but just arrived, and never knew him.

Home. That is no impediment: on the contrary, it is a reason the more. A new face is as inviting to him as to the mosquitoes in America. If you lend him a guinea to be rid of him, he will declare the next day that he borrowed it at your own request, and that he returned it the same evening.

Hume. Such men perhaps may have their reasons for being here; but the woman must be, as people say, like a fish out of water. Again to the question. Come now, if you had a brother, I was supposing, whose wife . . .

Home. Out upon her! should my brother cohabit with her? should my nephews be defrauded of their patrimony by bastards?

Hume. You would then destroy his happiness, and his children's: for, supposing that you preserved to them a scanty portion more of fortune (which you could not do), still the shame they would feel from their mother's infamy would much outweigh it.

Home. I do not see clearly that this is a question of religion.

Hume. All the momentous actions of religious men are referable to their religion, more or less nearly; all the social duties, and surely these are implicated here, are connected with it. Suppose again that you knew a brother and sister, who, born in different countries, met at last, ignorant of their affinity, and married.

Home. Poor blind sinful creatures! God be merciful to them!

Hume. I join you heartily in the prayer, and would only add to it, man be merciful to them also! Imagine them to have lived together ten years, to have a numerous and happy family, to come and reside in your parish, and the attestation of their prior relationship to be made indubitable to you, by some document which alone could establish and record it: what would you do?

Home. I would snap asunder the chain that the devil had ensnared them in, even if he stood before me; I would implore God to pardon them, and to survey with an eye of mercy their unoffending bairns.

Hume. And would not you be disposed to behold them with an eye of the same materials?

Home. Could I leave them in mortal sin? a prey to the ensnarer of souls! No; I would rush between them as with a flaming sword; I would rescue them by God's help from perdition.

Hume. What misery and consternation would this rescue bring with it!

Home. They would call upon the hills to cover them, to crush and extinguish their shame.

Hume. Those who had lived together in love and innocence and felicity? A word spoken to them by their pastor brings them into irremediable guilt and anguish. And you would do this?

Home. The laws of God are above all other laws: his ways are inscrutable: thick darkness covers his throne.

Hume. My cousin, you who have written so elegant and pathetic a tragedy, cannot but have read the best-contrived one in existence, the *Œdipus* of Sophocles.

Home. It has wrung my heart; it has deluged my eyes with weeping.

Hume. Which would you rather do; cause and excite those sufferings, or assuage and quell them?

Home. Am I a Scotchman or an islander of the Red Sea, that a question like this should be asked me?

Hume. You would not then have given to Œdipus that information which drove him and Jocasta to despair?

Home. As a Christian and a minister of the gospel, I am commanded to defy the devil, and to burst asunder the bonds of sin.

Hume. I am certain you would be greatly pained in doing it.

Home. I should never overcome the grief and anxiety so severe a duty would cause me.

Hume. You have now proved, better than I could have done in twenty *Essays*, that, if morality is not religion, neither is religion morality. Either of them, to be good (and the one must be and the other should be so), will produce good effects from the beginning to the end, and be followed by no remorse or repentance.

It would be presumptuous in me to quote the Bible to you, who are so much more conversant in it: yet I can not refrain from repeating, for my own satisfaction, the beautiful sentence on Holiness; that "all her ways are pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." It says, not one or two paths, but *all:* for vice hath one or two passably pleasant in the season, if we could forget that, when we would return, the road is difficult to find, and must be picked out in the dark. Imagine anything in the semblance of a duty attended by regret and sorrow, and be assured that Holiness has no concern in it. Admonition, it is true, is sometimes of such a nature, from that of the irregularity it would correct, as to occasion a sigh or a blush to him who gives it; in this case, the sensation so manifested adds weight to the reproof and indemnifies the reprover. He is happy to have done, what from generosity and

tenderness of heart he was sorry and slow to do; and the person in whose behalf he acted must be degraded beneath the dignity of manhood, if he feels less for himself than another has felt for him. The regret is not at the performance of his duty, but at the failure of its effect.

To produce as much happiness as we can, and to prevent as much misery, is the proper aim and end of true morality and true religion. Only give things their right direction; do but place and train them well, and there is room to move easily and pleasantly in the midst of them.

Home. What! in the midst of vice and wickedness? and must we place and train those?

Hume. There was a time when what is wine was not wine, when what is vinegar was not vinegar, when what is corruption was not corruption. That which would turn into vice, may not only not turn into it, but may, by discreet and attentive management, become the groundwork of virtue. A little watchfulness over ourselves will save us a great deal of watchfulness over others, and will permit the kindliest of religions to drop her inconvenient and unseemly talk, of enmity and strife, cuirasses and breastplates, battles and exterminations.

Home. These carnal terms are frequent in the books of the Old Testament.

Hume. Because the books of the Old Testament were written when the world was much more barbarous and ferocious than it is at present; and legislators must accommodate their language to the customs and manners of the country.

Home. Apparently you would rather abolish the forcible expressions of our pious reformers, than the abominations at which their souls revolted. I am afraid you would hesitate as little to demolish kirks as convents, to drive out ministers as monks.

Hume. I would let ministers and their kirks alone. I would abolish monasteries; but gradually and humanely; and not until I had discovered how and where the studious and pious could spend their time better. I hold religion in the light of a medal which has contracted rust from ages. This rust seems to have been its preserver for many centuries, but after some few more will certainly be its consumer, and leave no vestige of effigy or superscription behind: it should be detached carefully and patiently, not ignorantly and rudely scoured off. Happiness may be taken away from many with the design of communicating it to more: but that which is a grateful and refreshing odour in a limited space, would be none whatever in a larger; that which is comfortable warmth to the domestic circle, would not awaken the chirping of a cricket, or stimulate the flight of a butterfly, in the forest; that which satisfies a hundred poor monks, would, if thrown open to society at large, contribute not an atom to its benefit and emolument. Placid tempers, regulated habitudes, consolatory visitations, are suppressed and destroyed, and nothing rises from their ruins. Better let the cell be standing, than level it only for the thorn and nettle.

Home. What good do these idlers, with their cords and wallets, or, if you please, with their regularities?

Hume. These have their value, at least to the possessor and the few about him. Ask rather, what is the worth of his abode to the prince or to the public? who is the wiser for his cowl, the warmer for his frock, the more contented for his cloister, when they are taken from him? Monks, it is true, are only as stars that shine upon the desert: but tell me, I beseech you, who caused such a desert in the moral world? And who rendered so faint a light, in some of its periods, a blessing? Ignorant rulers, must be the answer, and inhuman laws. They should cease to exist some time before their antidotes, however ill-compounded, are cast away.

If we had lived seven or eight centuries ago, John Home would probably have been saying mass at the altar, and David Hume, fatter and lazier, would have been pursuing his theological studies in the convent. We are so much the creatures of times and seasons, so modified and fashioned by them, that the very plants upon the wall, if they were as sensible as some suppose them to be, would laugh at us.

Home. Fantastic forms and ceremonies are rather what the philosopher will reprehend. Strip away these, reduce things to their primitive state of purity and holiness, and nothing can alter or shake us, clinging, as we should, to the anchor of Faith.

Hume. People clung to it long ago; but many lost their grasp, benumbed by holding too tightly. The church of Scotland brings close together the objects of veneration and abhorrence. The evil principle, or devil, was, in my opinion, hardly worth the expense of his voyage from Persia; but, since you have him, you seem resolved to treat him nobly, hating him, defying him, and fearing him nevertheless. I would not however place him so very near the Creator, let his pretensions, from custom and precedent, be what they may.

Home. He is always marring the fair works of our heavenly Father: in this labour is his only proximity.

Hume. You represent him as spurring men on to wickedness, from no other motive than the pleasure he experiences in rendering them miserable.

Home. He has no other, excepting his inveterate spite and malice against God; from which indeed, to speak more properly, this desire originates.

Hume. Has he lost his wits, as well as his station, that he fancies he can render God unhappy by being spiteful and malicious? You wrong him greatly; but you wrong God more. For in all Satan's attempts to seduce men into wickedness, he leaves everyone his free-will either to resist or yield; but the heavenly Father, as you would represent him, predestines the greater part of mankind to everlasting pains and torments, ante-

cedently to corruption or temptation. There is no impiety in asking you which is the worst: for impiety most certainly does not consist in setting men right on what is demonstrable in their religion, nor in proving to them that God is greater and better, than, with all their zeal for him, they have ever thought him.

Home. This is to confound religion with philosophy, the source of nearly every evil in conduct and of every error in ethics.

Hume. Religion is the eldest sister of Philosophy: on whatever subjects they may differ, it is unbecoming in either to quarrel, and most so about their inheritance.

Home. And have you nothing, sir, to say against the pomps and vanities of other worships, that you should assail the institutions of your native country? To fear God, I must suppose then, is less meritorious than to build steeples, and embroider surplices, and compose chants, and blow the bellows of organs.

Hume. My dear sir, it is not because God is delighted with hymns and instruments of music, or prefers base to tenor or tenor to base, or Handel to Giles Halloway, that nations throng to celebrate in their churches his power and his beneficence: it is not that Inigo Jones or Christopher Wren could erect to him a habitation more worthy of his presence than the humblest cottage on the loneliest moor: it is that the best feelings, the highest facultics, the greatest wealth, should be displayed and exercised in the patrimonial palace of every family united. For such are churches both to the rich and poor.

Home. Your hand, David! Pardon me, sir; the sentiment carried me beyond custom; for it recalled to me the moments of blissful enthusiasm when I was writing my tragedy, and charmed me the more as coming from you.

Hume. I explain the causes of things, and leave them.

Home. Go on, sir, pray go on; for here we can walk together. Suppose that God never heard us, never cared for us: do those care for you or hear you whose exploits you celebrate at public dinners, our Wallaces and Bruces? yet are not we thence the braver, the more generous, the more grateful?

Hume. I do not see clearly how the more grateful: but I would not analyse by reducing to a cinder a lofty sentiment.

Home. Surely we are grateful for the benefits our illustrious patriots have conferred on us: and every act of gratitude is rewarded by reproduction. Justice is often pale and melancholy; but Gratitude, her daughter, is constantly in the flow of spirits and the bloom of loveliness. You call out to her when you fancy she is passing; you want her for your dependents, your domestics, your friends, your children. The ancients, as you know, habitually asked their gods and goddesses by which of their names it was most agreeable to them to be invoked: now let Gratitude be, what for the play of our fancy we have just imagined her, a sentient living power; I can not think of any name more likely to be pleasing to her, than Religion. The simplest breast often holds more reason in it than it knows of, and more than Philosophy looks for or suspects. We almost as frequently despise what is not despicable as we admire and reverence what is. No nation in the world was ever so enlightened, and in all parts and qualities so civilised, as the Scotch. Why would you shake or unsettle or disturb those principles which have rendered us peaceable and contented?

Hume. I would not by any means.

Home. Many of your writings have evidently such a tendency.

Hume. Those of my writings to which you refer will be read by no nation: a few speculative men will take them; but none will be rendered more gloomy, more dissatisfied, or more unsocial by them. Rarely will you find one who, five minutes together, can fix his mind even on the surface: some new tune, some idle project, some light thought, some impracticable wish, will generally run, like the dazzling haze of summer on the dry heath, betwixt them and the reader. A bagpipe will swallow them up, a strathspey will dissipate them, or Romance with the death-rattle in her throat will drive them away into dark staircases and charnel-houses.

You and I, in the course of our conversation, have been at variance, as much as discreet and honest men ought to be: each knows that the other thinks differently from him, yet each esteems the other. I can not but smile when I reflect that a few paces, a glass of wine, a cup of tea, conciliate those whom Wisdom would keep asunder.

Home. No wonder you scoff emphatically, as you pronounce the word *wisdom*.

Hume. If men would permit their minds like their children to associate freely together, if they would agree to meet one another with smiles and frankness, instead of suspicion and defiance, the common stock of intelligence and of happiness would be centupled. Probably those two men who hate each other most, and whose best husbandry is to sow burs and thistles in each other's path, would, if they had ever met and conversed familiarly, have been ardent and inseparable friends. The minister who may order my book to be burnt to-morrow by the hangman, if I, by any accident, had been seated yesterday by his side at dinner, might perhaps in another fortnight recommend me to his master, for a man of such gravity and understanding as to be worthy of being a privy councillor, and might conduct me to the treasury-bench.

MAUROCORDATO AND COLOCOTRONI.*

Maurocordato. Pope Clement the ninth died of vexation at being unable to succour the island of Crete. It is true, the Venetians, who were expelled from it, were of his church: we are separated from it only by a syllable. Is there neither Pope nor King who can step over a syllable in our defence? Systematically have we been persecuted, regularly have we been abandoned; and I know not which despot is most deserving of our abhorrence and execration, whether he whose intolerable chains we have wrenched and cast away from us, or the colder barbarian the most forward to promise and the most able to afford us succour. Superseding this picture, and covering it as with a black crape, let us present another to our country worthy to be placed on the next panel to that which represents the heroic Hofer, the last and truest defender of Austria, delivered up by her to his murderers. No crime of despotism, however enormous, is without a parallel. When we fancy we have reached that point of congelation above which it is impossible to breathe, we see another such hanging with all its horrors over our heads.

The calm, intelligent, and virtuous Giannone, a century ago, edited his elaborate and faithful History of Naples, in which a few among the usurpations and frauds of the Popedom were exposed. Inquisitors and assassins were employed against him: and he was forced to abandon his profession of advocate, to leave his family, his friends, his country, and to seek protection, where lately Hofer first and vainly sought it, in Vienna. The friendship of Prince Eugene could not defend him against the malice of the Pope, working on the pusillanimity of the Emperor. He was driven from Austria, and took refuge in Venice. Here also was a kind of Inquisition. Giannone was seized by night, and was cast before sunrise on the shores of the papal territory. He found means however of escaping to Geneva. After a residence of several months in that city, he was invited by an emissary of the Sardinian king to a villa on the opposite side of the lake: here he was arrested. For vindicating the privileges of the king against the pretensions of the pope, his reward was a strict and solitary confinement, first in a fortress of Savoy, then in the citadel of Turin, where, after twelve years of imprisonment, he died.

Colocotroni. Say no more of the dead. The curses of good men are barren in our days, whatever they were formerly, and wither the heart they rise from, not the head they fall on. Why revert to Giannone? Why to Hofer? Is not Rhigas nearer!

Maurocordato. Yes. Rhigas, we know, was born at Velestinos in Thessaly, about the year 1753. He was the primary mover in our glorious cause since the power of the Venetians was broken by the common enemy. Enriched by commerce, he left it early, and collecting about him the few literary men † whom our unfortunate nation at that time produced, went to Vienna and edited a journal. His inoffensive manners, his charity, his liberality, conciliated the hearts of all. The government felt and acknowledged the utility of his labours: its new subjects were better disposed toward it, and others were more ready to become so. Above all, the Servians, then under Paswan Oglou, read with avidity the evangile of their freedom. The divan of Constantinople was informed of it: a demand was made that Rhigas be delivered up, and was at once acceded to. He and eight of his friends were seized by the police of Vienna, chained, thrown into a boat on the Danube, and committed to a Turkish guard.

In vain was the torture inflicted on them to extort the names of their accomplices. At the sight of Widdin, "O strong and beauteous city!" cried Rhigas, "residence of a wise and valiant prince! never hast thou seen him abandoning his defenders, nor intimidated by an enemy, far or near." The animated tone, the look of exultation in our protomartyr of resuscitated freedom, was the signal of death to his countrymen and himself. Apprehensive that it denoted the proximity of a rescue, the captain of the guard ordered the larger stones in the ballast to be fastened about their necks. During this operation they sang the hymn of Liberty which Rhigas composed, and, when they had begun the louder chorus, were cast into the river.

Colocotroni. O Rhigas! who among the blessed sits nearer to thy God than thou? Hear me! look down on our country! the eyes of every angel will follow thine, and weep at its abandonment by the Christian Princes.

Can no appeal be made to Humanity by Learning?

Maurocordato. In Austria no books are read but cookery-books, missals, and lives of the saints. Russia contains only one man of erudition, the archimandrite Hyacinthos, who has collected and translated the most valuable portion of Chinese literature. On suspicion of being a thinker, he has been banished to Archangel, and is dying by an affection of the lungs.

Colocotroni. In France, in England, is there none who will speak aloud for us?

Maurocordato. The literary men of France have a censor over them: upon which some have become missionaries and jesuits, and some Mahometans: others write odes on the triumphs of the

* The elder; the younger was less faithful to his country.

† Zabira, a Greek of Sialista, is reported to have left behind him a catalogue and biography of the Greek writers since the capture of Constantinople: he died in the year 1804.

Duc d'Angoulême, and on the *Trocodero* in the nursery of the Duchess de Berri. England has partymen in profusion. If a solitary sedate republican should rise up in that country, they would unite and tear him to pieces; just as the beggars of two streets against a stranger at the corner who (they suspect) may beg.

Colocotroni. The English have no need of a republic, none of their habits or imaginations resting on it, and enjoying as they do what liberty they desire. Yet I can not see why, when I myself am shaven, I should break the razor, or hinder the use of one in those who want it; as they do in regard to freedom, from an imperfect and erroneous calculation in the ledger-book. Nearly all the writers may indeed be hired by the government, and the few of them who are not hired may live in expectancy of place and profit; yet the public is much interested in our cause, and has borne toward us that liberality for which nothing short of eternal gratitude can be an adequate return.

Maurocordato. General, I have received from an Englishman, who resides at Florence, a military map of Greece, in which all those places are accurately marked where great battles have been fought, and to which a topographical description is added, wherever it was to be found either in ancient historians or modern travellers.

Colocotroni. The ancients, who excelled us in most things of importance, excelled us principally in the variety of expedients for attack and defence. Every great general was a great inventor. Within the memory of man, I believe, not a stratagem has been thought of by any in Europe, be it old or new, original or borrowed. Campaigns are formed as much by a receipt as custards, and sieges as cheesecakes. I know the better part of Greece perfectly, and only wish your English friend could devise the means for me of bringing my enemy where beaten enemies were brought formerly.

The Greeks have performed, in the last three years, as many arduous actions as their ancestors ever performed within the same period, and have evinced a constancy such as they have never exhibited since the days of Pericles. The British force is composed of three nations, each striving for precedency in valour. Hence whenever a large body of troops is assembled, there must be a portion of each, and vigour is exerted by all: but when smaller detachments of one nation are sent out on what they call diversions, we generally find them fail: there being no such spirit of rivalry and emulation. It can not be dissembled that the victories of the English, in the last fifty years, have been gained by the high courage and steady discipline of the soldier; and the most remarkable, where the prudence and skill of the commander were altogether wanting. Place any distinguished general of theirs where Murillo was placed in America, Mina in Spain, and then inform me what are your hopes, and whether you expect from him the same activity and the same expedients. Whatever is done by the English is done by open force, to which nothing is precursory or subsidiary. Our enemies the Turks are somewhat of this character. Now I lay it down as a maxim, that the weaker of two powers, at variance, should never employ the same weapons as the stronger: when it can not find better, at least it should look for what are different and unexpected. If we Greeks at present form our regiments on the model of the English, we shall lose half our strength. By good fortune, our troops are composed of men united by blood or neighbourhood, and partly put into motion by the spirit of love and concord, partly by emulation: for the different regions of Greece, you know, are just as much rivals now as they were anciently. In no other part of Europe is there in the military establishment the least consideration of moral force: vices and virtues are equally compressed: men are filed and packeted like pins and needles, according to their length: an inch in stature divides two brothers, two friends, two rivals in the affections of the same mistress, leaving room for the union of the brave man and the coward. Nothing that is ridiculous, absurd, injurious, or offensive, is omitted in the modern practice: and if your English commentator draws his conclusions from it, and recommends it to our imitation, we have only to thank him for his kind intent.

Greece has much to do, much not to do. God, who hath restored her miraculously to her enthusiastic and vigorous youth, will guide and protect her in it, and will open by degrees before her all the sources of knowledge, and all the means of improvement and prosperity.

Maurocordato. The paper I hold in my hand recommends the thing on which you particularly insist, the diversity of weapon; nor does the author quote an English authority, but the authority of an American, who suggested it to his country when she was about to contend with a military force to which hers was disproportionate, both in numbers and in discipline. The interest, says my correspondent, I feel and have always felt, in the fortune of those who struggle to be free, persuades me to submit some reflections, perhaps not unimportant, to your country. If they were entirely my own, adds he, I might hesitate more to offer them, although of late years I have studied these matters with some attention, and have examined them with some industry. Franklin proposed to the consideration of the Anglo-Americans, whether the bow be not a more effectual weapon than the musket. Its lightness, the ease with which it may be kept dry, with which it may be concealed and recovered, with which it may be loaded and discharged, with which it may be preserved in order or replaced, are not its only advantages.

Patriotic as are the Greeks, there are many who, on receiving a musket from the government, would be induced to return home, that they might rather employ it at the chase than in battle. The bow, at least in the beginning, would not serve the

purpose, would never hold forth such an inducement, and nobody would buy it if offered for sale. When munition is exhausted in the villages and in the mountains, where we fight most frequently, the soldier can find no more, and is no longer a soldier for some days; while every wood and thicket, every house and shed, produces the material of arrows. Youths, from their tender age or from their idle habits, incapable of carrying heavy arms, would carry a bow, it being no impediment either in attack or flight, and if thrown away, it is little loss to them, and no advantage to the enemy.

The advice of Franklin was not rejected because it was irrational or reprehensible, but because the Anglo-Americans were nearly all well exercised in the management of fire-arms, and because they found in the cities a superabundance of powder and shot. Far different in Greece: the choice is yet to be made; and you will surely make it, says our friend, of that material which is at once the most plentiful and the most easy to work, that in which the exercise is the least laborious, and the attainment of skill the least difficult. Suppose two kinds of arms, or, if you please, two kinds of tactics, equally good: if either of these be unexpected by the enemy, that is preferable. Even the worse, the first time it is practised, will give the advantage to those who employ it, unless its defects be too evident.

The ancients, he thinks with you, reasoned much more and much better on this business than the moderns; and they always used a great diversity of weapons in the same army; the advantage of which is demonstrated by Folard in his commentary on Polybius.

The arrow acts in three manners; rectilinearly, curvilinearly, and perpendicularly; the musket-ball in one only, the rectilinear. Twelve arrows are discharged before the musket can be discharged the third time, even supposing that it is always clean, and that it never misses fire. The musket without bayonet, as are many of ours, is very inconvenient; for we must often draw the sword, and then what becomes of it? while the bow, thrown in a moment across the shoulder, leaves the right hand at liberty, and the body unencumbered, for the other ways of defence or of attack.

The Turks fight in close array; so that every arrow strikes either man or horse; and it is remarkable that a moderate puncture makes the horse intractable, while to a severe musket-shot he often seems for a time insensible. The report of fire-arms by night or in ambuscade betrays the soldier; the arrow not. Even by day it sometimes is expedient that Death come veiled. The lock of fire-arms is the most important part of them, and is the most liable to injury, from a blow, from a fall, or from service. The musket is composed of many parts, each subject to be detached or loosened, some to be lost, as the rod and the flint, and the loss may not be perceived until it is fatal.

If any considerable body of archers, well supported, drew upon an unprepared enemy (and all at this day are so) they would gain, if not the battle, the advantage. No fire could produce such destruction, such confusion, or leave effects so immediately visible, so generally appalling.

He who carries a bow instead of a musket, may also carry provisions for five entire days; an incalculable advantage in a country laid waste on every side, and which will enable him in most situations to choose and change his encampment as he pleases. When a foot-soldier thus armed has taken the horse of an enemy, he may mount and use him, should circumstances require it, which he could not do with musket and bayonet, even in case of necessity.

The bow has no need of cleaning; the musket has need of it every day; and after a march or an engagement, when it may want it most, the soldier feels little inclination to this surcharge of labour, and often has not tow, sometimes not water, as ours experienced on the mountains last summer, when even in the plains there was barely a sufficiency to quench their thirst. By the lightness of this weapon, and the little danger there is of its sounding loud in striking against anything, munition-waggons and stores may be set on fire, applying to the arrow inflammable substances.

The Turks are still masters of cities and fortresses which you must take. No nation defends a place so obstinately and courageously as they do: and you have some which they will soon attack. Here the bow is greatly a better weapon than the musket. For in the hurry of firing on those who mount to the assault, few balls are well rammed; hence they fall out or fall inoffensively; and nothing is more difficult than to hit a man, aiming at him perpendicularly. The arrow on this occasion would seldom miss. You may have reason then to be glad that they no longer use the bow, in which formerly lay their strength.

Colocotroni. These observations are worth attention. What have you beside?

Maurocordato. The observations on defensive armour are original and important. Even so late as the reign of Louis XIV. the officer wore it. In the battle of Waterloo, more glorious to the victor than any since that of Leuctra, if perhaps you except four others won by the same nation, at Cressy, at Agincourt, at Poictiers, and at Blenheim, three regiments of light cavalry in succession were ordered to attack the French cuirassiers. Each made several charges, and lost the greater part of its men in killed or wounded. If, adds my correspondent, these English regiments had been defended by the armour I am about to propose for yours, they would have lost much fewer, and, although no troops are braver, more expert, or better disciplined, than the French cuirassiers, would probably have repulsed them: for the English horses were fresher, not having surmounted such acclivities, nor having toiled so long over a deep tenacious clay.

Suppose it possible to discover a substance on which the seasons have little or no effect; which resists heat, cold, moisture: iron does not. Suppose it possible to discover a substance which leaves every limb its elasticity, its full play and action: iron does not. Suppose it possible to discover a substance in which the soldier, if necessary, may sleep: in iron he can not.

In fact, general, he recommends the use of *cork* armour; the usual thickness of which material is sufficient to resist the bayonet, and which a musket-ball will rarely penetrate. By employing this, the soldier who cannot swim has all the advantages of him who can: he may be knocked down in it, but he will not be killed nor badly wounded: seldom will a particle of it enter the flesh; and in case it should, no substance whatever is so easily extracted: nor will there ever be those contusions which are often mortal in the head: for although the sabre does not penetrate the metal, it indents it so deeply as to produce the same effect. We have experienced the dizziness that the helmet occasions in a few hours of exertion: this destroys both activity and strength. Nothing is so cool to the head as cork, or presents so equal and wholesome a temperature in all seasons. Its additional weight is imperceptible to the horse; nor is the dismounted soldier lost, as the steel-cased cuirassier is. This armour is cheap and durable; it occupies no time in cleaning, none in putting on; everyone can mend or replace it.

Some of the other projects must be left to the discretion of our Government: they are political rather than military: they are calculated to act instantaneously and effectually: and the author says of them, 'There are circumstances in which Themistocles should be heard before Aristides, and indeed without him.'

He recommends that the Acro-corinthos, and some other positions, should be flanked with strong Martello towers, and gives an account of an English ship of seventy-four guns, utterly ruined off Corsica by such a tower, mounting one only. Here is also a proposal to construct, or rather to employ, for we have them in many of our ports, gunboats similar to those used by the Russians in the battle of Tchesme.

Colocotroni. I hope we are not yet reduced to imitate the Russians in anything. The least inventive of the human race, and the most hostile to inventions and improvements, can hardly be presented to Greeks for a model, by one who appears well acquainted with our history, with our capacities, and with our wants.

Maurocordato. He informs me that the invention of this is due to his countryman and friend, General Bentham, a man equally distinguished for courage, humanity, and science.

Colocotroni. I know almost as little of English inventors as the Emperor of Turkey, or Morocco, or Austria. War is my pursuit; come to the point; let me see his project. I may recommend it; for the wisest men and most useful things want recommendation; and the tongue of the fool is often requisite to the inventions of the wise.

Maurocordato. General Bentham commanded the naval armament of Russia at the battle of Tchesme, under (where princes are entrusted with command this word usually means *over*) Prince Potemkin. Gunboats had always been built solidly, with strong traverses, to prevent the recoil of the gun. Hence, after every fire, the motion of the vessel was so violent and of so long continuance, that the discharges were intermitted and uncertain. One would imagine that little experience was requisite to demonstrate how, leaving the cannon to its recoil, and the vessel to its own action upon the water, no violent shock could be given, and how the succeeding charges would be more rapid and more easily directed. Instead of the old gunboat, constructed at much expense and soon ruined, he placed heavy cannon upon barks deemed before incapable of bearing them: but it was soon apparent that, on still water, they were adequate to destroy the most formidable ships of the line. The general showed the troops and mariners that the water itself gives the proper degree both of recession and of resistance, without danger to the gunner or detriment to the boat. The advantages of the invention are these: that the boats, if they are to be built, do not cost a fifth of the others: that worse timber and a smaller quantity of it will serve: and that merchant-ships taken from the enemy may be converted into them.

Colocotroni. Do the English use them constantly? for in these matters they have more authority with me than in others.

Maurocordato. They do not: because they have no need of gun-boats on their coasts, commanding, as they do, the ocean: because too their seas are tempestuous, and their expeditions for the greater part distant: and because they are reluctant that their enemies should acquire from them the benefit of an invention, by which they themselves could not profit in the same degree. The small gun-boat not presenting a broadside to an enemy, the Turk, the worst of gunners, would hardly ever strike it; while it would rarely miss him, and would never fail to discourage where it might not disable.

My correspondent is urgent that every mariner and soldier on board should be armed with a bow, and with a longer and heavier pike than any in common use. Recurring to actions by land, he observes that the length of the pike gave the victory to the Greeks in the first battle against Xerxes, when the *Immortals* of that autocrat were repulsed by the Lacedæmonians, according to Herodotus, from this cause only. The bow is recommended at sea more earnestly, and in our gun-boats and small boats most particularly, from the necessity of loading them lightly.

Colocotroni. Should any of these suggestions be introduced, it must be done suddenly, secretly, and diffusively.

Maurocordato. The political reflections of my correspondent will be the subject of some future

consideration. To obtain our independence, he would propose to the Turk the same annual subsidy *as comes into the treasury at present*, which is little more than a fifth of what is levied; he would engage that we should admit into our ports no vessel of a potentate at war with Turkey, and that we should sign no treaty of alliance with anyone upon her confines; he would consent that the Greeks in Asia and other parts should be united in the territory bounded on the north by Olympus and the Ceraunians, on the east by the Ægean Sea, and including Crete. Property should be exchanged by Turkish and Greek commissioners, aided by the consuls of France, England, and Sweden, and the contract should be carried into execution in three years' He informs me that many Christian and Jewish families have records of places in Crete, where the treasures of houses, of churches, and of monasteries, were deposited on its subjugation. Turkey does not derive one hundred and eighty thousand zecchins annually from the conquest. She would readily compromise in a few years, probably on the breaking out of the first war, for the tax stipulated, and accept ten or twelve years' purchase. Indeed on her expressing any doubt of security of our faith, we might offer as much, with no fear of a refusal, and could obtain it by a loan from England. So moderate a debt would rather be a bond to unite us than a burden.

Colocotroni. A society of Englishmen, no less patriotic, has kindly sent to me three hundred bibles, in readiness for the next campaign; with an exhortation to prohibit dancing in private houses, unless among persons of a certain age and rank; a remonstrance against what is usual at the corners of streets, or lanes, or stable-doors; and a form of prayer to be offered up in our churches. Instead of this, our patriarch may be requested to insert in the Litany a petition to the Almighty, that, in the bowels of his compassion, it may please him to retain in the government of the *Seven Isles* his Excellency Sir Thomas Maitland, so that the people shall never cease to sigh for union with us; and that likewise in his infinite mercy he may remove all impediment to his Excellency, by removing for ever Lord Guildford, in whose presence Learning would almost forget her losses, and dismembered Greece her sufferings.

Maurocordato. Yes, Greece shall arise again, like Ulysses from under the wand of Pallas, when his wrinkles were smoothened, and his tattered garment cast away from him.

Colocotroni. Nevertheless, whatever arms she takes up, she may look forward to years of agony, and to more enemies than the Turk. All the old governments in Europe will attempt to increase our difficulties, and, when they have augmented them to the utmost in their power, will point them out as the natural fruits of insubordination, for such they call resistance, which is the more criminal in their eyes, the longer and the more patiently you have borne oppression. Happily we have no ally: we have an oppressor the less. If Spain or Portugal had any, that ally would model the adopted form of government; in other words, would change the features without diminishing the weight of slavery. Providence, I trust, will favour our exertions: I would propose then to leave a wide space between us and the dominions of a government more systematically and more degradedly tyrannical. Indignant as we justly are at the unworthy treatment we have received, and conscious, as we can not but be, that we are the undegenerate descendants of a people which never since the foundation of the world hath beheld a rival in glory, we must acknowledge that no conqueror is milder than the Turkish, no religion more tolerant, no judge more dispassionate, no law more equitable.

Maurocordato. But many countries, once Grecian, lie desolate: Crete can hardly discover the traces of five amid her hundred cities. True; islands, which when free are the happiest of countries, are the most miserable when they are subjected. For the subjection endured under modern governments is far different in its effects from that endured under our ancestors and the Romans. Towns, harbours, and marts, arose upon it. Be my witnesses on one side, Cyprus, Lesbos, Chios, and ye starry host of Cyclades! stand on the other, Sicily, Sardinia, Ireland, with your herds of mendicants, your bands of robbers, your pestiferous marshes, and your deserted ports. What countries are naturally more fertile? what more wretched? Wild theories have not rendered them so; yet the only mischiefs to be extirpated are wild theories. The towns of the Valtellina under the protection of Switzerland, the cities of Ragusa and Genoa and Venice, had enjoyed a long prosperity, all several hundred years, some above a thousand; and one had arrived by its prudence and industry at an age which appeared forbidden to human institutions; when suddenly a sage, too autocratical to be taught anything by sages of another class, draws around his shoulders a cat-skin hung with saints, and is informed, as he swallows his morning draught of brandy, that if they really were happy, they were happy from wild theories, and must be corrected. Let us, O Colocotroni, cast our eyes a little way into the *wilds* of these theories; no such wilds as Siberia can open to us, nor the Ukraine, nor the Chersonese, nor the plains of Hungary, nor the Campania of the Popes and Bourbons, each by nature so fertile, each by despotism so corroded and exhausted; but such *wilds* as our Attica and our Thessaly and our Bœotia once rejoiced in; wilds of equality; wilds where the heart of man in full expansion heaved high and freely through the course of ages; where the human form possessed such dignity as none other than a native of this country could represent or could imagine. Wild theories! that unite men in justice and amity! Wild theories! that gave birth and nurture to every art and every science; that even taught reason and humanity to the despot who lashed the sea!

Solon! Aristides! Epaminondas! Phocion! ye are authors and abettors of wild theories. Who in the world, O Demosthenes, would listen to thy calumnious tongue against Philip? Æschylus! we deemed thee generous, heroic, self-devoted as thy own Prometheus: thy blood we thought flowed for thy country, for civilisation, for enlightened and free mankind. It flowed for wild theories. O Sophocles! O Euripides! what lessons have you given us! Wild theories!

And yet, sir, (for scorn must have its period,) if we use our memories, and reject our reason, which autocrats would tell us we are bound to do... as for national power, which many look chiefly to, as for national defence, which interests all, Rome existed in a state of infancy under her kings, of maturity under her consuls, of decrepitude and decay under her emperors. People are disposed to acknowledge that a monarch is more prompt in giving his orders for invasion and annoyance, and that he can commence hostilities with greater secrecy, and conduct them with greater decision. Glorious prerogative! There must then be some strangely countervailing disadvantage in the form and structure of his government; for never since the creation of the world was there an instance of a monarchy conquering a republic, where the people were equally numerous, or within a third; while republics in all ages have conquered many kingdoms, of which the population was the double and even the triple of theirs.

Monarchy has all her blood in the head: she looks healthy to those who see health in flushed faces, and strong to those who look for strength in swollen limbs. Strange deception! if indeed anything is strange where all principles are perverted; where what is best must not be; where what is worst must be; where tyranny alone has rights, and usurpation alone has privileges.

Colocotroni. "You shall enchain Poland: you shall do with Italy and with Illyria what you please; you shall dismember free and happy Saxony."

"What! no more? my brothers!"

"Wait a little, our brother, wait a little! Wait, our brother, four years at farthest; then advance: you will be hailed as a deliverer from within and from without. His most Christian Majesty is anxious to recover the influence of his family in Spain: the English, who waged war to prevent it from having any, are not in a condition to interpose an impediment; and the ministers are more interested in suppressing the growth of constitutions than in maintaining the dignity of the throne."

The Emperor of Russia has had the address, by the Congress of Verona, to involve the states of Europe in confusion; and within a year or two he will be able to execute his project on the side of Turkey, having first broken the sinews of Persia by pushing her on precipitately. Greece meanwhile will lie prostrate before her, ready, and perhaps not unwilling, to be bound by her, blinded as she is by feebleness.

Maurocordato. The other great Powers have declared on many occasions their resolution to set limits to the aggression of the Czar.

Colocotroni. Austria hath demonstrated that her sympathies are stronger with despotism than with us, or even than with Christianity. Her ships, both of commerce and of war, have repeatedly brought succour to the Turks, blockaded and besieged. Even the most Christian King hath conveyed in his navy the money sent by the Pasha of Egypt for the pay of his troops in the Peloponnese. The military hirelings, who were the readiest instruments of Bonaparte's tyranny, are become the stirrup-holders (and indeed may without shame) of this ambitious satrap, who, barbarian as he is, is a soldier of more firmness and valour, a prince of more magnanimity and dignity, a politician of more clear-sightedness and conduct. If the French ministry has engaged them in such a service, it has acted with wisdom, and may triumphantly cry out to the factious, "See, what a detestable gang of rogues and vagabonds are not only those who long ago betrayed you, but those also in whom you still place your trust."

Maurocordato. The *Amaranthe*, a French vessel of the royal navy, acted in the service of the Egyptians, both before Rhodes and against Crete. But if the report be true that Cochrane is about to take a command in our defence, we may confidently hope that he will destroy any force the French government may appoint to act against us. The same blow will dissipate the Turks and disunite the body of the Holy Alliance.

Colocotroni. Indeed it is time; unless the lowest in civilisation are to supplant the highest.

Maurocordato. In the animal world the insects have the largest empire, in the political the Russians. Their dominion extends over a space equal to a third of the old world, and seven times larger than the nearest planet. The subjects are educated in blind submission; and about two millions are soldiers, or may become so, without any loss to agriculture. Is there no danger to Europe from so enormous a power, put into motion and directed by ministers who mostly have been raised from obscurity or from indigence, who have abjured their own countries, and must flourish on the decomposition of others! Lately, a vast portion of North America has been claimed by the Autocrat, from the United States, Mexico, and England: beginning at the thirty-first and extending to the sixtieth degree: enough of itself to constitute three empires.

Colocotroni. If Russia should protect us, which God forbid! she will break our bones by the weight of her wing; and other nations will fight over us, not for us. The people of England are zealous in our cause: but England is the only country in the world where the ministers are chosen from their dissimilitude to the people. I never think of them without the idea of the bear ridden by the monkey; the strong by the weak, the grave by the pert, the quiet by the mischievous. Since the time of Pitt the First (in this manner will politicians teach

historians to write) she has been governed, with hardly an interval, by the most inordinate and desperate gamesters that ever her *subscription-houses* drove penniless down-stairs.

Maurocordato. There is an axiom, that the best if corrupted is the worst. It grieves me to think of England, once the favourite of Liberty, and sitting in light alone. All the French, however, can not have lost entirely that spirit with which twenty millions were animated lately.

Colocotroni. His most Christian Majesty is said in the Chamber of Deputies to be "destined by Providence to close the abyss of revolutions." He may perhaps close that abyss (as he would any other) by falling into it.

Maurocordato. The saints of the Holy Alliance punish with imprisonment and poverty those who write against the Christian religion, while they themselves act against it openly, and assist in crushing its defenders, men descended from those who first received it among the Gentiles. Not only the catholic princes, professing the most intolerant, the most rapacious, and the most insolent of superstitions, but the potent and sole protector of the Greek church abandons it to the lust of the Mussulman. I dare not call this pusillanimity, still less dare I call it perfidiousness, baseness, infamy; but I may lawfully ask whether any prince, in modern days or ancient, has been guilty of a greater. For in my zeal in favour of royalty, always amiable, always august, and in our times more than ever, I would fondly hope that none has committed anything beyond a peccadillo, and that in political computation, even this is nothing worse. Diocletian, and the other Roman Emperors who persecuted the Christians, did less than was done by their successors from pulpits and convents, monks and priests, who took upon themselves the ridiculous title of pope. Religion was to be totally changed in the state by the Christians, and this change the civil power always prevents; but the popes, as these usurpers called themselves, were under no apprehension that the new religion should itself be subverted; for it is one of their tenets that it never shall be; their only fear was, that they should lose a portion of their power by the rejection of absurdities, and a portion of their wealth by the reduction of ceremonies to the simplicity and paucity of the original institution. These however, popes or pagans, are not so censurable as those princes whose power and riches are in no danger on any side, and who by seceding from the cause of humanity, which we vindicate and defend, expose to the world their utter indifference to that faith which they, one and all, have sworn publicly to protect.

Colocotroni. To rise against oppression; to teach our children their duties and their rights; to remind them of their ancestors, and to rescue them from the seraglio; these are crimes! They are crimes, in the eyes of whom? of those who profess the religion of Christ! holy men! sacred allies! catholic, apostolic! We, Maurocordato, are inconsiderate, we are rash, we are frantic. For what gain we by our vigils, fasts, and toils; by our roofless houses, our devastated farms, our broken sleep upon the snowy mountains; unless it be the approbation of our fathers now in bliss, and the consolatory hope of it from our posterity? The rest of Europe is reduced to slavery, one heroic race excepted. God alone can foresee the termination of our conflict; but of this we both are certain; that, whenever we fall, in whatever part of Greece our bodies lie, they will lie by the side of those who have defended the same cause; and that there is not a pillar, in ancient days erected by a grateful country, that does not in its fragments tell our story.

ALFIERI AND SALOMON THE FLORENTINE JEW.

Alfieri. Let us walk to the window, Signor Salomon. And now, instead of the silly simpering compliments repeated at introductions, let me assure you that you are the only man in Florence with whom I would willingly exchange a salutation.

Salomon. I must think myself highly flattered, signor Conte, having always heard that you are not only the greatest democrat, but also the greatest aristocrat, in Europe.

Alfieri. These two things, however opposite, which your smile would indicate, are not so irreconcilable as you imagine. Let us first understand the words, and then talk about them. The democrat is he who wishes the people to have a due share in the government, and this share, if you please, shall be the principal one. The aristocrat of our days is contented with no actual share in it: but if a man of family is conscious of his dignity, and resentful that another has invaded it, he may be, and is universally, called an aristocrat. The principal difference is, that the one carries outward what the other carries inward. I am thought an aristocrat by the Florentines for conversing with few people, and for changing my shirt and shaving my beard on other days than festivals; which the most aristocratical of them never do, considering it, no doubt, as an excess. I am however from my soul a republican, if prudence and modesty will authorise any man to call himself so; and this I trust I have demonstrated in the most valuable of my works, the Treatise on tyranny and the Dialogue with my friend at Siena. The aristocratical part of me, if part of me it must be called, hangs loose and keeps off insects. I see no aristocracy in the children of sharpers from behind the counter, nor, placing the matter in the most favourable point of view, in the descendants of free citizens who accepted from any vile enslaver, French, Spanish, German, or priest or monk (represented with a piece of buffoonery like a bee-hive on his

head and a picklock key at his girdle) the titles of counts and marquises. In Piedmont the matter is different: we must either have been the rabble or their lords: we were military, and we retain over the populace the same rank and spirit as our ancestors held over the soldiery. But we are as prone to slavery as they were averse and reluctant.

Under the best of princes we are children all our lives. Under the worse we are infinitely more degraded than the wretches who are reduced to their servitude by war, or even by crimes; begging our master to take away from us the advantages of our education, and of our strength in mind and body. Is this picture overcharged?

Salomon. Not with bright colours certainly.

Alfieri. What think you then if we are threatened with hell by those who take away earth from us, and scourge and imprison and torture us?

Salomon. Hell is a very indifferent hospital for those who are thrust into it with broken bones. It is hard indeed if they who lame you, will not let you limp. Indeed I do hear, signor Conte, that the churchmen call you an atheist and a leveller.

Alfieri. So, during the plague at Milan, if a man walked upright in the midst of it, and without a sore about him, he was a devil or an *anointer:* it was a crime and a curse not to be infected. But, signor Salomon, a poet never can be an atheist, nor can a gentleman be a leveller. For my part, I would rather walk alone in a rugged path than with the many in a smoother.

Salomon. Signor Conte, I have heard of levellers, but I have never seen one: all are disposed to level down, but nobody to level up. As for nobility, there is none in Europe beside the Venetian. Nobility must be self-constituted and independent: the free alone are noble: slavery, like death, levels all. The English comes nearest to the Venetian: they are independent, but want the main characteristic, the *self-constituted.* You have been in England, signor Conte, and can judge of them better than I can.

Alfieri. England, as you know, is governed by Pitt, the most insidious of her demagogues, and the most hostile to Aristocracy. Jealous of power, and distrustful of the people that raised him to it, he enriches and attaches to him the commercial part of the nation by the most wasteful prodigality both in finance and war, and he loosens from the landed the chief proprietors by raising them to the peerage. Nearly a third of the lords have been created by him, and prove themselves devotedly his creatures. This Empusa puts his ass's foot on the French, and his iron one on the English. He possesses not the advantage possessed by insects, which, if they see but one inch before them, see that inch distinctly. He knows not that the machine which runs on so briskly, will fall to pieces the moment it stops. He will indeed carry his point in debasing the Aristocracy; but he will equally debase the people. Undivided power he will continue to enjoy; but, after his death, none will be able to say from any visible proof or appearance, *how glorious a people did he govern!* He will have changed its character in all ranks and conditions. After this it is little to say that he will have exalted its rival, who, without his interposition, would have sunk under distress and crime. But interposition was necessary to his aggrandizement, enabling him to distribute in twenty years, if he should live so long, more wealth among his friends and partisans, than has been squandered by the uncontrolled profusion of French monarchs, from the first Louis to the last.

Salomon. How happens it that England, richer and more powerful than other states, should still contain fewer nobles?

Alfieri. The greater part of the English nobility has neither power nor title. Even those who are noble by right of possession, the hereditary lords of manors with large estates attached to them, claim no titles at home or abroad. Hence in all foreign countries the English gentleman is placed below his rank, which naturally and necessarily is far higher than that of your slipshod counts and lottery-office marquises, whose gamekeepers with their high plumes, cocked hats, and hilts of rapiers, have no other occupation than to stand behind the carriage, if the rotten plank will bear them: whose game is the wren and red-breast, and whose beat is across the market.

Menestrier, who both as a Frenchman and as a jesuit speaks contemptuously of English nobility, admits the gentlemen to this dignity. Their property, their information, their political influence, and their moral character, place them beyond measure above the titularies of our country, be the rank what it may; and it is a remarkable proof of moderation in some and of contemptuousness in others, that they do not openly claim from their king, or assume without such intervention, the titles arising from landed wealth, which conciliate the attention and civility of every class, and indeed of every individual, abroad.

It is among those who stand between the peerage and the people that there exists a greater mass of virtue and of wisdom than in the rest of Europe. Much of their dignified simplicity may be attributed to the plainness of their religion, and, what will always be imitated, to the decorous life of their king: for whatever may be the defects of either, if we compare them with others round us, they are excellent.

Salomon. A young religion jumps upon the shoulders of an older one, and soon becomes like her, by mockery of her tricks, her cant, and her decrepitude. Meanwhile the old one shakes with indignation, and swears there is neither relationship nor likeness. Was there ever a religion in the world that was not the true religion, or was there ever a king that was not the best of kings?

Alfieri. In the latter case we must have arrived nigh perfection; since it is evident from the authority of the gravest men, theologians, pro-

sidents, judges, corporations, universities, senates, that every prince is better than his father, "of blessed memory, now with God." If they continue to rise thus transcendently, earth in a little time will be incapable of holding them, and higher heavens must be raised upon the highest heavens for their reception. The lumber of our Italian courts, the most crazy part of which is that which rests upon a red cushion in a gilt chair, with stars and sheep and crosses dangling from it, must be approached as Artaxerxes and Domitian. These automatons, we are told nevertheless, are very condescending. Poor fools who tell us it! ignorant that where on one side is condescension, on the other side must be baseness. The rascals have ruined my physiognomy. I wear an habitual sneer upon my face; God confound them for it!

Salomon. This temper or constitution of mind I am afraid may do injury to your works.

Alfieri. Surely not to all: my satire at least must be the better for it.

Salomon. I think differently. No satire can be excellent where displeasure is expressed with acrimony and vehemence. When satire ceases to smile it should be momentarily, and for the purpose of inculcating a moral. Juvenal is hardly more a satirist than Lucan: he is indeed a vigorous and bold declaimer, but he stamps too often, and splashes up too much filth. We Italians have no delicacy in wit; we have indeed no conception of it; we fancy we must be weak if we are not offensive. The scream of Pulcinello is imitated more easily than the masterly strokes of Plautus, or the sly insinuations of Catullus and of Flaccus.

Alfieri. We are the least witty of men because we are the most trifling.

Salomon. You would persuade me then that to be witty one must be grave: this is surely a contradiction.

Alfieri. I would persuade you only, that banter, pun, and quibble, are the properties of light men and shallow capacities; that genuine humour and true wit require a sound and capacious mind; which is always a grave one. Contemptuousness is not incompatible with them: worthless is that man who feels no contempt for the worthless, and weak who treats their emptiness as a thing of weight. At first it may seem a paradox, but it is perfectly true, that the gravest nations have been the wittiest; and in those nations some of the gravest men. In England Swift and Addison, in Spain Cervantes. Rabelais and La Fontaine are recorded by their countrymen to have been *rieurs*. Few men have been graver than Pascal; few have been wittier.

Salomon. It is indeed a remarkable thing that such should be the case among the moderns: it does not appear to have been so among the ancients.

Alfieri. I differ from you, M. Salomon. When we turn toward the Athenians, we find many comic writers, but few facetious. Menander, if we may judge from his fragments, had less humour than Socrates. Quintilian says of Demosthenes, "non displicuisse illi jocos sed non contigisse." In this he was less fortunate than Phocion and Cicero. Facility in making men smile gives a natural air to a great orator, and adds thereby much effect to what he says, provided it come discreetly. It is in him somewhat like affability in a prince; excellent if used with caution. Everyone must have perceived how frequently those are brought over by a touch of humour who have resisted the force of argument and entreaty. Cicero thought in this manner on wit. Writing to his brother, he mentions a letter from him "Aristophanico modo, valde mehercule et suavem et gravem." Among the Romans, the gravest nation after the English, I think Cicero and Catullus were the wittiest. Cicero from his habits of life and studies must have been grave; Catullus we may believe to have been so, from his being tender and impassioned in the more serious part of his poetry.

Salomon. This is to me no proof; for the most tender and impassioned of all poets is Shakspeare, who certainly was himself far removed from gravity, however much of it he imparted to some personages of his drama.

Alfieri. That Shakspeare was gay and pleasurable in conversation I can easily admit; for there never was a mind at once so plastic and so pliant; but, without much gravity, could there have been that potency and comprehensiveness of thought, that depth of feeling, that creation of imperishable ideas, that sojourn in the souls of other men? He was amused in his workshop; such was society. But when he left it, he meditated intensely upon those limbs and muscles on which he was about to bestow new action, grace, and majesty; and so great an intensity of meditation must have strongly impressed his whole character.

Salomon. You will however allow that we have no proof of gravity in Horace or Plautus.

Alfieri. On the contrary, I think we have many. Horace, like all the pusillanimous, was malignant: like all courtiers, he yielded to the temper of his masters. His lighter touches were agreeable less to his own nature than to the nature of Augustus and Mecænas, both of them fond of trifling; but in his *Odes* and his *Discourses* there is more of gravity than of gaiety. That he was libidinous is no proof that he was playful; for often such men are even melancholic.

Plautus, rich in language, rich in reflection, rich in character, is oftener grave than could have suited the inclinations of a coarse and tumultuous populace. What but the strong bent of his nature could have moved him to it? The English display an equal share of facetiousness and of *humour* (as they call it) in their comedies.

Salomon. I do not understand the distinction.

Alfieri. Nor indeed is it well understood by many of their best authors. It is no uncommon thing to hear, "*He has humour rather than wit.*" Here the expression can only mean *pleasantry:* for whoever has humour has wit, although it does

not follow that whoever has wit has humour. Humour is wit appertaining to character, and indulges in breadth of drollery rather than in play and brilliancy of point. Wit vibrates and spirts; humour springs up exuberantly as from a fountain, and runs on. In Congreve you wonder what he will say next: in Addison you repose on what is said, listening with assured expectation of something congenial and pertinent. The French have little humour because they have little character: they excel all nations in wit because of their levity and sharpness. The personages on their theatre are generic.

Salomon. You do allow that they are facetious: from you no small concession.

Alfieri. This I do concede to them; and no person will accuse me of partiality in their favour. Not only are they witty, but when they discover a witty thing, they value it so highly that they reserve it for the noblest purposes, such as tragedies, sermons, and funeral orations. Whenever a king of theirs is inaugurated at Rheims, a string of witticisms is prepared for him during his whole reign, regularly as the civil list; regularly as menageries, oratories, orangeries, wife, confessor, waterworks, fireworks, gardens, parks, forests, and chases. Sometimes one is put into his mouth when he is too empty, sometimes when he is too full; but he always hath his due portion, take it when or how he may. A decent one, somewhat less indeed than that of their sovran, is reserved for the princes of the blood; the greater part of which is usually packed up with their camp-equipage; and I have seen a label to a *bon mot*, on which was written "Brillant comme la réponse de Henri IV. quand" . . . But the occasion had not been invented.

We Italians sometimes fall into what, if you will not call it witticism, you may call the plasma of witticism, by mere mistake, and against our genius. A blunder, by its very stumbling, is often carried a little beyond what was aimed at, and falls upon something which, if it be not wit, is invested with its powers.

Salomon. I have had opportunities to observe the obtuseness of the Tuscans in particular on these matters. Lately I lent my *Molière* to a man of talents; and when he returned the volumes, I asked him how he liked them: *Per Bacco*, he exclaimed, "the names are very comical; Sguanarelli and those others." They who have no wit of their own, are ignorant of it when it occurs, mistake it, and misapply it. A sailor found upon the shore a piece of amber; he carried it home, and, as he was fond of fiddling, began to rub it across the strings of his violin. It would not answer. He then broke some pieces off, boiled them in blacking, and found to his surprise and disquiet that it gave no fresh lustre to the shoe-leather. "What are you about?" cried a messmate. "Smell it, man; it is amber." "The devil take it," cried the finder, "I fancied it was rosin;" and he threw it into the sea. We despise what we cannot use.

Alfieri. Your observations on Italian wit are correct. Even our comedies are declamatory: long speeches and inverted sentences overlay and stifle the elasticity of humour. The great Machiavelli is, whatever M. de Voltaire may assert to the contrary, a coarse comedian; hardly better than the cardinal Bibiena, poisoned by the Holiness of our Lord Pope Leo for wearying him with wit.*

Salomon. His Holiness took afterward a stirrup-cup of the same brewery, and never had committed the same offence, poor man! I should

* If Cardinal Bibiena was poisoned by Leo, an opinion to which the profligacy of the pope gave rise, and the malignity of men reception, it should be recorded in justice to his Holiness that he wished to protect the family. We find among the letters of Bembo a very beautiful and energetic one written in the name of Leo to Francis I., relating to Bibiena. There is something not unsuspicious in the mode of expression, where he repeats that, although Bibiena thinks himself sure of dying, *there appears to be no immediate danger . . . if it should happen, &c.*

"Cum Bernardus Bibiena cardinalis aliquot jam dies ex *stomacho* laboret, *magisque timore quodam suo quam morbi vi urgente*, brevi se existimet moriturum . . . Quanquam enim nihildum sanè video, quo quidem de illius vitâ sit omnino magnopere timendum. Si id accidat quod ipse *suspicatur*, tua in illum munificentia tuumque præclarum munus non statim neque unà cum ipsius vitâ extinguatur, præsertim cum ei tam breve temporis spatium illo ipso tuo munere frui licuerit, ut ante amissum videri possit quam quale quantumve fuerit percipi ab illo cognoscive potuerit . . . Ut ipse, si moriendum ei sit, &c."

The Italians are too credulous on poison, which at one period was almost a natural death among them. Englishmen were shocked at the confidence with which they asserted it of two personages, who occupied in the world a rank and interest due to neither, and one of whom died in England, the other in Elba.

The last words of the letter are ready to make us unbelievers of Leo's guilt in this business. What exquisite language! what expressions of zeal and sincerity!

"Quæ quidem omnia non tam propterea colligo, quod non illud unum existimem apud te plurimum valituram, amorem scilicet erga illum tuum, itemque incredibilem ipsius in te cultum, quod initio dixi, sed ut mihi ipsi, qui id magnopere cupio, satisfaciam; ne perfamiliari ac pernecessario meo, mihique charissimo ac suavissimo atque in omni vitæ munere probatissimo, mea benevolentia meusque amor hoc extremo ejus vitæ tempore, si hoc extremum erit, plane defuisse videatur."

In the tenth book of these epistles there is one addressed to the Cardinal, by which the Church of Loretto is placed under his care, with every rank of friendship and partiality.

"De tuâ enim in Divam pietate, in rem Romanam studio, in me autem, cui quidem familiæque meæ omnia pene usque a puero summæ cum integritatis et fidei, tum vero curæ atque diligentiæ egregia atque præclara officia præstitisti, perveteri observantiâ voluntateque admonitus, nihil est rerum omnium quod tibi recte mandari credique posse non existimem."

It is not in human nature that a man ever capable of these feelings toward anyone, should poison him, when no powerful interest or deep revenge was to be gratified: the opinion, nevertheless, has prevailed; and it may be attributed to a writer not altogether free from malignity, a scorner of popes and princes, and especially hostile to the Medicean family. Paolo Giovio says that Bibiena was poisoned in a *fresh egg*. The sixteenth century was *the age of poison*. Bibiena was poisoned, we may believe; not however by Leo, who loved him as being his preceptor. Leo sent him into France to persuade Francis I. to enter into a league against the Turks. The object of this league was, to divert both him and Charles V. from Italy, and to give the preponderating power in it to the family of Medici.

have thought the opinion of Voltaire less erroneous on wit, although it carries no weight with it on poetry or harmony.

Alfieri. It is absurd to argue with a Frenchman on anything relating to either. The Spaniards have no palate, the Italians no scent, the French no ear. Garlic and grease and the most nauseous of pulse are the favourite cheer of the Spaniard; the olfactory nerves of the Italian endure anything but odoriferous flowers and essences; and no sounds but soft ones offend the Frenchman.

Salomon. And yet several of the French prose-writers are more harmonious than the best of ours.

Alfieri. In the construction of their sentences they have obtained from study, what sensibility has denied them. Rousseau is an exception: he beside is the only musical composer that ever had a tolerable ear for prose. Music is both sunshine and irrigation to the mind; but when it occupies and covers it too long, it debilitates and corrupts it. Sometimes I have absorbed music so totally, that nothing was left of it in its own form: my ear detained none of the notes, none of the melody: they went into the heart immediately, mingled with the spirit, and lost themselves among the operations of the fancy, whose finest and most recondite springs they put simultaneously and vigorously in motion. Rousseau kept it subordinate; which must always be done with music as well as with musicians. He excels all the moderns in the harmony of his periods.

Salomon. I have heard it reported that you prefer Pascal.

Alfieri. Certainly on the whole I consider him the most perfect of writers.

Salomon. Many other of the French theologians are said to be highly eloquent: but theology is without attraction for me, so that I am ignorant of their merit.

Alfieri. How deplorable, that whatever is excellent in modern style, should, with hardly any deduction, be displayed by Fanaticism! I am little more interested by the contentions of Fénélon and Bossuet than I am by the *Cristo Bianco* and *Cristo Nero* of the Neapolitan rabble . . two processional idols, you must know, which are regularly carried home with broken heads.

Salomon. I dare not hazard a word upon these worthies. You, who had a Catholic father and whose blood is truly Christian, may ridicule them with impunity: the people who would laugh with you, would stone me. Our incurable diarrhœa of words should not always make you take the other side of the road. Machiavelli is admirable for precision of style, no less than for acuteness of argument and depth of thought. Guicciardini, if his sentences were properly stopped, would be found in general both full and concise, whatever may be asserted to the contrary by the fastidious and inattentive.

Alfieri. I have often thought the same. As for Machiavelli, I would rather have written his *Discourses on the first Decade of Livius* (in which nothing is amiss but the title) than all the volumes, prose and poetry, of Voltaire. If the *Florentine History* is not so interesting as the more general one of Guicciardini, there is the same reason for it as there is that the *Batrachomyomachia* is not so interesting as the *Iliad*.

Salomon. Certainly no race of men upon earth ever was so unwarlike, so indifferent to national dignity and to personal honour, as the Florentines are now: yet in former days a certain pride, arising from a resemblance in their government to that of Athens, excited a vivifying desire of approximation, where no danger or loss accompanied it; and Genius was no less confident of his security than of his power. Look from the window. That cottage on the declivity was Dante's: that square and large mansion, with a circular garden before it elevated artificially, was the first scene of Boccaccio's *Decameron*. A boy might stand at an equal distance between them, and break the windows of each with his sling. What idle fabricator of crazy systems will tell me that Climate is the creator of Genius? The climate of Austria is more regular and more temperate than ours, which I am inclined to believe is the most variable in the whole universe, subject, as you have perceived, to heavy fogs for two months in winter, and to a stifling heat, concentrated within the hills, for five more. Yet, a single man of genius hath never appeared in the whole extent of Austria, an extent several thousand times greater than our city; and this very street has given birth to fifty.

Alfieri. Since the destruction of the republic, Florence has produced only one great man, Galileo, and abandoned him to every indignity that fanaticism and despotism could invent. Extraordinary men, like the stones that are formed in the higher regions of the air, fall upon the earth only to be broken and cast into the furnace. The precursor of Newton lived in the deserts of the moral world, drank water, and ate locusts and wild honey. It was fortunate that his head also was not lopped off: had a singer asked it, instead of a dancer, it would have been.

Salomon. In fact it was: for the fruits of it were shaken down and thrown away: he was forbidden to publish the most important of his discoveries, and the better part of his manuscripts was burnt after his death.

Alfieri. Yes, signor Salomon, those things may rather be called our heads than this knob above the shoulder, of which (as matters stand) we are rather the porters than the proprietors, and which is really the joint concern of barber and dentist.

Salomon. Our thoughts, if they may not rest at home, may wander freely. Delighting in the remoter glories of my native city, I forget at times its humiliation and ignominy. A town so little that the voice of a cabbage-girl in the midst of it may be heard at the extremities, reared within three centuries a greater number of citizens illustrious for their genius, than all the remainder of the Continent (excepting her sister Athens) in six thousand years. My ignorance of the Greek for-

bids me to compare our Dante with Homer. The propriety and force of language and the harmony of verse in the glorious Grecian are quite lost to me. Dante had not only to compose a poem, but in great part a language. Fantastical as the plan of his poem is, and, I will add, uninteresting and uninviting; unimportant, mean, contemptible, as are nine-tenths of his characters and his details, and wearisome as is the scheme of his versification; there are more thoughts highly poetical, there is more reflection, and the nobler properties of mind and intellect are brought into more intense action, not only than in the whole course of French poetry, but also in the whole of Continental: nor do I think (I must here also speak with hesitation) that any one drama of Shakspeare contains so many. Smile as you will, signor Conte: what must I think of a city where Michel-Angelo, Frate Bartolomeo, Ghiberti (who formed them), Guicciardini, and Machiavelli, were secondary men? And certainly such were they, if we compare them with Galileo and Boccacio and Dante.

Alfieri. I smiled from pure delight, which I rarely do: for I take an interest deep and vital in such men, and in those who appreciate them rightly and praise them unreservedly. These are my fellow-citizens: I acknowledge no other: we are of the same tribe, of the same household: I bow to them as being older than myself, and I love them as being better.

Salomon. Let us hope that our Italy is not yet effete. Filangieri died but lately: what think you of him?

Alfieri. If it were possible that I could ever see his statue in a square at Constantinople, though I should be scourged for an idolater, I would kiss the pedestal. As this, however, is less likely than that I should suffer for writing satirically, and as criticism is less likely to mislead me than speculation, I will revert to our former subject.

Indignation and contempt may be expressed in other poems than such as are usually called satires. Filicaia, in his celebrated address to Italy, steers a middle course.

Salomon. True, he is neither indignant nor contemptuous: but the verses of Michel-Angelo would serve rather for an example, added to which they are much better.

Alfieri. In fact the former part of Filicaia's is verbose and confused: let us analyse them.

> "Italia, Italia, o tu cui *die'* la sorte
> *Dono* infelice di bellezza, onde hai
> Funesta *dote* d' infiniti guai,
> Che in fronte scritti *per gran doglia* porti."

Fate gives the *gift*, and this *gift* gives the dowry, which dowry consists of infinite *griefs*, and these griefs Italy carries written on her brow, through great *sorrow!*

> "Deh, fosti tu *men* bella o *almen* più forte!"

Men and *almen* sound wretchedly: he might have written *oppur* *. There are those who would persuade us that verbal criticism is unfair, and that few poems can resist it. The truth of the latter assertion by no means establishes the former: all good criticism hath its foundation on verbal. Long dissertations are often denominated criticisms, without one analysis; instead of which it is thought enough to say; "There is nothing finer in our language ... we can safely recommend ... imbued with the true spirit ... destined to immortality, &c."

A perfect piece of criticism must exhibit *where* a work is good or bad; *why* it is good or bad; in what degree it is good or bad; must also demonstrate in what manner and to what extent the same ideas or reflections have come to others, and, if they be clothed in poetry, why, by an apparently slight variation, what in one author is mediocrity, in another is excellence. I have never seen a critic of Florence or Pisa or Milan or Bologna, who did not commend and admire the sonnet of Cassiani on the rape of Proserpine, without a suspicion of its manifold and grave defects. Few sonnets are indeed so good; but if we examine it attentively, we shall discover its flaws and patches.

> "Die' un alto stridio, gittò i fiori, e volta
> All' improvisa *mano* che la *cinse*,
> Tutta in se *per la tema onde fù colta*
> La Siciliana vergine si strinse."

The *hand* is inadequate to embrace a *body: strinse*, which comes after, would have done better: and the two last verses tell only what the two first had told, and feebly: nothing can be more so than the *tema onde fù colta.*

> "Il nero dio la calda bocca involta
> D' ispido pelo a ingordo bacio spinse,
> E di stigia fuligin con la folta
> Barba l'eburnea gola *e il sen le tinse.*"

Does not this describe the devils of our carnival, rather than the majestic brother of Jupiter, at whose side upon asphodel and amaranth the sweet Persephone sits pensively contented, in that deep motionless quiet which mortals pity and which the gods enjoy; rather than him who, under the umbrage of Elysium, gazes at once upon all the beauties that on earth were separated; Helena and Eriphyle, Polyxena and Hermione, Deidamia and Deianira, Leda and Omphale, Atalanta and Cydippe, Laodamia with her arm round the neck of a fond youth whom she still seems afraid of losing, and, apart, the daughters of Niobe clinging to their parent.

Salomon. These images are better than satires; but continue, in preference to other thoughts or pursuits, the noble career you have entered. Be contented, signor Conte, with the glory of our first great dramatist, and neglect altogether any

> "Dov' è, Italia, il tuo braccio? e a che ti *servi*
> Tu dell' altrui? Non è, se io scorgo il vero,
> Di chi ti offende il difensor men fero..
> Ambi nemici sono: ambi fur *servi.*
> Così dunque l' onor, così con*servi*
> Gli avanzi tu del glorioso impero?
> Così al valor, così al valor primiero
> (Che a te fede giurò) la fede os*servi*?"

* There is another sonnet of Filicaia *to Italy*, remarkable *for identity* of sound in four correspondent closes.

inferior one. Why vex and torment yourself about the French? They buzz and are troublesome while they are swarming; but the master will soon hive them. Is the whole nation worth the worst of your tragedies? All the present race of them, all the creatures in the world which excite your indignation, will lie in the grave, while young and old are clapping their hands or beating their bosoms at your *Bruto Primo*. Consider also that kings and emperors should in your estimation be but as grasshoppers and beetles: let them consume a few blades of your clover, without molesting them, without bringing them to crawl on you and claw you. The difference between them and men of genius is almost as great as between men of genius and those higher Intelligences, who act in immediate subordination to the Almighty. Yes, I assert it, without flattery and without fear, the Angels are not higher above mortals, than you are above the proudest that trample on them.

Alfieri. I believe, sir, you were the first in commending my tragedies.

Salomon. He who first praises a good book becomingly, is next in merit to the author.

Alfieri. As a writer and as a man I know my station: if I found in the world five equal to myself, I would walk out of it, not to be jostled.

I must now, signor Salomon, take my leave of you; for his Eminence my coachman and their Excellencies my horses are waiting.

JOHNSON AND TOOKE.

SECOND CONVERSATION.

Tooke. I am lying in my form, a poor timid hare, and turning my eyes back on the field I have gone through: has not Doctor Johnson a long lash to start me with?

Johnson. Take your own course.

Tooke. Expect then a circuitous and dodging one. Our hospitable friend, by inviting me so soon again to meet you, proves to me his high opinion of your toleration and endurance.

Johnson. Sir, we can endure those who bring us information and are unwilling to obtrude it.

Tooke. I can promise the latter only. We are two somnambulists who have awakened each other by meeting. Let us return to our old quarters, and pick up words, as before, now our eyes are open.

Johnson. Is your coat-sleeve well furnished with little slips and scraps, as it was when we met last?

Tooke. I am much afraid that I may have forgotten what I then brought forward; and if by chance I should occasionally make the same remark over again on the same word, I must bespeak your indulgence and pardon.

Johnson. I wish, sir, you had not bowed to me in that manner when you spoke your last words: such an act of courtesy brings all the young ladies about us. They can not be much interested by our conversation.

Tooke. That must entirely depend on you. But as our language, like the Greek, the Latin, and the French, may be purified and perfected by the ladies, I hope you will interest them in the discussion, to which this evening I bring only slight materials.

You frown on them, Doctor! but you would not drive them away; and they know it. They fear your frown no more than the sparrows and linnets, in old times, feared the scythe and other implements of the garden-god.

'Hanged, drawn, and quartered.' Such is the sequence of words employed in the sentence on traitors.

Johnson. And, sir, are you here to remark it?

Tooke. It seems so; and not without the need.

Johnson. Traitors must first have been *drawn* to the place of punishment.

Tooke. True; and hence a vulgar error in the learned. A sportsman will tell you that a hare is *drawn* when its entrails are taken out. The traitor was *drawn*, surely enough, to the block or gallows; but the law always states its sentences clearly, although its provisions and enactments not so. The things to be suffered come in due order. Here the criminal is first hanged, then *drawn*, then his body is cut into quarters.

Johnson. I believe you may be right. You have not answered me whether you come supplied with your instruments of torture, your grammatical questions.

Tooke. I have many of these in my memory, and some on the back of a letter. Permit me first to ask whether we can say, *I had hear?*

Johnson. You mean to say *heard*.

Tooke. No; I mean the words *I had hear*.

Johnson. Why ask me so idle a question?

Tooke. Because I find in the eighth chapter of *Rasselas*, "I *had* rather *hear* thee dispute." The intervention of *rather* can not make it more or less proper.

Johnson. Sir, you are right. I hope you do not very often find such inaccuracies in my writings. Can you point out another?

Tooke. I should do it with less pleasure than ease; and I doubt whether there is one in fifty pages; which is indeed no moderate concession, no ordinary praise: for we English are less attentive to correctness and purity of style than any other nation, ancient or modern, that ever pretended to elegance or erudition.

Johnson. Sir, you have reason on your side.

Tooke. In having Doctor Johnson with me.

Johnson. I have observed the truth of what you say, and I wonder I never have published my remark.

Tooke. Permit me, my dear sir, to partake of your wonder on this subject; you have excited mine on so many. But since you authorise me to

adduce an instance of your incorrectness, for which I ought to be celebrated among the great discoverers . . .

Johnson. No flattery, sir! no distortion of body! stand upright and speak out.

Tooke. The second paragraph in *Rasselas* is this: "Rasselas was the fourth son of the mighty Emperor in whose dominions the father of waters begins his course; whose bounty, &c." Now *whose* must grammatically appertain to "the mighty Emperor." But we soon discover by the context that it belongs to "the father of waters."

Johnson. I am afraid you are correct.

Tooke. My dear sir! let us never be afraid of any man's possessing this advantage, but always of his having fraud and falsehood. Reason will come over to our side if we pay her due respect when we find her on the side of an adversary. But I am not yours: let her sit between us, and let us enjoy her smiles and court her approbation.

Johnson (*aside*). Strange man! it is difficult to think him half so wicked as he is. But I am inclined to believe that we may be marvellously infatuated by a mountebank's civility.

Tooke. Doctor, if your soliloquy is terminated, as your turning round to me again seems to indicate, may I ask whether the Nile is legitimately the father of waters? The Ocean seems to possess a prior right: and the Eridanus has enjoyed the prescriptive title, *King of Rivers*, from collecting a greater number of streams than any known among the ancients. But the Nile, as far as the ancients knew, collected none.

Johnson. Insufferably captious.

Tooke. The captious are never insufferable where nothing is to be caught. Let us set others right as often as we can, without hurting them or ourselves. If this is to be done in either, the setting right is an expensive process.

Johnson. Begin, sir.

Tooke. We will begin our amicable engagement in the same manner as hostilities in the field are usually begun. A few straggling troops fire away first, from hedges and bushes. As far indeed as I am concerned, there will be no order throughout the whole, from first to last. Whatever the part of speech may be, it pretends to the advantages of no lineal descent, and claims no right of appointing a successor. As we appeal to the Roman laws in grammar rather than to the custom of the land: pray why are not "resist*a*nce," and "attend*a*nce," spelt with *e*, like "resid*e*nce" and "permanence," all proceeding from particles of the same form, "resist*e*ns," "attend*e*ns," "resid*e*ns," "perma-"nens?" We write "correspondent," "student," "penit*e*nt," "resident," yet we always find "assist*a*nt."

Johnson. This, like most irregularities, arises from inattention and slovenliness, not from ignorance or perverseness. Is it not also strange that *won* should be the preterite of win? when "begun" is the preterite of "begin."

Tooke. Strange indeed. Ben Jonson uses *wun* in his comedy of *Every Man in his Humour*. So, if we write *said* and *paid*, why not *staid* and *praid?* If we write *laid* why not *allaid* and *delaid?* Now for a substantive or two. South properly writes "begger." Waller, in the same age, "veget*a*ls," which I think is preferable to "veget*a*bles." There is a reason why the word "eatables" is better spelt as at present. We want "contra*dictive*" for the person, as well as "contra*dicting*" for the thing. We had it and have lost it, while we see other old words brought into use again very indiscreetly. Among the rest the word *wend*. There is no need of it, unless in poetry. In certain new books we find *wended*. There is properly no such word: Spenser has coined it unlawfully. *Went* is the preterite of *wend*, as *lent* of *lend*, *spent* of *spend*, *bent* of *bend*. These are among the few verbs which do not possess two forms of the preterite; the one ending in *ed*, the other in *t*: as *pass*, *passed*, *past*; *ceases*, *ceased*, *ceast*. There can be no such word as "pass'*d*," "ceas'*d*," though we find them printed. We write, "I talk*ed*, I walk*ed*, I march*ed*," but such words never existed, for these words never were pronounced, and the others never could be. Writing is but the sign of speech; and *such* writing is a false signal. No word ought to be so written that it can not be pronounced; but when we have the same word before us written plainly, it is a strange perversion to reject the commodious spelling. It is as improper to write *alledge* or *abridge* (abrege) as *colledge* or *knowledge*. *Kerchief* also is wrongly spelt: it has nothing to do with "ch*ief*." Milton writes in the *Penseroso*

"Kercheft in a comely cloud."

We, in imitation of the French, say, "ten *times* as *high*;" the Italians "ten *turns*" (dieci *volte*); the Romans and Greeks expressed it by the simple adverb. *Highth* has nothing to do with time: here is an ellipsis, "ten times *told*." I now proceed to a favourite word of yours, which is wrongly spelt: *allegiance*. In its present form it appears to come from *allege*, or (as we write it) *alledge*; whereas it comes from *liege*, and should be spelt "all*ie*geance."

Johnson. You have asked me many questions; let me ask you one. What think you of calling a female writer an *author*, in which the terminating syllable expresses the noun masculine?

Tooke. Since we in English have no nouns masculine by declension, I see no reason why we should not extend the privileges of those we adopt: a queen may be called a governor, and a godmother a sponsor: I wish we had authority for terminating the words in *ess* as we have for writing others which usually end in *or*. As our English terminations in few words designate the genders, I should not hesitate.

Johnson. Do you hesitate at anything?

Tooke. At differing in opinion from a superior.

Johnson. Superior! do you admit superiors?

Tooke. I do not admit that a ducal coronet may constitute one, nor that men can make great him whom God has made little: the attempt is foolish

and impious. But whoever has improved by industry the talents his Maker has bestowed on him, to a greater amount than I have done, is my superior. If brighter wit, if acuter judgment, if more creative genius, are allotted him, I reverence in his person a greater than I am, and believe that Almighty God has granted me the sight of him and conversation with him, that I may feel at once my own wants and my own powers: that I may be at once humble and grateful.

Johnson. You? you?

Tooke (bows). Accept the sign of both, however inadequate the expression.

Johnson. This is really stooping to conquer. I was wrong and rude. I will not offend so again.

Tooke. I am encouraged to pursue my inquiries. What do you think of *horse-godmother* and *horse-laugh?*

Johnson. Expressions of coarseness. The Greeks, instead of *horse*, employed *ox*. *Boumastos*, the *bumastus* of Virgil's Georgics, is a large species of grape: *boupais* is our *booby*.

Tooke. Very true, Doctor! but may I whisper in your ear my suspicion that the *horse* has nothing to do with the *godmother* or the *laugh*. Indeed I believe no animal has less the appearance of laughter, or is less liable to those outward and visible signs of sickness which sometimes are attributed to him in the comparison, "Sick as a horse." The *godmother* of the personage I whispered to you may readily be imagined a very coarse and indelicate one; her *laughter* suitable to her character; and her *house* by no means salubrious: and *horse* is designated by the possessive *s*, as in Saint Clement's, Saint Paul's.

Johnson. I have been looking into a few old authors for their modes of spelling; and remembering the better one of writing *stil*, and the many instances where, by being spelt with a double l, it might easily be mistaken for the adjective; I took the trouble to write them down. There was indeed an age in our literature when such confusion was thought a beauty. Sir Philip Sidney, in the best of his poems, says

> "Now be *still*; yet *still* believe me, &c."

In another poem of a later author I find

> "Lie *still*, sweet maid, and wait the Almighty will
> Then rise unchanged and be an angel *still*.

How much better would these verses be if the first words were

> "*Rest here*, sweet maid."

Tooke. Unquestionably. But perhaps the learned author had Sir P. Sidney in his eye, and was not undelighted with the pleasurable vices of poetry in such company.

Johnson. We need not poke into holes nor pry into corners for old expressions or old modes of spelling. They lie open, on a wide field, in full sunshine. Cowley always writes the preterites and participles *extinguisht, possest, disperst, refresht, nourisht, stopt, knockt, dreamt, burnt, usurpt, reacht.* Daniel and Drayton, among the poets; Waller, Cleaveland, and Cowley, in prose; are the first who wrote as easily as we write at present. The only poetry I can bring to memory which is perfectly such in regard to language as might be written at the present day, is Daniel's

> "I must not grieve my love, whose eyes should read
> Lines of delight, &c."

Tooke. Permit me to return with you to the verbs. To *lead* is *led* in the preterite, so should *read* be *red*. We have wisely curtailed the final *e*, and may just as wisely curtail the unnecessary reduplication of *d*: for nobody can mistake in any sentence the verb for the adjective. In such words as *amerced, coerced*, &c., the abbreviators of the last and present age usually omit the *e*; but the earlier wrote *amerst, coerst*, to designate that one syllable was added unnecessarily. I have seen letters from the historian Hume, in which he constantly writes *talkt, remarkt, lavisht, askt.* In his printed works the compositor and publisher would never permit it.

Johnson. What improvement, in style or anything else, can be expected from a free-thinker?

Tooke. Among a thousand deteriorations I remember but one improvement in writing since my childhood.

Johnson. What is that?

Tooke. Of late I have remarked that the generality of authors no longer write every substantive with a capital letter.

Johnson. It makes an unseemly appearance in the type.

Tooke. The unseemliness is not equal to the absurdity; nor does it matter whether this letter or that letter be pretty in its form, or whether it vault with its head above the surface, or dive with its feet under.

Johnson. I see indeed no reason why we should employ the capital letter in the middle of the sentence, unless in proper names, in the names of people and countries, in the months, the days, and in the appellations and attributes of the Deity.

Tooke. The French, if I may venture an opinion, are more elegant than we are in their usage, when they curtail the number of capitals.

Johnson. The wretches do not write even *Dieu* with one!

Tooke. No doubt they are very wretched in this oversight: but perhaps they believe that God is hardly to be made greater by a great letter.

Johnson. This is scoffing: I scorn to answer it. And pray, sir, in your reviling, what would you do with *Angels* and *Sirens?*

Tooke. As they happen to be present, pray ask of themselves what I should do with them, and assure them I am all compliance.

Lady to another. The impudent creature! Did you ever hear the like?

Lady in answer. How should I? I am married.

Johnson. If you terminate your preterites and participles in *est* instead of *essed*, which you may do, as there is no innovation in it, you must, to be consistent, spell several of those ending in *ed* without the *e*, as *improv'd*.

Tooke. Certainly some others; not those; for

the vowel gives here the grave sound which the syllable requires. Negligent and thoughtless writers have done it; so they have even in *amerced, coerced.* But if they take away a letter where it is wanted, they put one where it is not; and we continue in this extravagance when we write "worshippers" and "counsellors," for which we have less plea than our predecessors, who wrote "worshippe" and "counsell."

Johnson. Although I agree with you on many points, after reflecting upon the matter, I cannot give my assent to the Anglicising of Greek plurals, such as *phenomena, scholia, encomia.* How would you manage some Latin ones? such for instance as *genii.*

Tooke. We must retain the plural *genii* when we refer to the imaginary beings of Oriental fable; that there may be a distinction between these and such real and solid ones as Doctor Johnson, which, according to our idiom and custom, we call *geniuses.* If you insist on retaining the terminations of Greek nouns, then, Doctor, the pleasing task must devolve on you of teaching ladies the Greek grammar. But if they do not accept the plurals of other languages, why should they of this? They say *signors,* and not *signori.*

Now we find ourselves dropped suddenly on designations in society, is it not wonderful that we should apply to the clergy two names so extremely different in their import as the *divine* and the *cloth.* Among the well-dressed gentlemen we may have happened to meet in society, I doubt whether a single one would be contented to be called a piece of haberdashery: and as for a *divine,* the young lady yonder, I mean the tall and slender one, with soft, dark, pensive eyes, and eye-brows not too arched nor too definite, is incomparably more one to my fancy than his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Johnson. I do not see nor heed the girl.

Tooke. If you could do the one without the other, you would have more philosophy than our discourse requires.

Johnson. My worthy sir! I do request you will be somewhat more circumspect in your observations.

Tooke. Many thanks, Doctor! some of them for the advice, and others for two suggestions. *Worth* and *worthy* are subjected to the same construction. I would say, for distinction-sake, "*worth* any price," and "worthy of my esteem." The *of,* which is now omitted after *worthy,* would be only as wrongly added after *worth.* The other day I received a letter from a person who really can read and write rather better than you would suppose, and I found in it *marquess* instead of *marquis.*

Johnson. Sir, the word *marquess* will be a very proper term for *marquis* whenever, by some miraculous power, he becomes his own wife. I wonder that no writer of common sense has remarked that *marquess* for the lady is better than *marchioness.* My reason is plain enough: it is more proper to assimilate it to its native French than to barbarous Latin: neither the French nor the Italian authorise the form of *marchioness.*

Tooke. Would not *circumspective* be a better form than *circumspect?* as corresponding with *prospective* and *retrospective?*

Johnson. It would. I can not but think that so irregular a locution was at first occasioned by abbreviation in manuscripts: *circumspect* would otherwise be a substantive, like *prospect* and *retrospect.* Now why do you not draw up into a regular and orderly composition these remarks?

Tooke. Even if the thing were worth it, I would never take the trouble, well knowing how impatient an English public is of any changes for the better. And yet by some unaccountable chance, we have latterly made one improvement in our language, among infinite deteriorations.

Johnson. What is it?

Tooke. The restoration of *that* or *which,* in cases of need. The omission is peculiarly observable among the dramatists; the later follow the older, and limp awkwardly in the rear. Addison and Rowe for instance,

> "I would not hear a word
> Should lessen thee in my esteem."

And,

> "Curse on the innovating hand attempts it."

Custom can never make English of this, because it never can make sense of it. In fact, the relative should only be omitted where a pronoun is concerned. On the other hand, the insertion of it, where it can be well avoided, is among the principal blemishes of ordinary writers. In most places I would eradicate this stiff, hard, thriftless plantain which overruns our literature.

Johnson. At some time, I doubt not, these observations will be carefully collected and duly estimated.

Tooke. The Sibylline leaves, which contain the changes of an empire, as these do of a language, were disconnected and loose. The great difference is, that, although mine may be refused at their value, a light breath will not scatter and confuse them, blow it whence it may.

Johnson. Your former conversation has made me think repeatedly what a number of beautiful words there are of which we never think of estimating the value, as there are of blessings. How carelessly, for example, do we (not we, but people) say, "I am delighted to *hear from you.*" No other language has this beautiful expression, which, like some of the most lovely flowers, loses its charms for want of close inspection. When I consider the deep sense of these very simple and very common words, I seem to hear a voice coming from afar through the air, breathed forth, and entrusted to the care of the elements, for the nurture of my sympathy.

Tooke. Since we are become a learned nation, not only the words we have cast aside, but also those we have substituted in the place of them, are mostly injudicious; and such others as we have taken the trouble to construct are

unskilful botches. What think you of the word *scientific?* which doubtless some *scientific* man brought into the world?

Johnson. What should I think about it?

Tooke. That it is *unscientific.* Now *fic* comes from *fingere* and means *making. Prolific* is *making* a progeny: *scientific* is not *making* a science, but adding to the improvement or advancement of one already made.

There are other forms so long and so well established in the mind, that we would hardly alter them if we could. For instance, *eve* and *evening* are the same: so are *morn* and *morning.* Christmas eve is the *evening* or (largely used) the *day* before Christmas. Yet we should be stared at if we said *Monday evening* or *eve,* meaning Tuesday. Nevertheless, if we were always bound by strict analogy, we should speak so. I would be guided by analogy no farther than where I am in danger of being led into ambiguities by neglecting it. A man would be stared at who should call *this morning, to-morrow.*

Among the phrases lately brought back again into use, is the very idle and inefficient *ever and anon.* An apparition at once so grave and so shadowy makes an unseemly figure in the frippery and tinsel of a circulating library.

Johnson. I wonder that the expression was *ever* formed; and that having been formed, it was not *anon* exposed and left to perish.

Tooke. But the oddest expression in our language is *many a one.* The Italians have *tutti e tre:* for *all three,* "all *and* three," *tutti e quattro, &c.*

Johnson. We have also a strange expression in *never* for *no;* thus, *ne'er a one of them.*"

Tooke. Ne'er in this instance has no reference to time, but properly to person: *ne'er* here is an awkward contraction of *nowhere.* This is intelligible to all, however few at first sight may be able to account for it. Ambiguity is worse than stiffness: but stiffness is bad enough, and much more common. Nothing of this kind in our authors is frequenter than the subjunctive: "if it *be,* unless it *be:*" which ought never to be used where the doubt is not very strong: for it should be a very strong doubt to supplant idiom. Our best writers use *who* and *whom,* only in speaking of intellectual beings. We do not properly say *the tree who, the horse who;* in fable however it would be right; for there they reason and speak.

Johnson. The French and other moderns, I believe, never omit those words of theirs whereby they express the relative *which* or *that.*

Tooke. So we are taught, and in regard to the French, truly. But in the best of the Italian writers, *che* is omitted. Machiavelli, whom you will allow me to quote where politics sit idle, has omitted it twice in one sentence. "Monstrale l'amore le porti, dicale il bene le uvoi." *Mandrag.* 4. "I am happy to find from the letter you wrote me, that you enjoy good health." Here *that* is omitted rightly after letter, which it could not well be between the words *me* and *you.* The rejection of it in the proper place is a cause of peculiar elegance; for it bears heavily on our language. The Romans were fortunate to avoid it by means of the *infinitive* of their verbs; and perhaps more fortunate still in having so many words to express *but,* another sad stumbling-block to us. Our language is much deformed by the necessity of its recurrence; and I know not any author who has taken great pains to avoid it where he could.

Johnson. Nothing is right with you: in language as in government we yield to Greeks and Romans. One would imagine that Addison, a Whig, might please you.

Tooke. Doctor, I never ask or consider or care of what party is a good man or a good writer. I have always been an admirer of Addison, and the oftener I read him, I mean his prose, the more he pleases me. Perhaps it is not so much his style, which however is easy and graceful and harmonious, as the sweet temperature of thought in which we always find him, and the attractive countenance, if you will allow me the expression, with which he meets me upon every occasion. It is very remarkable, and therefore I stopped to notice it, that not only what little strength he had, but even all his grace and ease, forsake him when he ventures into poetry: he is even coarse and abject, and copies the grammatical faults of his predecessors, without copying anything else of their manner, good or bad. Were I inclined to retaliate on you, my good Doctor Johnson, I might come against you in the rear of others, and throw my stone at you on the side of Gray; and where you would least expect it, for indulgence. Prejudiced or unprejudiced against him, I wonder you did not catch at the beard of his bard streaming *like a meteor.* He did not take the idea from the *Moses* of Michel-Angelo, nor from the *Padre Eterno* of Raffael in his Vision of Ezekiel, but from the *Hudibras* of Butler.

> "This *hairy meteor* did denounce
> The fall of sceptres and of crowns."

Here we have the very words.

Until you pointed out to me my partiality for the Greeks and Romans, I never had suspected it, having always thought ten pages in Barrow worth all their philosophy put together, and finding more wisdom and thought in him, distinct from theology, than in any of them, excepting Aristoteles. If his eloquence is somewhat less pure than that of Demosthenes and Thucydides, who have reached perfection, his mind is as much more capacious and elevated as the Sun is than the Moon and Mercury.

Johnson. It is better and pleasanter to talk generally on great and high subjects than minutely. Who would examine that could expatiate?

Tooke. None can expatiate safely who do not previously examine; and we are not always to consider in our disquisitions what is pleasantest, but sometimes what is usefullest. I wonder, in matters of reason, how anything little or great can excite ill humour: for, as many steps as they

lead us toward reason, just so many, one would think, they should lead us away from passion. Why should these dry things have discomposed you? If I ride a broomstick, must I, like a witch, raise a storm? In reality a great deal of philosophy, a great deal not only of logic but of abstruse and recondite metaphysics will be found in etymology; the part least pleasing to you in our conversation. I do not wonder that such men as Varro and Cæsar studied it and wrote upon it; but I doubt whether the one or the other went very deeply into the business. It is astonishing that the more learned among the Greeks knew absolutely nothing of it. Admirably as they used the most beautiful of languages, they cared no more about its etymologies than a statuary cares about the chemical properties of his marble.

Doctor, in your travels, did you ever happen to see gossamer?

Johnson. In my English travels, I saw it formerly in Needwood Forest, five miles from Lichfield: latterly my travels were in Scotland, where there was no plant to support it.

Tooke. I am unwilling to take so great a freedom as to contest a derivation with you personally, but permit me to suggest the possibility, that many words in what is called low Latin which resemble our English words, are not their parents. Certainly there is a certain resemblance of *gossipium* and *gossimer*. But *gorse*, which in many parts of the country is also called *furze*, appears to me to be its root. Chaucer and Shakspeare spell it *gossamour*; Drayton, of the same county and age, *gossamere*. Now, if we consider that the common people universally, and the greater part of others, treat the letter r very gently, and that you never heard a farmer call *gorse* otherwise than *goss*; if you then consider how large a number of our plants take their names from sentiments, perhaps you may incline to think it possible that *gossamour* is *gorse's-love*, *gors-amour*. For love seems to be nowhere more faithful than between the plant and its daily visitant in spring, summer, and autumn: on no other do you see it so frequently. The name was given in the first incubation of the French upon the Saxon.

Johnson. Sir, this is fanciful.

Tooke. I am invested with a new quality by the partiality of Doctor Johnson. You mention in your *Dictionary* the word *gossipium* as of low Latinity. I find it nowhere but in Pliny; and he was certainly a man of the highest rank and best education. He mentions it as bearing cotton, which is very different from the *gorse*. There are a few words (but *gossipium* is not one of them) which we believe to be of the latest Latinity, and which in reality are of the earliest. The readers of Apuleius are taught that several of his words are provincial, and of very base and very recent coinage; whereas they were carried into Africa with the first Roman settlers, and retained their vitality in that country when they had lost it at Rome; just as several of our noblest families are extinct in England, but br vigorously in Ireland. The Romans goose a gander; they forgot the female the Italians in country places never lost to this day *auca* is called *occa*.

Johnson. I should like to know whet man is in earnest; but that I never shall.

In return for this illusory and unsubstant I will present to you a curiosity in the La surely it is curious that the Romans shou used two words of origin quite contrary same thing. To *promise*, was not only *pr* but *recipere*; the authority is Cicero.

Tooke. The reason is plain.

Johnson. As you are fond of reasons a vations, I would consign to you willingly three words on which to exercise your in I would allow you to write *monsterous* and *ous* with an *e*, on the same principle as *treacherous* and *ponderous*.

Tooke. Liberally offered and gratefully a Incroachment may sometimes be the fol kindness: am I going too far, in aski *rough*, *tough*, *sough*, *enough*, may be gu *bluff*, *rebuff*, *cuff*? Why should not *cough* *coff*? why not *dough* and *although*, *dow* an for the benefit of strangers and learner nothing of economy in letters; the only economy on which we reformers can e to be heard? As there is also a cry ag letter s, I would remove it from *onwards*, *forwards*, *backwards*, *afterwards*, where i proper, however sanctioned by the cu good authors, and I would use it only w following word begins with *d* or *t*, for th euphony. On the same principle I ap *saith*, &c. instead of *says*, &c. where the n begins with *s*, or *z*, or *ce* and *ci*. Hobb last who writes with this termination, an he nor his predecessors abstained from another *th*. Persons very unlearned, Swift and others, have from their natur ness perceived the utility of *fixing*, as it, our language.

Johnson. Sir, I have been patient: heard you call Swift a very unlearned m lignity of whiggism! I give him up to ever: he was not very learned. But you have spared and favoured him; for he verential to the great, and to his God.

Tooke. An ill-tempered, sour, supercil may nevertheless be a sycophant; and one. He flattered some of the worst ever existed, and maligned some of the all inhumanities and cruelties, his to women who reposed their affections on serving an object, was in its nature the the most unprovoked. But, Doctor, clined to believe that God is as fond of children as of his dull ones; and woul ingly see them give their pocket-mone indigent and afflicted, as offer their sup or even their thanks to him. I may be so many wiser men have been, that in

matters I deliver my opinion, but do not inculcate nor insist upon it. When I spoke of Swift and others as very unlearned, I meant in the etymologies and diversities of our language. Swift wrote admirably.

Johnson. Yes, sir, and was more original than you and all your tribe.

Tooke. I am willing that a tory should for ever be an original, and be incapable of having a copyist. But, when I was younger, I read Swift as often as perhaps any other may have done; not for the sake of his thoughts and opinions, but of his style, which I would carry with me and employ.

Johnson. Addison's is better.

Tooke. What I admire in Addison I cannot so easily make use of. If you or I attempted to imitate the mien and features of a Cupid or a Zephyr, I doubt whether we should quite succeed. Perhaps when we meet again, if that pleasure is reserved for me, I may carry in the spacious sleeves of this coat seventy or eighty expressions culled from Addison, at which you will shake your head. At present let me treat you with one sentence, the only one of them I can perfectly recollect. "When we had done eating *ourselves*, the knight called a waiter to him, and *bid* him carry the remainder to the waterman, &c." Now, when they had done *eating themselves*, the waterman would hardly thank them for the remainder, and probably their voices would be but little intelligible to the waiter. Swift is not so original as you think him. He was a peruser of rare books; for, zealous as he appears in favour of the classics, he liked nothing that was not strange. In one of his searches probably after such reading, he tells us he first met Harley. I do not mention Cyrano de Bergerac, and some others who have given him ideas on the ground-plan of his works; but I mean to bring you where you may find the thoughts. The most beautiful of them is owing to Plutarch. That simily of the geographers and sands of Africa is taken from the first sentence in the *Life of Theseus:* I have traced a great number of his other fancies and reflections, in writers less known and less esteemed.

Johnson. Plutarch has many good ones.

Tooke. Yes, Doctor; and although his style is not valued by the critics, I could inform them that there are in Plutarch many passages of exquisite beauty in regard to style, derived perhaps from authors more ancient.

Johnson. Inform them of nothing, sir, if you wish to live peaceably. Let them take from you, but do not offer it. They will pass over your freshest thoughts as if they had been long and intimately known to them, and display your abstruser (to them incomprehensible) as the only ones worthy of remark.

Tooke. Among these hogs of Westphaly there is not one with a snout that can penetrate into my inclosure, prompt as they are to batten on it and bespatter it, and to trample it down as they grunt and trot along. Doctor, you have been keeping admirable time to my words with your head and body.

Johnson. Is that sentence yours? I like the period.

Tooke. Let anyone claim it whom it suits as well: I grant and resign it freely. Periods I willingly throw away; but not upon things like these. A wise man is shown clearly, distinctly, and advantageously, when he is seen walking patiently by the side of an unwise one; but only on some occasions and to some extent. To quarrel on the road, to twitch him by the coat at every slip he makes, and to grow irritated in irritating him, proves to the unwise man that there is one in the world unwiser than he.

Johnson. And now, sir, what plan have you for fixing our language?

Tooke. This is impossible in any; but it is possible to do much, and an authority like yours would have effected it by perpetuating the orthography. On the contrary, I observe in your *Dictionary* some quotations in which the words are spelt differently from what I find them in the original; nor have you admitted all those in Littleton, who compiled his *Latin Dictionary* at recent period.

Johnson. First, I wrote the words as people now receive them; then, as to Littleton, many of his are vulgar.

Tooke. The more English for that. No expression, be it only free from indecency, is so vulgar that a man of learning and genius may not formerly have used it: but there are many so frivolous and fantastical that they cannot, to the full extent of the word, ever become vulgar. There are but four places where such bad language is tolerated and acknowledged; the cock-pit, the boxing-ring, the race-course, and the House of Commons.

Johnson. I could wish our Senate to have deserved as well of ours as the Roman did of theirs. Illiterate men, and several such are among the correspondents of Cicero, write with as much urbanity and purity as himself; and it is remarkable that the only one of them defective in these qualities is Marcus Antonius the triumvir. But pray give me some more instances in which the spelling should be improved.

Tooke. Many must escape me, and others are but analogical: I will then bring forward only those which occur principally. The word which has just passed my lips, *occur*, is written improperly with a single *r*. The same may be remarked on the finals of *rebel*, *compel*, &c.

Johnson. Why should the compound have this potency? It would be more reasonable (however little so) to write *sel* and *fil*, as B. Jonson and many others did; because there could be no ambiguity in the pronunciation.

Tooke. On the same system, if system it can be called, we write *aver*, *demur*, *appal*, *acquit*, *permit*, *refit*, *confer*, &c. If these were printed as they ought to be, strangers would more easily know that the accent is on the final syllable. I wish we wrote *drole* instead of *droll*,

drolery instead of *drollery*, which are discountenanced by the French, and unsupported by our pronunciation. In like manner, why not *controle*? In the time of Elizabeth good authors wrote *vittals*: and long afterward *applie*, *allie*, *relie*, which we should do if we wrote *lie*. *Haughty* and *naughty* may drop some useless letters, and appear characteristically *hauty* and *nauty*: *heinous* is *hainous* by descent.

We ourselves in some instances have lost the right accent of words. In my youth he would have been ridiculed who placed it upon the first syllable of *confiscated*, *contemplative*, *conventicle*,* at which the ear revolts: in many other compounds we thrust it thus back with equal precipitancy and rudeness. We have sinned and are sinning most grievously against our fathers and mothers. We shall "rèpent," and "rèform," and "rèmonstrate," and be "rèjected" at last.

Johnson. Certainly it does appear strange that the man who habitually says "dèmonstrate" should never say "rèmonstrate."

Tooke. Sackville, a great authority, writes

"Tossed and tòrmented with tedious thought."

Milton's exquisite ear saved him in general from harshness. He writes "Travèrsing the colure." How much better is aggràndise than àggrandise! Dryden, in the *Annus Mirabilis*, writes

"Instructed ships shall sail to quick commèrce."

We have suffered to drop away from us the beautiful and commodious word bequeathed to our language by this author, the word *painture*. Surely it corresponds more closely with *sculpture* and *architecture* than the participle we convert into a substantive to replace it. On the same principle why not *dancery* for *dancing*, as we find it in Chapman? How refreshing, how delicious, is a draught of pure home-drawn English, from a spring a little sheltered and shaded, but not entangled in the path to it, by antiquity!

Among the words of which the accent has been transposed to their disadvantage, are *confessor* and *convex*, from the second to the first. *Sojourn* is by no means inharmonious if you place the accent where it ought to be, as in *adjourn*; but you render it one of the harshest in our language by your violation of *analogy* in perverting it. *Adverse* is accented on the first syllable, *reverse* and *perverse* on the second: pray, why? Milton writes

"That heard th' *Adversary*, who roving still," &c.

Shakspeare writes *aspèct*, *upright*, *uproar*.† The magnificent word *uproar* is used by Milton: how different from the *uproar* of the streets! He uses *aspèct* as Shakspeare did, and *upright*. He also has the fine adjective *deform*. Who does not see that *upright* is better than *upright*? Then let him read the noble lines of Milton upon Man.

"Who, indued
With sanctity of reason, might erect
His stature, and upright with front serene
Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from thence
Magnanimous to correspond with Heaven."

Johnson. I agree with you, sir. *Aristocrat*, *concordance*, *contrary*, *industry*, *inimical*, *contemplate*, *conculcate*, *detail*, *Alexander*, *sonorous*, *sublunary* (what becomes of Milton's "*interlunar* cave!") *desultory*, *peremptory*, and many more, are now pronounced by the generality (who always adopt some signal folly), differently from the custom of our fathers, and accentuated on the first syllable.

Tooke. But even the Greeks, at a time when eloquence was highly flourishing, threw back the accent. In the words ὅμοιος and τροπαῖον it rested on the second syllable with Æschylus and Thucydides; on the first with Plato and Aristoteles. The very same word was differently accentuated in its different senses: for instance, μητρὸκτονος slain *by* a mother: μητροκτόνος, the slayer of a mother. The common people still pronounce *contrary* with the accent where it should be. We throw it back on the first in *acceptable*, and not in *accessible*; yet it is on the second in *accept*, and on the first in *access*. We continue to say *recèss*, but we begin to say *àccess*: the first innovation was in *pròcess*. Dryden writes

"Swift of despatch and easy of access."

Shakspeare very properly lays the accent on the second syllable of *importune*.

"Have you impòrtuned him?"

In conversation we often, indeed mostly, use *'em* for *them*: why not in writing? I would always do it after *th*; as *with 'em*. In the Scotch dialect *wi'* for *with* has peculiar grace.‡

Nothing is absurder than that, writing the aspirate, we should use it in some words, omit it others. In polished society I have remarked none aspirated very distinctly, excepting *happy* and *hard*, with the substantives, though *a* precedes many, not *an*. Is it that we sigh (for to aspirate is nothing else in the mode of utterance) as much at what we wish in the former as at what we feel in the latter?

Johnson. I do not know: if your observation is just, it must be so: though the remark seems out of your line and beyond your feeling. The common people are fond of aspirates, and only omit them when they ought not.

Tooke. It is curious that *fortune* and *happiness* are in no language allied, nearly or remotely, to virtue or merit. In ours they are both of them named from chance.

"What if within the moon's fair shining sphere,
What if in every other star unseen,
Of other worlds he *happily* should hear"

for *haply*.

The Greeks were more pious, one would imagine,

* A clever poet of our day writes,

"Of the plebeian àspirant,"

and

"We dèsignate the practical."

† Our living poets have contributed much to throw back the accent: Wordsworth in particular. Even Southey, solid and many-sided as a basaltic column, lends his support here. He writes *èxploits* three several times, and *prómulgate* and *còntemplate*.

‡ In the ode of Burns, how incomparably better are the words *Scots wha hae wi'* than *who have with!*

than our ancestors. They entertained the same opinion about fortune, but believed that happiness was the gift of good genii, or gods, *eudaimonia*.

Johnson. Pray tell me now, sir, what we should do? Will you put me upon your knee and teach me? Should we pronounce all our aspirated syllables as such, or none?

Tooke. Certainly we should no more add a mark of aspiration to a word wherein it is not used, than a mark of interrogation.

Johnson. You are a strange man, sir? why, this is true too! Can you be still a whig?

Tooke. No, Doctor, nor ever was. I wore one livery, and threw it off as an incumbrance; I will not wear another which is both an incumbrance and a disgrace. I have never been even a swindler; now I must not only be a swindler, but a gambler too, if I sit down among the knaves who have so cheated us.

Johnson. Swindler, as we understand it, is the worse character of the two.

Tooke. By no means so in fact. Any gambler may gamble every day and night in the seven, and most of them do, while few swindlers can swindle above the half. And their stakes are lighter, and such as can affect only their personalities: an hour's attendance on the public when they have nothing else to do, and from a station no less secure than commanding, and then immediately a quiet and long recess from the management of affairs. Gambling is the origin of more extensive misery than all other crimes put together: and the mischief falls principally on the unoffending and helpless. It leads by insensible degrees a greater number of wretches to the gallows, than the higher atrocities from which that terminus is seen more plainly. And yet statesmen make it the means of revenue, and kings bestow on it the title of *royal* under the name of lottery. The royal lottery-keeper is both a gambler and a swindler; for in his playing he knows that the stake he lays down is unequal to his opponent's. I keep aloof not only from these pick-pockets, but also aside from the confederate gang who fain would hustle me against them. Moreover I belong to no party.

Johnson. That sounds well: and yet he surely is a bad man, sir, who forms no affinities; a solitary sceptic; the blind man in *blind man's buff*, unable to stand a moment on either side, or to fix upon anyone about him.

Tooke. All this is true, Doctor. I am a bad man, but exactly in the contrary of the word's original meaning, which I thank you for reminding me of. A *bad* man is a *bade* man, or *bidden* man; a slave in other words; and the same idea was attached to the expression by the Italians and the French, (while their language and they had a character) in *cattivo* and *chétif*, and by us in *caitiff*, men in no other condition than that wherein they must do as they are *bid*. We should ourselves have been in no higher a condition, if we had not resisted what, in palaces and churches and colleges, was called legitimate power: and indeed we should still be, rather than men, a pliant unsubstantial herbage, springing up from under the smoky, verminous, unconcocted doctrine of passive obedience: to be carted off by our kings amid their carols, and cocked and ricked and cut, and half-devoured, half-trampled and wasted, in the pinfold of our priesthood.

If we take away a letter from the words I have stated, we add one with as little discernment to *therefor* and *wherefor:* we should as reasonably write *thereofe, whereofe, thereine, whereine:* strictly, it would be better to take away one *e* more, and write *therfor*, as was done formerly. I know the origin of the error: the origin may *explain*, but not *excuse*. It is this: the ancients wrote *therforre*. The useless *r* was removed from an infinity of words; and those who removed it in this instance, were little aware that they had better left it, unless they also took away the *e*. We write *solely*, not *soly*, yet we do not write *idlely*, but *idly:* we should about as properly write *barly* for *barely*.

Johnson. I doubt whether you would gain anything by taking this *barly* to market.

Tooke. I should be cried out against as loudly as you were (on another occasion) for your *oats*. If we write *incur* and *recur*, why not *succur:* if *monster*, why not *theater:* if *barometer*, why not *meter*.

Johnson. After all, Mr. Tooke, I must pronounce it as my opinion, that we should do very well in continuing to write as we write at present.

Tooke. With due submission, I will not pronounce but suggest that nothing is done very well which can be done better. In several words we follow the French without any reason; and we do not follow them where they have seen and abandoned their error. For instance, we follow them in *theatre*, which they spell according to the genius of their language and the exigence of their verse, but contrary to ours: to be consistent we should spell *letter, lettre*. I do not see why *little, able, probable*, &c., should not be written *littil, abil, probabil:* as *civil* forms *civility*, so *abil* forms *ability, probabil* forms *probability:* the others, as we corruptly use them, form *ablety* and *probablety*. There is also another reason: in verse there is an hiatus when they come before a vowel, which hiatus could not exist if we followed what analogy prescribes. I strongly object to *subtle* and *subtlety*, and would propose *subtil* and *subtility*, as *fertil* and *fertility*. From *epistle* and *apostle*, "epistolary" and "apostolical" can not be formed; they may be, and are, from "epistol" and "apostol." It is lucky that "angels" are not as ill-treated as "apostles." If I am to have an *apostle*, I may as well have a *symble*. I would retain, in spelling and in everything else, whatever old manners and old customs are commodious: I would discountenance all the newer which violate propriety or shake consistency. Why should *proceed* and *succeed* be spelt in one way, *precede* and *accede* in another? Why should not the two former

be written in the second syllable like the two latter?

Johnson. I know not: I think it would be better.

Tooke. I do not go so far in these matters as your friend Elphinstone; and although I would be a reformer, my reform should be temperate and topical. Many have written *exil* for *banishment*: I would constantly do so, and *exile* for *banished man*.

Johnson. The distinction has not been observed by anyone, and would be commodious.

Tooke. You might imagine from the spelling that *complain* and *explain* were of the same origin. To avoid this error, I would follow the authors who have written the latter word *explane*; and the rather, as the substantive is *explanation*, not *explaination*, nor *explaint*. *Passenger* and *messenger* are coarse and barbarous for *passager* and *messager*, and nothing the better for having been adopted into polite society. It may soon admit *sausinges*. Middleton, we have seen, writes *declame*, and elegantly: Milton writes *sovran* and *foren*, equally so: for neither the pronunciation nor the etymology authorises the vitiated mode in common use. These writers may be considered as modern; both must be considered as learned, one as eloquent; and until men who are more so write differently, Milton at least shall be my guide. A beautiful adjective in *Paradise Lost* hath ceased to be used in prose, or even in poetry; *alterne*.

"The greater to have rule by day,
The less by night, *alterne*."

Alternate would serve more properly for the verb.

There is hardly a writer of the Elizabethan age who will not induce us to hesitate on our spelling, or rather who will not suggest some improvement. *Abbot*, from *abbas*, should be spelt *abbat*, as Tanner spells it. Massinger writes *carroch*, from *carozza*: our *carriage* is inelegant. Jonson in his verses to Wroth, says,

"In autumn at the *partrich* mak'st a flight."

I would write the word so, if it were for no other reason than that we write *ostrich* in the same manner.

Johnson. I remember two of his verses for a word to be corrected in them.

"When thy latest sand is spent,
Thou mayest think life a thing but lent."

It would then be too late: *when* should be *ere*.

Tooke. True.

Johnson. As *fire* and *sire* and *hour* and *four* sometimes are dissyllables in the old poets, so likewise are *year* and *sure*; while *entire* and *desire* are trisyllables; *contrary*, a quadrisyllable. They spelt indifferently and wrote arbitrarily. Shakspeare takes no liberties of this kind unauthorised in fact or analogy by other writers more scholastic.

Tooke. They favour my proposition of spelling by *il* what we spell by *le*; such as *humbil*, *dazzil*, *tickil*; for in whatever way they wrote the word, they often make a trisyllable of *humbled* and *dazzled*.

"And that hath dazzled my reason's light"

says Shakspeare; and in *Henry VI.* he trisyllable of "*English*."

Johnson. I know not what advantage obtain from a perception of crudities an risms, unless it be that it enables us to more correctly the great improvements made in later times. But I admit that have retained a few things to our ac Who would read Chaucer and Spenser language?

Tooke. Spenser I would not, delightf many parts of his poetry; but Chaucer read again and again both for his poetr language.

Johnson. I suppose, sir, you prefer th of Thomson, a whig, to Spenser's?

Tooke. No, Doctor; his is worse still; are images and feelings in his *Winter*, i rison with which the liveliest in Spenser

Johnson. And those too, no doubt, on subject in the *Georgics!*

Tooke. Beyond a question. It appea that there is more poetry in it than in t of that elaborate poem, beautiful as it is fication and in language; both of which ing in almost every place to Thomson.

Johnson. Oh! you do acknowledge t the versification is elaborate, and the beautiful!

Tooke. Doctor, I hate carping. Whe is good in a man or a poem I would alw tion it; and where in the same man or po is a little bad, I would pass it over.

Johnson. What is the bad, sir, in the Come, I have you now off the groun strength, such as it is, has left you.

Tooke. May all men's strength leave th they would make invidious objections!

Johnson. Rare subterfuge! Virgil i prince, sir; you cannot hurt him.

Tooke. Far be the wish from me! I toward him as the pious ancients did to dead: I would wash him first, and after fume him with the most precious ungue

Johnson. Up with your sleeves then, a the washing. Here, take the *Georgics*; carry them about me.

Tooke. Has Ovid, has Lucan, has a Latin poet, written such balderdash and as the nineteen verses in the beginnin close of an invocation already much to Why all these additions to the modes of Varro, which he has versified? Her suggest a new and a necessary read above these lines.

"Quique novas alitis non *ullo* semine frug

It must be *uno*, to avoid nonsense; always a benefit, even in poetry; and so *wheat*, *barley*, *oats*, &c.; that is to say, "one kind of grain." The lines of the lett the double *l*, may have been much alike script, and may have easily misled tra I will not dwell upon the verses after

"Tethys emat omnibus undis;"

but really those eight appear to me like an excrescence on the face of a beautiful boy.

Johnson. They are puerile, are they? a blemish, a deformity!

Tooke. In honest truth I think so.

Johnson. You have turned over only one leaf: the faults must lie thick.

Tooke. Somewhat. Beginning again at the eighty-first line, I find the *earth* ending that and all the five following, with one exception, *agros, arva, terræ, agros*, flammis, *terræ*.

Johnson. I do not credit you.

Tooke. Take the book.

Johnson. No, sir, I will not take the book: read on.

Tooke. In the next page, *arvis, arva, arva*, close the verse within twelve successive lines. In the next beyond *moveri, removit, repressit*, one after the other; and immediately after "extund*eret* artes," "quæ*reret* herbam," and "excud*eret* ignem." Three more pages, and the words *convivia curant* are followed in the next verse by "*curas*que resolvit." May I express my delight at . . .

Johnson. No, sir! no, sir! no delight about anything! Spit your spite.

Tooke. Since you are so urgent in your commands, I will proceed. Beginning from the 406th verse, there are thirteen which end with spondaic words. In the second book,

"Et gens illa quidem sumptis non tarda pharetris"

is another excrescence; and in the following we find *tardumque* saporem.

Johnson. Sir, can you construe that line? I doubt it.

Tooke. Instruct me then.

Johnson. You, being a word-catcher, ought to know that our word *tart*, for *sharp*, corresponds with *tardus*.

Tooke. I perceive the commentator gives this interpretation; a very wrong one. *Tart* is not related to *tardus*. Virgil means that the citron ripens late. Before we reach the 300th line, here are together twelve more ending with spondaic words. Now, my dear sir, do let me give utterance to my enthusiasm on "O fortunatos nimium." Permit my raptures at sitting down among the "*saltus et lustra ferarum*," the feeling is so new. Did I hear one of them? methought I heard a growl, or something similar.

Johnson. Go on, sir, and mind your business.

Tooke. Well then; *rura* ends one line, *jura* the next. "Atque alio *patriam*" . . then, with one line between . . "*hinc patriam.*" "Pascitur in *magna* sylvâ," and just below, "*magnus* Olympus." Doctor, how do you construe "*Odor attulit auras?*"

Johnson. That is an hypallage, sir.

Tooke. But construe it.

Johnson. One must reverse the sense.

Tooke. A pretty idea of poetry. His *odor attulit auras* is like Shakspeare's "*The oats have eaten the horses;*" but Shakspeare's was fun, and Virgil's was affectation. In fact the hypallage, of which Virgil is fonder than any other writer, is much the gravest fault in language.

Johnson. What, sir! graver than solecism?

Tooke. Yes, Doctor; in the same degree as nonsense is worse than inelegance. A boy shouts at another boy and holds him in derision, when he finds him putting, as he calls it, the cart before the horse. Onward, if you please: and here we find again, at *currentem ilignis*, fourteen final spondees without one bacchic foot among them. At last we arrive at that passage which provoked you to throw poor Thomson under the triumphal car of Virgil.

"Concrescunt subitæ currenti in flumine crustæ,
Undaque jam *tergo* ferratos sustinet orbes,
Puppibus illa prius patulis, nunc hospita plaustris."

These and the four following would make but an indifferent figure in the exercise of an Eton boy; there is no harmony, no fluency in them; they are broken pieces of ice. What think you, after "*Æraque dissiliunt vulgò*," of "*vestesque rigescunt!*" Such an instance of the art of sinking you will not find in the Latin, nor easily in any other poetry. What follows is much better; but it will bear no comparison with the Miltonian description in Thomson, of the frozen regions visited by the caravan from Cathay.

Johnson. Sir, even the description of Orpheus and Eurydice could not stir your cold blood.

Tooke. Doctor, you have formed your judgment upon it; let me reflect and hesitate a little before I deliver mine.

Johnson. Now I would lay a wager that all this magnificence is not worth your Scotch-Cathay caravan.

Tooke. I would do the same.

Johnson. Then, sir, you have either no sense of shame or no soul for poetry.

Tooke. On *shame* and *soul* the discussion might be unsatisfactory. But let us, my dear sir, survey together the character of Proteus. Nothing can be harder, unless it be myself: he must be chained to make him civil or tractable, to make him render the slightest and easiest service to anyone. He had no affinity or friendship, no community of character or country, with Orpheus and Eurydice. One would think he could have known little about them, and cared less. In a monster, for such he was, and so unfeeling and solitary, the description is far from natural; and even in Virgil himself, who seems to have forgotten that he was not speaking in his own person, it would have been somewhat overcharged. The Homeric simily of the nightingale, and the silly tale of a head speaking when it was cut off and rolling down a river, and speaking so loud too as to make an echo on the banks, is puerile, absurd, and pre posterous.

Johnson. The verses on the nightingale are inharmonious, no doubt?

Tooke. I did not say it; but some parts are. Beside, "*mœrens, queritur, flet, miserabile, mœstis*": surely we do not want all at once, nor to express one feeling. *Observans nido implumes detraxit* is as inharmonious as any verse can easily be made.

On the whole, how much better would the episode have been if Proteus had said little, and if Cyrene had given the description.

Johnson. You know nothing of poetry; but that last remark is true. Who suggested it?

Tooke. Doctor Johnson; when he favoured me with the volume which I now return to him.

Johnson. Sir, you carry your revolutionary and chaotic principles into the fields and groves, into the woods and mountains, and render more fierce and gloomy the winds and tempests and eternal snows. You have no love of order even in works of art.

Tooke. Doctor, we were talking just now of dissyllables and trisyllables and Chaucer. He writes,

"With Theseus the squire principal."

Johnson. If you quote such metre, you may quote that also which was

"Written by William Prynne esquire, the
Year of our Lord six hundred thirty-three."

Tooke. Never did the muses sail to their antipodes so expeditiously as under the steerage of their new Tiphys, if you on this occasion will let me call you so.

Johnson. Call me anything, sir, rather than call Thomson a writer of English.

Tooke. Affectation is his greatest fault; and it is a matter of wonder to me that he seldom errs on any other side. I do not remember that he confuses, as the Scotch and Irish do perpetually, *shall* and *will*. We ourselves confound them without knowing it; but idiomatically.

Johnson. In what manner? Good writers never do.

Tooke. For instance, *You will be burnt if you touch the tea-urn. Shall I be burnt if I touch the tea-urn?* Here the action and time are the same, yet the words differ. In fact, "*will I*" can only be used in the rebutment of a question; as when a person asks, *Will you or will you not?* and the reply, instead of affirmation or negative, is angrily, *Will I or will I not?* in which is understood, *Do you ask* me thus? To another we say "*Shall I?*" and he replies "*If you will.*"

These things, Doctor, would appear trifling to trifling men; but not to you, who can not be less curious in the philosophy of a language than in its etymology.

Johnson. Let us stop where we are, and while we are innocent. Philosophy in these matters draws us away to analysis: the dry *seta equina* of analysis breaks into pieces, in one or two of which pieces we soon descry the restless heads and wriggling tails of metaphysics. Sir, metaphysics lead to materialism, and materialism to atheism. Those who do not see this, see nothing: but there are more who see it than will confess it. Of what value is anything, although it should conduce at first to some truth even less dry and sterile, if in its progression it renders men insincere, and in its termination unhappy? Anatomise words, flay, dissect, eviscerate language, but keep your faith out of the crucible, for the daily use and sustenance of your family.

Tooke. I began to fear, Doctor, that you would have concluded your sentence in another manner.

Johnson. In what manner, sir?

Tooke. That you would have said, *to go to market with*, for the daily use and sustenance of my family. My faith, I do assure you, I keep both out of the crucible and out of the *aqua regia;* another great melter and transmuter. My dear sir, I would divert the gathering storm of your anger by any propitiation and concession.

Johnson. Rogue!

Tooke. Excellently and most opportunely introduced. I could say something upon that word too; but I doubt whether it would be quite so agreeable to you as another of which I was thinking. In your reading of our ancient poets, particularly our dramatists, you must have observed that *kind* is frequently used for *nature*. This is a beautiful feature in our language. Our ancestors identified *nature* with *kindness*. I love our old modes of thinking in most things, and of speaking in many. We have several ancient words used at present in a different sense from what they were formerly; *rogue* for instance.

Johnson. No sedition, sir! no vague allusions! no contempt of authority! I know who rogues are, as well as you do; but I abstain from throwing a firebrand into their houses, and lighting the populace to pillage and murder.

Tooke. Well judged: the populace has no right to any such things.

Johnson. Strange! marvellous! You enunciate even these sentences, the most detestable, the most impious, the most seditious, uninflamed, unwarmed; like your chemists, who pour from one bottle into another, just as unconcernedly, I know not what pestiferous and heavy air of theirs, if report speaks truly, corking it down until they can find something to set the whole of it in a blaze; and thus teaching us that what is the lowest in its nature is the most destructive in its application.

Tooke. Doctor, in the asbestine quality of my mind, with the flames and faggots on both sides, you appear to see a miracle: if you could see more clearly, you would discover in it Christianity without one.

Johnson (*aside*). I did not imagine that this logical wronghead could balance and swing and dandle me so easily.

I recollect no expression in Chaucer worth retaining and not retained.

Tooke. What think you of *swough*, the long-continued sound of wind?

"a *swough*
As thof a storme should brasten every bough."
PALAMON AND ARCITE.

Johnson. It sounds grandly: there is something of a melancholy and a lonely wildness in it.

Tooke. The Scotch retain it still, spelling it *sugh*.

Johnson. Let them keep it, sir, to themselves.

I would not give a straw for it. We want neither harsh words nor obsolete ones.

Tooke. Suppose we found in Chaucer some words less harsh in their pronunciation than they appear at present; and others, if not less so, yet useful for variety or for rhyme; such are *beforne*, before, *withouten*, without, *somdel*, somewhat, *astonned*, astonished, *brast* and *brasten*, burst or broken, and many more.

Johnson. Let our language rest where it is.

Tooke. Languages, like men, when they have rested long and totally, grow heavy and plethoric: we must renew their juices, and bring them back into their native air.

We have *presently*, but want *futurely*, used by Fletcher in the *Two noble Kinsmen*. Fashionable people turn nosegays out of doors, and send to France for *bouquets*. Why have we forgotten our more beautiful *posy*, of which Spenser and Swift were not disdainful? Among the rich furniture of our ancestors which we cast aside, may be reckoned a certain two-handed instrument of great utility and strength. *By* and *of* were employed by them at their option. Shakspeare says

"Unwhipt of Justice."

We now abandon altogether the better usage: I would have reserved both. We use the word *bat* for various things; among the rest, for that animal which partakes the nature of bird and mouse: why not call it, at least in poetry, what Ben Jonson does, *flittermouse*? The word in all respects is better; it is more distinguishing, more descriptive, and our language is by one the richer for it.

Johnson. The reasons are valid and unobjectionable.

Tooke. The verb to *beat* is the same in its present tense and in its preterite; so irregularly and improperly, that you can not but have observed how people avoid the use of it in the latter.

Johnson. The Romans did the same in their *ferio*. Instead of taking a preterite from it, they used *percussi*. I think however that I have somewhere seen the preterite, *bate*.

Tooke. We had our choice either to follow the inflexion of *cheat* or *eat*; we took the latter; and then would have neither. I am afraid of reminding you where you probably last met with *bate*, which you seem looking after.

Johnson. Subdue your blushes, my gentle sir, and conduct me back to the place, be it where it may.

Tooke. The Irishman in Fielding's *Tom Jones* says, "He *bate* me."

Johnson. What we hear from an Irishman we are not overfond of repeating, whether in grammar or fact: but in this case our risibility is excited by the circumstances rather than the language, although the language too has its share in it. The dialect is Hibernian.

Tooke. We certainly should not either smile at the expression in a vulgar countryman of our own, nor condemn it in a learned discourse from the pulpit.

Johnson. I would not hesitate to employ it in graver composition.

Tooke. Nor I: for authors much richer both in thought and language than any now living or any recently deceased, have done so.

Johnson. If we begin to reinstate old words, we shall finish by admitting new ones.

Tooke. There would be the less danger of that, as there would be the less need. Yet even new words may be introduced with good effect, and particularly when the subject is ludicrous.

Johnson. Phrynicus and Julius Pollux animadvert with severity on Menander for inventing new words, and for using such others as were unknown in Attica: and perhaps this is the reason why he was frequently vanquished by Polemon in the contest for the prize of comedy. Gellius tells us, on the authority I think of Apollodorus, that, although he wrote a hundred and five pieces, he was the victor but in eight.

Tooke. And if we could recover them all, we should find probably those eight the very worst among them, and the only ones that fairly could admit a competition. When Menander asked Polemon whether he did not blush at being his vanquisher, the answer (I can well imagine) was another such suffusion; and not, as would have been the case if there were any room for it, that the inelegance or inexactness of Menander turned the countenance of the judges from him. He was considered by the best critics of succeeding ages as the most Attic of the Athenians; and certainly was not the less so for employing those expressions, novel or foreign, which suited the characters he introduced. A word may be excellent in a dialogue which would deteriorate and deform an oration. Julius Pollux, I remember, disapproves of many words used by Plato and Herodotus. Now although Plato is often flat and insipid, as Dionysius of Halicarnassus demonstrates by examples, yet I can not think he ever used a term improperly or unfitly. In regard to Herodotus, his style I consider as the most proper, the most pure, the most simply and inelaborately harmonious, of any author in any language. His genius, what rarely happens, is well seconded and sustained by his spirit of research and his delight in knowledge. He has been censured for a deficiency of elevation. Many can judge of elevation in phraseology; fewer of that which is attained by an elastic vigour in the mind, keeping up easily a broad continuance of imaginative thought. This is almost as necessary to matter of fact as to poetry, if the matter of fact is worthy to be impressed on the memory or understanding.

How much better is *disherited* than *disinherited? innerest* than *innermost?* How much more properly is *tongue* written *tong*, *fruit frute*, *suit sute*, *friend frend*, *atchieve acheve*. We derive *conceive*, *receive*, *perceive*, through the French, who never thrust into them the letter *i*: why then should we? These are not new modes; we find them in the time of Spenser, and most of them in his works. He writes the verbs, *vil* and

shal; he also writes *til* and *ontil*. He would not do so unless others whom he esteemed as good authors had given him the example; for his rhyme, which he favours at any rate, did not exact it. Anciently *work* was spelt *werke*, as we continue to pronounce it. The final vowel in this word and many others, was retained long after its use had ceased.

Johnson. Of what use was it?

Tooke. It often served to form a dissyllable in the plural, and in the genitive singular, as we find in Chaucer, and it was not only in poetry that it was thus pronounced.

Johnson. Raleigh uses the grand word *sumptuosity*, ill exchanged for *costliness* or *expensiveness*.

Tooke. I have lately heard *illustrate* for illùstrate: we shall presently come to impèrceptible. We have *aspect*, *prospect*, *respect*, *retrospect;* we formerly had also the substantive *suspect*. Raleigh uses it. "But this was not his manner of reasoning with Hastings, whose fidelity to his master's sons was without *suspect*." We have moreover his authority, and Hooker's, for *possest*, *exprest*, *suppress*, *confest*, *mockt*. He writes *samplar*, and *begger:* we, very improperly, *sampler* and *beggar*. Milton, the great master of our language and its harmonies, accents on the second syllable, *consùlt* (the substantive), *accèss*, *procèss*, *advèrse*, *aspèct*, *convèrse*, *insùlts* (substantive), *contèst* (substantive), *impúlse*, *pretèxt*, *blasphèmous*, *crystàlline*, *remèdiless*, *surfàce*, *triùmphed*, *contrìte*, *maritime*, *prodùct*, *prescript*, *conflàgrant*. You perceive by those accentuations how obtuse are the ears of our fashionable poets in comparison with Milton's. *Prune* and *preen* are the same word, meaning to *trim:* but it would be well to apply *prune* exclusively to the trimming of trees, and *preen* exclusively to the trimming of the feathers by birds. Dryden and Pope use *prune* in the latter sense, misled by what they found printed in Shakspeare, who, rich in the phraseology of the country, wrote (I am confident) *preen*. South writes *an* before *high*. Addison writes *superiour;* Milton, Taylor, Locke, and Swift, *superior*. In many instances the spelling of Chaucer is more easy, more graceful and elegant, than the modern: for example, where he avoids the diphthongs ea, oa, and the reduplication of the vowel in the following:

> "In *cote* and hode of *grene*
> A *shefe* of peacocke armes brighte and *kene*."

This was continued for many centuries, and we find it in Ben Jonson: who also writes *cossen* (cousin), *linage*, *coles*, *pen'd*, *dore*, *ake*, *ballt*, *bewitcht*, *finde*, *purchast*, *hoopt*, *confest*, *cloke*, *nere*, *borne*, *onlly*, *kist*, *beleeve*, *suite*, *cloke*, *armor*, *jayle*, *stript*, *clensd*, *reproch*, *dote*, *stretcht*, *stampt*, *lothe*, *polisht*, *iland*, *accomplisht*, *starcht*, *tand*, *neere*, *furnisht*, *crackt*, *brest*, *smel*, *led*, *wel*, *stabd*, *mockt*, *pluckt*, *incenst*, *scepter*, *theater*, *theeves*, *fetcht*, *suppresst*, *flote*, *distinguisht*, *doo* (do), *honor* (both verb and substantive), *profest*, *deprest*, *prest*. We have altered every one of those spellings; can any man tell me which in the whole i is altered for the better?

Johnson. How would you deal with the p of such a verb as *notice?*

Tooke. It must be *noticed:* and I wish obliged to pronounce distinctly each of it syllables. Countrymen in the midland shir preserved the verb *notize;* like *prize* and *tize*. I wish we never had rejected it, a kept *notice* for the substantive only.

Johnson. I have remarked the preteri *notic'd*, and by writers of reputation, in th ning of this century.

Tooke. Wonderful, but perfectly true. rather see Grammar a shrew than a slattern. are hours and occasions when she needs full-dressed; there are none when it is par in her to come down with tangled hair. are fictions in our laws, and there are fictic in our language: *notic'd*, *entic'd*, are ex We have seen them printed; we never hav or can hear them pronounced. Bottles i are *corked*, in the cellars they are *corkt:* no voice ever uttered *cork'd*. Since we ha ways, why take that which leads us wrong have both *blest* and *blessed;* but we have n *prest* and *pressed*, *carest* and *caressed*. L Achilles of Horace, who "jura negat sibi &c., we seize upon what does not belong and cast aside what does: we speak one thi write another.

We never say *patriarchical*, yet we sa *archical* and *anarchical:* harsh words! Si choice is left me by prescription in the analogy in the other, I would constantl *anarchal* and *monarchal*. It occurs to n what I should have mentioned before if thought of it at the time when we were sp on the subject, that Fairfax, instead of *embraced*, wrote (as many did) *embrast*.

> "Gather the rose of love while yet thou *mais*
> Loving be loved, embracing be *embrast*."

Johnson. Indeed the word "embrase" more directly from its origin.

Tooke. Ménage tells us that he did the c of what was done by the Academy. "T their dictionary," says he, "with words I take greater care, in my etymologies, which are no longer so, that they may quite forgotten."

Johnson. Both did right. It is interes trace the features of a language in every its existence. I wish you would do it, Mr. I have done enough: it must be the exe learned leisure, and not of him whose dail is dipped in ink.

Tooke. Doctor, there was a time when I at what raised my admiration: I thought over: your last words renew it. I am adviser of pensions: I should be happy to greater part of them struck off: but more still should I read an act of parliament, suance of which ten were established in

tuity for our ten best writers. Five of them should enjoy five hundred a year, the others three, closing only when preferment of higher value were given them.

Johnson. And pray, sir, would you admit the partisan of rebellion to the advantages of this endowment?

Tooke. I would exclude none whatever for his opinions, political or theological. The minister who had granted such an indulgence to his opponent, would indemnify himself by the acquisition of worthier supporters, attached to him by his magnanimity: the partisan of rebellion who accepted it, would render but little service to his cause. The whole sum thus expended is barely what you throw upon the desk of the lowest scribbler, appointed Secretary (we will suppose) to the Board of Admiralty for some smutty song or pious pasquinade; barely what a vulgar commissary gains in one day's contract for bullocks; and therefore on neither side of the house would the motion find, consistently, any opponent who can spell and cast accounts. Since the form of our constitution is not such as admits every man of superior abilities to the place he might occupy in one more popular, so slight amends may surely be made for the privation. I venture to assert that it would render our government more respected abroad than it is rendered by our armies and navies, and more beloved at home than it is by our assessments and excise.

Johnson. Ay, ay! among the ten we should find your name, no doubt!

Tooke. No, sir, my name is not to be where ten are at a time: beside, there is no Minister whose exclusion of me would be unjustifiable. These two considerations make me speak openly and warmly. Few authors could recommend the motion: I dare to do it, excited by the neglected genius of my adversary here, and the glory no less neglected of my country.

Johnson. I would hardly be so ministerial on this point as you are: I would increase the value of the pension by making it depend on the vote of parliament.

Tooke. This is better: we may suppose three names recommended by a committee on every vacancy.

Johnson. I perceive that you, in the midst of letters, always turn aside to the political.

Tooke. I wish, in the midst of the political, our representatives were turned for a moment to the consideration of letters. What I recommend is practicable and uncostly. Hardly one member of the Honourable House is interested in recommending a relative or friend: and I doubt whether, in all the ten to be chosen, more than two or three would be nominated on an unpaid bill, by snuff-maker or fishmonger or tailor.

Johnson. Ah false suitor! you have unwoven with your own hands Penelope's bright web: you might have left it to Penelope herself: night would have closed again on it in scattered filaments.

Tooke. No, my dear sir, I have not hurt the web; I have only puffed away a design of it which was never designed to be executed. Cadmus, who found letters, found also the dragon's teeth to be sown among them and to consume them. Now we are in Asia, let us turn it to our purposes, as others do.

The word *Tartar*, we are informed of late, is properly *Tatar* in its own language: be it so: this is no sufficient reason why we also should be *Tatars* or speak *tatar*. The word *Tartar* has been received among us some centuries, and invariably used. *Caractacus*, *Cassibellaunus*, and *Britannia*, are not exactly the British words: yet a Roman would have been ridiculed who, a hundred years after the reception of them, should rather have inserted the original British in his history. We are become well acquainted with *Mahomet:* but every man who has travelled in the East brings home a new name for the prophet, and trims his turban to his own taste.

Johnson. I am reminded of an observation I made the other day, that some recent authors write *Tartarian* as the adjective of *Tartar: Tartarian* is that of *Tartarus: Tartar* is itself an adjective.

Tooke. I will pay you down on the nail a substantive for your adjective. We say *poulterer:* we might as well say *ministerer*, *masterer*, and *maltsterer*. Our language, sir, is losing a little of its propriety every year. It becomes more trim by its espaliers; but I wish I could say its fruit is the better for the reduction of its branches. We have *anger* and *wrath* in our old language; *resentment*, *rage*, *pique*, the worse and weaker parts of the feeling, come from the French.

Johnson. You place too little reliance upon good authorities.

Tooke. Good writers are authorities for only what is good, and by no means and in no degree for what is bad, which may be found even in them.

Johnson. How then decide upon what is really bad or good?

Tooke. By exercising our ratiocination upon it, and by comparing with it other modes of expression. Many of those who are generally called good writers are afraid of writing as they speak. This is a worse than panic fear; and is the principal reason why our moderns are less rich and less easy than their predecessors. They are reluctant to mount up above the time of Dryden; not indeed a mean writer in prose or poetry, singularly terse in his moral sentences and felicitous in his allusions; but in copiousness and beauty of language no more comparable to Barrow and Taylor and some others, than the canal in St. James's park is comparable to the Thames. If we wish to breathe freely and largely, and to fill our innermost breasts with the spirit of our language, we must ascend higher.

Johnson. The most curious thing I know in it is, that *ever* and *never* should be synonymous. Can you account for this?

Tooke. The *mai* of the Italians, in like manner, serves both purposes. *Were you never so just* is the same in its meaning as *Were you ever so just.* The one is *were you never in your life so just as upon this occasion:* the other, howsoever *just you were.*

Johnson. This satisfies me. I should myself have given the same solution.

Tooke. It must then, Doctor, be a clear and easy one.

Johnson. (aside). The man's words are ambiguous; although it is plain that he is not aware of it; for nothing was ever so serene as his countenance, so unembarrassed as his manner, so polite as his whole demeanour. Can this fellow now be in his heart almost a republican? Impossible!

Tooke. We have another odd expression in the verb *help*, when we say, "*I can not help thinking,*" for "I can not *but* think." We *help* in assisting and resisting. It is an exercise of power: here the power is on the side of resistance. Again to the spelling-book: *Rind, bind, mind, find, wind* (the verb), *kind, blind,* &c. we already have acknowledged, are better written as they were formerly, with a final *e*, as also *child, wild, mild*; that the sound may accord with the spelling, which should always be the case where no very powerful reason interposes its higher authority. *Ache*, why not *ake: height*, why not *highth*, as Milton writes it? Those who polish language, like those who clean pictures, often rub away the colouring. Roughness, you will tell me, is removed by the process of the moderns: I could adduce no few instances to the contrary. Now do you imagine that the fashionable way of writing *empress's son*, if we *could* pronounce it accordingly, would be better than *empresses?* No other language in the world (for though the serpent could once speak he could never write) presents four *esses* in conjunction. The final *es* is more proper, more ancient, more English, than the substitute *his*, which Addison, Dryden (in "Ethridge *his* courtship"), and a crowd of inferiors, have employed. Raleigh himself, greatly more learned and eloquent than either, writes "He was advised of Asdrubal *his* approach."

Johnson. Reverting to the "*empress's son*," who would not rather say "*son of the empress*"?

Tooke. I talk of what exists in the language, not of what is best in it: nor indeed would your alteration be preferable in all contingencies. What for instance think you of this? "We have heard of the ill state of health of the son of the empress of Russia." The double genitive ought to be avoided as much as possible in all composition: it has however a worse effect in modern languages than in ancient. To ours the ancient termination designating it, is highly advantageous. It has not only two genitives, but let me also remark to you, it has a greater variety of sounds in it than any other I know.

Johnson. Surely not than the Greek.

Tooke. Beyond a question; if you acknowledge that the Greeks, who have never lost their guage, know how to pronounce it better th do. Their diphthongs are almost inse so: we give to their *ai* and *oi* our own mouthed tone, our own as exclusively as *mine*, &c.

Returning to the *s*, although we have one of nine letters in which it occurs five times another of only eight in which it appears as (*possesses* and *assesses*), yet I once from cur examined a hundred verses in Shakspeare an same number in Sophocles, and found it frequent in the latter. If I had counted th the *zetas*, and the *psis*, which contain it difference would have been still greater. true, the Greek iambic contains more syll than ours, but the number of letters is nearl same in each.

Johnson. I am unsatisfied, after all, tha English *is*, whether joined to the word o joined from it, whether in full or in co tion, may not be *his*, as our grammarians supposed.

Tooke. That it has not relation to *his* m demonstrated by its being common to both and female, to both singular and plural: w not only *Edwin's book*, but *Emma's book*, and, as little hesitation, *men's minds*. Beside, the part of old authors do not write the poss case in *is* but in *es*; because *e* was the ge termination of substantives.

There are some words which, if we re them, we cannot spell rightly; they have be perverted by custom: such are *amaze, ala newt*; the first of which was a *maze*, the s a *larum*, the last an *evet*. So the French *a* and the Italian *affare*; *à faire, a fare*; de strable in the latter by the earlier word, equally in common use, *facenda*, res *faci Bower* is part of *arbour*, and *cate* is part of *de*

Johnson. Is *delicate* then used anywhere substantive for *delicacy*?

Tooke. Marston in one of his plays says *pr delicates*. *Débonnaire* was formerly used different sense from the present. "*Il fau simple, obéissant et débonnaire, pour être pro recevoir religion,*" says Charron, a writer sca less shrewd than Bacon and much more ele But I have traced the old gentleman pretty out of Seneca into Plutarch.

Johnson. I do not much read French: language appears to have been greatly chang one century.

Tooke. Even since Pascal, Ménage, and de Sévigné. Formerly to teach Greek *montrer le Grec*: it would have been thoug Italianism to say *enseigner*. This is remarka the French, that it is more figurative in con conversation than in ordinary prose writing more so in prose than in verse. A *batter cuisine*, a *chapeau abîmé*, an artificial flower *fique*, a false curl *superbe*, a kidney-bean ill-b *horrible*, an old-fashioned coat *affreux*; a t with a wrong sauce an *assassination*.

We see written *mantua*-maker, for *manteau*-maker, a vulgar and ludicrous error: we see also *ameliorate* for *meliorate*, although one would reasonably suppose that it signified the reverse. We write *posthumous*, in the silly opinion that the word is derived from *post* and *humus*: the termination in fact is nowise different from that of *maximus* and *optimus* in the Latin, although, by one of the chances common in language, it has escaped that change in the middle syllable which the others have undergone.

You would derive a good many words from the Latin which come to us from nearer relatives in the North: and there are some few which really are Latin, and you do not notice as such. What think you for instance of *hocus! pocus!*

Johnson. Sir, those are exclamations of conjurors, as they call themselves,

Tooke. Well, Doctor, let us join them, and try to be conjurors ourselves a little. We know that the common people often use the aspirate unnecessarily, and as often omit the *i*: for instance, they constantly say *ingenous* for *ingenious*: *u* and *i* are not only confounded by us, as in *grum* for *grim*, &c. but were equally so by the Romans, as *lacruma* was *lacrima*.

Johnson. You mean rather with *y*.

Tooke. No; they oftener wrote it with *i*: the conceited and ignorant used *y*, only to make it appear they knew the derivation. For the same reason among us people write *thyme* with the *h*, contrary to the manner of pronouncing it.

Johnson. Pray go on.

Tooke. The preliminaries are acceded to. *Hocus* then is *ocus*, out of use, or *ocius*: *pocus* is *pocis*.

Johnson. What is that?

Tooke. The ancient Romans, followed in this by the modern Italians, wrote *pocis* for *paucis*, *Cladius* for *Claudius*, *plodite* for *plaudite*. *Ocus pocis*, is, *quickly! at few words!* the conjuror's word of command, as *presto* is.

Johnson. You pronounced *paucis* as if the *c* was *k*.

Tooke. So did the Romans: we are taught by the Greek biographers and historians. They write Latin proper names according to the pronunciation; *Kikeron*, not *Sizeron*, *Kaisar* not *Sæsar*; which to their ears would have been as absurd as *Sato* would have been for *Cato*.

There are also some few inaccuracies whereinto our most applauded speakers and our least objectionable writers have fallen. For instance, *I had rather not go: you had better not do it.* This error arises from ambiguity of sound. *I'd* rather, or *I'm'd* rather: contractions of *would*, and pronounced more like *had*.*

If I am not mistaken, is often prefatory or parenthetical to an affirmative, in our language and most others. Nothing is absurder; for nothing is more self-evident than that a thing is this or that *if there is no mistake*. But by saying for instance, "If I am not *much* mistaken, sir, you are doctor Johnson;" the absurdity in the stranger would be none; for he acknowledges a *great* mistake in taking you for another, or another for you. And the same may be said of anything else on which inquiry or curiosity has been exercised.

Johnson. Sir, you mix up so much of compliment with so much of argument, that I know not how I can answer you, unless by saying that your observation on the phrase is perfectly correct, and that I believe it to be no less new.

Tooke. We do many things now which we never thought of doing formerly. We *contemplate* going to a ball and dancing a fandango: we are *installed* in a new lodging: we *place ourselves* in communication: we *take* tea: this is an improvement, we used to *take* physic only: and then we *seek* our pillow: of all things upon earth the most easily found, although sometimes the most unwillingly. We can not bear an *indifferent* judge, or *indifferent* law, or *indifferent* history: we think them the reverse of what they are: in one word, bad. But no wonder: we have been moving in a *high circle*, and beyond the *sphere* of utility, so that we fancy we have been *edified* by a sermon, and mistake a cluster of colleges for what it is most remote from, a *university*.

Johnson. It is not we alone who do that.

Tooke. Answer enough for every objection. There are older peculiarities which require attention and yet have not found it. You would say *two or three times*.

Johnson. Why not?

Tooke. Because you would not say *two times*.

Johnson. I should rather say *twice or thrice*. Certainly, as more elegant.

Tooke. Beside, it saves a word; no inconsiderable thing, when we find a large family of young thoughts springing up about us, and calling on us for decent clothing.

Johnson. You, who are fond enough of innovation in politics, are reluctant to admit any new improvement in our modes of composition. Doubtless you think it as elegant to close a member of a sentence, or the sentence itself, with *of, against, in, for*, as to write "with which to contend," "of which to speak," "against which to write," "in which to partake," "for which to be zealous."

Tooke. Not only as elegant, but much more. It is strictly idiomatical; it avoids an unnecessary word; and it is countenanced by the purest writers of Greece. The iambics of the tragedians (if that be anything) sometimes end with such words as ἐστι, πάρα, πεφι, ὑπο, ὑπερ. I would rather close a sentence thus; *there is nobody to contend with*, than, *there is nobody with whom to contend*: rather with *there is none to fight against*, than *there is none with whom to fight*. Even the French formerly were not shocked at closing a sentence with *avec*, although little accordant with

* "Poet who hath been building up the rhyme . . .
When he had better far have stretched his limbs
Beside a brook, in mossy forest dell." COLERIDGE.

A similar instance has been given (p. 150) from Middleton.

"A poet had better borrow anything except money than the thoughts of another." *Note to* DON JUAN, C. v.

their language. We often hear, *the first among them.*

Johnson. Well, why not?

Tooke. Because what is *first* or *before*, is not *among.*

Johnson. You might argue then that what is *before* is not *of*, and that it has ceased to be so when, in the nautical phrase, it has parted company: yet surely you do not object to the expression, "the first of them."

Tooke. It has not ceased to be *of* by being *before:* for *of* is *off*, however we may, for obvious reasons, separate them in the parts of speech. We perceive a slight shade of difference between *yet* and *still.* The most remarkable example of it was given by a great foreign linguist, who, conversing with an English prelate on many occasions and at many different times, committed but one mistake, "When this event happened I was not *still* born." *Above* and *over* are not always synonymous. We may say *he wept over me;* we can not say *he wept above me.* The words *can not* remind me that these should always be separated; a remark made by Ben Jonson, but never attended to. You are well-*read* and well-*spoken*, have you any objection to be well-*mounted?*

Johnson. Strange inversion of active and passive.

Tooke. What an outcry would be raised against you or me if we applied a verb in the singular to several nouns.

Johnson. And justly.

Tooke. Yet elegance sometimes requires it, even in our own language. The Italian has not repudiated it: Metastasio says,

"La mia Filli e la mia cetra
Sempre cara a me sarà:"

And Petrarca,

"Benedetto sia il giorno e 'l mese e l'anno."

The best of the French poets and prose-writers have complied with it, and the Athenians cherished it.

Johnson. We look rather to the Latin.

Tooke. Even there, in the most common schoolbooks we find it. Virgil says,

"Vocat ingenti clamore Cytheron
Taigetique canes domitorque Epidaurus equorum."

The first page of Horace offers also an example.

"Metaque fervidis
Evitata rotis palmaque nobilis
Terrarum dominos evehit ad deos."

And again,

"Dum pudor
Imbellisque lyræ musa potens vetat."

Johnson. These are strong instances; but I would rather you adduced an authority from some great writer in prose.

Tooke. I will adduce one from the most unquestionable of all Latin grammarians, Quintilian. "Et animantium quoque sermone carentium ira, lætitia, adulatio, et oculis et quibusdam aliis corporis signis deprehenditur."

Milton writes,

"That hill and valley rings." B. 2. v.

And in his prose, "Yet ease and leisure w

We have lately seen such words as *ca* and *open up.* Who would not think tha *out* a measure signifies to reject it or dis whereas it is forced to say quite the contrar *into* effect. To "open *up*" is no less wro to *examine into: up* is redundant; *into* i plicable; for to examine is to *weigh ou* where we are pleased, improprieties pass noticed. In Shakspeare we have (not of speare, however, but of the printer),

"I never yet did hear
That the bruised heart was pierced through the

As we read these verses they are nonsen should be *pieced* (made whole again), not (made sensible). Being "bruised" it co want this.

Johnson. This reading never occurred Have you any more?

Tooke. Several, and quite as obvious. us rather walk back again to the old ser words we left behind.

Johnson. And now, pray, what more wo antiquate?

Tooke. Whatever is reasonable. Can questioned that *friend* written *frend*, as nounce it and as good authors wrote it fo is better? If we write, as we do, *diamet thermometer*, should we not also *meter* now we were speaking of *who* and *whic* the Litany, "Our father *which* art in h is often read by conceited young cler "*who* art."

Johnson. I would strip their gowns ove shoulders.

Tooke. To some purpose, I hope. Waller

"Let those *which* only warble love,
And gargle in their throat."

Johnson. In that poem, addressed to Lawes, Waller's expression is more vigoro happy than usual, especially in the fol words,

"Make a *shrill sally* from the breast."

He wrote as elegantly as South.

Tooke. No high compliment. South wa and dexterous. Throw out a flimsy and argument to him, and he will bite it to from between his ruffles as a lapdog a broidered glove. He spells many words ri for example, *scepter, counsils, exil, honor, proclame, procede, humor, sutable, onely,* others wrongly: for example, *doe* (do), *h weakned, heightned, hardned, souldier, pu daign, supream.* He uses *act* for *actuate,* tyrants acted by party," "acts the whole Then "What course have we *took* to all former?" "The most effectual way to d religion is to embase (debase) the teache dispensers of it." Worst of all, "Their op *wholly* divided." Here the word is first

spelt, for whole must be *wholy* or *wholely*, as *sole* is *sly* or *solely*: the adverb can not have a double *l* if the adjective has a single one. I have before remarked this.

Johnson. Sir, I would rather you found faults in South than authority in Hume.

Tooke. Certainly the others were quite sufficient without him. I would only demonstrate by it that the practice has continued down to the present day in an unbroken line of good authors.

Johnson. I am not to be guided in my language by a Scotchman.

Tooke. Then take any of the others you prefer. Archibald Bower is a Scotchman, yet he writes with almost as much purity as Blackstone himself. But, Doctor, why this hostility to writers who never have molested you? It seems wonderful that you should hate the nation as you do, a nation which would have restored the prince you reverenced. If there were any worth in him of any kind whatever, it might have created a desire to see him supersede the occupant of his grandfather's throne, provided we could be sure of his maintaining the religion and liberties of the people. But since no member of that family ever had honour enough to maintain his word, or religion enough to observe his oath, your probity would surely suppress your predilection.

Johnson. Kings, good or bad, are not to be roughly handled or irreverently approached.

Tooke. If the nation looks at them for an example, and finds the example a bad one; if those nearest their persons imitate them; if the imitation goes on in exaggerated lines until in every house and bed-chamber there is a copy of it; the mischief is enormous, and it may continue far beyond our calculation. Never do even the best kings sympathise deeply with the sufferings of the people. Their preachers and courtiers take out the heart and entrails, put strong spices in room of them, stroke the plumage softly down, infix false eyes, and place them in glass cases out of reach.

Johnson. Out of reach! So they should be.

Tooke. Has the practice been successful in the princes you supported? or does it promise any better success in those who supersede them?

Johnson. You would have none.

Tooke. You mistake. Hereditary kings are the only safeguards for us: and theirs is the only station I wish to be hereditary. I have seen a child born to a large fortune, so carefully wrapped up, so protected from a breath of air, that his estate, when he came to possess it, was no enjoyment to him; in like manner is the seclusion of princes from the people injurious to them, infecting their moral vigour, and contracting the action of the heart. I do not blame any attachment in which pity and generosity are concerned. But if you commiserate the Stuarts, spare at least the nation which rose in arms for their defence, and whose shouts of enthusiasm you might almost have heard at Lichfield.

Johnson. I heard them nearer: but no more on that. Prejudices I may have; for what man is without them? but mine, sir, are not such as tend to the relaxation of morals, the throwing down of distinctions, the withholding of tribute to whom tribute is due, honour to whom honour. You and your tribe are no more favourable to liberty than I am. The chief difference is, and the difference is wide indeed, that I would give the larger part of it to the most worthy, you to the most unworthy. I would exact a becoming deference from inferiors to superiors; and I would not remove my neighbour's land-mark, swearing in open court that there never was any but an imaginary line between the two parties. Depend upon it, if the time should come when you gentlemen of the hustings have persuaded the populace that they may hoot down and trample on men of integrity and information, you yourself will lead an uncomfortable life, and they a restless and profitless one. No man is happier than he who, being in a humble station, is treated with affability and kindness by one in a higher. Do you believe that any opposition, any success, against this higher can afford the same pleasure? If you do, little have you lived among the people whose cause you patronise, little know you of their character and nature. We are happy by the interchange of kind offices, and even by the expression of good-will. Heat and animosity, contest and conflict, may sharpen the wits, although they rarely do; they never strengthen the understanding, clear the perspicacity, guide the judgment, or improve the heart.

LOPEZ BAÑOS AND ROMERO ALPUENTE.

Baños. **At length, Alpuente, the saints of the Holy Alliance have declared war against us.**

Alpuente. **I never heard it until now.**

Baños. **They direct a memorial to the King of France, inviting him to take such measures as his Majesty in his wisdom shall deem convenient, in order to avert the calamities of war and the danger of discord from his frontier.**

Alpuente. **God forbid that so great a king should fall upon us! O Lord, save us from our enemy,** who would eat us up quick, so despitefully is he set against us.

Baños. Read the manifesto. Why do you laugh? Is not this a declaration of hostilities?

Alpuente. To Spaniards, yes. I laughed at the folly and impudence of men who, for the present of a tobacco-box with a fool's head upon it, string together these old peeled pearls of diplomatic eloquence, and foist them upon the world as arguments and truths. Do kings imagine that they

can as easily deceive as they can enslave? and that the mind is as much under their snaffle, as the body is under their axe and halter? Bring before me one of them, Lopez, who has not violated some promise, who has not usurped some territory, who has not oppressed and subjugated some people: then I will believe him, then I will obey him, then I will acknowledge that those literary heralds who trumpet forth his praises with the newspaper in their hands, are upright and uncorrupted. The courage of Spain delivered the wretched kings from the cane and drum-head of a Corsican. Which of them did not crouch before him? which did not flatter him? which did not execute his orders? which did not court his protection? which did not solicit his favour? which did not entreat his forbearance? which did not implore his pardon? which did not abandon and betray him? No ties either of blood or of religion led or restrained these neophytes in holiness. And now forsooth the calamities of war and the dangers of discord are to be averted, by arming one part of our countrymen against the other, by stationing a military force on our frontier for the reception of murderers, traitors, and incendiaries, and by pointing the bayonet and cannon in our faces. A beaten enemy now dictates terms and conditions: and this "most Christian majesty" tells us, that unless we accept them instantly, the nephew of Henry the fourth shall march against us . . . with his army, and his feather.

Baños. Ah! that weighs more.

Alpuente. The French army will march over fields which already cover French armies, and over which the oldest and bravest part of it fled in ignominy and dismay, before our shepherd-boys and hunters. What the veterans of Napoleon failed to execute the household of Louis will accomplish. Parisians! let your comic-opera-house lie among its ruins; it can not be wanted this season. I trust in heaven, that, whoever leads them, will find an abler in the leader of ours. Upon the summit of the Pyrenees, in the *Seo de Urgel*, is stationed the vigilant and indefatigable Mina. Among all the generals of the various nations that have come forward in our days on the same field, he is the only one who never lost a good opportunity of fighting, or seized a bad one. He gained victories even when his escape from surrounding armies was deemed impossible; and he seems to think every soldier in his own a part of himself. Others, when they have ceased to command, deem it famous to excel the youngest officer in feats of licentiousness: he is abstinent from all light pleasures, knowing that whoever is most reverenced is best obeyed. Others trip from title upon title, and stoop to pick up pension after pension: Mina is contented with the name of Mina: and the fare of a soldier satisfies him as completely as the fame.

Little is that, O Lopez, which any man can give us: but that which we can give ourselves is infinitely great. This of all truths, when acted upon consistently, is the most important to our happiness and glory; and I know not whether by ignorance or deceit it has been kept so long a secret from mankind.

I now have time to think for a moment on the troops which, you tell me, are coming against us.

What! shall those battalions which fought so many years for freedom, so many for glory, be supplementary bands to barbarians from Caucasus and Imäus? shall they shed the remainder of their blood to destroy a cause, for the maintenance of which they offered up its first libation? Time will solve this problem, the most momentous in its solution that ever lay before man. One would imagine that those who invented the story of *Prometheus*, were gifted with the spirit of prophecy, announcing how human genius was, in process of time, to be chained for ever to the Scythian rock. Incredible is it, nevertheless, that a barbarian enthroned upon it, should dictate his ravings to all nations! a madman whose father was suffocated in his bed for less mischievous insanity. If we are conquered, of which at present I have no apprehension, Europe must become the theatre of new wars, and be divided first into three parts, afterward into two; and the next generation may see all her states and provinces the property of one autocrat, and governed by the most ignorant and lawless of her nations.

Baños. We Spaniards are accused of republicanism. The falsehood of this accusation is evinced by the plain acknowledged fact, that, when we could have established a republic, we declined it. On the contrary, we were persecutors, I am ashamed to say it, of those who first were liberal among us, and who believed (for the wretchedness of our condition led them thus far into credulity) that Bonaparte would be the deliverer of Spain. Every man who was inclined to republicanism, was inclined to France; and these were objects of hatred to our new government. The great favourers of republicanism are kings themselves; who now demonstrate to the world that no trust or confidence is to be reposed in them; and who have at all times shown a disposition to push their prerogative deep into the constitution of their states: not to mention, as aiding in the furtherance of the cause, the frugality and fairness of governments which are without those hard excrescences called kings. He of France is proclaimed by his confederates to be a virtuous one: yet he lies in the face of the universe: he declares he has no intention of attacking us, and without any change in our conduct, he attacks.

Alpuente. He perhaps is a virtuous and consistent king: yet when the pictures and statues at Paris were demanded back, he told Canova that he might indeed take those of his master, the pope, but desired him to bear in mind that it was without *his* consent. Now these things were restored to their old possessors by the same means and on the same principles as his throne was restored to him. He perhaps is a virtuous and consistent king: yet he refused the payment of

debts contracted by him when he was not one, on pretext of an obsolete law.

Baños. You would make him out, Alpuente, a most detestable rogue; as vile and worthless as another of the same family, who exacted 82,000 crowns for his private purse, before he would sign a contract for furnishing with provisions the foreign troops that held him tight upon his throne, saying, "I too must have oil for my macaroni."

Alpuente. So far am I from wishing to point him out as a bad king, I acknowledge him to be among the best now living; yet certainly there is nothing in him to render us more enamoured of royalty, or more attached to the family of Bourbon.

Baños. A pink orbicular good-dinner face, after praising the Lord of Hosts for his capons and oysters, beseeches him in his mercy and loving-kindness, to lift a little his flaming sword over Spain, in defence of kings and faith; and then, in full confidence of the Lord's righteousness, orders out an army to assist him in the enterprise, and falls fast asleep.

Alpuente. Was the people of Spain, then, grown more idle? more vicious? Was it revolt that threw us into wretchedness? or (if the question is a lawful one) was it wretchedness that threw us into revolt?

Baños. The King of France can answer this, and will answer it one day, if God is what that king acknowledges he believes he is.

Our nation was beginning to flourish: the privileged orders had become reconciled to Justice, and the lower had begun to experience her protection, when a king, by distributing arms and money, by promising aid, protection, and honours, excited the ignorant and necessitous to insurrection and treason. And what king was this? one whom treason and insurrection had twice driven from his throne. Neither he nor any else could be unaware what calamities must ensue if his plan succeeded; and that the bravest, the most enlightened, the most virtuous of Spaniards, would be imprisoned, impoverished, exiled, murdered, to exalt the most cowardly, the most bigoted, the most perfidious, the most ungrateful; a wretch whom his father had cursed, whom his mother had disowned, and whom the nation he betrayed and degraded had forgiven!

The most christian king invades us, that a limited power, in every act beneficial to the people, and employed by the magistrates with such clemency and discretion as History in like circumstances never hath recorded, should be wrested from those who hold it by the choice and order of their fellow-citizens, and be transferred without stipulation or restriction, to one who had usurped it from his parent, who had betrayed it to his enemy, and who never had exerted it, a single hour, but to the detriment and dishonour of his people. I do not condole with you, Alpuente, on what is ordinary; that even constitutional kings abandoned and deceived us; and that equity and policy were disarmed by solicitation and falsehood. Nations are never aided by princes; not even when those princes, as far as the common eye can follow them, have walked in the paths of rectitude through life; and the worst of their fraternity have always been succoured more zealously than the best. With such men it is easier for despots to make favourable treaties, and for intriguers to raise large fortunes.

Alpuente. It appears to be resolved by every prince in Europe, that their counsels, administrations, and systems, shall henceforward be the same throughout.

Baños. To what purpose? To condemn tens of thousands to want, imprisonment, death, exile, insult (I bring before you these calamities in the order we Spaniards feel them); hundreds of thousands to loss of property, loss of relatives, loss of friends; millions to barbarism; all to degradation! Men, formerly honoured by the appellation of flocks, are now considered more like their grapes and olives, good for nothing until trodden upon and pressed. They talk about order: what order is there where one man is in place of all? They talk about civilisation: what civilisation is there where there is imposed on the citizen not only that which he shall do and forbear, but that which he shall believe? They talk of law: what law is there where a failure in belief is subject to a severer penalty than a failure in performance or forbearance? They talk of domestic duties: what are those where a wife is imprisoned for comforting her husband?*

Thus, familiar and sportive with absurdity are Cruelty and Injustice! Cruelty in all countries is the companion of anger: but there is only one, and never was another on the globe, where she coquets both with anger and mirth. Yet in the Revolution of that people, marked by every atrocity for twenty years together, if there was more bloodshed than among the Spaniards, there was less suffering within equal periods; for triumphs lightened it. Spain heaves with abject weakness, and writhes under intolerable domination.

Domestic virtues, you see, are political crimes; and imprisonment is the reward of them from Catholic and most Christian kings. They imagine vain dangers, and can not see real ones. Never was there a revolution, or material change in government, effected with so little bloodshed, so little opposition, so little sorrow or disquietude, as ours. Months had passed away, years were rolling over us, institutions were consolidating, superstition was relaxing, ingratitude and perfidy were as much forgotten by us as our services and sufferings were forgotten by Ferdinand, when emissaries, and gold, and arms, and *Faith* inciting to discord and rebellion, crossed our frontier. The religion of Constantine and of Charlemagne, falsely called the Christian, and subversive of its doctrines and its benefits, roused brother against brother, son against father; and our fortresses,

* Jose España perished on the scaffold; and his wife languished in prison because she had given him an asylum while a fugitive, instead of denouncing him. Humboldt, *Personal Narrative*, vol. iii. p. 474.

garnished with the bayonets of France, echoed with the watchword of the Vatican. The name of God hath always been invoked when any great violence or injustice was to be perpetrated. No fatal blow against the liberties of mankind or against the tranquillity of nations hath ever been aimed without religion. Even the son of Tarquin, the violator of whatever is most dear in domestic and social life, even he, on invading his country, called upon the Gods to avenge the cause of kings.* If Ferdinand had regarded his oath, and had acceded, in *our* sense of the word *faith*, to the constitution of his country, from which there hardly was a dissentient voice among the industrious and the unambitious, among the peaceable and the wise, would he have eaten one dinner with less appetite, or have embroidered one petticoat with less taste? Would the saints along his chapel-walls have smiled upon him less graciously, or would thy tooth, holy Dominic! have left a less pleasureable impression on his lips? Only two strong truths could have shocked him, instead of the many personal ones he drew upon his head; namely, that *damnable* does not mean *combustible*, and that *there* is the worst heresy where is imposture for the sake of power or profit. Such truths however are now, it appears, to be bundled up with gorse, broom, and hazel; and he who exposed the mysteries of the Inquisition,† may soon be a prisoner in its lowest chambers, having been expelled from the territory, as might be expected, of the most christian king. His most christian majesty insists, "that Ferdinand may give his people those institutions which they can have from him only." Yes, these are his expressions, Alpuente; these the doctrines for the propagation of which our country is to be invaded with fire and sword; this is government, this is order, this is faith! Ferdinand *was* at liberty to give us his institutions: he gave them. He restored to us the Inquisition; he restored her with all her jewels about her, her screws and pulleys, her pincers and molten lead. He restored her encompassed with all her dignitaries, her ministers, and pursuivants, and familiars; her insulting clemency, her perfidious pity, her triumphal jubilee, and her penal fires. Again, he blesses us with processions, and missions, and miracles: again, we are regenerated in the flesh with fasts and scourges. And government in danger? What? under the wisdom and piety, the tutelage and intercession, of Ferdinand? The priests are more powerful than God himself. So strange and intractable a creature was man, not only when he was made but when he was making, that God rested himself immediately after the operation. Now, Señor, here stands before you from Astorga or Las Herreras, a clever young prig of a priestling, puts a wafer into a baby-box, lifts it up half a cubit, and, by the body of Sant-Iago! out come a leash of Gods created at a word, and a-start at the tinkling of a bell.

Alpuente. Señor Lopez! be graver on this. It was the belief of our country when she was better and happier than she is at present. The body of men who introduced it, bring us now, by their evil courses, to disbelieve it. But such bodies, by immersion in it, would become turbid, and cause perhaps to be rejected the water of a purer stream. Whatever they touch they defile. They abjure the world and they riot in its profusion. Let us abjure *them;* and there cease the abjuration. Awake no man from a dream unless he struggles in it. A weak belief is preferable to a bitter unbelief.

Baños. If there exists in my garden a beautiful plant falling into an unsound condition, no longer upright, but stretching across the path, and attracting by its juices or its odour innumerable insects, which not only prey upon it but cover every other all around, and seize upon and corrode their buds, and suck out their very pith: although I may not perhaps cast it utterly away, I cut it down close to the ground, removing the weeds and dead incumbrances from about it, and hoping for straighter and healthier shoots another season.

Alpuente. To support the throne that crushes and the altar that chokes us, march forward the warlike Louis and the *preux* Chateaubriand. Behold them advancing side by side against the calm opponents of Roman bulls. The French minister has given to his private friends a strange reason for going to war with us, telling them he must either fight in Spain or on the Rhine.

Baños. He was provoked then, not by the man before him, but by the man in the rear, and fairly kicked into courage. A brave citizen or brave nation resents a threat above an injury. Here neither was injury nor threat from us: they came from behind the scenes and beneath the lamps, from manager and prompter. Under the administration of this whining fox, more than thirty slave-vessels sailed in the present year from the port of Nantes only; all armed, all equipped with chains and instruments of torture. If he was ignorant of this, he was little fit to be minister; if he knew it, he was less. Often as he dips into letters, will he never come up again with a filament of dialectics, or a grain of undirty reasoning, on some part of him? Did he not lately say to those who had been bleeding in the battles of their country, "Constantinople has not despotism enough to secure us from your liberty." Did he not demand the punishment of death to be inflicted on the authors of seditious writings?

Alpuente. A decree so sanguinary and raving never issued forth in the dog-days of the Revolution. No Louis, no Charles, conceived it; it was reserved as a supplement to *The Spirit of Christianity.* And this imbecile Chateaubriand would wash out his inkstains with blood! This paralytic dwarf would shove on his unwieldy king into carnage!

Baños. Although his majesty be brave as Maximin at a breakfast, he will find it easier to eat his sixty-four cutlets than to conquer Spain.

* Dii regum ultores adeste! *Liv.* 11. 6. † Lorente.

Alpuente. An imprudent step amid armies raised for the defence of other principles, may be ruinous to his dynasty.

Baños. Principles do not mainly influence even the principled: we talk on principle, but we act on interest. The French army will find little plunder; and the French people must endure new taxes. A Spanish war may precipitate Louis where an American war dragged his elder brother. One rule is to be followed in all such revolutions as ours. I could lay it down plainly to you; but were I speaking to others, I would deliver it in the form of apologue.

Alpuente. Give it me in that or any.

Baños. Two dogs were fighting for a bone: other dogs ran from the vicinity to take part in the quarrel. A man tossed the bone with his stick over the wall. As nothing now was to be fought for, the high belligerents parted: the others hurried back again, and quarrelled among themselves, until their masters whipped them soundly and kennelled them. At the first barking you hear, remove the bone.

Alpuente. In wars the least guilty are the sufferers. In these, as in everything, we should contract as much as possible the circle of human misery. The deluded and enslaved should be so far spared as is consistent with security: the most atrocious of murderers and incendiaries, the purveyors and hirers of them, should be removed at any expense or hazard. If we show little mercy to the robber who enters a house by force, and less to him who enters it in the season of desolation, what portion of it ought to be extended toward those who, in the height of such a season, assail every house in our country? How much of crime and wretchedness may often be averted, how many years of tranquillity may sometimes be ensured to a nation, by one well chosen example! Is it not better than to witness the grief of the virtuous for the debasement and suffocation of virtue, and the extinction of those bright, lofty hopes, for which the juster and wiser in every age contended! Where is the man, worthy of the name, who would be less affected at the lamentation of one mother for her son, slain in defending his country, than at the extermination of some six or seven usurpers, commanding or attempting its invasion? National safety legitimates all means employed upon it. Criminals have been punished differently in different countries: but all enlightened, all honest, all civilised men, agree *who* are criminals. The Athenians were perhaps as well-informed and intelligent as the people on lake Ladoga: they knew nothing of the knout, I confess, and no family among them boasted a succession of assassins, in wives, sons, fathers, and husbands: but he who endangered or injured his country was condemned to the draught of hemlock. They could punish the offence in another manner: if any nation can not, shall that nation therefore leave it unpunished? And shall the guiltiest of men enjoy impunity from a consideration of modes and means? Justice is not to be neglected because what is preferable is unattainable. A housebreaker is condemned to die: a city-breaker is celebrated by an inscription over the gate. The murder of thousands, soon perpetrated and past, is not the greatest mischief he does: it is followed by the baseness of millions, deepening for ages. Every virtuous man in the universe is a member of that grand Amphictyonic council, which should pass sentence on the too powerful, and provide that it be duly executed. It is just and it is necessary, that those who pertinaciously insist on an unnatural state of society, should suffer by the shock things make in recovering their equipoise.

Baños. We have hitherto done our utmost to secure the advantages we have obtained. In every revolution, the landed property of the crown and clergy should be divided into parcels. Out of these the creditors of the state should first be paid; afterward farms and tenements should be allotted to public officers, in place of money, reverting to the government on their dismissal or decease; lastly, the military should have their part, on condition of serving well and faithfully a stipulated time, during which they might consign the care and culture of it to their fathers or brothers or friends. Should any such land be remaining unappropriated, it ought to be offered for sale, partly in small portions, partly in large; in the former case, that as many as possible be interested in obstructing the return of despotism; in the latter, that the rich capitalists, who otherwise would be slow in doing it, might be stimulated by avarice, and might labour in loose traces for the public good. Whether the full value be paid is unimportant: what we want to do, is to give men an interest in their country. Every village-priest should have an augmentation of revenue from the episcopal tables. No bishop should have more than three thousand crowns yearly, nor ever be permitted to sleep out of his diocese. The whole of his salary should be paid from the treasury; the whole of the priest's should accrue from the land assigned to him. No convent of males or females should be tolerated.

Alpuente. In your assignment of so large a sum as three thousand crowns annually to the bishop, your liberality far outstrips your equity, as I think I can easily and satisfactorily demonstrate to you. Suppose the priest has three hundred: do you believe the bishop is ten times wiser, ten times better, ten times more active? Do you imagine the duty is ten times more difficult in the performance of regulating the regulated, for such his clergy *should* be; than the other's in regulating the ignorant, as the greater part of his parishioners *must* be! Then, unless you insist, which no man is less ready to do, that the civil power should be subordinate in weight and dignity to the spiritual, you surely would not allow to the superintendent of few a larger stipend than to the superintendent of many; and yet, according to your suggestion, a bishop should be paid higher than an alcalde or corregidor; an absurdity so great (pardon me, good Lopez!)

nothing but superstition could tolerate, nothing but despotism could devise. In the country where an archbishop is superior in rank to a general, a bishop to a colonel, things have not yet found their just proportions nor their full and final settlement. The poison may have evaporated or have been poured out, but the vessel is darkened by the dregs and crust. Enormity of absurdity and abuse! That the inmates of college and cloister, whose best learning are the actions of the just and brave, should for possessing this knowledge of them, take precedency of those whose actions in the field have been as brave, whose decisions in the courts of judicature have been as just.

Baños. We truly are less men than they! be it so! but why are we? Because we left one with his ear against a girl's lips at the confessional, another at play with St. Augustin, a third asleep in his innocence, and went forth against the invaders of our country, and brought back with us these scars: marks of ignominy and reprobation! And now, it appears, they are to be over-scored by fresh ones. We may indeed avoid a war if we will adopt the ricketty children at the next door: if we will only build a house of peers we may live quietly in our own. A peerage I consider as the parkpaling of despotism, arranged to keep in creatures both tame and wild for diversion and luxury. Such instruments are to kings what poles are to rope-dancers, enabling them to play their tricks above the heads of the people with greater confidence and security.

Alpuente. The wisest and most independent of English parliaments declared the thing useless; but Cromwell, when he seized the supreme power, thought it needful to resume such a support. If the opinion of his nation is now favourable to it, let us respect it: but let us also teach that nation to respect ours, always less biassed by private interests and less addicted to party. The principal gods of antiquity had each his favourite tree; and some nations too, the English for example, theirs, the oak. The Spaniard has rather the qualities of the cedar: patient of cold and heat, nourished on little, lofty and dark, unbending and incorruptible.

Nothing should stand between the nation and chief magistrate: the laws alone should be checks: a free people can acknowledge no other. In these religion is included, which indeed is the great law-head whence they emanate. It is written in the heart of every man: but it is often so badly spelt as to become a matter of contest, by the notaries who traffic in transcribing it.

The French, ridiculous as it may appear, would be our teachers. Let us not envy them the facility with which they build up constitutions and pull them down again, with which they take oaths and counter-oaths, with which while they violate honesty they declaim on honour: let us only ask of them, who of their most applauded public men has not been both traitor and perjurer, who among them has not been the deserter of his country or its deluder? Ingratitude, the most odious of crimes in other countries, is not even a blemish there: the sign of the cross laid over the uniform heals it perfectly. Read over the list of marshals: which of them has not abandoned his benefactor? Which of them does not drink to the health of Louis from wine poured out to him by Napoleon?

Baños. Dignity without pride was formerly the characteristic of greatness: the revolution in morals is completed, and it is now pride without dignity.

Alpuente. The republic gave commissions for robbery; the despot gives keys to secure it; so that every thief, issuing from the foul and slippery alleys of politics, is glad to creep under the ermine. Look again at those French marshals, whose heads are now peeping out from it in quest of fresh plunder: to which of them does not my remark apply, even of those whose palms and foreheads are the least deeply branded?

Baños. France is powerful by the weakness of Spain, in some degree; and the elder branch of the Bourbons hath always had the means of inculcating this truth on the younger. "If your people are flourishing they will be strong; if they are strong they will be turbulent: the richer they are, the poorer will you be. Let them recover their rights, as they call them, and you will lose your mines and your chases." The most wretched nations make the most splendid kings, as the thinnest rags the most lustrous paper.

Alpuente. England, I trust, will exert her influence and her authority: for she loses what France gains.

Baños. There are two which you cannot trust at once; Experience and England. As the Catholic Church holds that faith is not to be kept with heretics, so does the policy of England hold that none is to be kept with nations. On this she hath acted of late universally, but most openly and scandalously in her promises to Sicily. In regard to Spain, she seems resolved to adopt the principles of the Holy Alliance; her king, it is said, has approved them, and has expressed his regret that the constitution did not permit him to enter into the confederacy; the first time, I believe, that a king of England has openly regretted the precautions imposed on him by the constitution which placed his family on the throne. If we should go further than we have done, if we should vote on proofs of treason that our king has abdicated his, will England condemn in us what in herself she glorifies? No, England will not condemn us, but her government will abandon us.

Alpuente. Yet at this moment she could obtain from us more than her wars have given her. By the cession of a fortress, from which she derives no other advantage than the appointment of an old drowsy governor to about one hundred thousand crowns yearly, she might possess our African harbours, which would alone yield her the dominion both of the Atlantic and Mediterra-

mean: she might also, by other compromises of what neither strengthens nor enriches her, be mistress of that American island which secures and provisions the others, and whence she would derive advantages beyond her calculation, in those dreadful conflicts which must decide hereafter whether the mother or the daughter shall be mistress of the seas.

Berües. Spain once ruled them, England rules them now: Spain was as confident that her supremacy would be eternal as England now is. From the time that we adopted a French family and French principles we began to decay: and it is in vain that purblind politicians seek the germs of our corruption in America. Let us, Alpuente, rather look to that country for regeneration: there the Spaniard shoots up again: there also we perhaps may lay our bones at last.

Alpuente. Eighty years have thrown their burden upon mine: they are not worth the freight. I can still watch for my country: I can still mount guard. No voice is such an incentive to valour as the feeble voice of age; neither flag nor trumpet marshals it like a man of eighty stabbed on his threshold.

LORD CHESTERFIELD AND LORD CHATHAM.

Chesterfield. It is true, my lord, we have not always been of the same opinion, or, to use a better, truer, and more significant expression, of the same *side* in politics; yet I never heard a sentence from your lordship which I did not listen to with attention. I understand that you have written some pieces of advice to a young relative: they are mentioned as being excellent: I wish I could have profited by them when I was composing mine on a similar occasion.

Chatham. My lord, you certainly would not have done it, even supposing they contained, which I am far from believing, any topics that could have escaped your penetrating view of manners and morals: for your lordship and I set out diversely from the threshold. Let us then rather hope that what we both have written, with an equally good intention, may produce its due effect; which indeed I am afraid may be almost as doubtful, if we consider how ineffectual were the cares and exhortations, and even the daily example and high renown, of the most zealous and prudent men, on the life and conduct of their children and disciples. We will however hope the best rather than fear the worst, and believe that there never was a right thing done or a wise one spoken in vain, although the fruit of them may not spring up in the place designated or at the time expected.

It may be difficult, I fear indeed it is impossible, to give our young nobility the graces and the amenity of the French: therefore I would rather try to cultivate the virtues inherent in them than engraft such as are uncongenial with the stock. We have indeed some few among us who far excell in politeness the most polished of any other nation: but the generality are as far surpassed, not merely by one nation, but by almost all. There is in them an arrogance, a self-sufficiency, an exhibition of defiance, which turn away from them the attentions they would receive abroad. Hence they call insincere those who actually did attempt to endure them, but were unable to keep pace with their professions and intentions. Yet, my lord, I do not despair of your accomplishing what it would be hopeless to expect from any other. For, since you were viceroy of Ireland, I have seen many natives of that country no less elegant in manners than the most accomplished of French gentlemen.

Chesterfield. I look back with satisfaction to my residence among them.

Chatham. Well may your lordship. Never since the conquest has Ireland passed so long a time in tranquillity and contentment. In this, my lord, you stand high above the highest of our kings: and by those who are right-minded, and who judge of men by the good they do and the difficulty of doing it, you will be placed by future historians in an elevated rank among the rulers of mankind. Pardon me: for to praise a great man in his presence is no slight presumption.

Chesterfield. My lord! although I did not come to you for my reward, I receive it at your hands with humble gratitude, and may begin to think I have in part deserved it. And now, if I am not taking too much freedom in requesting it, be pleased to give me the outline of your plan for education.

Chatham. Willingly, my lord: but since a greater man has laid down a more comprehensive one, containing all I could bring forward, would it not be preferable to consult it? I differ in nothing from Locke, unless it be that I would recommend the lighter as well as the graver part of the ancient classics, and the constant practice of imitating them in early youth. This is no change in the system, and no larger an addition than a woodbine to a sacred grove.

Chesterfield. I do not admire Mr. Locke.

Chatham. Nor I: he is too simply grand for admiration: I contemplate and revere him. Equally deep and clear, he is both philosophically and grammatically one among the most elegant of English writers.

Chesterfield. If I expressed by any motion of limb or feature my surprise at this remark, your lordship I hope will pardon me a slight and involuntary transgression of my own precept. I must entreat you, before we move a step farther in our inquiry, to inform me whether I am really to consider him so exquisite in style.

Chatham. Your lordship is capable of forming

an opinion on this point, certainly no less correct than mine.

Chesterfield. Pray assist me.

Chatham. Education and grammar are surely the two driest of subjects on which a conversation can turn: yet, if the ground is not promiscuously sown, if what ought to be clear is not covered, if what ought to be covered is not bare, and above all if the plants are choice ones, we may spend a few moments on it not unpleasantly. It appears then to me, that elegance in prose composition is mainly this: a just admission of topics and of words; neither too many nor too few of either; enough of sweetness in the sound to induce us to enter and sit still; enough of illustration and reflection to change the posture of our minds when they would tire; and enough of sound matter in the complex to repay us for our attendance. I could perhaps be more logical in my definition, and more concise; but am I at all erroneous?

Chesterfield. I see not that you are.

Chatham. My ear is well satisfied with Locke: I find nothing idle or redundant in him: and I admire him particularly for his selection of plain and proper words. This I apprehend to be the prime essential of that eloquence which appeals solely to the reasoning faculties.

Chesterfield. But in the opinion of you graver men, would not some of his principles lead too far?

Chatham. The danger is that few will be led by them far enough: most who begin with him stop short, and, pretending to find pebbles in their shoes, throw themselves down and complain of their guide.

Chesterfield. What then can be the reason why Plato, so much less intelligible, is so much more quoted and applauded?

Chatham. The difficulties we never try are no difficulties to us. They who are upon the summit of a mountain know in some measure its altitude, by comparing it with many objects around; but they who stand at the bottom and never mounted it, can compare it with few only, and with those imperfectly. Until a short time ago I could have conversed more fluently about Plato than I can at present: I had read all the titles to the dialogues and several scraps of commentary: these I have now forgotten, and am indebted to long attacks of the gout for what I have acquired instead.

Chesterfield. A too severe schoolmaster! I hope he allows a long vacation.

Chatham. Severe he is indeed: yet, although he sets no example of regularity, he exacts few observances and teaches many lessons. Without him I should have had less patience, less reading, less reflection, less leisure; in short, less of everything but of sleep.

Chesterfield. Locke, from a deficiency of fancy, is not likely to attract so many listeners as Plato.

Chatham. And yet occasionally his language is both metaphorical and rich in images. In fact, all our great philosophers have this property, in a wonderful degree. Not to speak of the devotional, in whose writings one might expect it, we find it abundantly in Bacon, not sparingly in Hobbes; the next to him in range of inquiry and potency of intellect. And what would you think, my lord, if you discovered in Newton a sentence in the spirit of Shakspeare?

Chesterfield. I should look upon it as upon a wonder, not to say a miracle: Newton, like Barrow, had no feeling or respect for poetry.

Chatham. His words are these:—"I don't know what I may seem to the world; but as to myself, I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of Truth lay all undiscovered before me."

Chesterfield. Surely Nature, who had given him the volumes of her greater mysteries to unseal; who had bent over him and taken his hand, and taught him to decipher the characters of her sacred language; who had lifted up her veil before him higher than ever yet for mortal, that she might impress her features and her fondness on his heart; threw it back wholly at these words, and gazed upon him with as much admiration as ever he had gazed with upon her.

Plato, I see from the Latin version, lies open on the table: the paragraphs marked with pencil, I presume, are fine passages.

Chatham. I have noted those only which appeared reprehensible, and chiefly where he is disingenuous and malicious.

Chesterfield. They indeed ought to be the most remarkable in the works of a philosopher. If the malice is against those who are thought greater or as great, it goes toward the demonstration that they are so: if on the contrary the objects of it are inferior to himself, he can not take them up without raising them: unworthy of notice, they are more unworthy of passion. Surely no philosopher would turn to an opposite conclusion from that which in the commencement he had designed to prove; as here he must do.

Chatham. He avoids an open hostility to Democritus and Xenophon and Aristoteles; yet I have detected him in more than one dark passage, with a dagger in his hand and a bitter sneer on his countenance. I know not whether it has been observed before that these words are aimed at the latter, the citizen of another state and the commentator of other laws.

Οὐδ' ἐπιθυμία σε ἄλλης πόλεως οὐδ' ἄλλων νόμων ἔλαβεν εἰδέναι, ἀλλ' ἡμεῖς σοι ἱκανοὶ ἦμεν καὶ ἡ ἡμετέρα πόλις.

The compliment is more injurious to Socrates, for whom it was intended, than the insinuation to Aristoteles. But the prime object of his hatred, open here and undissembled, is Prodicus; author of the beautiful allegory in which Pleasure and Virtue offer themselves to the choice of Hercules. In one place he mentions him with Polus *and many others:* the least difficult and least clever of malignant expressions, where genius is the sub-

ject of calumny and invective. One hardly could imagine that he had the assurance and effrontery to call Epicharmus the chief of comic writers, before a people who that very day perhaps had been at a comedy of Aristophanes. The talent of Epicharmus lay in puns and ribaldry, and Hiero punished him for immodest conversation.

Chesterfield. I have read somewhere that, when Plato was young, it was predicted of him, from his satirical vein, that he would become in time a substitute for Archilochus.

Chatham. Athenæus, I think, has recorded it. I do not find so much wit as I expected; and, to speak plainly, his wit is the most tiresome and dull part of him; for who can endure a long series of conversations full of questions to entrap a sophist? Why not lead us to the trap at once by some unexpected turn? Yet Plato ought to be more powerful in wit than in argument, for, it is evident, he labours at it more. There is more applicable good-sense, more delicate wit, more urbanity, more gracefulness, in a single paper of the *Spectator*, than in six or eight among the minor of these dialogues; in all which, not excepting the *Phædo*, I was disappointed.

Chesterfield. The language is said to be masterly and sonorous.

Chatham. Αὐτὸ καθ' αὑτὸ ὡσαύτως κατὰ ταῦτα ἔχει, καὶ οὐδέποτε οὐδαμῶς ἀλλοίωσιν οὐδέμιαν ἐνδέχεται.* And again are several of the like sounds and words. Σμικρα φυσις 'ουδεν μεγα ουδεποτε 'ουτε ἰδιωτην ουτε πολιν δρᾶ.

Chesterfield. Come, come, my lord; do not attempt to persuade me that an old woman's charm to cure a corn or remove a wart, or a gypsy-girl's to catch a sixpence, is Plato's Greek.

Chatham. Look yourself.

Chesterfield. I have forgotten the characters pretty nearly: faith! they appear to me, from what I can pick up, to correspond with the sounds you gave them. Jupiter, it is said by the ancients, would have spoken no other language than Plato's. If ever Jupiter uttered such sounds as these, it could be only when he was crossing the Hellespont.

Chatham. What do you think of this jingle? Πρῶτον εὐλαβηθῶμέν τι πάθος μὴ παθῶμεν.

Chesterfield. I really thought that his language was harmonious to the last degree.

Chatham. Generally it is so: his language is the best of him. We moderns are still children in our tongues, at least we English. For my own part, I always spoke in parliament what I considered the most effectual to persuade my hearers, without a care or a thought touching the structure of my sentences: but knowing that the ancient orators and writers laid the first foundation of their glory upon syllables, I was surprised to find no fewer than nine short ones together in this eloquent author, ἄνδρας ἀποδεδοκιμακότες.† The accents which were guides to them, although unwritten, may have taken off somewhat from this peculiarity, and may have been a sort of support to the feebleness of the sound. No modern language can admit the concourse of so many such; and the Latin was so inadequate to the supply of them, that it produced, I believe, but one galliambic in the times of its strength and fertility; which poem required them in greater numbers and closer together than any other, but did not receive nine conjointly.

Chesterfield. Cicero was himself a trifler in cadences, and whoever thinks much about them will become so, if indeed the very thought when it enters is not trifling.

Chatham. I am not sure that it is; for an orderly and sweet sentence, by gaining our ear, conciliates our affections; and the voice of a beggar has often more effect upon us than his distress. Your mention of Cicero on this occasion, reminds me of his *O fortunatam natam me consule Romam.* Playful as he was in his vanity, I do not believe the verse is his: but Plato wrote ἀλλὰ παρ' αὐτοὺς αὖ τοὺς δεῖν οὓς ὄντας ταῦτα, &c. We may be too fastidious and fantastic in sounds and syllables; but a frequent recurrence of the same is offensive to the ear, and particularly in poetry. Nevertheless, he who appears to have had a more delicate one than almost any of the moderns, and indeed whose latinity surpasses in elegance that of any of the Romans themselves, excepting Cicero and Cæsar, was persuaded that Tibullus was fond and studious of syllabic repetitions. It appears that this poet, says Muretus, thought it elegant to continue them, and that such as the following did not happen by accident, but were produced by application and design. "*Me mea.* Ipse seram. Poma manu. Multa tabella. Sicca canis."

Chesterfield. His Latin may be elaborate and elegant, but he, like nearly all the best Latinists, was conceited, fantastical, and weakly-minded. And now I remember having been present at a discussion between two scholars on his merits in style. It was doubted whether he or Bembo is the most accurate: the beauties and faults of each were brought forward: and the sentence was given in favour of Bembo, for two or three reasons, of which the only one I can recollect is, that Muretus wrote *sinceritas*, never doubting its Latinity, whereas Bembo, when he employed it, said "*Si verbo uti liceat.*"

Chatham. I should never have suspected that a word so requisite was wanting to the Latin tongue. Let me turn over my scrap of paper, which however would best perhaps have kept its place between the leaves here.

Chesterfield. No, my lord, if you thought anything worth noticing and writing down, surely I may well think it worth knowing.

Chatham. First, then, I find a mark of admiration, that this most learned and eloquent man, Ciceronian as he was and enraptured by Virgil, should not have remarked in him or Cicero what he notices as a peculiarity in Tibullus. "*Sin in* processu. *Sin in* sua. Qu*in in*tra portas. Comprende*re re*fert. O*re re*ferret. Quaerere regna.

* *Phædo.* † *Phædo.*

Crines effu*sa* *sa*cerdos. A fra*tre* *re*cepi. Surge*re* *re*gna. *Ære* *re*nidenti. Serva*re* *re*cursus. Sub au*re* *re*liquit. Mittè*re* *re*lictâ. Stringe*re* *re*mos. Cur*rere* *re*mis." In Cicero I found after an evening's reading "Si plus adipisca*re* *re* (where certainly it could as easily have been avoided as committed). Neque excludentes ab ej*us* *usu suos*. Meo ju*re* *re*spondeo. Observa*re* *re*stricte. *Me* *me*tu libero. Reli*qui* *qui*. Maxi*me* *me* tuto. Non es*se* *se* *se*natorem;" and a few words lower "illos enim bonos du*ces* *esse*, *se* jam confectum *se*nectute." Such a concourse of *es* and *se* is perhaps not to be found again in all the books of my library. Our own language is comparatively poor in sibilants, and would refuse the supplies on this occasion. Similar sounds repeated, not indeed consecutively, but closely, are in Homer and Anacreon.

Οἷοι τρώϊοι ἵπποι ἐπιστάμενοι πεδίοιο. *Il. E.*
Δέποινα, σὺ μὲν ἵπποι. *Anac. Frag.*

In the former you have the same six times in six feet; in the latter thrice in three. Yet the sound of neither verse is so unpleasant as that of Horace, where the repetition comes but once:

"Dirus per urbes Afer *it Italas*."

We have slided into Cicero's language from Plato's. As for his wit, what think you of this? "I am ready, O Socrates, to give myself up to the strangers, to flay me worse than they flay me now, if the flaying ends not in a hide, as that of Marsyas did, but in virtue." Or what think you of a project to make a doll and dedicate it to Memory? The stuff that follows is worse still. Toward the end of the volume, in the *Gorgias*, Polus says to Socrates, "Do not you see Archelăus, son of Perdiccas, reigning over the Macedonians?" to which Socrates replies, "If I do not see him, I hear of him."

In the beginning of the same dialogue, Gorgias, at the request of Socrates to be brief, assents to his proposition twice, by using the monosyllable: whereupon Socrates says, "I admire your replies, Gorgias: they are as short as they can be." If the same monosyllable had been the answer to several questions in succession, and if those questions had been complicated and intricate, then, and then only, the remark had been well-placed.

You remember, my lord, the derivations made by Swift, of *Agamemnon*, *Ajax*, *Achilles*, *Andromache*, and other names of heroes and heroines. These are hardly more absurd and ridiculous than almost all made by Plato and attributed with great complacency to Socrates, of the same and similar; and are much less literal. It is incredible how erroneous were the most learned, both among the Greeks and Romans, on the origin of words.

Chesterfield. I have heard it reported that our own lexicographers are subject, in some degree, to the same animadversion: but I can judge more adequately of bad reasoning or bad wit.

Chatham. A little of the latter tires and nauseates, while in the former there is generally something to exercise the ingenuity. I have seen persons who could employ a moment or two unreluctantly in straightening a crooked nail: with about the same labour and interest I would hammer upon an inexact thought. Here is one which I wonder that Cicero, in mentioning the dialogue, has failed to remark. Our philosopher divides rhetoric into the true and the false; as if any part of a definition or description were to be founded on the defects of what is defined or described. Rhetoric may be turned to good or bad purposes; but this is no proof or indication that it must be divided into good and bad. The use of a thing is not the thing itself; how then is the abuse?

The wit of Plato's dialogues is altogether of a single kind, and of that which in a continuance is the least welcome. For irony is akin to cavil; and cavil, as the best wit is either good-natured or wears the appearance of good-nature, is nearly its antipode. Plato has neither the grace of Xenophon nor the gravity of Cicero, who tempers it admirably with urbanity and facetiousness. Although he is most celebrated for imagination, and for an eloquence highly poetical, there are incomparably more, both in quantity and quality, of poetical thoughts and images, in Bacon than in Plato. The language of Plato is vastly more sonorous: he is called, and nobody questions that he is, eloquent: but there is no eloquence which does not agitate the soul: he never does. Demosthenes effects it by strong appeals, and through the reason. Rousseau effects it sometimes in despite of the reason, and by uniting the Graces with the Passions. We often say we hate Rousseau: but how often does the lover say (or wish to say) he hates the beloved! In fact, the moral part of Rousseau was odious, and much of the intellectual was perverse and depraved: there was, however, a noble instrument of harmony, sounding along high and intricately vaulted arches. The characteristic of Plato is, the dexterity and ease with which he supports and shifts an argument, and exhibits it in all its phases. Nevertheless, a series of interrogations, long as he draws them out for this purpose, would weary me in one dialogue: he continues them in twenty, with people of the same description, on the same subjects.

Chesterfield. It is rather an idle thing for an old gentleman in a purple robe to be sticking pins in every chair on which a sophist is likely to sit down; and rather a tiresome and cheerless one to follow and stand by him, day after day in the cold, laying gins for tom-tits.

Chatham. In general, I own, he did so: but both he and Aristoteles turned occasionally their irony (of which indeed the latter had little) where irony is best employed: against false piety, against that which would be the substitute and not the support of morality. When a high sound issues from a high soul, our ears and hearts are opened to it; otherwise we let "the wind blow where it listeth." He jokes on grave subjects, and such as he himself thinks to be grave; and he is grave

on light ones. Can anything be flatter and duller than: "'It seems becoming,' said Glauco, 'that we should stay.' 'Then, if it do seem so,' said I, 'We ought to stay.'"

Chesterfield. Here at least is no quibbling.

Chatham. Do you want a little of that? Let me open almost any page whatever, and I can supply abundantly the most capricious customer. Take for specimen a pinch of the *Polity*. Here he carries his quibbles to such an extent as to demonstrate that *Justice is a sort of thief*. These are his very words, positive and express; no mere inference of mine.

The Greek language, more courteous than the Roman or the French or ours, and resembling in this property the Italian, in addressing a person, had ready among other terms, ὦ θαυμάσιε and ὦ βέλτιστε. Socrates meets an orderly good man, who, from respect to the laws, is going to accuse his own father of a capital crime, as he imagines it to be; and, doubting if he understood him, asks ὁ σὸς, ὦ βέλτιστε. Aristoteles, in the eighth book of his Ethics, gravely says that children ought to see no indecent statue or picture, unless it represents some god committing the obscenity.

Such are the two best pieces of wit in the two authors: and I suspect that Plato was as unaware in this place of being witty as he was in others of not being so.

In regard to their philosophy, and indeed to that of the ancients in general, there was little of sound and salutary which they did not derive from Democritus or from Pythagoras: from the former Aristoteles drew most, from the latter Plato. Cicero says improperly of Socrates, what is repeated every day in schools and colleges, that he first drew down Philosophy into private houses: Pythagoras had done it more systematically and more extensively. Upon his tenets and his discipline were founded many institutions of the earlier and quieter converts to Christianity.

Chesterfield. There is, I remember, a very dangerous doctrine attributed to this Democritus, whom you mentioned before him: he said that governments should have two supporters, rewards and punishments. Now twelve hangmen, and even twelve judges, may be paid: but Mansfield, I suspect, would commit any man to Bridewell or the pillory, who had broached a declaration so seditious, as that people of ordinary business, unhired for it, should be paid for doing their duty. National debts, he would inform the jury, are not to be aggravated by such idle and superfluous expenditure, increased at any man's option.

Chatham. I know not what my lord Mansfield, a worse enemy to our constitution than even that degraded and despicable prince for whose service he was educated, may think or dictate on the subject: but among all the books I ever read in which rewards and punishments are mentioned, I never found one where the words come in any other order than this: rewards first, then punishments. A plain evidence and proof to my humble understanding, that in the same succession they present themselves to the unperverted mind. We mention them not only in regard to our polity, but in contemplation of a better state hereafter; and there too they occur to us as upon earth.

Chesterfield. In the pleadings of Mansfield, in his charges, in his decisions, in his addresses to parliament, I have heard nothing so strikingly true as these observations of your lordship, and I wish I had heard nothing so novel.

Chatham. I, in the name of our country, unite with you, my lord, in this wish. Let us trace again the more innocent wanderings of a greater man, I know not whether less prejudiced, but certainly less profligate and corrupt.

Socrates in the *Gorgias* is represented as saying that he believes the soul and body both to exist in another state, although separately; the body just as it was in life, with its infirmities, wounds, and distortions. This would be great injustice; for hence a long life, rendered so by frugality and temperance, would acquire, in part of its recompense, the imbecility of age, with deafness, blindness, and whatever else is most afflictive and oppressive in that condition. The soul carries upon its back, he says, the marks of floggings and bruises and scars, contracted by perjuries upon earth, and by the delivery *in court* of unjust sentences; such I believe, in this place, is the meaning of ἀδικίαι, and not merely any common acts of injustice. The utility of exposures in another life, he says, arises from example to others. But in what manner can they profit by this example? From what wickedness can they be deterred by these scenes of terror? Ideas as idly fanciful and childishly silly are in his description of the infernal rivers, which he derived from the poets, and which, without line or level, he led over places just as unfruitful afterward as before. Returning to this strange body of his, it cannot be supposed an inert substance: the words *after death* mean *after this life upon earth*. If he would say that it is inert, he must suppose it to be motionless: when did it become so? Strange that it should have motion to reach Tartarus and should then lose it. If so, of what use could it be? He does not say it, nor mean it, I imagine.

Chesterfield. On some occasions, it appears, he leaves off meaning very abruptly. Men leap awkwardly in long flowing dressing-gowns, and, instead of clearing the thorns and stakes, expose God knows what.

Chatham. It is not wonderful or strange that Aristoteles should ridicule his vagaries. Nothing can be more puerile and contemptible than the ideas he attributes to Socrates on future punishments: among the rest, that the damned appeal by name to those whom they have slain or wronged, and are dragged backward and forward from Tartarus to Cocytus and Periphlegethon, until the murdered or injured consent to pardon them. So the crime is punished, not according to its heinousness, but according to the kindness or severity of those who suffered by it. Now the

greater crime is committed in having slain or injured the generous and kind man; the greater punishment is inflicted for injuring or slaying the ungenerous and unkind. Plato tells us in the *Timæus*, that God created time and the heavens at the same moment, in order that, being born together, they should cease together.

Chesterfield. Does he inform us also that the Creator in the beginning separated the light from the darkness? an idea very Platonic.

Chatham. No.

Chesterfield. What other passage amuses your Lordship?

Chatham. Nothing peculiar to this author. Turning over the leaves, I am reminded of what occurs often in the Athenian law-procedures, that while the *prosecutor* has the same appellation as with us, the *defendant* is called the *flyer*, ὁ φεύγων: a proof, shall I say, that the Athenians were a wiser people, or a less firm one, than we are? They, as we do, say *to give judgment:* but they really did give it, and gratuitously: we must drop a purse of gold on every step of the judgment-seat, or be kicked down headlong.

It is very amusing to trace the expressions of different nations for the same thing. What we, half a century ago, called to *banter*, and what, if I remember the word, I think I have lately heard called to *quiz*, gives no other idea than of coarseness and inurbanity. The French convey one of buz and bustle in *persiffler;* the Italians, as naturally, one of singing, and amusing and misleading the judgment, by *canzonare*, or, as Boccaccio speaks, *uccellare;* the Athenians knew that the Graces and childhood had most power of this kind upon the affections, and their expressions were χαριεντίζειν and παιδεύειν.

In manifestoes or remonstrances we English say to *draw up*, from our love of conciseness; the Frenchman says *dresser*, very characteristically; and the Italian, the most verbose of men, *stendere*. Many words have degenerated. Who would imagine that a singer or tippler should derive his appellation from Jupiter? his fellows call him *jovial*. Our northern gods are respected as little. The vilest of prose or poetry is called *balderdash:* now Balder was among the Scandinavians the presiding god of poetry. Braga was the goddess of eloquence: and she has left us *brag* and *braggart*.

I am reminded by the mention of poetry, that Plato is offended in the Iliad at the undignified grief of Achilles and of Priam. To clasp the knee is going too far: and to roll in the dust is beastly. I am certain that he never was a father or a friend: not that among us the loss of friends is accompanied by such violence of affliction, but because I have observed that grief is less often in proportion to delicacy, and even to tenderness, than to the higher energies of our nature and the impetuosity of our nobler passions. The intemperate and wild resentment of Achilles at the injustice of Agamemnon, and his self-devotion, certain as he was of his fate, prepare us for intensity and extravagance of feeling, and that in such a character diversity is n gruity. This censure of the philosophe poet, convinces me that the wisest of l was the burning of his tragedies. He Plato would have had it, would be afrai his robe, and Passion would blush to u handkerchief. He who could censure most admirable passages in Homer, coul feel no reluctance at banishing the poets republic: and we can not wonder that wide from sound philosophy, who know of the human heart, as to be ignorant poet is most a poet in the midst of its and its excesses. Only with God can exist without irregularity: that of Ach a necessary and essential part of him. W no resentment at Agamemnon, no aban of his cause and of his countrymen, no for Patroclus, no indignity to the bod bravest enemy, no impatience at the f of Priam, no effusion of tears at his sorrows, no agony stronger than his vow his vengeance forcing him to deliver mangled hero; in short, no Iliad, no Ho all are little before such men, and p when we censure or contend with them. this occasion stands among the ringe twelve unchangeable French bells; an apes who chatter as they pick out th Shakspeare. These two poets divide th the world between them, and will di ages of eternity. Prudent men, who avoid the appearance of pygmies, will r keep at some distance, laying aside h cruet of vinegar and here their cake Plato is the only one of the ancients w the poetry of Solon; of whom he says t had written his poem on the war of t nians against the island of Atalantis, un by the business of the state, he mig rivalled the glory of *Hesiod and Ho* man of sound judgment ever placed the together, unless as contemporaries; and possess a very unsound one indeed, who thus on the contingency of Homer's riv statesman.

"Poetical expression," Plato tells y copy of the poet's own conception of thi things, of the archetype existing in t mind; thus the poet's expression is a co third hand." And this argument he a prove that poetry is far distant from t proves no such thing; and if it did, it prove that poetry is not delightful; an we know, is its aim and end. But th also, and most important ones, are con poetry, is quite as certain as that fallacie most captious and quibbling fallacies, veyed by Plato: more certain nothing If the poet has a conception of thing emanate from the divine mind, whethe third hand or at thirtieth, so long as no torts or disturbs them, what matters

or archetype is God's: he impresses it on
: the poet represents the things as they
npressed on his mind by the hand of the
er. Now, if this is done, the distance from
is not remote. But there is a truth, accom-
ed to our nature, which poetry best conveys.
is a truth for the reason; there is a truth
e passions; there is a truth for every cha-
of man. Shakspeare has rendered this
and luminous, over all the stumps and
ding-blocks and lighter brush-wood and
thrown across the path by the puerile
ry of Plato.

sterfield. I have reason to think that poetry
eligion levels the intellects of men, the wise
g on that subject as absurdly as the igno-
Great poets are the only judges of great
: and their animosities and prejudices I will
y pervert their judgment, but blot, inter-
nd corrupt the copies we receive of it. I
s little faith in Plato's love as you have in
ilosophy.

tham. In his disquisition on love is a receipt
e the hiccup. "If you will hold your breath
, it will go: if that should be disagreeable,
a good draught of water: but if the hiccup
y vehement, tickle your nose to sneezing,
hen that has happened once or twice, be
ccup obstinate as it may, it will be removed."

sterfield. Who would buy a village cookery
or a twopenny almanack, if the author
l into it such silliness as this?

tham. In the same dialogue is a piece of
try more trivial than the receipt. "If all
ers are weaker than love, they are the con-
d, he the conqueror: Love then, *who pre-
sides over lusts and pleasures*, is temperate
wonderful degree." It is fair however to
k, that Agatho, here introduced as the
er, says a part of what is spoken is serious,
t is joke. I wish Plato had left some indi-
a by which we might distinguish the one
the other; but neither he nor the acutest of
ommentators has done it. Sound sense, in
pinion, is preferable to bodiless incomprehen-
vagaries: and if ever I become an author
am praised at all, I trust it will be not because
so sublime an intelligence as to be unread-
without help, or without a controversy of
r and acute men about my meaning.

e has here also given us a sort of dithyrambic,
which, as it appears to me, nothing is more
antly verbose; yet Socrates is introduced
aising it to the skies. His knowledge of
ry, I suspect, did not carry him beyond a
k. To stick there is better than to follow
Plato exhibits him doing) an old woman, and
ribute as his own opinion that the business of
n or demons is to carry prayer and sacrifice
m men to the Gods, and precepts from the
ds again to men. I am not so idle as to run
r into his theories, and to examine what never
as been and never will be brought into use;
hich alone is a sufficient proof of utter worth-
lessness. Nothing can be more absurd than his regulations for the order of succession to property. Even those of a certain Irish lord are more provident, who, about to die childless, ordered that his money should go to the elder son of his brother, and, if he had no elder son, to the second. As for marriages, on the outset he would appoint a judge to examine the males stark-naked, in order to decide on their fitness for that condition; females only to a certain point.

Chesterfield. I am astonished at the enormous proportion of fancy to philosophy, of folly to fancy, and of impudence to folly, in this moralist, theologian, and legislator.

Chatham. You are not then disposed to look at the other places marked.

Chesterfield. In truth, no.

Chatham. He was fond of puns too, and the silliest and commonest, those on names. *Ἥρεσεν οὖν μοι καὶ ἐν τῷ μύθῳ ὁ Προμηθεὺς μᾶλλον τοῦ Ἐπιμηθέως ᾧ χρώμενος ἐγὼ καὶ προμηθούμενος*, &c., and below *ἀλλὰ Καλλίᾳ τῷ καλῷ*, &c.

The worst is, that he attributes the vainest of sophistry and the basest of malignity to Socrates. A wise and virtuous man may have the misfortune to be at variance with a single great author among his contemporaries, but neither a virtuous nor a wise one can be drawn into hostilities against all the best: he to whom this happens must be weak or wicked. Impudence may prompt some to asseverate that, with prodigious manliness and self-devotion, they hazard to cut their feet and break their shins by stemming the current; that the perilous state of literature calls aloud on them, and that they encounter it equally for the public good and the correction of the faulty writer. But the public good, in my opinion, is ill promoted by telling men that all their other teachers are worth nothing, and that to be contented is to be dull, to be pleased is to be foolish; nor have I remarked or heard of any instance where morals have been improved by scurrility, diffidence calmed, encouraged, sustained, led forth, by violence, or genius exalted by contempt. I am sorry that a great man should have partaken the infirmities of the least, in their worst propensities. This principally has induced me to show you that, within the few pages you see between my fingers, he has committed as grave faults in style and sentiment, not only as Prodicus, but (I must believe) as Polus. We hear from the unprejudiced that Prodicus, like our Locke, was exact in his definitions: we know that he arrived at the perfection of style: and our gratitude is due to him for one of the most beautiful works delivered down to us from antiquity.

Chesterfield. Your lordship has proved to me that a divine man, even with a swarm of bees from nose to chin, may cry aloud and labour hard, and lay his quarter-staff about him in every direction, and still be an indifferent buffoon.

Chatham. Buffoonery is hardly the thing wherein a man of genius would be ambitious to excell; but, of all failures, to fail in a witticism is

the worst; and the mishap is the more calamitous in a drawn-out and detailed one.

He often fails in a contrary extreme. The soundest of those great critics whom we call grammarians, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, censures him for bringing bombast into philosophical disquisitions: and Dr. Hurd, neither a severe judge nor an incompetent one, quoting the passage, adds "The *Phædrus*, though the most remarkable, is not the only example."

Chesterfield. Better a little idle play with bubbles and bladders, than cut and dry dogmas and indigestible sophisms. Plato falls over his own sword; not by hanging it negligently or loosely, but by stepping with it awkwardly; and the derision he incurs is proportionate to the gravity of his gait. Half the pleasure in the world arises from malignity; and little of the other half is free from its encroachments. Those who enjoyed his smartness and versatility of attack, laugh as heartily at him as with him, demonstrate that a great man upon the ground is lower than a little man upon his legs, and conclude that the light of imagination leads only to gulfs and precipices.

Chatham. We however, with greater wisdom and higher satisfaction, may survey him calmly and reverentially, as one of lofty, massy, comprehensive mind, whose failings myriads have partaken, whose excellences few; and we may consider him as an example, the more remarkable and striking to those we would instruct, for that very inequality and asperity of character, which many would exaggerate, and some conceal. Let us however rather trust Locke and Bacon: let us believe the one to be a wiser man, and the other both a wiser and better. There is as much difference between Plato and Bacon as there is between a pliant luxuriant twig, waving backward and forward on the summit of a tree, and a sound stiff well-seasoned walking-stick, with a ferule that sticks as far as is needful into the ground and makes every step secure. Hearing much of the poetry that is about him, I looked for it in vain: and I defy any man to fill with it, pure and impure, a couple of such pages as are usually meted out, with honest exactness and great marginal liberality, three hundred to the volume. Florid prose-writers are never tolerable poets. Jeremy Taylor is an example among many: his poetry is even worse, if possible, than the austere Hobbes'.

Chesterfield. It is generous in you to countenance the persecuted Locke; and to examine the skull of Bacon, undeterred by a heart so putrid.

Chatham. I declare to you, I should have the courage to say the same thing if they were living, and expelled from court and Christchurch.

Chesterfield. We think more advantageously of artificial dignities while the bearers are living, more advantageously of real when they are dead.

Chatham. The tomb is the pedestal of greatness. I make a distinction between God's great and the king's great.

"Non bene conveniunt nec in unâ sede morantur."

Chesterfield. So much the worse for both parties. Compliments are in their place only where there is full as much of weakness as of merit; so that when I express my admiration to your lordship, all idea of compliment must vanish. Permit me then to say that I have always been gratified at this among your other noble qualities, that, possessing more wit than perhaps any man living, you have the moderation to use it rarely, and oftener in friendship than in enmity.

Chatham. Profligate men and pernicious follies may fairly and reasonably be exposed; light peculiarities may also be exhibited; but only in such a manner that he who gave the prototype would willingly take the copy. But in general he who pursues another race of writers, is little better than a fox-hunter who rides twenty miles from home for the sport: what can he do with his game when he has caught it? As he is only the servant of the dogs, so the satirist is only a caterer to the ferocious or false appetites of the most indiscriminating and brutal minds. Does he pretend that no exercise else is good for him? He confesses then an unsoundness in a vital part.

Chesterfield. Reflections such as these induced me long ago to prefer the wit of Addison and La Fontaine to other kinds: it is more harmless, more gay, and more insinuating.

Chatham. Our own language contains in it a greater quantity and a greater variety of wit and humour, than all the rest of all ages and countries; closing only Cervantes, the Homer of irony, and not only of sharper and better-tempered wit than he who lies before me, but even of an imagination more vivid and poetical, a sounder too and shrewder philosopher. The little volume of Bacon's *Essays*, in my opinion, exhibits not only more strength of mind, not only more true philosophy, but more originality, more fancy, more imagination, than all these volumes of Plato; supposing even that he drew nothing from others; whereas we must receive the authority of antiquity, and believe that he owed to them the greater part, and almost the whole. Without this authority, we should perceive it in the absence of fixed principles, and in the jarring of contradictory positions. It must be conceded that we moderns are but slovens in composition, or ignorant for the most-part of its regulations and laws; yet we may insist that there have been among us those to whom, in all the higher magistratures of intellect, the gravest of the ancients would have risen up, and have placed with proper deference on their side.

Chesterfield. I never have found anyone so unprejudiced and so unprepossessed on Plato.

Chatham. My lord, I do not know that I am entirely.

Chesterfield. How! my lord.

Chatham. I know that everything I have said is just and incontrovertible, and that I could add ten times as much and as fairly; but I can not take to myself a praise that does not belong to

any more than I could a purse. I dislike, o say detest, the character of Plato, as I col- t from his works, and the worst part of it I ive to be his coldness and insincerity in dship. He pretended to have been sick dur- the imprisonment of Socrates: was he so ick that he could not have been carried to e the last words of his departing friend? the ounsels of a master so affectionate and im- ive? He was never sick when a prince was visited on his throne, insolent and tyrannical t prince might be.

esterfield. A throne is to few so frightful a as a death-bed.

atham. My lord, it is a more frightful to any man who knows it well, than the couch of Socrates was to himself, or to those rom their hearts could reason as he did on it.

esterfield. I am happy, my lord, and grateful , that the conversation has taken a different rom what I had expected. I came to receive information from you on what might be able in the education of the young, and you given me some which would be greatly so in f the old. My system, I know, can not be according to your sentiments; but as no living hath a nobler air or a more dignified nnour than your Lordship, I shall be flattered by hearing that what I have written on politeness meets in some degree your approbation.

Chatham. I believe you are right, my lord. What is superficial in politeness, what we see oftenest and what people generally admire most, must be laid upon a cold breast or will not stand: so far we agree: but whatever is most graceful in it can be produced only by the movements of the heart.

Chesterfield. These movements, I contend, are to be imitated, and as easily as those of the feet; and that good actors must beware of being moved too much from within. My lord, I do not inquire of you whether that huge quarto is the Bible: for I see the letters on the back. Permit me.

Chatham. I did not imagine your Lordship was such an enthusiast in religion: I am heartily glad to witness your veneration for a book, which, to say nothing of its holiness or authority, contains more specimens of genius than any other volume in existence.

Chesterfield. I kissed it from no such motive: I kissed it preparatorily to swearing on it, as your Lordship's power and credit is from this time forward at my mercy, that I never will divulge the knowledge I possess of your reading Greek and philosophy.

ARISTOTELES AND CALLISTHENES.

istoteles. I rejoice, O Callisthenes, at your ; and the more as I see you in the dress of country; while others, who appear to me of west rank by their language and physiog- , are arrayed in the Persian robe, and mix ence of rose with pitch.

llisthenes. I thank the Gods, O Aristoteles, I embrace you again; that my dress is a one and an old one; that the conquests of nder have cost me no shame and have en- ched me with no treasures.

istoteles. Jupiter! what then are those tapes- for I will not call them dresses, which the are carrying after you, in attendance (as say) on your orders?

allisthenes. They are presents from Alexander esarates; by which he punishes, as he de- ls in the Macedonians, both me and you. And well convinced that the punishment will not inate here, but that he, so irascible and vin- ve, will soon exercise his new dignity of god- , by breaking our heads, or, in the wisdom of providence, by removing them an arm's length our bodies.

ristoteles. On this subject we must talk again. esarates is indeed a wise and virtuous man; although I could wish that Alexander had her sent him a box of books than a bale of llen. I acknowledge that the gift could hardly ve been better bestowed.

Callisthenes. You do not appear to value very ghly the learning of this philosopher.

Aristoteles. To talk and dispute are more the practices of the Platonic school than to read and meditate. Talkative men seldom read. This is among the few truths which appear the more strange the more we reflect upon them. For what is reading but silent conversation? People make extremely free use of their other senses; and I know not what difficulty they could find or apprehend in making use of their eyes, particularly in the gratification of a propensity which they indulge so profusely by the tongue. The fatigue, you would think, is less; the one organ requiring much motion, the other little. Added to which, they may leave their opponent when they please, and never are subject to captiousness or personality. In open contention with an argumentative adversary, the worst brand a victor imposes is a blush. The talkative man blows the fire himself for the reception of it; and we can not deny that it may likewise be suffered by a reader, if his conscience lies open to reproach: yet even in this case, the stigma is illegible on his brow; no one triumphs in his defeat, or even freshens his wound, as may sometimes happen, by the warmth of sympathy. All men, you and I among the rest, are more desirous of conversing with a great philosopher, or other celebrated man, than of reading his works. There are several reasons for this; some of which it would be well if we could deny or palliate. In justice to ourselves and him, we ought to prefer his writings to his speech; for even the wisest say many things inconsiderately;

and there never was one of them in the world who ever uttered extemporaneously three sentences in succession, such as, if he thought soundly and maturely upon them afterward, he would not in some sort modify and correct. Effrontery and hardness of heart are the characteristics of every great speaker I can mention, excepting Phocion; and if he is exempt from them, it is because eloquence, in which no one ever excelled or ever will excell him, is secondary to philosophy in this man, and philosophy to generosity of spirit. On the same principle as impudence is the quality of great speakers and disputants, modesty is that of great readers and composers. Not only are they abstracted by their studies from the facilities of ordinary conversation, but they discover, from time to time, things of which they were ignorant before, and on which they had not even the ability of doubting. We, my Callisthenes, may consider them not only as gales that refresh us while they propell us forward, but as a more compendious engine of the gods, whereby we are brought securely into harbour, and deeply laden with imperishable wealth. Let us then strive day and night to increase the number of these beneficent beings, and to stand among them in the sight of the living and the future. It is required of us that we give more than we received.

Callisthenes. O my guide and teacher! you are one of the blessed few at whose hands the Gods may demand it: if they had intended to place it in my duties, they would have chosen me a different master. How small a part of what I have acquired from you (and to you I owe all of knowledge and wisdom I possess) shall I be able to transmit to others!

Aristoteles. Encourage better hopes. Again I tell you, it is required of us, not merely that we place the grain in a garner, but that we ventilate and sift it, that we separate the full from the empty, the faulty from the sound, and that, if it must form the greater, it do not form the more elegant part of the entertainment our friends expect from us. I am now in the decline of life: to shove me from behind would be a boyish trick: but wherever I fall I shall fall softly: the Gods having placed me in a path out of which no violence can remove me. In youth our senses and the organs of them wander; in the middle of life they cease to do it; in old age the body itself, and chiefly the head, bends over and points to the earth which must soon receive it, and partakes in some measure of its torpor.

Callisthenes. You appear to me fresh and healthy, and your calmness and indifference to accidents are the effects of philosophy rather than of years.

Aristoteles. Plato is older by twenty, and has lost nothing of juvenility but the colour of his hair. The higher delights of the mind are in this, as in everything else, very different in their effects from its seductive passions. These cease to gratify us the sooner the earlier we indulge in them: on the contrary, the earlier we indulge in thought and reflection the longer do they last and the more faithfully do they serve us. So fa from shortening or debilitating our ar that they prolong and strengthen it gre body is as much at repose in the mid imaginations as in the midst of profo In imperfect sleep it wears away much, imperfect thoughts; in thoughts that ca from the earth and sustain themselves The object which is in a direct line thing, seems near: now nothing is i direct line than death to life: why sho also be considered, on the first sight, a hand? Swells and depressions, smoot and rough, usually lie between; the dis be rather more or rather less; the pr certain. Alexander, a god, descends throne to conduct me.

Callisthenes. Endurance on the part jured is more pathetic than passion. Th friends of this conductor will quarrel carcase while yet warm, as dogs over a supper. How different are our conqu his! how different our friends! not robbery and revelry, but joyous in disco in meditation, and intrepid in researc often, and throughout how many ages, be a refuge from such men as he and h plices: how often will the studious, the the deserted, fly toward you for compe the wrongs of fortune, and for solace in of destiny! His judgment-seat is cove sepulchre: after one year hence no a made to him: after ten thousand the momentous questions, not of avarice or not of violence or fraud, but of reason ence, brought before your judgment settled by your decree. Dyers and tailo and gilders, grooms and trumpeters, ma men than God makes; but God's last lon them where you will.

Aristoteles. Alexander hath really pu by his gifts to Xenocrates: for he obli send him the best tunic I have: and that in my wardrobe I am, as appears unphilosophically splendid. There are pearls in this tunic; but golden thre the most intricate and most elegant d texture is the finest of Miletus, the w softest of Tarentum, and the purple is H He will sell Alexander's dresses, and w the consequence of which will be impris scourges.

Callisthenes. A provident god forso benefits is our Alexander!

Aristoteles. Much to be pitied if ever to his senses! Justly do we call barb wretched nations that are governed by and among them the most deeply plun barism is the ruler. Let us take any specimen: Cyrus for instance, or Camby Alexander: for however much you a despise him, seeing him often and near perhaps leave behind him as celebrat as they. He is very little amid phi

though very great amid monarchs. Is he not undoing with all his might what every wise man, and indeed every man in the order of things, is most solicitous to do? Namely, doth he not abolish kindly and affectionate intercourse? doth he not draw a line of distinction (which of all follies and absurdities is the wildest and most pernicious) between fidelity and truth? In the hour of distress and misery the eye of every mortal turns to friendship: in the hour of gladness and conviviality what is our want? 'tis friendship. When the heart overflows with gratitude, or with any other sweet and sacred sentiment, what is the word to which it would give utterance? *my friend.* Having thus displaced the right feeling, he finds it necessary to substitute at least a strong one. The warmth which should have been diffused from generosity and mildness, must come from the spiceman, the vintner, and the milliner: he must be perfumed, he must be drunk, he must toss about shawl and tiara. You would imagine that his first passion, his ambition, had an object: yet, before he was a god, he prayed that no one afterward might pass the boundaries of his expedition: and he destroyed at Abdera, and in other places, the pillars erected as memorials by the Argonauts and by Sesostris.

Callisthenes. I have many doubts upon the Argonauts. We Greeks are fond of attributing to ourselves all the great actions of remote antiquity: we feign that Isis, *daughter of Inachus*, taught the Egyptians laws and letters. It may be questioned whether the monuments assigned to the Argonauts were not really those of Sesostris or Osiris, or some other eastern conqueror; and even whether the tale of Troy be not, in part at least, translated. Many principal names, evidently not Grecian, and the mention of a language spoken by the Gods (meaning their representatives and officials) in which the rivers and other things are professed to be called differently from what they were called among men, are the foundations of my query. The Hindoos, the Egyptians, and probably the Phrygians (a very priestly nation), had their learned language, quite distinct from the vulgar.*

Aristoteles. We will discuss this question another time. Perhaps you were present when Alexander ran around the tomb of Achilles in honour of his memory: if Achilles were now living, or any hero like him, Alexander would swear his perdition. Neither his affection for virtue nor his enmity to vice is pure or rational. Observation has taught me that we do not hate those who are worse than ourselves because they are worse, but because we are liable to injury from them, and because (as almost always is the case) they are preferred to us; while those who are better we hate purely for being so. After their decease, if we remit our hatred, it is because then they are more like virtue in the abstract than virtuous men, and are fairly out of our way.

* The *Galliambic* of Catullus may be a relic (the only one) of Phrygian poetry. He resided in the country, and may have acquired the language; but his translation came through the Greek.

Callisthenes. Disappointment made him at all times outrageous. What is worse, he hated his own virtues in another. The courage of Tyre, and many other cities, provoked not admiration but cruelty. Even his friends were unspared; even Clitus and Parmenio.

Aristoteles. Cruelty, if we consider it as a crime, is the greatest of all: if we consider it as a madness, we are equally justifiable in applying to it the readiest and the surest means of suppression. Bonds may hold the weak; the stronger break them, and strangle the administrator. Cruelty quite destroys our sympathies, and, doing so, supersedes and masters our intellects. It removes from us those who can help us, and brings against us those who can injure us. Hence it opposes the great principle of our nature, self-preservation, and endangers not only our well-being, but our being. Reason is then the most perfect when it enables us in the highest degree to benefit our fellow-men; reason is then the most deranged when there is that over it which disables it. Cruelty is that. As for the wisdom of Alexander, I do not expect from a Macedonian, surrounded by flatterers and drinkers, the prudence of an Epaminondas or a Phocion: but educated by such a father as Philip, and having with him in his army so many veteran captains, it excited no small ridicule in Athens, when it was ascertained that he and Darius, then equally eager for combat, missed each other's army in Cilicia.

Callisthenes. He has done great things, but with great means; the generals you mention overcame more difficulties with less, and never were censured for any failure from deficiency of foresight.

Aristoteles. There is as much difference between Epaminondas and Alexander as between the Nile and a winter torrent. In this there is more impetuosity, foam, and fury; more astonishment from spectators; but it is followed by devastation and barrenness. In that there is an equable, a steady, and perennial course, swelling from its ordinary state only for the benefit of mankind, and subsiding only when that has been secured.

I have not mentioned Phocion so often as I ought to have done: but now, Callisthenes, I will acknowledge that I consider him as the greatest man upon earth. He foresaw long ago what has befallen our country; and while others were proving to you that your wife, if a good woman, should be at the disposal of your friend, and that if you love your children you should procure them as many fathers as you can, Phocion was practising all the domestic and all the social duties.

Callisthenes. I have often thought that his style resembles yours. Are you angry?

Aristoteles. I will not dissemble to you that mine was formed upon his. Polieuctus, by no means a friend to him, preferred it openly to that of Demosthenes, for its brevity, its comprehensiveness, and its perspicuity. There is somewhat more of pomp and solemnity in Demosthenes, and perhaps of harmony; but his warmth is on many occasions the warmth of coarseness, and his ridicule

the roughest part of him; while in Phocion there is the acuteness of Pericles, and, wherever it is requisite, the wit of Aristophanes. He conquered with few soldiers, and he convinced with few words. I know not what better description I could give you either of a great captain or great orator.

Now imagine for a moment the mischief which the system of Plato, just alluded to, would produce: that women should be common. We hear that among the Etrurians they were so, and perhaps are yet: but of what illustrious action do we read ever performed by that ancient people? A thousand years have elapsed without a single instance on record of courage or generosity. With us one word, altered only in its termination, signifies both *father* and *country*: can he who is ignorant of the one be solicitous about the other? Never was there a true patriot who was not, if a father, a kind one: never was there a good citizen who was not an obedient and reverential son. Strange, to be ambitious of pleasing the multitude, and indifferent to the delight we may afford to those nearest us, our parents and our children! Ambition is indeed the most inconsiderate of passions, none of which are considerate; for the ambitious man, by the weakest inconsistency, proud as he may be of his faculties, and impatient as he may be to display them, prefers the opinion of the ignorant to his own. He would be what others can make him, and not what he could make himself without them. Nothing in fact is consistent and unambiguous but virtue.

Plato would make wives common, to abolish selfishness; the mischief which above others it would directly and immediately bring forth. There is no selfishness where there is a wife and family: the house is lighted up by the mutual charities: everything achieved for them is a victory, everything endured for them is a triumph. How many vices are suppressed, that there may be no bad example! how many exertions made, to recommend and inculcate a good one! Selfishness then is thrown out of the question. He would perhaps render men braver by his exercises in the common field of affections. Now bravery is of two kinds; the courage of instinct and the courage of reason: animals have more of the former, men more of the latter; for I would not assert, what many do, that animals have no reason, as I would not that men have no instinct. Whatever creature can be taught, must be taught by the operation of reason upon reason, small as may be the quantity called forth or employed in calling it, and however harsh may be the means. Instinct has no operation but upon the wants and desires. Those who entertain a contrary opinion, are unaware how inconsequently they speak when they employ such expressions as these 'We are taught by instinct.' Courage, so necessary to the preservation of states, is not weakened by domestic ties, but is braced by them. Animals protect their young while they know it to be theirs, and neglect it when the traces of that memory are erased. Man can not so soon lose the memory of it, because his recollective faculties are l prehensive and more tenacious, and while in the brute creation the pare which in most is only on the female si after the earlier days, his increases as t of the new creature are developed. desire of property in the sanest and which Nature seems to have implant servative of her works, and which is nc encourage and keep alive the arts. Pl our friend Apelles would never have the Apelles and Phidias they appear, it (I am ashamed of the solecism which forces on me) were in common. A p scheme indeed may be accomplished in small communities, holden together religious bond, as we find among the d Pythagoras: but he never taught his that prostitution is a virtue, much less the summit of perfection. They rev and deservedly, as a father. As what fa such as Plato would fashion; but as a p had gained authority over his childr assiduous vigilance, his tender and pec in separating them as far as possible f ever is noxious in an intercourse with l

To complete the system of selfishnes and licentiousness, the worshipful triad nothing was wanting but to throw all perty where he had thrown the wives an Who then should curb the rapacious? v moderate the violent? The weaker work, the stronger would not. Food a would fail; and we should be reduced thing worse than a state of nature, i we can never be cast back, any more th become children again. Civilisation retrograde, generates at once the c vices, not only of its various stages, state anterior to it, without any of its a if it indeed have any. Plato would ever all the citizens, what we punish wi single one for being once. He is hasty fancy and indistinct reflection; ferent from Socrates than the most vic adversaries. If he had said that in ce a portion of landed property should among the citizens, he had spoken equitably. After a long war, when a pressed by debt, and when many who l arms for their country have moreover their patrimony in its service, these, i fathers of families, should receive allot the estates of others who are not, and were too young for warfare, or were c less dangerous and more lucrative pu is also conducive to the public good t son should possess more than a certain a extent of land, to be limited by the and produce: else the freedom of vot honesty of election must be violate least active members of the community those places which require the mo This is peculiarly needful in mercan

like ours, that everyone may enjoy the prospect of becoming a landholder, and that the money accruing from the sale of what is curtailed on the larger properties, may again fall into commerce. A state may eventually be reduced to such distresses by war, even after victories, that it shall be expedient to deprive the rich of whatever they possess beyond the portion requisite for the decent and frugal sustenance of a family. This extremity it is difficult to foresee; nor do I think it is arrived at until the industrious and well-educated, in years of plenty, are unable by all their exertions to nourish and instruct their children. A speculative case, which it can not be dangerous or mischievous to state; for certainly, when it occurs, the sufferers will appeal to the laws and forces of Nature, and not to the schools of rhetoric or philosophy. No situation can be imagined more painful or more abominable than this: while many, and indeed most, are worse than that whereunto the wealthier would be reduced in amending it; since they would lose no comforts, no conveniences, no graceful and unincumbering ornaments of life, and few luxuries; which would be abundantly compensated to the generality of them, by smoothening their mutual pretensions, and by extinguishing the restless spirit of their rivalry.

Callisthenes. The visions of Plato have led to Reason: I marvel less that he should have been so extravagant, than that he should have scattered on that volume so little of what we admire in his shorter Dialogues.

Aristoteles. I respect his genius, which however has not accompanied all his steps in this discussion: nor indeed do I censure in him what has been condemned by Xenophon. Who wonders that he should attribute to Socrates long dissertations on the soul, and other abstruse doctrines, when that singularly acute reasoner discoursed with his followers on topics only of plain utility. For it is requisite that important things should be attributed to important men; and a sentiment would derive but small importance from the authority of Crito or Phœdo. A much greater fault is attributable to Xenophon himself, who has not even preserved the coarse features of nations and of ages in his *Cyropædia*. A small circle of wise men should mark the rise of mind, as the Egyptian priests marked the rise of their river, and should leave it chronicled in their temples. Cyrus should not discourse like Solon.

Callisthenes. You must likewise then blame Herodotus.

Aristoteles. If I blame Herodotus, whom can I commend? He reminds me of Homer by his facility and his variety, and by the suavity and fulness of his language. His view of history was, nevertheless, like that of the Asiatics, who write to instruct and please. Now truly there is little that could instruct, and less that could please us, in the actions and speeches of barbarians, from among whom the kings alone come forth distinctly. Delightful tales and apposite speeches are the best things you could devise; and many of these undoubtedly were current in the East, and were collected by Herodotus; some, it is probable, were invented by him. It is of no importance to the world, whether the greater part of historical facts, in such countries, be true or false; but they may be rendered of the highest, by the manner in which a writer of genius shall represent them. If history were altogether true, it would be not only undignified but unsightly: great orators would often be merely the mouthpieces of prostitutes, and great captains would be hardly more than gladiators or buffoons. The prime movers of those actions which appall and shake the world, are generally the vilest things in it; and the historian, if he discovers them, must conceal them or hold them back.

Callisthenes. Pray tell me whether, since I left Athens, your literary men are busy.

Aristoteles. More than ever; as the tettix chirps loudest in time of drought. Among them we have some excellent writers, and such as (under Minerva) will keep out the Persian tongue from the Piræus. Others are employed in lucrative offices, are made ambassadors and salt-surveyors, and whatever else is most desirable to common minds, for proving the necessity of more effectual (this is always the preamble) and less changeful laws, such as those of the Medes and Indians. Several of our orators, whose grandfathers were in a condition little better than servile, have had our fortunes and lives at their disposal, and are now declaiming on the advantages of what they call "regular government." You would suppose they meant that perfect order which exists when citizens rule themselves, and when every family is to the republic what every individual is to the family; a system of mutual zeal and mutual forbearance. No such thing: they mean a government with themselves at the head, and such as may ensure to them impunity for their treasons and peculations. One of them a short time ago was deputed to consult with Metanyctius, a leading man among the Thracians, in what manner and by what instalments a sum of money, lent to them by our republic, should be repaid. Metanyctius burst into laughter on reading the first words of the decree. "Dine with me" said he "and we will conclude the business when we are alone." The dinner was magnificent; which in such business is the best economy: few contractors or financiers are generous enough to give a plain one. "Your republic" said Metanyctius "is no longer able to enforce its claim; and we are as little likely to want your assistance in future, as you would be inclined to afford it. A seventh of the amount is at my disposal: you shall possess it. I shall enjoy about the same emolument for my fidelity to my worthy masters. The return of peace is so desirable, and regular government so divine a blessing, added to which, your countrymen are become of late so indifferent to inquiry into what the factious call abuses, that, I pledge my experience, you will return amid their acclamations and embraces."

Our negotiator became one of the wealthiest men in the city, although wealth is now accumulated in some families to such an amount, as our ancestors, even in the age of Crœsus or of Midas, would have deemed incredible. For wars drive up riches in heaps, as winds drive up snows, making and concealing many abysses. Metanyctius was the more provident and the more prosperous of the two. I know not in what king's interest he was, but probably the Persian's; be this as it may, it was resolved for the sake of good *understanding* (another new expression) to abolish the name of republic throughout the world. This appeared an easy matter. Our negotiator rejoiced in the promise exacted from him, to employ his address in bringing about a thing so desirable: for *republic* sounded in his ears like *retribution*. It was then demanded that laws should be abolished, and that kings should govern at their sole discretion. This was better, but more difficult to accomplish. He promised it however; and a large body of barbarian troops was raised in readiness to invade our territory, when the decree of Alexander reached the city, ordering that the states both of Greece and Asia should retain their pristine laws. The conqueror had found letters and accounts which his loquacity would not allow him to keep secret; and the negotiator, whose opinion (a very common one) was, that exposure alone is ignominy, at last severed his weason with an ivory-handled knife.

Callisthenes. On this ivory the Goddess of our city will look down with more complacency than on that whereof her own image is composed; and the blade should be preserved with those which, on the holiest of our festivals, are displayed to us in the handful of myrtle, as they were carried by Harmodius and Aristogiton. And now tell me, Aristoteles, for the question much interests me, are you happy in the midst of Macedonians, Illyrians, and other strange creatures, at which we wonder when we see their bodies and habiliments like ours?

Aristoteles. Dark reflections do occasionally come, as it were by stealth, upon my mind; but philosophy has power to dispell them. I care not whether the dog that defends my house and family be of the Laconian breed or the Molossan: if he steals my bread or bites the hand that offers it, I strangle him or cut his throat, or engage a more dexterous man to do it, the moment I catch him sleeping.

Callisthenes. The times are unfavourable to knowledge.

Aristoteles. Knowledge and wisdom are different. We may know many things without an increase of wisdom; but it would be a contradiction to say that we can know anything new without an increase of knowledge. The knowledge that is to be acquired by communication, is intercepted or impeded by tyranny. I have lost an ibis, or perhaps a hippopotamus, by losing the favour of Alexander; he has lost an Aristoteles. He may deprive me of life; but in doing it, he must deprive himself of all he has ever been contending for, of glory; and even a more reasonable man than he, will acknowledge that there is as much difference between life and glory, as there is between an ash-flake from the brow of Ætna, and the untamable and eternal fire within its centre. I may lose disciples: he may put me out of fashion: a tailor's lad can do as much. He may forbid the reading of my works; less than a tailor's lad can do that. Idleness can do it, night can do it, sleep can do it, a sunbeam rather too hot, a few hailstones, a few drops of rain, a call to dinner. By his wealth and power he might have afforded me opportunities of improving some branches of science, which I alone have cultivated with assiduity and success. Fools may make wise men wiser more easily than wise men can make them so. At all events, Callisthenes, I have prepared for myself a monument, from which perhaps some atoms may be detached by time, but which will retain the testimonials of its magnificence and the traces of its symmetry, when the substance and site of Alexander's shall be forgotten. Who knows but that the very ant-hill whereon I stand, may preserve its figure and contexture, when the sepulchre of this Macedonian shall be the solitary shed of a robber, or the manger of mules and camels!* If I live I will leave behind me the history of our times, from the accession of Philip to the decease of Alexander. For our comet must disappear soon; the moral order of the world requires it. How happy and glorious was Greece at the commencement of the period! how pestilential was the folly of those rulers, who rendered, by a series of idle irritations and untimely attacks, a patient for Anticyra the arbiter of the universe!

I will now return with you to Plato, whose plan of government, by the indulgence of the Gods, has lain hitherto on their knees.†

Callisthenes. I was unwilling to interrupt you; otherwise I should have remarked the bad consequences of excluding the poets from his commonwealth; not because they are in general the most useful members of it, but because we should punish a song more severely than a larceny. There are verses in Euripides such as every man utters who has the tooth-ache: and all expressions of ardent love have the modulation and emphasis of poetry. What a spheristerion is opened here to the exercise of informers! We should create more of these than we should drive out of poets. Judges would often be puzzled in deciding a criminal suit; for, before they could lay down the nature of the crime, they must ascertain what are the qualities and quantities of a dithyrambic. Now, Aristoteles, I suspect that even you can not do this: for I observe in Pindar a vast variety of

* Chrysostom, in his 25th homily, says, that neither the tomb of Alexander nor the day of his death was known. Ποῦ, ἐστί μοι, τὸ σῆμα Ἀλεξάνδρου; δεῖξόν μοι· καὶ ἐστὶ τὴν ἡμέραν καθ' ἣν ἐτελεύτησε.

† The Homeric expression for '*remaining to be decreed by them*'. Θεων επι γουνασι κειται.

commutable feet, sonorous, it is true, in their cadences, but irregular and unrestricted. You avoid, as all good writers do carefully, whatever is dactylic; for the dactyl is the bindweed of prose; but I know not what other author has trimmed it with such frugal and attentive husbandry.* One alone, in writing or conversation, would subject a man to violent suspicion of bad citizenship; and he who should employ it twice in a page or an oration, would be deemed so dangerous and desperate a malefactor, that it might be requisite to dig a pitfall or to lay an iron trap for him, or to noose him in his bed.

Aristoteles. Demosthenes has committed it in his first *Philippic*, where two dactyls and a spondee come after a tumultuous concourse of syllables, many sounding alike. *Ουδε γαρ ουτος παρα την αυτου ρωμην τοσουτον επηυξηται οσον παρα την ημετεραν αμελειαν.* Here are seven dactyls. The same number is nowhere to be found, in prose, within the same number of words.

Callisthenes. Throughout your works there is certainly no sentence that has not an iambic in it: now our grammarians tell us that one is enough to make a verse, as one theft is enough to make a thief: an informer then has only to place it last in his bill of indictment, and not Minos himself could absolve you.

* Callisthenes means the instance where another dactyl, or a spondee, follows it; in which case only is the period to be called dactylic. Cicero on one occasion took it in preference to a weak elision, or to the concurrence of two vowels.

"Quintus Mutius augur
Scævola multa; ac . . ."

He judged rightly; but he could easily have done better. Longinus says that dactyls are the noblest of feet and the most adapted to the sublime. He adduces no proof, although he quotes a sentence of Demosthenes as *resembling* the dactylic.

Τουτο το ψηφισμα του τοΐς τη πολει πεισταιΐ πανδουσω συμβαλειν εστησεν ωστις ποτε.

Here is plenty of alliteration, but only *one* dactyl, for τουτο το is not one, being followed by ψ. The letter τ recurs nine times in fifteen syllables. A dactyl succeeded by a dichoree, or by a trochee with a spondee at the close, is among the sweetest of pauses; the gravest and most majestic is composed of a dactyl, a dichoree, and a dispondee. He however will soon grow tiresome who permits his partiality to any one close to be obtrusive or apparent.

The remark attributed to Callisthenes, on the freedom of Aristoteles from pieces of verse in his sentences, is applicable to Plato, and surprisingly, if we consider how florid and decorated is his language. Among the Romans T. Livius is the most abundant in them; and among the Greeks there is a curious instance in the prefatory words of Dionysius of Halicarnassus. *Φύσιως δη νόμος ἅπασι πανὸς, ὃν αὐδεὶς παπαλίσει χρόνος, ἄρχειν ἀεὶ τῶν ἡττόνων τοὺς κρέττονας.*

These words appear to have been taken from some tragedy: the last constitute a perfect iambic; and the preceding, with scarcely a touch, assume the same appearance: the diction too is quite poetical: *ἅπασι πανὸς... παπαλίσει, &c.*

"Ἅπασι πανὸς ἐστι τῆς φύσεως νόμος,
"Ον... οὐδεὶς.. παπαλίσει χρόνος,
"Ἄρχειν ἀεὶ τῶν ἡττόνων τοὺς κρείττονας.

In the Gorgias of Plato is the same idea in nearly the same words. *Δοκεῖ δὲ τοῦτο πολλαχοῦ ὅτι οὕτως ἔχει, καὶ ἐν τοῖς ἄλλοις ζῴοις, καὶ τῶν ἀνθρώπων ἐν ὅλαις ταῖς πόλεσι καὶ γένεσιν, ὅτι οὗτο τὸ δίκαιον κέκρικται, τὸν κρείττω τοῦ ἥττονος ἄρχειν καὶ πλέον ἔχειν.*

Aristoteles. They will not easily take me for a poet.

Callisthenes. Nor Plato for anything else: he would be like a bee caught in his own honey.

Aristoteles. I must remark to you, Callisthenes, that among the writers of luxuriant and florid prose, however rich and fanciful, there never was one who wrote good poetry. Imagination seems to start back when they would lead her into a narrower walk, and to forsake them at the first prelude of the lyre. Plato has written much poetry, of which a few epigrams alone are remembered. He burned his iambics, but not until he found that they were thoroughly dry and withered. If ever a good poet should excell in prose, we, who know how distinct are the qualities, and how great must be the comprehension and the vigour that unites them, shall contemplate him as an object of wonder, and almost of worship. It is remarkable in Plato that he is the only florid writer who is animated. He will always be admired by those who have attained much learning and little precision, from the persuasion that they understand him, and that others do not; for men universally are ungrateful toward him who instructs them, unless in the hours or in the intervals of instruction he present a sweet cake to their self-love.

Callisthenes. I never saw two men so different as you and he.

Aristoteles. Yet many of those sentiments in which we appear most at variance, can be drawn together until they meet. I had represented excessive wealth as the contingency most dangerous to a republic; he took the opposite side, and asserted that excessive poverty is more.† Now wherever there is excessive wealth, there is also in the train of it excessive poverty; as where the sun is brightest the shade is deepest. Many republics have stood for ages, while no citizen of them was in very great affluence, and while on the contrary most were very poor: but none hath stood long after many, or indeed a few, have grown inordinately wealthy. Riches cause poverty, then irritate, then corrupt it; so throughout their whole progress and action they are dangerous to the state. Plato defends his thesis with his usual ingenuity; for if there is nowhere a worse philosopher, there is hardly anywhere a better writer. He says, and truly, that the poor become wild and terrible animals, when they no longer can gain their bread by their trades and occupations; and that, laden to excess with taxes, they learn a lesson from necessity, which they never would have taken up without her. Upon this all philosophers, all men of common sense indeed, think alike. Usually, if not always, the poor are quiet while there is among them no apprehension of becoming poorer, that is while the government is not oppressive and unjust: but the rich are

† It is evident that Aristoteles wrote his *Polity* after Plato, for he animadverts on a false opinion of Plato's in the proœmium: but many of the opinions must have been promulgated by both, before the publication of their works.

often the most satisfied while the government is the most unjust and oppressive. In civil dissensions, we find the wealthy lead forth the idle and dissolute poor against the honest and industrious; and generally with success; because the numbers are greater in calamitous times; because this party has ready at hand the means of equipment; because the young and active, never prone to reflection, are influenced more by the hope of a speedy fortune than by the calculation of a slower; and because there are few so firm and independent as not to rest willingly on patronage, or so blind and indifferent as not to prefer that of the most potent.

In writing on government, we ought not only to search for what is best, but for what is practicable. Plato has done neither, nor indeed has he searched at all; instead of it he has thought it sufficient to stud a plain argument with an endless variety of bright and prominent topics. Now diversity of topics has not even the merit of invention in every case: he is the most inventive who finds most to say upon one subject, and renders the whole of it applicable and useful. Splendid things are the most easy to find and the most difficult to manage. If I order a bridle for my horse, and he of whom I order it brings me rich trappings in place of it, do I not justly deem it an importunate and silly answer to my remonstrances, when he tells me that the trappings are more costly than the bridle?

Be assured, my Callisthenes, I speak not from any disrespect to a writer so highly and so justly celebrated. Reflecting with admiration upon his manifold and extraordinary endowments, I wish the more earnestly he always had been exempt from contemptuousness and malignity. We have conversed heretofore on his conduct toward Xenophon, and indeed toward other disciples of Socrates, whom the same age and the same studies, and whom the counsels and memory of the same master, should have endeared to him. Toward me indeed he is less blameable. I had collected the documents on which I formed an exact account of the most flourishing states, and of the manners, laws, and customs, by which they were so, being of opinion that no knowledge is of such utility to a commonwealth. I had also, as you remember, drawn up certain rules for poetry, taking my examples from Homer principally, and from our great dramatists. Plato immediately forms a republic in the clouds, to overshadow all mine at once, and descends only to kick the poets through the streets. Homer, the chief object of my contemplation, is the chief object of his attack. I acknowledge that poets of the lower and middle order are in general bad members of society: but the energies which exalt one to the higher, enable him not only to adorn but to protect his country. Plato says, the gods are degraded by Homer: yet Homer has omitted those light and ludicrous tales of them, which rather suit the manners of Plato than his. He thought about the gods, I suspect, just as you and I do, and cared as little how Homer treated them: yet, with the prison of Socrates before his eyes, and his own *Dialogues* under them, he had the cruelty to cast forth this effusion against the mild Euripides. His souls and their occupancy of bodies are not to be spoken of with gravity, and, as I am inclined for the present to keep mine where it is, I will be silent on the subject.

Callisthenes. I must warn you, my friend and teacher, that your Macedonian pupil is likely to interrupt your arrangements in that business. I am informed, and by those who are always credible in such assertions, that, without apologies, excuses, and prostrations, Aristoteles will follow the shades of Clitus and Parmenio. There is nothing of which Alexander is not jealous; no, not even eating and drinking. If any great work is to be destroyed, he must do it with his own hands. After he had burned down the palace of Cyrus, the glory of which he envied a strumpet, one Polemarchus thought of winning his favour by demolishing the tomb: he wept for spite and hanged him. Latterly he has been so vain, mendacious, and irrational, as to order not only suits of armour of enormous size, but even mangers commensurate, to be buried in certain parts where his battles were fought, that when in after-ages they happen to be dug up, it may appear that his men and horses were prodigious. If he had sent the report before him he would have been somewhat less inconsiderate, for it might among weak barbarians have caused terror and submission. But by doing as he did, he would leave a very different impression from what he designed, if indeed men regarded it at all; for no glory could arise from conquering with such advantages of superior force. They who are jealous of power, are so from a consciousness of strength: they who are jealous of wisdom, are so from a consciousness of wanting it. Weakness has its fever... but you appear grave and thoughtful.

Aristoteles. The barbarians no more interest me than a shoal of fishes would do.

Callisthenes. I entertain the same opinion.

Aristoteles. Of their rulers equally?

Callisthenes. Yes, certainly; for among them there can be no other distinction than in titles and in dress. A Persian and a Macedonian, an Alexander and a Darius, if they oppress the liberties of Greece, are one.

Aristoteles. Now, Callisthenes! if Socrates and Anytos were in the same chamber, if the wicked had mixed poison for the virtuous, the active in evil for the active in good, and some Divinity had placed it in your power to present the cup to either, and, touching your head, should say, "This head also is devoted to the Eumenides if the choice be wrong," what would you resolve?

Callisthenes. To do that by command of the god which I would likewise have done without it.

Aristoteles. Bearing in mind that a myriad of conquerors is not worth the myriadth part of a wise and virtuous man, return, Callisthenes, to Babylon, and see that your duty be performed.

HENRY VIII. AND ANNE BOLEYN.

Henry. Dost thou know me, Nanny, in this man's dress? 'S blood! does it require so long a vacant a stare to recollect a husband after a ak or two? No tragedy-tricks with me! a eam, a sob, or thy kerchief a trifle the wetter, e enough. Why, verily the little fool faints arnest. These whey faces, like their kinsfolk ghosts, give us no warning. (*Sprinkling ter over her*) Hast had water enough upon thee? e that then . . . art thyself again?

Anne. Father of mercies! do I meet again my sband, as was my last prayer on earth! do I old my beloved lord . . . in peace . . . and doned, my partner in eternal bliss! It was voice. I can not see him . . . why can not I? hy do these pangs interrupt the transports of blessed!

Henry. Thou openest thy arms: faith! I came that: Nanny, thou art a sweet slut:* thou anest, wench: art in labour? Faith! among mistakes of the night, I am ready to think ost that thou hast been drinking, and that I e not.

Anne. God preserve your highness: grant me r forgiveness for one slight offence. My eyes e heavy; I fell asleep while I was reading; lid not know of your presence at first, and en I did I could not speak. I strove for erance; I wanted no respect for my liege and sband.

Henry. My pretty warm nestling, thou wilt a lie! Thou wert reading and aloud too, with saintly cup of water by thee, and . . . what! a art still girlishly fond of those dried cherries!

Anne. I had no other fruit to offer your highness the first time I saw you, and you were then pleased to invent for me some reason why they should be acceptable. I did not dry these: may I present them, such as they are? We shall have fresh next month.

Henry. Thou art always driving away from the discourse. One moment it suits thee to know me, another not.

Anne. Remember, it is hardly three months since I miscarried;† I am weak and liable to swoons.

Henry. Thou hast however thy bridal cheeks, with lustre upon them when there is none elsewhere, and obstinate lips resisting all impression: but now thou talkest about miscarrying, who is the father of that boy?

Anne. The father is yours and mine; he who hath taken him to his own home, before (like me) he could struggle or cry for it.

Henry. Pagan, or worse, to talk so! He did not come into the world alive: there was no baptism.

Anne. I thought only of our loss: my senses are confounded. I did not give him my milk, and yet I loved him tenderly; for I often fancied, had he lived, how contented and joyful he would have made you and England.

Henry. No subterfuges and escapes. I warrant, thou canst not say whether at my entrance thou wert waking or wandering.

Anne. Faintness and drowsiness came upon me suddenly.

Henry. Well, since thou really and truly sleepedst, what didst dream of?

Anne. I begin to doubt whether I did indeed sleep.

Henry. Ha! false one . . . never two sentences of truth together . . . but come, what didst think about, asleep or awake?

Anne. I thought that God had pardoned me my offences, and had received me unto him.

Henry. And nothing more?

Anne. That my prayers had been heard and my wishes were accomplishing: the angels alone can enjoy more beatitude than this.

Henry. Vexatious little devil! she says nothing now about me, merely from perverseness . . . Hast thou never thought about me, nor about thy falsehood and adultery?

Anne. If I had committed any kind of false-

* Henry was not unlearned, nor indifferent to the ther externals of a gentleman; but in manners and guage he was hardly on a level with our ostlers of the nt day. He was fond of bear-baitings and other such nusements in the midst of the rabble, and would wrestle h Francis I. His reign is one continued proof, flaring l wearisome as a Lapland summer day, that even the ghish form of government, under a sensual king with ny at his disposal, may serve only to legitimatize rtion. The Constitution was still insisted on, in all its ginal strength and purity, by those who had abolished ny of its fundamental laws, and had placed the re- lder at the discretion of the king. It never has had a re zealous advocate than Empson. This true patriot of lmacy requested on his trial, that, "if he and Dudley re punished, it might not be divulged to other nations, t they should infer that the final dissolution of the glish government was approaching."

he government was whatever the king ordered; and s ferocious and terrific thing, swinging on high between o windy superstitions, and caught and propelled rnately by Fanaticism and Lust. In Anne Boleyn, the ak and unsuspicious gaiety of her temper, the restless rfulness of high spirits, which we often saw formerly the families of country gentlemen, first captivated the hetous and afterward raised the jealousy of Henry. ightness of spirit, which had made all about her happy e whole course of her life, made her so the last day of it. e was beheaded on the 19th of May, and Henry on the xt day married Jane Seymour.

† She miscarried of a son January the twenty-ninth, 1536: the King concluded from this event that his marriage was disagreeable to God. He had abundance of conclusions for believing that his last marriage was disagreeable to God, whenever he wanted a fresh one, and was ready in due time to give up this too with the same resignation; but he never had any *conclusions* of doing a thing disagreeable to God when a divorce or decapitation was in question.

hood, in regard to you or not, I should never have rested until I had thrown myself at your feet and obtained your pardon: but if ever I had been guilty of that other crime, I know not whether I should have dared to implore it, even of God's mercy.

Henry. Thou hast heretofore cast some soft glances upon Smeaton; hast thou not?

Anne. He taught me to play on the virginals, as you know, when I was little, and thereby to please your highness.

Henry. And Brereton and Norris, what have they taught thee?

Anne. They are your servants, and trusty ones.

Henry. Has not Weston told thee plainly that he loved thee?

Anne. Yes; and . . .

Henry. What didst thou?

Anne. I defied him.

Henry. Is that all?

Anne. I could have done no more if he had told me that he hated me. Then indeed I should have incurred more justly the reproaches of your highness: I should have smiled.

Henry. We have proofs abundant: the fellows shall one and all confront thee . . . ay, clap thy hands and kiss my sleeve, harlot!

Anne. O that so great a favour is vouchsafed me! my honour is secure; my husband will be happy again; he will see my innocence.

Henry. Give me now an account of the monies thou hast received from me within these nine months: I want them not back: they are letters of gold in record of thy guilt. Thou hast had no fewer than fifteen thousand pounds in that period, without even thy asking; what hast done with it, wanton?

Anne. I have regularly placed it out to interest.

Henry. Where? I demand of thee.

Anne. Among the needy and ailing. My lord archbishop has the account of it, sealed by him weekly:* I also had a copy myself: those who took away my papers may easily find it, for there are few others, and they lie open.

Henry. Think on my munificence to thee; recollect who made thee. Dost sigh for what thou hast lost?

Anne. I do indeed.

Henry. I never thought thee ambitious; but thy vices creep out one by one.

Anne. I do not regret that I have been a queen and am no longer one; nor that my innocence is called in question by those who never knew me: but I lament that the good people who loved me so cordially, hate and curse me; that those who pointed me out to their daughters for imitation, check them when they speak about me; and that he whom next to God I have served with most devotion, is my accuser.

Henry. Wast thou conning over something in that dingy book for thy defence? Come, tell me, what wast thou reading?

Anne. This ancient chronicle. I was looking for some one in my own condition, and must have missed the page. Surely in so many hundred years, there shall have been other young maidens, first too happy for exaltation, and after too exalted for happiness: not perchance doomed to die upon a scaffold, by those they ever honoured and served faithfully: that indeed I did not look for nor think of: but my heart was bounding for anyone I could love and pity. She would be unto me as a sister dead and gone, but hearing me, seeing me, consoling me, and being consoled. O my husband, it is so heavenly a thing . . .

Henry. To whine and whimper, no doubt, is vastly heavenly.

Anne. I said not so: but those, if there be any such, who never weep, have nothing in them of heavenly or of earthly. The plants, the trees, the very rocks and unsunned clouds, show us at least the semblances of weeping: and there is not an aspect of the globe we live on, nor of the waters and skies around it, without a reference and a similitude to our joys or sorrows.

Henry. I do not remember that notion anywhere. Take care no enemy rake out of it something of materialism. Guard well thy empty hot brain: it may hatch more evil. As for those odd words, I myself would fain see no great harm in them, knowing that grief and frenzy strike out many things, which would else lie still, and neither spirt nor sparkle. I also know that thou hast never read anything but bible and history, the two worst books in the world for young people, and the most certain to lead astray both prince and subject. For which reason I have interdicted and entirely put down the one, and will (by the blessing of the Virgin and of holy Paul) commit the other to a rigid censor. If it behoves us kings to enact what our people shall eat and drink, of which the most unruly and rebellious spirit can entertain no doubt, greatly more doth it behove us to examine what they read and think. The body is moved according to the mind and will: we must take care that the movement be a right one, on pain of God's anger in this life and the next.

Anne. O my dear husband! it must be a naughty thing indeed that makes him angry beyond remission. Did you ever try how pleasant it is to forgive anyone? There is nothing else wherein we can resemble God perfectly and easily.

Henry. Resemble God perfectly and easily! Do vile creatures talk thus of the Creator?

Anne. No, Henry, when his creatures talk thus of him, they are no longer vile creatures! When they know that he is good they love him, and when they love him they are good themselves. O Henry! my husband and king! the judgments

* The duke of Norfolk obtained an order that the archbishop of Canterbury should retire to his palace of Lambeth on the Queen's trial. Burnet, very sharp-sighted on irregularities in ladies, says that she had distributed, in the last nine months of her life, between fourteen and fifteen thousand pounds among the poor; a sum equal in value to nearly five times the amount at present. It tends to prove how little she could have reserved for vanities or favourites.

of our Heavenly Father are righteous: on this surely we must think alike.

Henry. And what then? speak out: again I command thee, speak plainly: thy tongue was not so torpid but this moment. Art ready? must I wait?

Anne. If any doubt remains upon your royal mind of your equity in this business; should it haply seem possible to you that passion or prejudice, in yourself or another, may have warped so strong an understanding, do but supplicate the Almighty to strengthen and enlighten it, and he will hear you.

Henry. What! thou wouldst fain change thy quarters, ay?

Anne. My spirit is detached and ready, and I shall change them shortly, whatever your highness may determine. Ah! my native Bickling is a pleasant place. May I go back to it? Does that kind smile say *yes?* Do the hounds ever run that way now? The fruit-trees must be all in full blossom, and the gorse on the hill above quite dazzling. How good it was in you to plant your park at Greenwich after my childish notion, tree for tree, the very same as at Bickling! Has the hard winter killed them? or the winds loosened the stakes about them?

Henry. Silly child! as if thou shouldst see them any more.

Anne. Alas! what strange things happen! But they and I are nearly of the same age; young alike, and without hold upon anything.

Henry. Yet thou appearest hale and resolute, and (they tell me) smirkest and smilest to everybody.

Anne. The withered leaf catches the sun sometimes, little as it can profit by it; and I have heard stories of the breeze in other climates, that sets in when daylight is about to close, and how constant it is, and how refreshing. My heart indeed is now sustained strangely: it became the more sensibly so from that time forward, when power and grandeur and all things terrestrial were sunk from sight. Every act of kindness in those about me gives me satisfaction and pleasure, such as I did not feel formerly. I was worse before God chastened me; yet I was never an ingrate. What pains have I taken to find out the village-girls who placed their posies in my chamber ere I arose in the morning! how gladly would I have recompensed the forester who lit up a brake on my birthnight, which else had warmed him half the winter! But these are times past: I was not queen of England.

Henry. Nor adulterous, nor heretical.

Anne. God be praised!

Henry. Learned saint! thou knowest nothing of the lighter, but perhaps canst inform me about the graver of them.

Anne. Which may it be, my liege?

Henry. Which may it be, pestilence! I marvel that the walls of this tower do not crack around thee at such impiety.

Anne. I would be instructed by the wisest of theologians: such is your highness.

Henry. Are the sins of the body, foul as they are, comparable to those of the soul?

Anne. When they are united they must be worst.

Henry. Go on, go on: thou pushest thy own breast against the sword: God hath deprived thee of thy reason for thy punishment. I must hear more; proceed, I charge thee.

Anne. An aptitude to believe one thing rather than another, from ignorance or weakness, or from the more persuasive manner of the teacher, or from his purity of life, or from the strong impression of a particular text at a particular time, and various things beside, may influence and decide our opinion; and the hand of the Almighty, let us hope, will fall gently on human fallibility.

Henry. Opinion in matters of faith! rare wisdom! rare religion! Troth! Anne, thou hast well sobered me. I came rather warmly and lovingly; but these light ringlets, by the holy rood, shall not shade this shoulder much longer. Nay, do not start; I tap it for the last time, my sweetest. If the church permitted it, thou shouldst set forth on thy long journey with the eucharist between thy teeth, however loth.

Anne. Love your Elizabeth, my honoured lord, and God bless you! She will soon forget to call me: do not chide her: think how young she is.*

Could I, could I kiss her, but once again! it would comfort my heart . . . or break it.

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* Elizabeth was not quite three years old at her mother's death, being born the seventh of September 1533.

It does not appear that the Defender of the Faith brought his wife to the scaffold for the good of her soul, nor that she was pregnant at the time, which would have added much to the merit of the action, as there is the probability that the child would have been heretical. Casper Scioppius, who flourished in the same century, says in his *Classicum Belli Sacri* that the children of heretics should not be pardoned, lest, if they grow up, they be implicated in the wickedness of their parents, and perish eternally.

Literature and Religion seem to have been contending two hundred years unintermittingly, which of them should be most efficient in banishing humanity and civility from the world; the very things which it was their business to propagate and preserve, and without which they not only are useless but pernicious. Scioppius stood as bottle-holder to both, in their most desperate attacks. He, who was so munificent to children, in little faggots, little swords, and little halters, gave also a Christmas-box to James I. "*Alexipharmacum regium felli draconum et veneno aspidum, sub Philippi Mornæi de Plessis nuperâ papatûs historiâ abdito, appositum, et serenissimo Domino, Jacobo Magnæ Britanniæ regi, strenæ Januariæ loco, muneri missum.*" From the inexhaustible stores of his generosity he made another such present. "*Collyrium Regium, Britanniæ regi, graviter ex oculis laboranti, muneri missum.*" Sir Henry Wootton, who found him in Madrid, to requite him for his Christmas-box and box of eye-salve, ordered him to be whipt without a metaphor: on which Lavanda says "Quid Hispane calleat Scioppius haud scio; si quid tamen istius linguæ in ipso fuit, tunc opinor exseruit maxime quando in Hispaniâ Anglice vapulavit." The remedies of Henry were less fallible, and his gifts more royal.

MARCUS TULLIUS AND QUINCTUS CICERO.

Marcus. The last calamities of our country, my brother Quinctus, have again united us; and something like the tenderness of earlier days appears to have returned, in the silence of ambition and in the subsidence of hope. It has frequently occurred to me how different we are from the moment when the parental roof bursts asunder, as it were, and the inmates are scattered abroad, and build up here and there new families. Many, who before lived in amity and concord, are then in the condition of those who, receiving intelligence of a shipwreck, collect at once for plunder, and quarrel on touching the first fragment.

Quinctus. We never disagreed on the division of any property, unless indeed the state and its honours may be considered as such; and although in regard to Cæsar, our fortune drew us different ways latterly, and my gratitude made me, until your remonstrances and prayers prevailed, reluctant to abandon him, you will remember my anxiety to procure you the consulate and the triumph. You cannot and never could suppose me unmindful of the signal benefits and high distinctions I have received from Cæsar, or quite unreluctant to desert an army, for my services in which he often praised me to you, while I was in Britain and in Gaul. Such moreover was his generosity, he did not erase my name from his *Commentaries*, for having abandoned and opposed his cause. My joy therefore ought not to be unmingled at his violent death, to whom I am indebted not only for confidence and command, not only for advancement and glory, but also for immortality. When you yourself had resolved on leaving Italy to follow Cneius Pompeius, you were sensible, as you told me, that my obligations to Cæsar should at least detain me in Italy. Our disputes, which among men who reason will be frequent, were always amicable: our political views have always been similar, and generally the same. You indeed were somewhat more aristocratical and senatorial: and this prejudice hath ruined both. As if the immortal Gods took a pleasure in confounding us by the difficulty of our choice, they placed the best men at the head of the worst cause. Decimus Brutus and Porcius Cato held up the train of Sylla; for the late civil wars were only a continuation of those which the old dictator seemed, for a time, to have extinguished in blood and ruins. His faction was in authority when you first appeared at Rome; and although among your friends, and sometimes in public, you have spoken as a Roman should speak of Caius Marius: a respect for Pompeius, the most insincere of mortals, made you silent on the merits of Sertorius; than whom there never was a better man in private life, a magistrate more upright, a general more vigilant, a citizen more zealous for the prerogative of our republic. Caius Cæsar, the later champion of the same party, overcame difficulties almost equally great, and having acted upon a more splendid theatre, may perhaps appear a still greater character.

Marcus. He will seem so to those only who place temperance and prudence, fidelity and patriotism, aside from the component parts of greatness. Cæsar, of all men, knew best when to trust fortune: Sertorius never trusted her at all, nor ever marched a step along a path he had not patiently and well explored. The best of Romans slew the one, the worst the other. The death of Cæsar was that which the wise and virtuous would most deprecate for themselves and for their children; that of Sertorius what they would most desire. And since, Quinctus, we have seen the ruin of our country, and her enemies are intent on ours, let us be grateful that the last years of life have neither been useless nor inglorious, and that it is likely to close, not under the condemnation of such citizens as Cato and Brutus, but as Lepidus and Antonius. It is with more sorrow than asperity that I reflect on Caius Cæsar. O! had his heart been unambitious as his style, had he been as prompt to succour his country as to enslave her, how great, how incomparably great, were he! Then perhaps at this hour, O Quinctus, and in this villa, we should have enjoyed his humorous and erudite discourse; for no man ever tempered so seasonably and so justly the materials of conversation. How graceful was he! how unguarded! His whole character was uncovered; as we represent the bodies of heroes and of gods. Two years ago, at this very season, on the third of the Saturnalia, he came hither spontaneously and unexpectedly to dine with me; and although one of his attendants read to him, as he desired while he was bathing, the verses on him and Mamurra, he retained his usual good humour, and discoursed after dinner on many points of literature, with admirable ease and judgment. Him I shall see again; and, while he acknowledges my justice, I shall acknowledge his virtues, and contemplate them unclouded. I shall see again our father, and Mutius Scævola, and you, and our sons, and the ingenuous and faithful Tyro. He alone has power over my life, if any has; for to him I confide my writings. And our worthy Marcus Brutus will meet me, whom I would embrace among the first: for, if I have not done him an injury, I have caused him one. Had I never lived, or had I never excited his envy, he might perhaps have written as I have done; but, for the sake of avoiding me, he caught both cold and fever. Let us pardon him; let us love him. With a weakness that injured his eloquence, and with a softness of soul that sapped the constitution of our state, he is no unworthy branch of that family which will be remembered the longest among men.

O happy day, when I shall meet my equals, and when my inferiors shall trouble me no more!

Man thinks it miserable to be cut off in the midst of his projects: he should rather think it miserable to have formed them. For the one is his own action, the other is not; the one was subject from the beginning to disappointments and vexations, the other ends them. And what truly is that period of life in which we are not in the midst of our projects? They spring up only the more rank and wild, year after year, from their extinction or change of form, as herbage from the corruption and dying down of herbage.

I will not dissemble that I upheld the senatorial cause for no other reason than that my dignity was to depend on it. My first enthusiasm was excited by Marius; my first poem was written on him. We were proud of him as a fellow-citizen of Arpinum. Say no more of him. It is only the most generous nature that grows more generous by age: Marius, like Pompeius, grew more and more austere. I praised his exploits in the enthusiasm of youth and poetry; either of which is sufficient excuse for many errors; and both together may extort somewhat more than pardon, when valour in a fellow-townsman is the exciter of our praise. But, sitting now in calmer judgment, we see him stript of his victorious arms and sevenfold consulship; we see him in his native rudeness, selfishness, and ferocity; we see him the murderer of his colleague in the consulship, of his comrade in the camp. Scarcely can we admire even the severity of his morals, when its principal use was to enforce the discipline useful to the accomplishment of his designs.

Quinctus. Marius is an example that a liberal education is peculiarly necessary where power is almost unlimited. Quiet, social, philosophical intercourse, can alone restrict that tendency to arrogance which war encourages, and alone can inculcate that abstinence from wrong and spoliation, which we have lately seen exercised more intemperately than even by Marius or by Sylla, and carried into the farms and villas of ancient friends and close connections.

Marcus. Had the party of our townsman been triumphant, and the senate (as it would have been) abolished, I should never have had a Catilinarian conspiracy to quell, and few of my best orations would have been delivered.

Quinctus. Do you believe that the Marian faction would have annulled our order?

Marcus. I believe that their safety would have required its ruin, and that their vengeance, not to say their equity, would have accomplished it. The civil war was of the senate against the equestrian order and the people, and was maintained by the wealth of the patricians, accumulated in the time of Sylla, from the proscription of all whom violence made, or avarice called, its adversaries. It would have been necessary to confiscate the whole property of the order, and to banish its members from Italy. Any measures short of these would have been inadequate to compensate the people for their losses; nor would there have been a sufficient pledge for the maintenance of tranquillity. The exclusion of three hundred families from their estates, which they had acquired in great part by rapine, and their expulsion from a country which they had inundated with blood, would have prevented that partition-treaty, whereby are placed in the hands of three men the properties and lives of all.

There should in no government be a contrariety of interests. Checks are useful: but it is better to stand in no need of them. Bolts and bars are good things: but would you establish a college of thieves and robbers to try how good they are? Misfortune has taught me many truths, which a few years ago I should have deemed suspicious and dangerous. The fall of Rome and of Carthage, the form of whose governments was almost the same, has been occasioned by the divisions of the ambitious in their senates: for we conscript fathers call that ambition which the lower ranks call avarice. In fact the only difference is, that the one wears fine linen, the other coarse; one covets the government of Asia, the other a cask of vinegar. The people were indifferent which side prevailed, until their houses in that country were reduced to ashes; in this, were delivered to murderers and gamesters.

Quinctus. Painful is it to reflect, that the greatness of most men originates from what has been taken by fraud or violence out of the common stock. The greatness of states, on the contrary, depends on the subdivision of property, chiefly of the landed, in moderate portions; on the frugal pay of functionaries, chiefly of those who possess a property; and on unity of interests and designs. Where provinces are allotted, not for the public service, but for the enrichment of private families, where consuls wish one thing and tribunes wish another, how can there be prosperity or safety? If Carthage, whose government (as you observe) much resembled ours, had allowed the same rights generally to the inhabitants of Africa; had she been as zealous in civilising as in coercing them; she would have ruined our commonwealth and ruled the world. Rome found the rest of Italy more cultivated than herself, but corrupted for the greater part by luxury, ignorant of military science, and more patient of slavery than of toil. She conquered; and in process of time infused into them somewhat of her spirit, and imparted to them somewhat of her institutions. Nothing was then wanting to her policy, but only to grant voluntarily what she might have foreseen they would unite to enforce, and to have constituted a social body in Italy. This would have rendered her invincible. Ambition would not permit our senators to divide with others the wealth and aggrandisement arising from authority: and hence our worst citizens are become our rulers. The same error was committed by Sertorius, from purer principles, when he created a senate in Spain, but admitted no Spaniard. The practice of disinte-

restedness, the force of virtue, in despite of so grievous an affront, united to him the bravest and most honourable of nations. If he had granted to them what was theirs by nature, and again due for benefits, he would have had nothing else to regret, than that they had so often broken our legions, and covered our commanders with shame.

What could be expected in our country, where the aristocracy possessed in the time of Sylla more than half the land, and disposed of all the revenues and offices arising from our conquests? It would be idle to remark that the armies were paid out of them, when those armies were but the household of the rich, and necessary to their safety. On such reasoning there is no clear profit, no property, no possession: we can not eat without a cook, without a husbandman, without a butcher: these take a part of our money. The armies were no less the armies of the aristocracy than the money that paid them and the provinces that supplied it; no less, in short, than their beds and bolsters.

Why could not we have done from policy and equity, what has been and often will be done, under another name, by favour and injustice? On the agrarian law we never were unanimous: yet Tiberius Gracchus had among the upholders of his plan the most prudent, the most equitable, and the most dignified in the republic: Lælius, the friend of Scipio, whose wisdom and moderation you have lately extolled in your dialogue; Crassus, then Pontifex Maximus; and Appius Claudius, who resolved by this virtuous and patriotic deed to wipe away the stain left for ages on his family, by its licentiousness, pride, and tyranny. To these names another must be added; a name which we have been taught from our youth upward to hold in reverence, the greatest of our jurists, Mutius Scævola. The adversaries of the measure can not deny the humanity and liberality of its provisions by which those who might be punished for violating the laws, should be indemnified for the loss of the possessions they held illegally, and these possessions should be distributed among the poorer families; not for the purpose of corrupting their votes, but that they should have no temptation to sell them.

You smile, Marcus!

Marcus. For this very thing the Conscript Fathers were inimical to Tiberius Gracchus, and accused him of an attempt to introduce visionary and impracticable changes into the commonwealth. Among the elder of his partisans some were called ambitious, some prejudiced; among the younger, some were madmen, the rest traitors; just as they were protected or unprotected by the power of their families or the influence of their friends.

Quinctus. The most equitable and necessary law promulgated of latter times in our republic, was that by Caius Gracchus, who, finding all our magistratures in the disposal of the senate, and witnessing the acquittal of all criminals whose peculations and extortions had ruined our provinces and shaken our dominion, transferred the judicial power to the equestrian order. Cepio's law, five-and-twenty years afterward, was an infringement of this; and the oration of Lucius Crassus in its favour, bearing with it the force of genius and the stamp of authority, formed in great measure, as you acknowledge, both your politics and your eloquence. The intimacy of Crassus with Aculeo, the husband of our maternal aunt, inclined you perhaps to follow the more readily his opinions, and to set a higher value, than you might otherwise have done, on his celebrated oration.

Marcus. You must remember, my brother, that I neither was nor professed myself to be adverse to every agrarian law, though I opposed with all my energy and authority that agitated by Rullus. On which occasion I represented the two Gracchi as most excellent men, inflamed by the purest love of the Roman people, in their proposal to divide among the citizens what was unquestionably their due. I mentioned them as those on whose wisdom and institutions many of the solider parts in our government were erected; and I opposed the particular law at that time laid before the people, as leading to the tyranny of a decemvirate. The projects of Cæsar and Pompeius on this business were unjust and pernicious; those of Gracchus I now acknowledge to have been equitable to the citizens and salutary to the state. Unless I made you this concession, how could I defend my own conduct a few months ago, in persuading the senate to distribute among the soldiers of the fourth legion and the legion of Mars, for their services to the republic, those lands in Campania which Cæsar and Pompeius would have allotted in favour of their partisans in usurpation. Caius Gracchus on the contrary would look aside to no advantage or utility; and lost the most powerful of his friends, adherents, and relatives, by his rectitude and inflexibility. Beside those letters of his which are published, I remember one in answer to his mother, which Scævola was fond of quoting, and of which he possessed the original.

Quinctus. Have we the transcript of it?

Marcus. The words of Cornelia, as well as I can recollect them, are these:

"I have received the determination of Lælius and of Scipio, in which they agree, as usual. He tells me that he never shall cease to be the advocate of so righteous a cause, if you will consent that the soldiers, who subdued for our republic the cities of Carthage and Numantia, shall partake in the public benefit. That Scipio is well aware how adverse the proposal would render the senate to him; and at the same time how unpopular he shall be among his fellow-citizens at Rome, which may excite a suspicion in bad and thoughtless men that he would gratify the army in defiance of each authority. He requests you to consider that these soldiers are for the greater part somewhat elderly; and that granting them possessions, on which they may sit down and rest, can not be the means an ambitious man would take for his ag-

grandisement. He wishes to render them inclined to peace, not alert for disturbances, and as good citizens as they have been good soldiers; and he entreats you, by the sanctity of your office, not to deprive them of what they should possess in common with others, for no better reason than because they defended by their valour the property of all. If you assent to this proposal, it will be unnecessary for him, he says, to undertake the settlement of the Commonwealth, referred to him by the Senate; not without danger, my dear Caius, though rather to his life than to his dignity. So desirable a measure, he adds, ought never to be carried into effect, nor supported too pertinaciously, by the general of an army."

Quinctus. I never knew of this letter. Scævola, I imagine, would not give it out of his hands for anyone to read, in public or at home. Do you remember as much of the answer?

Marcus. I think I may do: for the language of the Gracchi was among my exercises: and I wonder that you have not heard me rehearse both pieces, in the practice of declamation. Caius answers his mother thus:

"Mother, until you have exerted your own eloquence to persuade me, if indeed you participate in the opinions of Lælius, never shall I agree that the soldiers of Scipio have an allotment of land in Italy. When we withdraw our veterans from Spain and Africa, barbarian kings will tread upon our footsteps, efface the traces of our civilisation, and obliterate the memorials of our glory. The countries will be useful to us: even if they never were to be, we must provide against their becoming injurious and pernicious, as they would be under any other power. Either we should not fight an enemy, or we should fight until we have overcome him. Afterward to throw away what we have taken, is the pettishness of a child; to drop it, is the imbecility of a suckling. Nothing of wantonness or frowardness is compatible with warfare, or congenial with the Roman character. To relinquish a conquest is an acknowledgment of injustice, or incapacity, or fear.

"Our soldiers, under the command of Scipio, have subdued two countries, of a soil more fertile than ours, and become by a series of battles, and by intestine discord, less populous: let them divide and enjoy it. The beaten should always pay the expenses of the war, and the instigators should be deprived of their possessions and their lives. Which, I pray you, is the more reasonable; that the Roman people shall incur debts by having conquered, or that the weight of those debts shall fall totally on the vanquished? Either the war was unjust against *them*, or the conditions of peace against *us*. Our citizens are fined and imprisoned (since their debts begin with fine and end with imprisonment) for having hurt them! What! shall we strike and run away? or shall our soldier, when he hath stripped the armour from his adversary, say, 'No, I will not take this: I will go to Rome, and suit myself with better!'

"Let the army be compensated for its toils and perils: let it enjoy the fruit of its triumphs on the soil that bore them: for never will any new one keep the natives in such awe. Those who fight for slavery should at all events have it: they should be sold as bondmen. The calamities of Carthage and of Numantia strike the bosom even of the conqueror. How many brave, how many free, how many wise and virtuous, perished within their walls! But the petty princes and their satellites should be brought to market: not one of them should have a span of earth, or a vest, or a carcase, of his own. Spaniards and Africans, who prefer the domination of a tetrarch to the protection of the laws, ought to be sold for the benefit of our legionaries in Spain and Africa, whether by the gang or the dozen, whether for the mine or the arena. While any such are in existence, and while their country, of which they are unworthy, opens regions unexplored before us and teeming with fertility, I will not permit that the victorious army partake in the distribution of our home-domains. Write this to Lælius; and write it for Scipio's information, imploring him so to act as that he never may enfeeble the popular voice, nor deaden the world's applause. Remind him, O mother, for we both love him, how little it would become a good citizen and brave soldier, to raise up any cause why he should have to guard himself against the suspicions and stratagems of the senate."

Quinctus. The attempt to restore the sounder of our institutions, was insolently and falsely called innovation. For, from the building of our city, a part of the conquered lands was sold by auction *under the spear;* an expression which hath since been used to designate the same transaction within the walls; another part was holden in common; a third was leased out at an easy rate to the poorer citizens. So that formerly the lower and intermediate class possessed by right the exclusive benefit of *two-thirds*, and an equal chance (wherever there was industry and frugality) of the other. Latterly, by various kinds of vexation and oppression, they had been deprived of nearly the whole.

Cornelia was not a woman of a heart so sickly-tender as to awaken its sympathies at all hours, and to excite and pamper in it a false appetite. Like the rest of her family, she cared little or nothing for the applauses and opinions of the people: she loved justice: and it was on justice that she wished her children to lay the foundation of their glory. This ardour was inextinguished in her by the blood of her eldest son. She saw his name placed where she wished it; and she pointed it out to Caius. Scandalous words may be written on the wall under it, by dealers in votes and traffickers in loyalty; but little is the worth of a name that perishes by chalk or charcoal.

Marcus. The moral like the physical body hath not always the same wants in the same degree. We put off or on a greater or less quantity of clothes according to the season; and it is to the season that we must accommodate ourselves in

government, wherein there are only a few leading principles which are never to be disturbed. I now perceive that the laws of society in one thing resemble the laws of perspective: they require that what is below should rise gradually, and that what is above should descend in the same proportion, but not that they should touch. Still less do they inform us, what is echoed in our ears by new masters from camp and schoolroom, that the wisest and best should depend on the weakest and worst; and that, when individuals, however ignorant of moral discipline and impatient of self-restraint, are deemed adequate to the management of their affairs at twenty years, a state should never be; that boys should come out of pupilage, that men should return to it; that people in their actions and abilities so contemptible as the triumvirate, should become by their own appointment our tutors and guardians, and shake their scourges over Marcus Brutus, Marcus Varro, Marcus Tullius. The Romans are hastening back, I see, to the government of hereditary kings, whether by that name or another is immaterial, which no virtuous and dignified man, no philosopher of whatever sect, has recommended, approved, or tolerated; and than which no moralist, no fabulist, no visionary, no poet, satirical or comic, no Fescennine jester, no dwarf or eunuch (the most privileged of privileged classes), no runner at the side of a triumphal car, in the utmost extravagance of his licentiousness, has imagined anything more absurd, more indecorous, or more insulting. What else indeed is the reason why a nation is called barbarous by the Greeks and us? This alone stamps the character upon it, standing for whatever is monstrous, for whatever is debased.

What a shocking sight should we consider an old father of a family led in chains along the public street, with boys and prostitutes shouting after him! and should we not retire from it quickly and anxiously? A sight greatly more shocking now presents itself: an ancient nation is reduced to slavery, by those who vowed before the people and before the altars to defend her. And is it hard for us, O Quinctus, to turn away our eyes from this abomination? or is it necessary for a Gaul or an Illyrian to command us that we close them on it?

Quinctus. No, Marcus, no. Let us think upon it as our forefathers always thought, and our friends lately.

Marcus. I am your host, my brother, and must recall you awhile to pleasanter ideas. How beautiful is this Formian coast! how airy this villa! Ah whither have I beckoned your reflections! it is the last of ours perhaps we may ever see. Do you remember the races of our children along the sands, and their consternation when Tyro cried *'the Lœstrygons! the Lœstrygons!'* He little thought he prophesied in his mirth, and all that poetry has feigned of these monsters should in so few years be accomplished. The other evening, an hour or two before sunset, I sailed quietly along the coast, for there was little wind, and the stillness on shore made my heart faint within me. I remembered how short a time ago I had conversed with Cato in the walks around the villa of Lucullus, whose son, such was the modesty of the youth, followed rather than accompanied us. O Gods! how little then did I foresee or apprehend that the guardianship of this young man, and also of Cato's son, would within one year have devolved on me, by the deplorable death of their natural protector. A fading purple invested by degrees the whole promontory: I looked up at Misenus, and at those solitary and silent walks, enlivened so lately by friendship and philosophy. The last indeed of the thoughts we communicated were sorrowful and despondent, but, heavy as they were, they did not pain me like those which were now coming over me in my loneliness on the sea. For there only is the sense of solitude where everything we behold is unlike us, and where we have been accustomed to meet our friends and equals.

Quinctus. There is something of softness, not unallied to sorrow, in these mild winter days and their humid sunshine.

Marcus. I know not, Quinctus, by what train or connection of ideas they lead me rather to the past than to the future; unless it be that, when the fibres of our bodies are relaxed, as they must be in such weather, the spirits fall back easily upon reflection, and are slowly incited to expectation. The memory of those great men who consolidated our republic by their wisdom, exalted it by their valour, and protected and defended it by their constancy, stands not alone nor idly: they draw us after them, they place us with them. O Quinctus! I wish I could impart to you my firm persuasion, that after death we shall enter into their society: and what matter if the place of our reunion be not the capitol or the forum, be not Elysian meadows or Atlantic islands? Locality has nothing to do with mind once free. Carry this thought perpetually with you; and Death, whether you believe it terminates our whole existence or otherwise, will lose, I will not say its terrors, for the brave and wise have none, but its anxieties and inquietudes.

Quinctus. Brother, when I see that many dogmas in religion have been invented to keep the intellect in subjection, I may fairly doubt the rest.

Marcus. Yes, if any emolument be derived from them to the colleges of priests. But surely he deserves the dignity and the worship of a god, who first instructed men that by their own volition they may enjoy eternal happiness; that the road to it is most easy and most beautiful, such as any one would follow by preference, even if nothing desirable were at the end of it. Neither to give nor take offence, are surely the two things most delightful in human life; and it is by these two things that eternal happiness may be attained. We shall enjoy a future state accordingly as we have employed our intellect and our affections. Perfect bliss can be expected by few: but fewer will be so miserable as they have been here.

Quinctus. A belief to the contrary, if we admit

a future life, would place the gods beneath us in their best properties, justice and beneficence.

Marcus. Belief in a future life is the appetite of reason: and I see not why we should not gratify it as unreluctantly as the baser. Religion does not call upon us to believe the fables of the vulgar, but on the contrary to correct them.

Quinctus. Otherwise, over-run as we are in Rome by foreigners of every nation, and ready to receive, as we have been, the buffooneries of Syrian and Egyptian priests, our citizens may within a few years become not only the dupes, but the tributaries, of these impostors. The Syrian may scourge us until we join him in his lamentation of Adonis; and the Egyptian may tell us that it is unholy to eat a chicken, and holy to eat an egg; while a sly rogue of Judæa whispers in our ear, "that is superstition: you go to heaven if you pay me a tenth of your harvests." This, I have heard Cneius Pompeius relate, is done in Judæa.

Marcus. True, but the tenth paid all the expenses both of civil government and religious; for the magistracy was (if such an expression can be repeated with seriousness) *theocratical.** In time of peace a decimation of property would be intolerable. Pisistratus and Hiero did exact it: but they were usurpers, and the exercise of their power was no more legitimate than the assumption. Among us likewise the tribunes of the people have complained, in former times, that taxes levied on the commons went to abase and ruin them. Certainly the senate did not contribute in the same proportion; but the commons were taxed not of the produce of what had been allotted to them, in the partition of conquered lands; and it was only the stipend of the soldier for preserving by arms the property that his arms had won. The Jews have been always at war; natives of a sterile country and borderers of a fertile one, acute, meditative, melancholy, morose. I know not whether we ourselves have performed such actions as they have, or whether any nation has fought with such resolution and pertinacity. We laugh at their worship; they abominate ours. In this I think we are the wiser; for surely on speculative points it is better to laugh than to abominate. But whence have you brought your eggs and chickens? I have heard our Varro tell many stories about the Egyptian ordinances; but I do not remember this among them; nor indeed did his friend Turranius, who resided long in that country, and was intimately versed in its antiquities, nor his son Matius, a young man of much pleasantry, ever relate it in conversation when we met at Varro's.

Quinctus. Indeed the distinction seems a little too absurd, even for the worshippers of cats and crocodiles. Perhaps I may have wronged them: the nation I may indeed have forgotten, but I am certain of the fact: I place it in the archives of superstition, you may deposit it in its right cell. Among the Athenians the Priestess of Minerva was entitled to a measure of barley, a measure of wheat, and an obol, on every birth and death.* Some eastern nations are so totally subjected to the priesthood, that a member of it is requisite at birth, at death, and, by Thalassius! at marriage itself. He can even inflict pains and penalties; he can oblige you to tell him all the secrets of the heart; he can call your wife to him, your daughter to him, your blooming and innocent son; he can absolve from sin; he can exclude from pardon.

Marcus. Now, Quinctus, egg and chicken, cat and crocodile, disappear and vanish: you repeat impossibilities: mankind, in its lowest degradation, has never been depressed so low. The savage would strangle the impostor that attempted it; the civilised man would scourge him and hiss him from society. Come, come, brother! we may expect such a state of things, whenever we find united the genius of the Cimmerian and the courage of the Troglodyte. Religions wear out, cover them with gold or case them with iron as you will. Jupiter is now less powerful in Crete than when he was in his cradle there, and spreads fewer terrors at Dodona than a shepherd's cur. Proconsuls have removed from Greece, from Asia, from Sicily, the most celebrated statues; and it is doubted at last whether those deities are in heaven whom a cart and a yoke of oxen have carried away on earth. When the civil wars are over, and the minds of men become indolent and inactive, as is always the case after great excitement, it is not improbable that some novelties may be attempted in religion: but, as my prophecies in the whole course of the late events have been accomplished, so you may believe me when I prognosticate that our religion, although it should be disfigured and deteriorated, will continue in many of its features, in many of its pomps and ceremonies, the same. Sibylline books will never be wanting while fear and curiosity are inherent in the composition of man. And there is something consolatory in this idea of duration and identity: for whatever be your philosophy, you must acknowledge that it is pleasant to think, although you know not wherefore, that, when we go away, things visible, like things intellectual, will remain in great measure as we left them. A slight displeasure would be felt by us, if we were certain that after our death our houses would be taken down, though not only no longer inhabited by us, but probably not destined to remain in the possession of our children; and that even these vineyards, fields, and gardens, were about to assume another aspect.

Quinctus. The sea and the barren rocks will remain for ever as they are: whatever is lovely changes. Misrule and slavery may convert our fertile plains into pestilential marshes; and whoever shall exclaim against the authors and causes

* The Spaniards had been a refractory and rebellious people, and therefore were treated, we may presume, with some lenity: yet T. Livius tells us that a part of Spain paid a tenth, another part a *twentieth*. Lib. xliii. See also Tacitus on the subject of Taxation, *Ann.* xiii., and Burmann *De Vectigali.*

* Aristot. *Œconom.* l. 2.

of such devastation, may be proscribed, slain, or exiled. Enlightened and virtuous men (painfullest of thoughts!) may condemn him: for a love of security accompanies a love of study, and that by degrees is adulation which was acquiescence. Cruel men have always at their elbow the supporters of arbitrary power; and although the cruel are seldom solicitous in what manner they may be represented to posterity, yet, if anyone among them be rather more so than is customary, some projector will whisper in his ear an advice like this. "Oppress, fine, imprison, and torture those who (you have reason to suspect) are or may be philosophers or historians: so that, if they mention you at all, they will mention you with indignation and abhorrence. Your object is attained: few will implicitly believe them; almost everyone will acknowledge that their faith should be suspected, as there are proofs that they wrote in irritation. This is better than if they spoke of you slightingly, or cursorily, or evasively. By employing a hangman extraordinary, you purchase in perpetuity the title of a clement prince."

Marcus. Quinctus, you make me smile, by bringing to my recollection that, among the marauders of Pindenissus, was a fellow called by the Romans Fœdirupa, from a certain resemblance no less to his name than to his character. He commanded in a desert and sandy district, which his father and grandfather had enlarged by violence; for the family were, from time immemorial, robbers and assassins. Several schools had once been established in those parts, remote from luxury and seduction; and several good and learned men taught in them, having fled from Mithridates. Fœdirupa assumed on a sudden the air and demeanour of a patriot, and hired one Gentius to compose his rhapsodies on the love of our country, with liberty to promise what he pleased. Gentius put two hundred pieces of silver on his mule, rode to the schools, exhibited his money, and promised the same gratuity to every scholar who would arm and march forth against the enemy. The teachers breathed a free and pure spirit, and, although they well knew the knavery of Gentius, seconded him in his mission. Gentius, as was ordered, wrote down the names of those who repeated the most frequently that of country, and the least so that of Fœdirupa. Even rogues are restless for celebrity. The scholars performed great services against the enemy. On their return they were disarmed; the promises of Fœdirupa were disavowed; the teachers were thrown into prison, accused of violating the ancient laws, of perverting the moral and religious principles, and finally of abusing the simplicity of youth, by illusory and empty promises. Gentius drew up against them the bills of indictment, and offered to take care of their libraries and cellars while they remained in prison. Fœdirupa cast them into dungeons; but, drawing a line of distinction much finer than the most subtile of them had ever done, "I will not kill them," said he; "I will only frighten them to death." He became at last somewhat less cruel, and starved them. Only one was sentenced to lose his head. Gentius comforted him upon the scaffold, by reminding him how much worse he would have fared under Mithridates, who would not only have commanded his head to be cut off, but also to be fixed on a pike, and by assuring him that, instead of such wanton barbarity, he himself would carry it to the widow and her children, within an hour after their conference. The former words moved him little; he hardly heard them; but his heart and his brain throbbed in agony at the sound of children, of widow. He threw his head back; tears rolled over his temples, and dripped from his grey hair. "Ah my dear friend," said Gentius, "have I unwittingly touched a tender part? Be manful; dry your eyes; the children are yours no longer; why be concerned for what you can never see again? My good old friend," added he, "how many kind letters to me has this ring of yours sealed formerly!" Then, lifting up the hand, he drew it slowly off, overcome by excess of grief. It fell into his bosom, and to moderate his grief he was forced to run away, looking through the corner of his eye at the executioner. The rogue was stoned to death by those he had betrayed, not long before my arrival in the province; and an arrow from an unseen hand did justice on Fœdirupa.

Quinctus. I have seen in my life-time several rogues upon their crosses, although few, if any, so deserving of the punishment as Gentius and his colleague. Spectacles of higher interest are nearer and more attractive. It would please me greatly if either the decline of evening or the windings of the coast would allow me a view of Misenus: and I envy you, Marcus, the hour or two before sunset, which enabled you to contemplate it from the unruffled sea at your leisure. Has no violence been offered to the retirement of Cornelia? Are there any traces of her residence left amid our devastations, as there surely ought to be, so few years after her decease?

Marcus. On that promontory her mansion is yet standing; the same which Marius bought afterward, and which our friend Lucullus last inhabited; and, whether from reverence of her virtues and exalted name, or that the Gods preserve it as a monument of womanhood, its exterior is unchanged. Here she resided many years, and never would be induced to revisit Rome after the murder of her younger son. She cultivated a variety of flowers, naturalised exotic plants, and brought together trees from vale and mountain; trees unproductive of fruit, but affording her, in their superintendance and management, a tranquil expectant pleasure. "There is no amusement," said she, "so lasting and varied, so healthy and peaceful as gardening." We read that the Babylonians and Persians were formerly much addicted to similar places of recreation. I have scarcely any knowledge in these matters;* and the first time I went

* "De hortis quod me admones, nec fui unquam valde cupidus, et nunc domus suppeditat mihi hortorum amœnitatem." Ad Q. Fratr. 1. 3. ep. 4.

thither, I asked many questions of the gardener's boy, a child about nine years old. He thought me even more ignorant than I was, and said, among other such remarks, "I do not know what they call this plant at Rome, or whether they have it there; but it is among the commonest here, beautiful as it is, and we call it cytisus." "Thank you, child!" said I smiling; "and," pointing toward two cypresses, "pray what do you call those high and gloomy trees at the extremity of the avenue, just above the precipice?" "Others like them," replied he, "are called cypresses; but these, I know not why, have always been called Tiberius and Caius."

Quinctus. Of all studies the most delightful and the most useful is biography. The seeds of great events lie near the surface; historians delve too deep for them. No history was ever true. Lives I have read which, if they were not, had the appearance, the interest, and the utility of truth.

Marcus. I have collected facts about Cornelia, worth recording; and I would commemorate them the rather, as, while the Greeks have had among them no few women of abilities, we can hardly mention two.

Quinctus. Yet ours have advantages which theirs had not. Did Cornelia die unrepining and contented?

Marcus. She was firmly convinced to the last that an agrarian law would have been just and beneficial, and was consoled that her illustrious sons had discharged at once the debt of nature and of patriotism. Glory is a light that shines from us on others, and not from others on us. Assured that future ages would render justice to the memory of her children, Cornelia thought they had already received the highest approbation, when they had received their own.

Quinctus. If anything was wanting, their mother gave it.

Marcus. No stranger of distinction left Italy without a visit to her. You would imagine that they, and that she particularly, would avoid the mention of her sons: it was however the subject on which she most delighted to converse, and which she never failed to introduce on finding a worthy auditor. I have heard from our father and from Scævola, both of whom in their adolescence had been present on such occasions, that she mentioned her children, no longer indeed with the calm complacency and full content with which she showed them to the lady of Campania as her gems and ornaments, but with such an exultation of delight at their glory, as she would the heroes of antiquity. So little of what is painful in emotion did she exhibit at the recital, those who could not comprehend her magnanimity at first believed her maddened by her misfortunes; but as many signs of wisdom soon displayed themselves, such stableness and sedateness of demeanour, such serene majestic suavity, they felt as if some deity were present; and when wonder and admiration and awe permitted them to lift up their eyes again toward her, they discovered from her's that the fondest of mothers had been speaking, the mother of the Gracchi.

Quinctus. I wish you would write her life.

Marcus. Titus Pomponius may undertake it; and Titus may live to accomplish it. All times are quiet times with him; the antagonist, the competitor of none; the true philosopher! He knows the worth of men and the weight of factions, and how little they merit the disturbance of our repose. Ah Quinctus! that I never looked back until I came upon the very brink of the whirlpool! that, drawing all my glory from my lungs, I find all my peace in exhaustion! Our Atticus never did thus; and he therefore may live to do what you propose for me, not indeed too late in the day, but with broken rest, and with zeal (I must acknowledge it) abated. Your remark on biography is just; yet how far below the truth is even the best representation of those whose minds the Gods have illuminated! How much greater would the greatest man appear, if anyone about him could perceive those innumerable filaments of thought, which break as they arise from the brain, and the slenderest of which is worth all the wisdom of many at whose discretion lies the felicity of nations! This in itself is impossible; but there are fewer who mark what appears on a sudden and disappears again (such is the conversation of the wise) than there are who calculate those stars that are now coming forth above us: scarcely one in several millions can apportion, to what is exalted in mind, its magnitude, place, and distance. We must be contented to be judged by that which people can discern and handle: that which they can have among them most at leisure, is most likely to be well examined and duly estimated. Whence I am led to believe that my writings, and those principally which instruct men in their rights and duties, will obtain me a solider and more extensive reputation than I could have acquired in public life, by busier, harder, and more anxious labours. Public men appear to me to live in that delusion which Socrates, in the *Phædo*, would persuade us is common to all our species. "We live in holes," says he, "and fancy that we are living in the highest parts of the earth." What he says physically I would say morally. Judge whether my observation is not at least as reasonable as his hypothesis; and indeed, to speak ingenuously, whether I have not converted what is physically false and absurd into what is morally true and important.

Quinctus. True, beyond a question, and important as those whom it concerns will let it be. They who stand in high stations, wish for higher; but they who have occupied the highest of all, often think with regret of some one pleasanter they left below. The most wonderful thing in human nature is the variance of knowledge and will, where no passion is the stimulant: whence that system of life is often chosen and persevered in, which a man is well convinced is neither the best for him nor the easiest. Few can see clearly where their happiness lies; and, in those who see

it, you will scarcely find anyone who has the courage to pursue it. Every action must have its motive; but weak motives are sufficient for weak minds; and whenever we see one which we believed to be a stronger, moved habitually by what appears inadequate, we may be certain that there is (to bring a metaphor from the forest) more top than root. Servius Tullius, a prudent man, dedicated to Fortune what we call the narrow temple, with a statue in proportion, expressing his idea that Fortune in the condition of mediocrity is more reasonably than in any other the object of our vows. He could have given her as magnificent a name, and as magnificent a residence, as any she possesses; and you know she has many of both; but he wished perhaps to try whether for once she would be as favourable to wisdom as to enterprise*.

Marcus. If life allows us time for the experiment, let us also try it†.

Sleep, which the Epicureans and others have represented as the image of death, is, we know, the repairer of activity and strength. If they spoke reasonably and consistently, they might argue from their own principles, or at least take the illustration from their own fancy, that death like sleep may also restore our powers, and in proportion to its universality and absoluteness. Pursuers as they are of pleasure, their unsettled and restless imagination loves rather to brood over an abyss, than to expatiate on places of amenity and composure. Just as sleep is the renovator of corporeal vigour, so, with their permission, I would believe death to be of the mind's; that the body, to which it is attached rather from habitude than from reason, is little else than a disease to our immortal spirit; and that, like the remora, of which mariners tell marvels, it counteracts, as it were, both oar and sail, in the most strenuous advances we can make toward felicity. Shall we lament to feel this reptile drop off? Or shall we not, on the contrary, leap with alacrity on shore, and offer up in gratitude to the Gods whatever is left about us uncorroded and unshattered? A broken and abject mind is the thing least worthy of their acceptance.

Quinctus. Brother, you talk as if there were a plurality of Gods.

Marcus. I know not and care not how many there may be of them. Philosophy points to unity: but while we are here, we speak as those do who are around us, and employ in these matters the language of our country. Italy is not so fertile in hemlock as Greece; yet a wise man will dissemble half his wisdom on such a topic; and I, as you remember, adopting the means of dialogue, have often delivered my opinions in the voice of others, and speak now as custom not as reason leads me.

Quinctus. Marcus, I still observe in you somewhat of aversion to Epicurus, a few of whose least important positions you have controverted in your dialogues: and I wish that, even there, you had been less irrisory, less of a pleader: that you had been, in dispassionate urbanity, his follower. Such was also the opinion of two men the most opposite in other things, Brutus and Cæsar. Religions may fight in the street or over the grave, Philosophy never should. We ought to forego the manners of the forum in our disquisitions, which if they continue to be agitated as they have been, will be designated at last not only by foul epithets drawn from that unsober tub, but, as violence is apt to increase in fury until it falls from exhaustion, by those derived from war and bloodshed. I should not be surprised if they who write and reason on our calm domestic duties, on our best and highest interests, should hereafter be designated by some such terms as *polemical* and *sarcastic*. As horses start aside from objects they see imperfectly, so do men. Enmities are excited by an indistinct view; they would be allayed by conference. Look at any long avenue of trees by which the traveller on our principal highways is protected from the sun. Those at the beginning are wide apart; but those at the end almost meet. Thus happens it frequently in opinions. Men, who were far asunder, come nearer and nearer in the course of life, if they have strength enough to quell, or good sense enough to temper and assuage, their earlier animosities. Were it possible for you to have spent an hour with Epicurus, you would have been delighted with him; for his nature was like the better part of your's. Zeno set out from an opposite direction, yet they meet at last and shake hands. He who shows us how Fear may be reasoned with and pacified, how Death may be disarmed of terrors, how Pleasure may be united with Innocence and with Constancy; he who persuades us that Vice is painful and vindictive, and that Ambition, deemed the most manly of our desires, is the most childish and illusory; deserves our gratitude. Children would fall asleep before they had trifled so long as grave men do. If you must quarrel with Epicurus on the principal good, take my idea. The happy man is he who distinguishes the boundary between desire and delight, and stands firmly on the higher ground; he who knows that pleasure not only is not possession, but is often to be lost and always to be endangered by it. In life, as in those prospects which

* Plutarch, in his *Problems*, offers several reasons, each different from this.

† That Cicero began to think a private life preferable to a public, and that his philosophical no less than his political opinions were unstable, is shown nowhere so evidently as in the eighth book of his *Epistles*. "Nam omnem nostram de republicâ curam, cogitationem, de dicendâ in senatu sententiâ, &c., abjecimus, et in Epicuri nos, adversarii nostri, castra, conjecimus." Several years before the date of this he writes to Atticus, "Malo in illâ tuâ sediculâ quam habes sub imagine Aristotelis sedere, quam in istorum scilâ curuli, tecumque apud te ambulari quam cum eo quocum video esse ambulandum: sed de ista ambulatione sors viderit, aut siquis est qui curet deus." L. iv. E. ix.

Demosthenes in his later days entertained the opinion that if there were two roads, the one leading to government, the other to death, a prudent man would choose *the latter*.

the sun were above the horizon we should see
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ht, and offering the most beautiful forms in the
stance, are wearisome to attain, and barren.
In one of your last letters, you told me that
s had come over into the camp of your old ad-
rsary.

Marcus. I could not rest with him. As we
rdon those reluctantly who destroy our family
nbs, is it likely or reasonable that he should be
given, who levels to the ground the fabric to
ich they lead, and to which they are only a
le and temporary vestibule?

Quinctus. Socrates was heard with more attenn, Pythagoras had more authority in his life-
e; but no philosopher hath excited so much
thusiasm in those who never frequented, never
rd nor saw him; and yet his doctrines are
t such in themselves as would excite it. How
n can it be? otherwise than partly from the
ocence of his life, and partly from the relief
followers experienced in abstraction from un-
iet and insatiable desires. Many, it is true,
re spoken of him with hatred: but among his
ers are none who knew him. Which is remarke, singular, wonderful: for hatred seems as
tural to men as hunger is, and excited like
nger by the presence of its food; and the more
quisite the food, the more excitable is the
nger.

Marcus. I do not remember to have met anyere before with the thought you have just
pressed. Certain it is however that men in
neral have a propensity to hatred, profitless as
is and painful. We say proverbially, after
nius or some other old poet, the descent to
ernus is easy: not less easily are we carried
wn to the more pestiferous pool whereinto we
uld drag our superiors and submerge them.
is the destiny of the obscure to be despised;
is the privilege of the illustrious to be hated.
bever hates me, proves and feels himself to be
s than I am. If in argument we can make a
n angry with us, we have drawn him from his
ange-ground and overcome him. For he who,
order to attack a little man (and every one calls
s adversary so) ceases to defend the truth, shows
at truth is less his object than the little man.
rofess the tenets of the New Academy, because
teaches us modesty in the midst of wisdom,
d leads through doubt to inquiry. Hence it
pears to me that it must render us quieter and
re studious, without doing what Epicurus would
: that is, without singing us to sleep in groves
d meadows, while our country is calling on us
ally to defend her. Nevertheless I have lived
the most familiar way with Epicureans, as you
now, and have loved them affectionately. There
no more certain sign of a narrow mind, of stu-
dity, and of arrogance, than to stand aloof from
ose who think differently from ourselves. If
ey have weighed the matter in dispute as care-
lly, it is equitable to suppose that they have the
me chance as we have of being in the right: if
they have not, we may as reasonably be out of
humour with our footman or chairman. He is more
ignorant and more careless of it still.

I have seen reason to change the greater part
of my opinions. Let me confess to you, Quinctus,
we oftener say things because we can say them
well, than because they are sound and reasonable.
One would imagine that every man in society
knows the nature of friendship. Similarity in the
disposition, identity in the objects liked and disliked, have been stated (and stated by myself) as
the essence of it: nothing is untruer. Titus Pomponius and I are different in our sentiments, our
manners, our habits of life, our ideas of men and
things, our topics of study, our sects of philosophy; added to which our country and companions have these many years been wide apart;
yet we are friends, and always were, and, if man
can promise anything beyond the morrow, always
shall be.

Quinctus. Your '*idem velle atque idem nolle*,' of
which you now perceive the futility, has never
been suspected; not even by those who have seen
Marius and Sylla, Cæsar and Pompeius, at variance and at war, for no other reason than because
they sought and shunned the same thing; shunning privacy and seeking supremacy. Young men
quote the sentence daily; those very young men
perhaps who court the same mistress, and whose
friendship not only has not been corroborated, but
has been shattered and torn up by it. Few authors
have examined any one thing well, scarcely one
many things. Your Dialogues are wiser, I think,
than those of the Greeks; certainly more animated
and more diversified; but I doubt whether you have
bestowed so much time and labour on any question of general interest to mankind, as on pursuing a thief like Verres, or scourging a drunkard
like Piso, or drawing the nets of Vulcan over the
couch of Clodius. For which reason I should not
wonder if your Orations were valued by posterity
more highly than your Dialogues; although the
best oration can only show the clever man, while
Philosophy shows the great one.

Marcus. I approve of the Dialogue for the
reason you have given me just now; the fewness
of settled truths, and the facility of turning the
cycle of our thoughts to what aspect we wish, as
geometers and astronomers the globe. A book
was lately on the point of publication, I hear, to
demonstrate the childishness of the Dialogue;
and the man upon the bench a little way below the
Middle Janus, who had already paid the writer
thirty denars for it, gave it back to him on reading the word *childish*. For Menander or Sophocles or Euripides had caught his eye, all of whom,
he heard, wrote in dialogue, as did Homer in the
better parts of his two poems: and he doubted
whether a young man ignorant of these authors,
could ever have known that the same method
had been employed by Plato on all occasions, and
by Xenophon in much of his *Recollections*,
and that the conversations of Socrates would
have lost their form and force, delivered in any

other manner. He might perhaps have set up himself against the others; but his modesty would not let him stand before the world opposed to Socrates under the shield of Apollo. Morus, the man below the Middle Janus,* is very liberal, and left him in possession of the thirty denars, on condition that he should write as acrimoniously against as eloquent and judicious an author, whenever called upon.

Quinctus. Speaking of Plato in the earlier series of your philosophical disquisitions, you more highly praised his language than you appear to have done lately.

Marcus. There is indeed much to admire in it; but even his language has fewer charms for me now, than it had in youth. Plato will always be an object of admiration and reverence, to men who would rather see vast images of uncertain objects reflected from illuminated clouds, than representations of things in their just proportions, measurable, tangible, and convertible to household use. Therefore, in speaking on the levity of the Greeks, I turned my eyes toward him; that none, whatever commendations I bestowed upon his diction, might mistake me in describing the qualities of his mind. Politics will gain nothing of the practical from him, philosophy nothing of what is applicable to morals, to science, to the arts, or the conduct of life. Unswathe his Egyptian mummy; and from the folds of fine linen, bestrewn and impregnated with aromatics, you disclose the grave features and gracile bones of a goodly and venerable cat. Little then can you wonder if I have taken him as one of small authority, when I composed my works on *Government*, on the *Social Duties*, or on the *Nature of the Gods*.

Quinctus. You have forborne to imitate his style, although you cite the words of a Greek enthusiast, who says that if Jupiter had spoken in Greek he would have spoken in the language of Plato.

Marcus. Jupiter had no occasion for philosophy; we have.

Quinctus. I prefer your method of conducting the dialogue, although I wish you had given us a greater variety both of topics and of characters.

Marcus. If time and health are granted me, perhaps I may do somewhat more than I or others have accomplished in this department.

Quinctus. Why do you smile? at your confidence of succeeding?

Marcus. No, indeed; but because all strong and generous wine must deposit its crust before it gratifies the palate; and are not all such writings in the same predicament?

Quinctus. Various pieces of such criticism have been brought to me. One writer says of you, "He would pretend to an equality in style and wisdom with Theophrastus." Another, "We remember his late invectives, which he had the assurance to call Philippics, fancying himself another Demosthenes!" A third, "He knows so little of the Dialogue, that many of his speakers talk for a quarter of an hour uninterruptedly; in fact, until they can talk no longer, and have nothing more to say upon the subject."

Marcus. Rare objection! As if the dialogue of statesmen and philosophers, which appertains by its nature to dissertation, should resemble the dialogue of comedians, and Lælius and Scævola be turned into Davus and Syrus! Although I have derived my ideas of excellence from Greece, out of which there is nothing elegant, nothing chaste and temperate, nothing not barbarous, nevertheless I have a mind of my own equal in capacity and in order to any there, indebted as I acknowledge it to be to Grecian exercises and Grecian institutions. Neither my time of life nor my rank in it, nor indeed my temper and disposition, would allow me to twitch the sleeves of sophists, and to banter them on the idleness of their disputations with trivial and tiny and petulant interrogatories. I introduce grave men, and they talk gravely; important subjects, and I treat them worthily. Lighter, if my spirits had the elasticity to give them play, I should touch more delicately and finely, letting them fly off in more fantastic forms and more vapoury particles. But who indeed can hope to excell in two manners so widely different? Who hath ever done it, Greek or Roman? If wiser men than those who appear at present to have spoken against my dialogues, should undertake the same business, I would inform them that the most severe way of judging these works, with any plea or appearance of fairness, is, to select the best passages from the best writers I may have introduced, and to place my pages in opposition to theirs in equal quantities. Suppose me introducing Solon or Phocion, Æschines or Demosthenes; that is, whatever is most wise, whatever is most eloquent; should it appear that I have equalled them where so little space is allowed me, I have done greatly more than has ever been done hitherto. Style I consider as nothing if what it covers be unsound: wisdom in union with harmony is oracular. On this idea, the wiser of ancient days venerated in the same person the deity of oracles and of music: and it must have been the most malicious and the most ingenious of satirists, who transferred the gift of eloquence to the god of thieves.

Quinctus. I am not certain that you have claimed for yourself the fair trial you would have demanded for a client. One of the interlocutors may sustain a small portion of a thesis.

Marcus. In that case, take the whole Conversation; examine the quality, the quantity, the variety, the intensity, of mental power exerted. I myself would arm my adversaries, and teach them how to fight me; and I promise you, the first blow I receive from one of them, I will cheer him heartily. It will augur well for our country. At present I can do nothing more liberal than in sending thirty other denars to the mortified bondman of Morus.

* The *Middle Janus* is mentioned by Horace. It has usually been considered as a temple, and the remains of it are pointed out as such; but in fact it was only the *central arch* of a market-place.

I have performed one action; I have composed some few things, which posterity, I would fain believe, will not suffer to be quite forgotten. Fame, they tell you, is air: but without air there is no life for any: without fame there is none for the best. And yet, who knows whether all our labours and vigils may not at last be involved in oblivion! What treasures of learning must have perished, which existed long before the time of Homer! For it is utterly out of the nature of things, that the first attempt in any art or science should be the most perfect. Such is the Iliad. I look upon it as the sole fragment of a lost world. Grieved indeed I should be to think, as you have heard me say before, that an enemy may possess our city five thousand years hence: yet when I consider that soldiers of all nations are in the armies of the triumvirate, and that all are more zealous for her ruin than our citizens are for her defence, this event is not unlikely the very next. The worst of barbarism is that which arises, not from the absence of laws, but from their corruption. So long as virtue stands merely on the same level with vice, nothing is desperate, nothing is irreparable; few governments in their easy decrepitude care for more. But when rectitude is dangerous and depravity secure, then eloquence and courage, the natural pride and safeguard of states, become the strongest and most active instruments in their overthrow.

Quinctus. I see the servants have lighted the lamps in the house earlier than usual, hoping, I suppose, we shall retire to rest in good time, that to-morrow they may prepare the festivities for your birth-day.

Marcus. They are bringing out of the dining-room, I apprehend, the busts our Atticus lately sent me. Let us hasten to prevent it, or they may place Homer and Solon with the others, instead of inserting them in the niches opposite my bed, where I wish to contemplate them by the first light of morning, the first objects opening on my eyes. For, without the one, not only poetry, but eloquence too, and every high species of literary composition, might have remained until this day, in all quarters of the globe, incondite and indigested: and without the other, even Athens herself might have explored her way in decrepitude and darkness, and never have exhibited to us Romans the prototype of those laws on which our glory has arisen, and the loss of which we are destined to lament as our last and greatest.

Quinctus. Within how few minutes has the night closed in upon us! Nothing is left discernible of the promontories, or the long irregular breakers under them. We have before us only a faint glimmering from the shells in our path, and from the blossoms of the arbutus.

Marcus. The little solitary Circean hill, and even the nearer, loftier, and whiter rocks of Anxur, are become indistinguishable. We leave our Cato and our Lucullus, we leave Cornelia and her children, the scenes of friendship and the recollections of greatness, for Lepidus and Octavius and Antonius; and who knows whether this birth-day, between which and us so few days intervene, may not be, as it certainly will be the least pleasurable, the last!

Quinctus. Do not despond, my brother!

Marcus. I am as far from despondency and dejection as from joy and cheerfulness. Death has two aspects: dreary and sorrowful to those of prosperous, mild and almost genial to those of adverse fortune. Her countenance is old to the young, and youthful to the aged: to the former her voice is importunate, her gait terrific: the latter she approaches like a bedside friend, and calls in a whisper that invites to rest. To us, my Quinctus, advanced as we are on our way, weary from its perplexities and dizzy from its precipices, she gives a calm welcome; let her receive a cordial one.

If life is a present which anyone foreknowing its contents would have willingly declined, does it not follow that anyone would as willingly give it up, having well tried what they are! I speak of the reasonable, the firm, the virtuous; not of those who, like bad governors, are afraid of laying down the powers and privileges they have been proved unworthy of holding. Were it certain that the longer we live the wiser we become and the happier, then indeed a long life would be desirable: but since on the contrary our mental strength decays, and our enjoyments of every kind not only sink and cease, but diseases and sorrows come in place of them, if any wish is rational, it is surely the wish that we should go away unshaken by years, undepressed by griefs, and undespoiled of our better faculties. Life and death appear more certainly ours than whatsoever else: and yet hardly can that be called ours, which comes without our knowledge, and goes without it: or that which we can not put aside if we would, and indeed can anticipate but little. There are few who can regulate life to any extent; none who can order the things it shall receive or exclude. What value then should be placed upon it by the prudent man, when duty or necessity calls him away? or what reluctance should he feel on passing into a state where at least he must be conscious of fewer checks and inabilities? Such, my brother, as the brave commander, when from the secret and dark passages of some fortress, wherein implacable enemies besieged him, having performed all his duties and exhausted all his munition, he issues at a distance into open day.

Everything has its use; life to teach us the contempt of death, and death the contempt of life. Glory, which among all things between stands eminently the principal, although it has been considered by some philosophers as mere vanity and deception, moves those great intellects which nothing else could have stirred, and places them where they can best and most advantageously serve the commonwealth. Glory can be safely despised by those only who have fairly won it: a low, ignorant, or vicious man should dispute on other topics. The philosopher who contemns it,

has every rogue in his sect, and may reckon that it will outlive all others. Occasion may have been wanting to some; I grant it: they may have remained their whole lifetime like dials in the shade, always fit for use and always useless: but this must occur either in monarchal governments, or where persons occupy the first station who ought hardly to have been admitted to the secondary, and whom jealousy has guided more frequently than justice.

It is true there is much inequality, much inconsiderateness, in the distribution of fame; and the principles according to which honour ought to be conferred, are not only violated, but often inverted. Whoever wishes to be thought great among men, must do them some great mischief; and the longer he continues in doing things of this sort, the more he will be admired. The features of Fortune are so like those of Genius as to be mistaken by almost all the world. We whose names and works are honourable to our country, and destined to survive her, are less esteemed than those who have accelerated her decay: yet even here the sense of injury rises from and is accompanied by a sense of merit, the tone of which is deeper and predominant.

When we have spoken of life, death, and glory, we have spoken of all important things, except friendship: for eloquence and philosophy, and other inferior attainments, are either means conducible to life and glory, or antidotes against the bitterness of death. We can not conquer fate and necessity, yet we can yield to them in such a manner as to be greater than if we could. I have observed your impatience: you were about to appeal in behalf of virtue. But virtue is presupposed in friendship, as I have mentioned in my *Lælius;* nor have I ever separated it from philosophy or from glory. I discussed the subject most at large and most methodically in my treatise on our *Duties*, and I find no reason to alter my definition or deductions. On friendship, in the present condition of our affairs, I would say but little. Could I begin my existence again, and what is equally impossible, could I see before me all I have seen, I would choose few acquaintances, fewer friendships, no familiarities. This rubbish, for such it generally is, collecting at the base of an elevated mind, lessens its height and impairs its character. What requires to be sustained, if it is greater, falls; if it is smaller, is lost to view by the intervention of its supporters.*

In literature great men suffer more from their little friends than from their potent enemi is not by our adversaries that our early ah glory are nipped and broken off, or our late lentially blighted; it is by those who lie feet, and look up to us with a solicitous an regard, until our shadow grows thicker and them colder. Then they begin to praise worthy men indeed and good citizens, but vain, and what (to speak the truth) in othe should call presumptuous. They entert doubt of our merit in literature; yet justice them to declare that several have risen up who promise to surpass us. Should it be a them who these are, they look modest, a you softly and submissively, it would ill b them to repeat the eulogies of their acquai and that no man pronounces his own n distinctly as another's. I had something of once about me, and was borne on high spirit of the better Greeks. Thus they tho me; and they thought of me, Quinctus, n than thus. They had reached the straits, a before them the boundary, the impassable A of the intellectual world. But now I am citizen and a worse writer: I want the exerci effusion of my own breath to warm me: I be chafed by an adversary: I must be sup by a crowd: I require the forum, the rost senate: in my individuality I am nothing.

Quinctus. I remember the time when, i of smiling, you would have been offende angry at such levity and impudence.

Marcus. The misfortunes of our country ours, and I am imperceptible to myself in th gulf that is absorbing her. Should I be Anger, always irrational, is most so here. men see those above them as they see the one is almost as large as another, almost as b small distance between them. They can no touch us with the forefinger; but they can a And what matters it? they can utter as things against us, and as fiercely, as Polyp did against the heavens. Since my dialogu certainly the last things I shall compose, an we, my brother, shall perhaps, for the littl that is remaining of our lives, be soon divid may talk about these matters as among the

* These are the ideas of a man deceived and betrayed by almost everyone he trusted. But if Cicero had considered that there never was an elevated soul or warm heart which has not been ungenerously and unjustly dealt with, and that ingratitude has usually been in proportion to desert, his vanity if not his philosophy would have buoyed up and supported him. He himself is redundant in such instances. To set Pompeius aside, as a man ungrateful to all, he had spared Julius Cæsar in his consulate when he was implicated in the conspiracy of Catiline. Clodius, Lepidus, and Antonius, had been admitted to his friendship and confidence: Octavius owed to him his popularity and estimation: Philologus*, whom he and instructed, pointed out to his pursuers the secr he had taken to avoid them: and Popilius, their had by his eloquence been saved from the punishr one parricide that he might commit another.

It were well if Cicero had been so sincere in his ship as perhaps he thought he was. The worst ac his life may be related in his own words. "Qualis sit Cæsaris Vituperatio contra Laudationem meam p ex eo libro quem Hirtius ad me misit, in quo collig Catonis, sed cum maximis laudibus meis: itaqu librum ad Muscam, ut tuis librariis daret, *volo eni divulgari.*" Ad Attic. xii. 40. An honest man wo little gratified by the divulgation of his praises panied by calumnies on his friend, or even by the ex of his faults and weaknesses.

* So his name is written by Plutarch, who cal Φιλόνυθος Κείννου. We may doubt whether it abou be Philogonus, for a freed man of Quinctus with tha is mentioned in the *Epistles* (ad Q. F. 1. 3).

and most interesting: and the rather if there is anything in them displaying the character of our country and the phasis of our times.

Aquilius Cimber, who lives somewhere under the Alps, was patronised by Caius Cæsar for his assiduities, and by Antonius for his admirable talent in telling a story and sitting up late. He bears on his shoulders the whole tablet of his nation, reconciling its incongruities. Apparently very frank, but intrinsically very insincere; a warm friend while drinking; cold, vapid, limber, on the morrow, as the festal coronet he had worn the night before.

Quinctus. Such a person, I can well suppose, may nevertheless have acquired the friendship of Antonius.

Marcus. His popularity in those parts rendered him also an object of attention to Octavius, who told me he was prodigiously charmed with his stories of departed spirits, which Aquilius firmly believes are not altogether departed from his country. He hath several old books relating to the history, true and fabulous, of the earlier Cimbri. Such is the impression they made upon him in his youth, he soon composed others on the same model, and better (I have heard) than the originals. His opinion is now much regarded in his province on matters of literature in general; although you would as soon think of sending for a smith to select an ostrich feather at the milliner's. He neglects no means of money-getting, and has entered into an association for this purpose with the booksellers of the principal Transpadane cities. On the first appearance of my dialogues, he, not having read them, nor having heard of their tendency, praised them; moderately indeed and reservedly; but finding the people in power ready to persecute and oppress me, he sent his excuse to Antonius, that he was drunk when he did it; and to Octavius, that the fiercest of the Lemures held him by the throat until he had written what his heart revolted at. And he ordered his friends and relatives to excuse him by one or other of these apologies, according to the temper and credulity of the person they addressed.

Quinctus. I never heard the story of Aquilius, no less amusing than the well-known one of him, that he went several miles out of his road to visit the tomb of the Scipios, only to lift up his tunic against it in contempt. He boasted of the feat and of the motive.

Marcus. Until the worthies of our times shone forth, he venerated no Roman since the exiled kings, in which his favourite is the son of the last: and there are certain men in high authority who assure him they know how to appreciate and compensate so heroic and sublime an affection. The Catos and Brutusses are wretches with him, and particularly since Cato pardoned him for having hired a fellow (as was proved) to turn some swine into his turnip-field at Tusculum. Looking at him or hearing of him, unless from those who know his real character, you would imagine him generous, self-dependent, self-devoted: but this upright and staunch thistle bears a yielding and palpable down for adulation.

Quinctus. Better *that* than malice. Whatever he may think or say of you, I hope he never speaks maliciously of those whose livelihood, like his own, depends upon their writings; the studious, the enthusiastic, the unhardened in politics, the uncrossed in literature.

Marcus. I wish I could confirm or encourage you in your hopes: report, as it reaches me, by no means favours them.

Quinctus. This hurts me; for Aquilius, although the Graces in none of their attributions are benignant to him, is a man of industry and genius.

Marcus. Alas, Quinctus! to pass Aquilius by, as not concerned in the reflection, the noblest elevations of the human mind have in appertainance their sands and swamps; hardness at top, putridity at bottom. Friends themselves, and not only the little ones you have spoken of, not only the thoughtless and injudicious, but graver and more constant, will occasionally gratify a superficial feeling, which soon grows deeper, by irritating an orator or writer. You remember the apologue of Critobulus?

Quinctus. No, I do not.

Marcus. It was sent to me by Pomponius Atticus soon after my marriage: I must surely have shown it to you.

Quinctus. Not you indeed; and I should wonder that so valuable a present, so rare an accession to Rome as a new Greek volume, could have come into your hands, and not out of them into mine, if you had not mentioned that it was about the time of your nuptials. Let me hear the story.

Marcus. "I was wandering," says Critobulus, "in the midst of a forest, and came suddenly to a small round fountain or pool, with several white flowers (I remember) and broad leaves in the centre of it, but clear of them at the sides, and of a water the most pellucid. Suddenly a very beautiful figure came from behind me, and stood between me and the fountain. I was amazed. I could not distinguish the sex, the form being youthful and the face toward the water, on which it was gazing and bending over its reflection, like another Hylas or Narcissus. It then stooped and adorned itself with a few of the simplest flowers, and seemed the fonder and tenderer of those which had borne the impression of its graceful feet: and having done so, it turned round and looked upon me with an air of indifference and unconcern. The longer I fixed my eyes on her, for I now discovered it was a female, the more ardent I became and the more embarrassed. She perceived it, and smiled. Her eyes were large and serene; not very thoughtful, as if perplexed, nor very playful, as if easily to be won; and her countenance was tinged with so delightful a colour, that it appeared an effluence from an irradiated cloud passing over it in the heavens. She gave me the idea, from her graceful attitude, that, although adapted to the perfection of activity, she felt rather an inclination for repose. I would have taken her hand:

'You shall presently,' said she; and never fell on mortal a diviner glance than on me. I told her so. She replied, 'You speak well.' I then fancied she was simple, and weak, and fond of flattery, and began to flatter her. She turned her face away from me, and answered nothing. I declared my excessive love: she went some paces off. I swore it was impossible for one who had ever seen her to live without her: she went several paces farther. 'By the immortal gods!' I cried, 'you shall not leave me.' She turned round and looked benignly; but shook her head. 'You are another's then! Say it! say it! utter the word once from your lips.. and let me die.' She smiled, more melancholy than before, and replied, 'O Critobulus! I am indeed another's; I am a God's.' The air of the interior heavens seemed to pierce me as she spoke; and I trembled as impassioned men may tremble once. After a pause, 'I might have thought it!' cried I: 'why then come before me and torment me?' She began to play and trifle with me, as became her age (I fancied) rather than her engagement, and she placed my hand upon the flowers in her lap without a blush. The whole fountain would not at that moment have assuaged my thirst. The sound of the breezes and of the birds around us, even the sound of her own voice, were all confounded in my ear, as colours are in the fulness and intensity of light. She said many pleasing things to me, to the earlier and greater part of which I was insensible; but in the midst of those which I could hear and was listening to attentively, she began to pluck out the grey hairs from my head, and to tell me that the others too were of a hue not very agreeable. My heart sank within me. Presently there was hardly a limb or feature without its imperfection. 'O!' cried I in despair, 'you have been used to the Gods: you must think so: but among men I do not believe I am considered as ill-made or unseemly.' She paid little attention to my words or my vexation; and when she had gone on with my defects for some time longer, in the same calm tone and with the same sweet countenance, she began to declare that she had much affection for me, and was desirous of inspiring it in return! I was about to answer her with rapture, when on a sudden, in her girlish humour she stuck a thorn, wherewith she had been playing, into that part of the body which supports us when we sit. I know not whether it went deeper than she intended, but catching at it, I leaped up in shame and anger, and at the same moment felt something upon my shoulder. It was an armlet inscribed with letters of bossy adamant, 'Jove to his daughter Truth.'

"She stood again before me at a distance, and said gracefully, 'Critobulus! I am too young and simple for you; but you will love me still, and not be made unhappy by it in the end. Farewell.'"

Quinctus. Why did you not insert this allegory in some part of your works, as you have often many pages from the Greek?

Marcus. I might have done it, but I know not whether the state of our literature is any longer fit for its reception.

Quinctus. Confess, if it is not, that the fault is in some sort yours, who might have directed the higher minds, and have carried the lower with them.

Marcus. I regard with satisfaction the efforts I have made to serve my country: but the same eloquence, the merit of which not even the most barbarous of my adversaries can detract from me, would have enabled me to elucidate large fields of philosophy, hitherto untrodden by our countrymen, and in which the Greeks have wandered widely or worked unprofitably.

Quinctus. Excuse my interruption. I heard a few days ago a pleasant thing reported of Asinius Pollio: he said at supper, your language is that of an Allobrox.

Marcus. After supper, I should rather think, and with Antonius. Asinius, urged by the strength of instinct, picks from amid the freshest herbage the dead dry stalk, and doses and dreams about it where he can not find it. Acquired, it is true, I have a certain portion of my knowledge, and consequently of my language, from the Allobroges: I can not well point out the place: the walls of Romulus, the habitations of Janus and of Saturn, and the temple of Capitoline Jove, which the confessions I extorted from their ambassadors gave me in my consulate the means of saving, stand at too great a distance from this terrace.

Quinctus. Certainly you have much to look back upon, of what is most proper and efficacious to console you. Consciousness of desert protects the mind against obloquy, exalts it above calamity, and scatters into utter invisibility the shadowy fears of death. Nevertheless, O Marcus! to leave behind us our children, if indeed it will be permitted them to stay behind, is painful.

Marcus. Among the contingencies of life, it is that for which we ought to be the best prepared, as the most regular and ordinary in the course of nature. In dying, and leaving our friends, and saying, "I shall see you no more," which is thought by the generous man the painfullest thing in the change he undergoes, we speak as if we shall continue to feel the same desire and want of seeing them. An inconsistency so common as never to have been noticed: and my remark, which you would think too trivial, startles by its novelty before it conciliates by its truth. We bequeathe to our children a field illuminated by our glory and enriched by our example: a noble patrimony, and beyond the jurisdiction of prætor or proscriber. Nor indeed is our fall itself without its fruit to them: for violence is the cause why that is often called a calamity which is not, and repairs in some measure its injuries by exciting to commiseration and tenderness. The pleasure a man receives from his children resembles that which, with more propriety than any other, we may attribute to the Divinity: for to suppose that his chief satisfaction and delight should arise from the contemplation of what he has done or can do, is to place

him on a level with a runner or a wrestler. The formation of a world, or of a thousand worlds, is as easy to him as the formation of an atom. Virtue and intellect are equally his production; yet he subjects them in no slight degree to our volition. His benevolence is gratified at seeing us conquer our wills and rise superior to our infirmities; and at tracing day after day a nearer resemblance in our moral features to his. We can derive no pleasure but from exertion: he can derive none from it: since exertion, as we understand the word, is incompatible with omnipotence.

Quinctus. Proceed, my brother! for in every depression of mind, in every excitement of feeling, my spirits are equalised by your discourse; and that which you said with too much brevity of our children, soothes me greatly.

Marcus. I am persuaded of the truth in what I have spoken: and yet . . ah, Quinctus! there is a tear that Philosophy can not dry, and a pang that will rise as we approach the Gods.

Two things tend beyond all others, after philosophy, to inhibit and check our ruder passions as they grow and swell in us, and to keep our gentler in their proper play: and these two things are, reasonable sorrow and inoffensive pleasure, each moderately indulged. Nay, there is also a pleasure, humble, it is true, but graceful and insinuating, which follows close upon our very sorrows, reconciles us to them gradually, and sometimes renders us at last undesirous altogether of abandoning them. If ever you have remembered the anniversary of some day whereon a dear friend was lost to you, tell me whether that anniversary was not purer and even calmer than the day before. The sorrow, if there should be any left, is soon absorbed, and full satisfaction takes place of it, while you perform a pious office to Friendship, required and appointed by the ordinances of Nature. When my Tulliola was torn away from me, a thousand plans were in readiness for immortalising her memory, and raising a monument up to the magnitude of my grief. The grief itself has done it: the tears I then shed over her assuaged it in me, and did everything that could be done for her, or hoped, or wished. I called upon Tulliola: Rome and the whole world heard me. Her glory was a part of mine and mine of hers; and when Eternity had received her at my hands, I wept no longer. The tenderness wherewith I mentioned and now mention her, though it suspends my voice, brings what consoles and comforts me: it is the milk and honey left at the sepulchre, and equally sweet (I hope) to the departed.

The Gods, who have given us our affections, permit us surely the uses and the signs of them. Immoderate grief, like everything else immoderate, is useless and pernicious; but if we did not lacerate and endure it, if we did not prepare for it, meet it, commune with it, if we did not even cherish it in its season, much of what is best in our faculties, much of our tenderness, much of our generosity, much of our patriotism, much also of our genius, would be stifled and extinguished.

When I hear anyone call upon another to be manly and to restrain his tears, if they flow from the social and the kind affections I doubt the humanity and distrust the wisdom of the counsellor. Were he humane, he would be more inclined to pity and to sympathise than to lecture and reprove; and were he wise, he would consider that tears are given us by nature as a remedy to affliction, although, like other remedies, they should come to our relief in private. Philosophy, we may be told, would prevent the tears by turning away the sources of them, and by raising up a rampart against pain and sorrow. I am of opinion that Philosophy, quite pure and totally abstracted from our appetites and passions, instead of serving us the better, would do us little or no good at all. We may receive so much light as not to see, and so much philosophy as to be worse than foolish. I have never had leisure to write all I could have written on the subjects I began to meditate and discuss too late. And where, O Quinctus! where are those men gone, whose approbation would have stimulated and cheered me in the course of them? Little is entirely my own in the *Tusculan Disputations;* for I went rather in search of what is useful than of what is specious, and sat down oftener to consult the wise than to argue with the ingenious. In order to determine what is fairly due to me, you will see, which you may easily, how large is the proportion of the impracticable, the visionary, the baseless, in the philosophers who have gone before me; and how much of application and judgment, to say nothing of temper and patience, was requisite in making the selection. Aristoteles is the only one of the philosophers I am intimate with (except you extort from me to concede you Epicurus) who never is a dreamer or a trifler, and almost the only one whose language, varying with its theme, is yet always grave and concise, authoritative and stately, neither running into wild dithyrambics, nor stagnating in vapid luxuriance. I have not hesitated, on many occasions, to borrow largely from one who, in so many provinces, hath so much to lend. The whole of what I collected, and the whole of what I laid out from my own, is applicable to the purposes of our political, civil, and domestic state. And my eloquence, whatever (with Pollio's leave) it may be, would at least have sufficed me to elucidate and explore those ulterior tracts, which the Greeks have coasted negligently and left unsettled. Although I think I have done somewhat more than they, I am often dissatisfied with the scantiness of my store and the limits of my excursions. Every question has given me the subject of a new one, which has always been better treated than the preceding; and, like Archimedes, whose tomb appears now before me as when I first discovered it at Syracuse, I could almost ask of my enemy time to solve my problem.

Quinctus! Quinctus! let us exult with joy: there is no enemy to be appeased or avoided. We are moving forward, and without exertion, thither

where we shall know all we wish to know, and how greatly more than, whether in Tusculum or in Formiæ, in Rome or in Athens, we could ever hope to learn!

REFLECTIONS ON THE CONVERSATION OF THE CICEROS.

Some of the opinions here attributed to Cicero, and particularly those on the agrarian law, are at variance with what he has expressed, not only in his *Orations*, but also in his three books *De Officiis*, which he appears to have written under a vehement fear that either this or something similar would deprive him of his possessions. Hence he speaks of the Gracchi with an asperity which no historian has countenanced, and of Agis, the most virtuous king on record, without a word of commendation or pity. When, however, he perceived that in the midst of dangers his property was untouched, it must have occurred to so sagacious a reasoner, that if an agrarian law had been enacted, the first triumvirate could never have existed, and that he himself had remained, as he ought to have been, the leader of the commonwealth. It is to be lamented that he should have mentioned Crassus as a man he did not hate. Dion Cassius, in his twenty-ninth book, says he wrote some tremendous things against him, and a good many of them: πολλαπι δη και δυσκ: giving the manuscript sealed up into the hands of his son, and ordering that it should be published after his death. Such a politician ought to have foreseen that the injunction was unlikely to be carried into effect. As there was no danger impending over the life of Cicero while Crassus held a place in the triumvirate, it may be suspected that the sealed paper related to another of its members; for it would be impossible to add anything worse to what he already had published against Crassus. For instance, "Qui videt domi tuæ pariter accusatorum atque judicum consociatos greges; qui nocentes et pecuniosos reos eodem te auctore corruptelam judicii molientes; qui tuas mercedum pactiones in patrociniis, intercessiones pecuniarum in coitionibus candidatorum, dimissiones libertorum ad fœnerandas diripiendasque provincias; qui expulsiones vicinorum; qui latrocinia in agris; qui cum servis, cum libertis, cum clientibus societates; qui possessiones vacuas; qui proscriptiones locupletum; qui cædes municipiorum; qui illam Sullani temporis messem recordetur; qui testamenta subjecta, qui sublatos tot homines, qui denique omnia venalia, delectum, decretum, alienam, suam, sententiam, forum, domum, vocem, silentium." *Parad. VI.*

The description of such a government is sufficient to recommend its abolition. He illustrates it further. "Desitum est videri quidquam in socios iniquum, cum extitisset etiam in cives tanta crudelitas . . Multa præterea commemorarem nefaria in socios, si hoc uno solo quidquam vidisset indignius . . . Optimatibus tuis nihil confido. Sed video nullam esse rempublicam, nullum senatum, nulla judicia, nullam in ullo nostrûm dignitatem . . . Jure igitur plectimur: nisi enim multorum impunita scelera tulessimus, &c. . . . Non igitur utilis illa L. Philippi Q. filii sententia, quas civitates L. Sulla *pecunid accepid* ex SC. liberavisset, ut hæ rursus vectigales essent, neque his pecuniam quam pro libertate dedissent redderemus: turpe imperio! piratarum enim melior fides quam senatûs." It follows then, à fortiori, that if pirates should be destroyed, the senate should.

Cicero never entertained long together the same opinion of Pompeius. A little before the death of Clodius he writes thus: "Pompeius *nostri amores*, quod mihi summo dolori est, ipse se affixit." Soon after thus: "Pompeius a me valde contendit de reditu in gratiam; sed adhuc nihil profecit, nec, si ullam partem libertatis tenebo, proficiet." He speaks of him to Atticus as follows: "Non mihi satis idonei sunt auctores ii qui a te probantur: quod enim unquam in republicâ forte factum extitit? aut quis ab iis ullam rem laude dignam desiderat? nec mehercule laudandos existimo qui trans mare belli parandi causâ profecti sunt . . . Quis autem est tantâ quidem de re quin varie secum ipse disputet? Simul et elicere cupio sententiam tuam; si manet, ut firmior sim, si mutata est, ut tibi assentiar." The character and designs of Pompeius and his *legitimates* are developed thus: "Mirandum in modum Cneius noster Sullani regni similitudinem concupivit. Consilium est suffocare urbem et Italiam fame; deinde agros vastare, urere. Promitto tibi, si valebit, togulam illum in Italiâ nullam relicturum. Mene igitur socio? contra mehercule meum judicium, et contra omnium antiquorum auctoritatem . . . Quæ minæ municipiis! quæ nominatim viris bonis! quæ denique omnibus qui remanssissent! quàm crebrò illud, *Sulla potuit, ego non potero.*"

The conduct of the Gracchi was approved by the wisest and most honest of their contemporaries. Lælius, the friend of Scipio, desisted from his support of Tiberius only when, as Plutarch says, he was compelled by the apprehension of *greater evil*. But surely a man so prudent as Lælius must have foreseen all the consequences, and have known the good or the evil of them, and would not have desisted when, the matter having been agitated and the measure agreed on, every danger was over from taking it, and the only one that could arise was from its rejection, after the hopes and expectations of the people had been stimulated and excited. Hence we may be induced to believe that Scipio, in compliance with the wishes of the senate, persuaded his friend to desist from the undertaking. Cicero, in mentioning it, expresses himself in these words: "Duo sapientissimos et clarissimos fratres, Publium Crassum et Publium Scævolam, aiunt Tiberio Graccho *auctores legum* fuisse, alteram quidem, ut videmus, palam, alterum, ut suspicamur, obscurius." *Acad. Quæst.* iv. Mutianus Crassus (brother of Publius) and Appius Claudius were also his supporters. It is beyond a doubt that Tiberius Gracchus was both politic and equitable in his plan of dividing among the poorer citizens, whose debts had been incurred by services rendered to their country, the lands retained by the rich in violation of the Licinian law. He was called unjust toward the inhabitants of Latium and the allies, in proposing to deprive them of that which the Romans had given them, but instead of which, to indemnify themselves for the grant, they had imposed a tribute. Gracchus wished to allay the irritation of the people, and to render them inoffensive to the state, by giving them useful occupations in the cares and concerns of property. The Latins and allies would have been indemnified: for the tax imposed on them would have been removed, and the freedom of the city granted to them. The senate would perhaps have been somewhat less hostile to Tiberius Gracchus, had he not also proposed that the money left by Attalus to the Roman people should go to its destination. They were stimulated, if not by interest, by power, to invoke the assistance of Scipio against the popular party; and he was conducted home by them the day before his death; which appears rather to have been hastened by the fears and jealousy of the senate than by the revenge of the opposition, none of whom at that time could have had access to him, his house being filled and surrounded by their adversaries. The senate had reasons, suddenly but not vainly conceived, for suspicion of Scipio. They dreaded the dictatorial power to be conferred on him, in order that he might settle the commonwealth: they were dissatisfied at the doubts he entertained of guilt in Gracchus, of whom he declared his opinion that he was justly slain if he had attempted to possess the supreme power: which expression proves that he doubted, or rather that he disbelieved it, and is equivalent to the declaration that he did not deserve death for any other of his actions or intentions. They clearly saw that a man of his equity and firmness would not leave unpunished those of their order who had instigated Popilius Lænas, Opimius, and Metellus, to their cruelties against the partisans of Gracchus. Opimius alone had put to death by a *judicial process* no fewer than three thousand Roman citizens, whose only crime was that of demanding what had been left them by Attalus, and promised them by the rulers of the state.

r satirist, often a philosopher, and sometimes a
a
ls tulerit Gracchos de seditione querentes?"
wer is: any dispassionate man. For there is no
in claiming a due; there is none in resisting the
f earnings; but there is in conspiring to murder,
ve from house and home such opponents. The
all seditions is the *seditio sedentium*.
wly-found treatise of Cicero, *De Re Publicâ*, sup-
with a few more sentences of illustration and
of remark. It is amusing to see with what
a sentence that leans toward kingship is seized
itor. He exclaims, "*Notabile Ciceronis dictum*
rchiæ præstantiâ! *quam in sententiam plerique*
s seu recentiores politici pedibus eunt." The sen-
"Nam ipsum regale genus civitatis non modo non
endendum, sed haud scio an reliquis *simplicibus*
eponendum, si ullum probarem simplex reipub-
s: sed ita quoad statum suum retinet; is est
tatus, ut unius perpetuâ potestate et justitiâ,
sapientiâ, regatur salus et æquabilitas et otium
Certainly, if a king were perfectly just and
wise, his government would be preferable to any
t it is childish to speculate on such an occur-
ith the experience of ages before us, leading us to
t a conclusion. Scipio speaks of a republic with
residing over it; the editor talks of *monarchy*,
erstand the word. Scipio adds, "Desunt omnino
multa qui sub rege est, in primis libertas, *quæ*
est ut justo utamur domino, sed ut nullo." Can
be more temperate and rational than these
ns? The first of which designate only the utility
m, and that conditionally; and the last give an
reason why even the form itself should not be
, proving the utility of the form to be incom-
ess than what must be given up for it. In going
raises L. Brutus, "Vir ingenio et virtute præ-
primusque in hac civitate docuit in conservandâ
libertate esse privatum neminem;" which the
lls *immanem injustamque sententiam*. Could he
ve that he should have placed *injustam* before
m, if he wished to avoid the ridicule of men and
And was he ignorant that a man capable of pro-
a sentence which is unjust and outrageous is
y of quotation as an authority? Yet he runs
him agape for it, when he fancies he can pluck
the looser folds of his gown something to invi-
d support him. Cicero in his own person uses
e same words (*Epist.* x. ad Familiares.) "Nullo
consilio rempublicam liberâsti, quo etiam est illa
a et clarior." The same opinion is also given by
the *Tusculan Questions*. "Nunquam privatum
dentem, &c." (iv.) Scipio, in commending the
ers that, under conditions quite problematical,
nd the government of one magistrate, adds, "*Sed*
ctionem et quasi pronum ad perniciosissimum
" and afterward, "Quis enim hunc hominem rite
qui sibi cum suis civibus, qui denique cum omni
n genere nullam juris communionem, nullam
datis societatem velit." Here is indeed the *nobile*
e dictum, which ought to be engraven on every
uilding, from the school-room to the palace. The
n of kings leaves few either wise or honest. The
timus receive the better education: they are
checks one upon another, while kings are mutual
and fosterers of each other's tyranny. That in
atever it be, is the best form of government, which
effectually excludes the wicked and unwise, and
readily admits the wise and virtuous. The two
ve subhocracy and despotism, both for the same
in both there is will without counsel, energy
object, and action without reflection. Ochlo-
the more tolerable as being the more transient;
rays passes into the other, as its first step. Scipio
weakly, and Cicero perhaps intends that he should
m saying, "Illud tamen non adsentior tibi, præ-
i optimates: *si enim* sapientia est quæ gubernat
ditorem, quid tandem interest hæc in uno ne sit an
in pluribus?" Here is a *petitio principii* which on no account can be granted. It is surely more probable that wisdom should reside among many, and those the best educated and of mature age, than with one only, and him the worst educated, often of age not mature, and more often bearing thick upon him throughout life the vices of youth and the inconsiderateness of childhood. If Cicero spoke sincerely, he was both foolish and flagitious in praising those who slew Cæsar: for never was there a man so capable of governing alone and well. I will not believe that he was led astray by Plato, who asserts in his fourth book that it is of little consequence whether a state be governed by many or one, if that one is obedient to the laws. Surely a king can more easily find those who will assist him in subverting them than simple citizens can, and is usually more inclined to do it, and is more easily persuaded that it is his interest. Aristoteles, as usual, speaks less idly: what is remarkable is, that his opinion squares perfectly with the Epicurean doctrine. Τέλος μὲν οὖν πολιτείας τὸ εὖ ζῆν· τοῦτο δ' ἔστι τὸ ζῆν εὐδαιμόνως καὶ καλῶς. Now this is impossible under men worse and less wise (as hath been the case nine hundred and thirty years in the thousand) than those who occupy the middle ranks in life, to say nothing of those who are uncontaminated by their example and undebased by their tyranny; such men as would exist if *they* did not. Governments must be constituted according to the habits and propensities of the governed, in which the moral springs from the physical. The Arab will always be free: the Frenchman often, but never long: in the Englishman there exists what ought to be expected from the union of Norman and Saxon: the Greek retains and displays magnificently his ancient character: combinations of various kinds militate against the Italian, from whom all traces of ancient institutions have been effaced for ages, excepting of religion. The Roman people was merely the people of one city; its physical peculiarities could not extend themselves, and were entirely lost in a succession of conquerors. But the voice of History refutes the conclusion, which certain writers would draw from the treatise of Cicero, and teaches us that the republican form of government was best adapted to the nation, and that under it the Romans were virtuous and powerful, to a degree which they never attained under kings and emperors. Their seven kings, after two centuries, left a dominion less extensive than an English county or an American estate. In the same number of years, under a republic, the same people, if subjects and citizens may be called the same, conquered nearly the whole known world: whatever was wealthy, whatever was powerful, whatever was tyrannical and despotic, fell down before them, or followed in dejection their triumphal car.

We have seen what their kings did: let us now see what the wisest and powerfullest of their emperors could do.

Augustus lost his army in Germany, and commemorated by a trophy the capture of a few castles on the Alps: so greatly and so suddenly had fallen the glory of Rome, although ruled by a sagacious prince, when the discretion of one was substituted for the councils and interests and energies of many.

It has been the fashion, and not only of late years, but for ages, to represent the Roman form of government (when unperverted) as aristocratical: this is erroneous. Cicero himself says, "nihil sacrosanctum esse potest, nisi quod plebs populusve *jusserit*." The people chose all the great functionaries, excepting the interex: he appointed the dictator, who is falsely thought to have possessed absolute power, even during the short period for which he was created. Polybius, an author to be depended on in whatever he relates as fact, mentioning the appointment of Fabius Maximus to the dictatorship, goes out of his road to pay homage to the fasces of the Tribunes. "*Whereas the consul*," says he "*is preceded by twelve axes*, the dictator *is preceded by sixteen: the consuls must refer many things to the senate; but the dictator is independent of every other power, excepting the tribunes.*" B. 6. Now dependency is not headship. Polybius, who wrote thus, lived intimately with Scipio; and Scipio is repre-

sented as hostile to the constitution of his country, and a stickler for royalty! He certainly was no zealous advocate of the tribunitial power: yet his friend had no hesitation in speaking thus of it; for such was its acknowledged rank and dignity. When Fabius Maximus would have punished Minutius, the tribunes interposed their authority. The senatorial formula, '*Videant Consules ne quid detrimenti capiat Res Publica*,' hath misled many, and indeed misled even Cicero himself, who offended against the forms of law when he saved the commonwealth from Catilina. The supreme power was never legally in the consuls, but constantly in the tribunes of the people; so that Sigonius is wrong in his assertion, "*Consules ab omnibus magistratibus concionem avocare potuisse, ab iis neminem.*" Nothing is more common than the interference of the tribunes against the consuls. T. Livius (l. xliv.) relates that the effects of Tiberius Gracchus the elder, who had been consul and censor, were *consecrated* (which in arbitrary governments is called *confiscated*) because he had disobeyed an order of the tribune L. Flavius; a tribune committed to prison the consul Metellus; the censor Appius was punished in the same manner by the tribunitian authority. Carbo, who had been thrice consul, was condemned to death by Pompeius from the tribunitial chair. Drusus, as tribune, sent the consul Philippus to prison with a halter round his neck, *obtrito gulâ* (Florus, civ.). One Vectius was slain for not rising up before a tribune. Arrogantly and unjustly as the power in this instance was applied, it was constitutionally. Plutarch relates part of a speech by Tiberius Gracchus, in which the authority is mentioned as a thing settled. "It is hard" he says "if a consul may be thrown into a prison by a tribune, and a tribune can not be removed from office by the people."

With all these facts in his memory, Cicero still would consider the legitimate government of Rome as an aristocracy; for otherwise how could he himself be aristocratical, which he avows he was? He wrote his treatise *De Republicâ* ten years before his death, when the greater and more costly part of his experience was wanting. In the dialogue he is represented as on the verge of a political world, of which he had been the mover and protector, while the elements of it announce to him that it is bursting under his feet.

He is hardly to be called inconsistent, who, guided by the experience of recent facts, turns at last to wiser sentiments, opposite as they may be to those he entertained the greater part of his life. If anyone shall assert that here is attributed to Cicero an inconsistency unwarranted by his writings, the answer is, that there is manifestly a much greater between the facts he states in these quotations and the conclusions he appears by his line of policy to have drawn from them; and that, taking his own statement, no injustice is done to his discernment and ratiocination, in bringing home to him a new inference. Whatever be the defects and weaknesses of this memorable man, we should disclose them hesitatingly and reluctantly; for in comparison with the meanest of his productions, how inelegant is the most elaborate composition of our times!

ROUSSEAU AND MALESHERBES.

Rousseau. I am ashamed, sir, of my countrymen: let my humiliation expiate their offence. I wish it had not been a minister of the gospel who received you with such inhospitality.

Malesherbes. Nothing can be more ardent and more cordial than the expressions with which you greet me, M. Rousseau, on my return from your lakes and mountains.

Rousseau. If the pastor took you for a courtier, I reverence him for his contemptuousness.

Malesherbes. Why so? Indeed you are in the wrong, my friend. No person has a right to treat another with contemptuousness unless he knows him to deserve it. When a courtier enters the house of a pastor in preference to the next, the pastor should partake in the sentiment that induced him, or at least not be offended to be preferred. A courtier is such at court: in the house of a clergyman he is not a courtier, but a guest. If to be a courtier is offensive, remember that we punish offences where they are committed, where they can be examined, where pleadings can be heard for and against the accused, and where nothing is admitted extraneous from the indictment, excepting what may be adduced in his behalf, by witnesses to the general tenor of his character.

Rousseau. Is it really true that the man told you to mount the hay-loft, if you wished a night's lodging?

Malesherbes. He did: a certain proof that he no more took me to be a courtier than I took him to be. I accepted his offer, and never slept so soundly. Moderate fatigue, the Alpine air, the blaze of a good fire (for I was admitted to it some moments), and a profusion of odoriferous hay, below which a cow was sleeping, subdued my senses, and protracted my slumbers beyond the usual hour.

Rousseau. You have no right, sir, to be the patron and remunerator of inhospitality. Three or four such men as you would corrupt all Switzerland, and prepare it for the fangs of France and Austria. Kings, like hyænas, will always fall upon dead carcases, although their bellies are full, and although they are conscious that in the end they will tear one another to pieces over them. Why should you prepare their prey? Were your fire and effulgence given you for this? Why, in short, did you thank this churl? Why did you recommend him to his superiors for preferment on the next vacancy?

Malesherbes. I must adopt your opinion of his behaviour in order to answer you satisfactorily. You suppose him inhospitable: what milder or more effectual mode of reproving him, than to make every dish at his table admonish him? If he did evil, have I no authority before me which commands me to render him good for it? Believe me, M. Rousseau, the execution of this command is always accompanied by the heart's applause, and opportunities of obedience are more frequent here than anywhere. Would not you exchange resentment for the contrary feeling, even if religion or duty said nothing about the matter? I am afraid the most philosophical of us are sometimes a little perverse, and will not be so happy as they might be, because the path is pointed out to them, and because he who points it out is wise and powerful. Obstinacy and jealousy, the worst

parts of childhood and of manhood, have range enough for their ill humours, without the heavens.

Rousseau. Sir, I perceive you are among my enemies. I did not think it; for, whatever may be my faults, I am totally free from suspicion.

Malesherbes. And do not think it now, I entreat you, my good friend.

Rousseau. Courts and society have corrupted the best heart in France, and have perverted the best intellect.

Malesherbes. They have done much evil then.

Rousseau. Answer me, and your own conscience; how could you choose to live among the perfidies of Paris and Versailles?

Malesherbes. Lawyers, and advocates in particular, must live there; philosophers need not. If every honest man thought it requisite to leave those cities, would the inhabitants be the better?

Rousseau. You have entered into intimacies with the members of various administrations, opposite in plans and sentiments, but alike hostile to you, and all of whom, if they could have kept your talents down, would have done it. Finding the thing impossible, they ceased to persecute, and would gladly tempt you under the semblance of friendship and esteem to supplicate for some office, that they might indicate to the world your unworthiness by refusing you: a proof, as you know, quite sufficient and self-evident.

Malesherbes. They will never tempt me to supplicate for anything but justice, and that in behalf of others. I know nothing of parties: if I am acquainted with two persons of opposite sides in politics, I consider them as you consider a watchmaker and a cabinet-maker: one desires to rise by one way, the other by another. Administrations and systems of government would be quite indifferent to those very functionaries and their opponents, who appear the most zealous partisans, if their fortunes and consequence were not affixed to them. Several of these men seem consistent, and indeed are; the reason is, versatility would loosen and detach from them the public esteem and confidence . .

Rousseau. By which their girandoles are lighted, their dinners served, their lacqueys liveried, and their opera-girls vie in benefit-nights. There is no state in Europe where the least wise have not governed the most wise. We find the light and foolish keeping up with the machinery of government easily and leisurely, just as we see butterflies keep up with carriages at full speed. This is owing in both cases to their levity and their position: the stronger and the more active are left behind. I am resolved to prove that farmers-general are the main causes of the defects in our music.

Malesherbes. Prove it, or anything else, provided that the discussion does not irritate and torment you.

Rousseau. Truth is the object of philosophy.

Malesherbes. Not of philosophers: the display of ingenuity, for the most part, is and always has been it. I must here offer you an opinion of my own, which, if you think well of me, you will pardon, though you should disbelieve its solidity. My opinion then is, that truth is not reasonably the main and ultimate object of philosophy; but that philosophy should seek truth merely as the means of acquiring and of propagating happiness. Truths are simple: wisdom, which is formed by their apposition and application, is concrete: out of this, in its vast varieties, open to our wants and wishes, comes happiness: but the knowledge of all the truths ever yet discovered does not lead immediately to it, nor indeed will ever reach it, unless you make the more important of them bear upon your heart and intellect, and form, as it were, the blood that moves and nurtures them.

Rousseau. I never until now entertained a doubt that truth is the ultimate aim and object of philosophy: no writer has denied it, I think.

Malesherbes. Designedly none may; but when it is agreed that happiness is the chief good, it must also be agreed that the chief wisdom will pursue it; and I have already said, what your own experience can not but have pointed out to you, that no truth, or series of truths, hypothetically, can communicate or attain it. Come, M. Rousseau, tell me candidly, do you derive no pleasure from a sense of superiority in genius and independence?

Rousseau. The highest, sir, from a consciousness of independence.

Malesherbes. Ingenuous is the epithet we affix to modesty: but modesty often makes men act otherwise than ingenuously: you, for example, now. You are angry at the servility of people, and disgusted at their obtuseness and indifference, on matters of most import to their welfare. If they were equal to you, this anger would cease, but the fire would break out somewhere else, on ground which appears at present sound and level. Voltaire, for instance, is less eloquent than you: but Voltaire is wittier than any man living. This quality . .

Rousseau. Is the quality of a buffoon and a courtier. But the buffoon should have most of it, to support his higher dignity.

Malesherbes. Voltaire's is Attic.

Rousseau. If malignity is Attic.

Malesherbes. I will not discuss with you the character of the man, and only that part of the author's on which I spoke. There may be malignity in wit, there can not be violence. You may irritate and disquiet with it; but it must be by means of a flower or a feather. Wit and humour stand on one side, irony and sarcasm on the other.

Rousseau. They stand very near.

Malesherbes. So do the Elysian fields and Tartarus.

Rousseau. Pray go on: teach me to stand quiet in my stall, while my masters and managers pass by.

Malesherbes. Well then . . Pascal argues as closely and methodically: Bossuet is as scientific in the structure of his sentences: Demosthenes, many think, has equal fire, vigour, dexterity: equal selection of topics and equal temperance in

treating them, immeasurably as he falls short of you in appeals to the sensibility, and in everything which by way of excellence we usually call genius.

Rousseau. Sir, I see no resemblance between a pleader at the bar, or a haranguer of the populace, and me.

Malesherbes. Certainly his questions are occasional: but one great question hangs in the centre, and high above the rest; and this is, whether the mother of liberty and civilisation shall exist, or whether she shall be extinguished in the bosom of her family. As we often apply to eloquence and her parts the terms we apply to architecture and hers, let me do it also, and remark that nothing can be more simple, solid, and symmetrical, nothing more frugal in decoration or more appropriate in distribution, than the apartments of Demosthenes. Yours excell them in space and altitude: your ornaments are equally chaste and beautiful, with more variety and invention, more airiness and light. But why among the Loves and Graces does Apollo flay Marsyas? And why may not the tiara still cover the ears of Midas? Can not you, who detest kings and courtiers, keep away from them? If I must be with them, let me be in good humour and good spirits. If I will tread upon a Persian carpet, let it at least be in clean shoes.

As the raciest wine makes the sharpest vinegar, so the richest fancies turn the most readily to acrimony. Keep yours, my dear M. Rousseau, from the exposure and heats that generate it. Be contented: enjoy your fine imagination: and do not throw your salad out of window, nor shove your cat off your knee, on hearing it said that Shakspeare has a finer, or that a minister is of opinion that you know more of music than of state. My friend! the quarrels of ingenious men are generally far less reasonable and just, less placable and moderate, than those of the stupid and ignorant. We ought to blush at this: and we should blush yet more deeply if we bring them in as parties to our differences. Let us conquer by kindness; which we can not do easily or well without communication. Our antipathies ought to be against the vices of men, and not against their opinions. If their opinions are widely different from ours, their vices ought to render them more dissimilar to us. Yet the opinions instigate us to hostility; the vices are snatched at with avidity, as rich materials to adorn our triumph.

Rousseau. This is sophistry; and at best is applicable only to the malicious. At a moment when Truth is penetrating the castle of the powerful, and when Freedom looks into the window of the poor, there are writers who would draw them back and confine them to their own libraries and theatres.

Malesherbes. Whether they proceed from the shelf or from the stage, generous sentiments are prevalent among us; and the steps both of Truth and Freedom are not the less rapid or the less firm because they advance in silence. Montesquieu has rendered them greater and more lasting service than the fiercest anabaptist in Munster.

Rousseau. Many read him, some are pleased with him, few are instructed by him, none are guided. His *Lettres Persannes* are light and lively. His *Temple de Gnide* is Parisian from the steps to the roof; there is but little imagination in it, and no warmth. There is more of fancy in his *Esprit des Lois*, of which the title-page would be much corrected with only the first word than with all three. He twitches me by the coat, turns me round, and is gone.

Malesherbes. Concise he certainly is, but he also is acute.

Rousseau. How far does his acuteness penetrate? A pin can pierce no deeper than to its head. He would persuade men that, if patriotism is the growth of republics, honour is the growth of monarchies. I would say it without offence, but say it I will, that honour is feeble and almost extinct in every ancient kingdom. In Spain it flourished more vigorously than in any other: pray, how much is left there? And what addition was made to it when the Bourbon crossed the Bidassoa? One vile family is sufficient to debase a whole nation. Voltaire, perhaps as honest and certainly as clear-sighted a man as any about the Tuilleries, called Louis XV. *Titus.* Is this honour? If it be, pray show me the distinction between that quality and truth. As I can not think a liar honourable, I can not think a lie honour. Gentlemen at court would rather give their lives than be *called* what they would scarcely give a denier not to *be*. Readiness to display courage is not honour, though it is what Montesquieu mistakes for it. Surely he might have praised his country for something better than this fantastic foolery, which, like hair-powder, requires a mask to be worn by those who put it on. He might have said, justly and proudly, that while others cling to a city, to a faction, to a family, the French in all their fortunes cling to France.

Malesherbes. Gratify me, I entreat you, by giving me your idea of honour.

Rousseau. The image stands before me, substantially and vigorously alive. Justice, Generosity, Delicacy, are the three Graces that formed his mind. Propriety of speech, clearness, firmness . . .

Malesherbes. Repress this enthusiasm. If you are known to have made me blush, you ruin me for ever in my profession.

Rousseau. Look, then, across the narrow sea. When Edward the Black Prince made your king his prisoner, he reverenced his age, his station, his misfortunes; attending him, serving him, consoling him, like a son. Many of your countrymen who were then living, lived to see the tide of victory turn, and the conquerors led into captivity. Talbot, whose name alone held provinces back from rebellion, was betrayed and taken, and loaded with indignities.

Malesherbes. Attribute it to the times. The

English were as cruel to fallen valour in the person of Jeanne d'Arc.

Rousseau. There neither the genius of the nation nor the spirit of the times is reproachable, but the genius and spirit of Fanaticism, which is violent and blind in all alike. Jeanne d'Arc was believed to be a sorceress, and was condemned to death for it by the ecclesiastical judges of each nation. Nothing but the full belief of the English that she was under the guidance of an invisible and evil power, would have turned to flight those Saxo-Normans, who never yielded to the Franco-Gauls when there were only three against one; no, not once in the incessant contest, during three hundred years, which ended in the utter subjugation of your country. As the French acknowledged her to be the inspired of God, they fancied there was no danger in following her: as the English thought her instigated by the Devil, they felt the insufficiency of human force in opposing her. Wherever she was not, the field was covered with French bodies, as before: wherever she was, it was covered with English, as it never had been until then. Had Jeanne d'Arc been born in England and fought for England, the people at this hour, although no longer slaves to idolatry, would almost worship her: every year would her festival be kept in every village of the land. But in France not a hymn is chaunted to her, not a curl of incense is wafted, not a taper is lighted, not a daisy, not a rush, is strewn upon the ground throughout the whole kingdom she rescued. Instead of which, a shirt-airer to a libidinous king, a ribald poet, a piebald of tragedy and comedy, a contemner alike of purity and of patriotism, throws his filth against her mutilated features. Meanwhile an edifice is being erected in your city to the glory of Geneviève, which will exhaust the fortunes, and almost the maledictions, of the people.

Malesherbes. We certainly are not the most grateful of nations.

Rousseau. You must be, before you pretend to be the most honourable.

Malesherbes. I hope our gratitude in future will be excited by something better than the instruments of war. The nation is growing more civilised and humane: the young have never lapped blood.

Rousseau. I prefer the vices of the present king to the glories of his predecessor: I prefer a swine to a panther, and the outer side of the sty or grating to the inner.

Malesherbes. You, being a philanthropist, must rejoice that our reigning prince abstains from the field of battle.

Rousseau. Unless he did, he could not continue to give a thousand louis daily for the young maidens brought to him. A prodigal man is a thoughtless man; a prodigal prince is a thoughtless robber. Your country endures enough without war. But oppression and valour, like Voltaire's fever and quinquina, grow far apart.

Malesherbes. What! and are not our people brave?

Rousseau. I call those brave, and those only, who rise up simultaneously against the first indignity offered by their administrators, and who remove, without pause and without parley, trunk, root, and branch.

Malesherbes. As we can not change at once the whole fabric of government, let us be attentive to the unsounder parts, and recommend the readiest and safest method of repairing them.

Rousseau. The minister would expell me from his antechamber, and order his valets to buffet me, if I offered him any proposal for the advantage of mankind.

Malesherbes. Call to him then from this room, where the valets are civiler. Nature has given you a speaking-trumpet, which neither storm can drown nor enemy can silence. If you esteem him, instruct him; if you despise him, do the same. Surely you who have much benevolence, would not despise anyone willingly or unnecessarily. Contempt is for the incorrigible: now, where upon earth is he whom your genius, if rightly and temperately exerted, would not influence and correct?

I never was more flattered or honoured than by your patience in listening to me. Consider me as an old woman who sits by the bedside in your infirmity, who brings you no savoury viand, no exotic fruit, but a basin of whey or a basket of strawberries from your native hills, assures you that what oppressed you was a dream, occasioned by the wrong position in which you lay, opens the window, gives you fresh air, and entreats you to recollect the features of nature, and to observe (which no man ever did so accurately) their beauty. In your politics you cut down a forest to make a toothpick, and can not make even that out of it. Do not let us in jurisprudence be like critics in the classics, and change whatever can be changed, right or wrong. No statesman will take your advice. Supposing that anyone is liberal in his sentiments and clear-sighted in his views, nevertheless love of power is jealous, and he would rejoice to see you fleeing from persecution, or turning to meet it. The very men whom you would benefit will treat you worse. As the ministers of kings wish their masters to possess absolute power, that the exercise of it may be delegated to them, which it naturally is, from the violence and sloth alternate with despots as with wild beasts, and that they may apprehend no check or control from those who discover their misdemeanors, in like manner the people places more trust in favour than in fortune, and hopes to obtain by subserviency what it never might by election or by chance. Else in free governments, so some are called (for names once given are the last things lost), all minor offices and employments would be assigned by ballot. Each province or canton would present a list annually of such persons in it as are worthy to occupy the local administrations.

To avoid any allusion to the country in which we live, let us take England for example. Is it not absurd, iniquitous, and revolting, that the minister of a church in Yorkshire should be

appointed by a lawyer in London, who never knew him, never saw him, never heard from a single one of the parishioners a recommendation of any kind? Is it not more reasonable that a justice of the peace should be chosen by those who have always been witnesses of his equity?

Rousseau. The English in former days insisted more firmly and urgently on improving their constitution than they have ever done since. In the reign of Edward III. they claimed the nomination of the chancellor. And surely if any nomination of any functionary is left to the people, it should be this. It is somewhat like the tribunitial power among the Romans, and is the only one which can intercede in a conciliatory way between the prince and people. Exclusively of this one office in the higher posts of government, the king should appoint his ministers, and should invest them with power and splendour; but those ministers should not appoint to any civil or religious place of trust or profit which the community could manifestly fill better. The greater part of offices and dignities should be conferred for a short and stated time, that all might hope to attain and strive to deserve them. Embassies in particular should never exceed one year in Europe, nor consulates two. To the latter office I assign this duration, as the more difficult to fulfil properly, from requiring a knowledge of trade, although a slight one, and because those who possess any such knowledge are inclined, for the greater part, to turn it to their own account, which a consul ought by no means to do. Frequent election of representatives and of civil officers in the subordinate employments, would remove most causes of discontent in the people, and of instability in kingly power. Here is a lottery in which everyone is sure of a prize, if not for himself, at least for somebody in his family or among his friends; and the ticket would be fairly paid for out of the taxes.

Malesherbes. So it appears to me. What other system can present so obviously to the great mass of the people the two principal piers and buttresses of government, tangible interest and reasonable hope? No danger of any kind can arise from it, no antipathies, no divisions, no imposture of demagogues, no caprice of despots. On the contrary, many and great advantages, in places which at the first survey do not appear to border on it. At present, the best of the English juridical institutions, that of justices of the peace, is viewed with diffidence and distrust. Elected as they would be, and increased in number, the whole judicature, civil and criminal, might be confided to them, and their labours be not only not aggravated but diminished. Suppose them in four divisions to meet at four places in every county, once in twenty days, and to possess the power of imposing a fine not exceeding two hundred francs on every cause implying oppression, and one not exceeding fifty on such as they should unanimously declare frivolous.

Rousseau. Few would become attorneys, and those from among the indigent.

Malesherbes. Almost the greatest evil that exists in the world, moral or physical, would be removed. A second appeal might be made in the following session; a third could only come before parliament, and this alone by means of attorneys; the number of whom altogether would not exceed the number of coroners; for in England there are as many who cut their own throats as who would cut their own purses.

Rousseau. The famous *trial by jury* would cease: this would disgust the English.

Malesherbes. The number of justices would be much augmented: nearly all those who now are jurymen would enjoy this rank and dignity, and would be flattered by sitting on the same bench with the first gentlemen of the land.

Rousseau. What number would sit?

Malesherbes. Three or five in the first instance; five or seven in the second; as the number of causes should permit.

Rousseau. The laws of England are extremely intricate and perplexed: such men would be puzzled.

Malesherbes. Such men, having no interest in the perplexity, but, on the contrary, an interest in unravelling it, would see such laws corrected. Intricate as they are, questions on those which are the most so are usually referred by the judges themselves to private arbitration, of which my plan, I conceive, has all the advantages, united to those of open and free discussion among men of unperverted sense, and unbiassed by professional hopes and interests. The different courts of law in England cost about seventy millions of francs annually. On my system the justices or judges would receive five-and-twenty francs daily: as the *special jurymen* do now, without any sense of shame or impropriety, however rich they may be: such being the established practice.

Rousseau. Seventy millions! seventy millions!

Malesherbes. There are attorneys and conveyancers in London who gain one hundred thousand francs a-year, and advocates more. The Chancellor . .

Rousseau. The Celeno of these harpies . .

Malesherbes. . . Nets above one million, and is greatly more than an archbishop in the church, scattering preferment in Cumberland and Cornwall from his bench at Westminster.

Rousseau. Absurdities and enormities are great in proportion to custom or insuetude. If we had lived from childhood with a *boa constrictor*, we should think it no more a monster than a canary-bird. The sum you mentioned of seventy millions is incredible.

Malesherbes. In this estimate the expense of letters by the post, and of journeys made by the parties, is not and can not be included.

Rousseau. The whole machine of government, civil and religious, ought never to bear upon the people with a weight so oppressive: I do not add the national defence, which being principally naval is more costly, nor institutions for the promotion of the arts, which in a country like England ought

to be liberal. But such an expenditure should nearly suffice for these also, in time of peace. Religion and law indeed should cost nothing: at present the one hangs property, the other quarters it. I am confounded at the profusion. I doubt whether the Romans expended so much in that year's war which dissolved the Carthaginian empire, and left them masters of the universe. What is certain, and what is better, it did not cost a tenth of it to colonise Pennsylvania, in whose forests the cradle of Freedom is suspended, and where the eye of Philanthropy, tired with tears and vigils, may wander and may rest. Your system, or rather your arrangement of one already established, pleases me. Ministers would only lose thereby that portion of their possessions which they give away to needy relatives, unworthy dependents, or the requisite supporters of their authority and power.

Malesherbes. On this plan, no such supporters would be necessary, no such dependents could exist, and no such relatives could be disappointed. Beside, the conflicts of their opponents must be periodical, weak, and irregular.

Rousseau. The craving for the rich carrion would be less keen; the zeal of opposition, as usual, would be measured by the stomach, whereon hope and overlooking have always a strong influence.

Malesherbes. My excellent friend, do not be offended with me for an ingenuous and frank confession: promise me your pardon.

Rousseau. You need none.

Malesherbes. Promise it nevertheless.

Rousseau. You have said nothing, done nothing, which could in any way displease me.

Malesherbes. You grant me then a bill of indemnity for what I may have undertaken with a good intention since we have been together?

Rousseau. Willingly.

Malesherbes. I fell into your views; I walked along with you side by side; merely to occupy your mind, which, I perceived, was agitated.

Rousseau. In other words, to betray me. I had begun to imagine there was one man in the universe not my enemy.

Malesherbes. There are many, my dear M. Rousseau! yes, even in France and England; to say nothing of the remoter regions on each side of the Equator, discovered and undiscovered. Be reasonable, be just.

Rousseau. I am the only man who is either. What would you say more?

Malesherbes. Perhaps I would even say less. You are fond of discoursing on the visionary and hypothetical: I usually avoid it.

Rousseau. Pray why, sir?

Malesherbes. Because it renders us more and more discontented with the condition in which Divine Providence hath placed us. We can hope to remove but a small portion of the evils that encompass us: there being many men to whom there are no evils at all; and such having the management of our concerns, and keeping us under them as tightly as the old man kept Sinbad.

Rousseau. I would teach them that what are evils to us are evils to them likewise, and heavier and more dangerous. The rash, impetuous rider, or (to adopt your allusion) the intolerably heavy one, is more liable to break his bones by a fall, than the animal he has mounted. Sooner or later the cloud of tyranny bursts: and fortunes, piled up inordinately and immeasurably, not only are scattered and lost,-but first overwhelm the occupier. We, like metallic blocks, are hardened by the repetition of the blows that flatten us, and, every part of us touching the ground, we cannot fall lower: the hammerers, once fallen, are annihilated.

Your remarks, although inapplicable to the Continent, are applicable to England: and several of them, however they may be pecked, scratched, and kicked about, by the pullets fattening in the darkened chambers of Parliament, are worthy of being weighed by the people, loth as may be ministers of state to employ the scales of Justice on any such occasion. But if the steadier hand refuses to perform its functions, the stronger may usurp them.

Malesherbes. Nothing more probable. Often the worst evil of bad government is not in its action but its counteraction.

Rousseau. Is it possible to doubt at what country you now are pointing? I can not see then why you should have treated me like a driveller.

Malesherbes. How so, my friend! how so?

Rousseau. To say the least, why you should believe me indifferent to the welfare of your country, to the dictates of humanity, to the improvement of the species.

Malesherbes. In compliance with your humour, to engage your fancy, to divert it awhile from Switzerland, by which you appear, and partly on my account, to be offended, I began with reflections upon England: I raised up another cloud in the region of them, light enough to be fantastic and diaphanous, and to catch some little irradiation from its western sun. Do not run after it farther; it has vanished already. Consider; the three great nations. . .

Rousseau. Pray, which are those?

Malesherbes. I cannot in conscience give the palm to the Hottentots, the Greenlanders, or the Hurons: I meant to designate those who united to empire the most social virtue and civil freedom. Athens, Rome, and England, have received on the subject of government elaborate treatises from their greatest men. You have reasoned more dispassionately and profoundly on it than Plato has done, or probably than Cicero, led away, as he often is, by the authority of those who are inferior to himself: but do you excell Aristoteles in calm and patient investigation? Or, think you, are your reading and range of thought more extensive than Harrington's and Milton's? Yet what effect have the political works of these marvellous men produced upon the world? what effect upon any one state, any one city, any one hamlet? A

clerk in office, an accountant, a ganger of small-beer, a song-writer for a tavern dinner, produces more. He thrusts his rags into the hole whence the wind comes, and sleeps soundly. While you and I are talking about elevations and proportions, pillars and pillasters, architraves and friezes, the buildings we should repair are falling to the earth, and the materials for their restoration are in the quarry.

Rousseau. I could answer you: but my mind has certain moments of repose, or rather of oscillation, which I would not for the world disturb. Music, eloquence, friendship, bring and prolong them.

Malesherbes. Enjoy them, my dear friend, and convert them, if possible, to months and years. It is as much at your arbitration on what theme you shall meditate, as in what meadow you shall botanise; and you have as much at your option the choice of your thoughts, as of the keys in your harpsichord.

Rousseau. If this were true, who could be unhappy?

Malesherbes. Those of whom it is not true. Those who from want of practice cannot manage their thoughts, who have few to select from, and who, because of their sloth or of their weakness, do not roll away the heaviest from before them.

DON VICTOR SAEZ AND EL REY NETTO.

Saez. The business of an enlightened prince is twofold; namely, to unite kingdoms and disunite their inhabitants. This is a truth so sound and solid, that it will keep its whole weight for another time and occasion, and indeed half the difficulty is surmounted already. Of a second truth nobody can be ignorant; that it is a kindness to lead the sober; a duty to lead the drunk; in which plight is to be considered a nation that fancies it can rule itself. Your Majesty will now perhaps favour me with what occurred in your interview with the arch-traitor?

Rey Netto. Quiroga did not place in my word the trust I had a right to expect.

Saez. What did you tell him?

Rey Netto. That I had need of his talents; and I earnestly pressed him to return with me to Madrid. He bowed and was silent. I added that my heart was royal: he seemed less assured than ever. Lastly that, whatever my mother might say to the contrary, I was a descendant of St. Louis: he almost turned his back. I was so angry I could have killed him, if he had not faced about. I then began to show him my confidence; not, father, such confidence as I repose in you, the director of my conscience.

Saez. Sire, when our consciences ache we unbosom; when our bellies ache we unbutton. Confidence has no more to do in the one case than in the other; in fact, those who show a great deal of it, gain none. Hens that cackle immoderately, and run about the straw-yard, and drop their eggs anywhere, in clean places or in foul, are carried to market and sold cheap. It is well that the rebel did not take you by the throat and strangle you: there are many who would have cried *well done!* even though your Majesty had died without confession and extreme unction. To such a condition are piety and loyalty now reduced in Spain.

Rey Netto. With my usual presence of mind I drew out and presented to him the image of Sant-Antonio, and swore before it, calling it to witness, that I had quite forgotten all possible and imaginable reasons for displeasure and discontent with him. He looked upon the Saint, and observing that it was not the leaden one, recoiled with distrust. If I had sworn upon the leaden one, would you have absolved me, father?

Saez. Venerable as indeed is that image, and manifold as are the miracles it has performed in the preservation of your Majesty, still, on this holy occasion, I would not have hesitated; and certainly if your Majesty had even kissed the Saint, head and feet, my duty would have prompted me to absolve you.

Rey Netto. But the Saint might have punished me with the nightmare, or even with his fire, before I could have confessed.

Saez. Supposing him angry. But why suppose him so?

Rey Netto. Because he knows that I have another image for such purposes, which has always answered them well enough.

"Mais les dieux sont trop grands pour être difficiles;
Tout est payé d'un simple grain d'encens*."

Saez. In reconciliations we take down the scaling-ladder and prepare the mine.

Rey Netto. Quiroga, I doubt not, has dealings with the devil, who prompted him to look sharply, and to discover that the image was not the true one, and little or no better than a common Madonna or a paltry crucifix.

Saez. The malice of Satan is beyond our prudence and calculation. What, in the name of Our Lady, makes your Majesty laugh so heartily? True indeed, your deliverance, which spreads such universal joy over the nation and over Europe, can not be indifferent to yourself; but these are not the first moments of it; the first were, I remember, less rapturous. I look forward to quiet times, when your Majesty may follow the glorious example of his Most Christian . . .

Rey Netto. No, no: not a word more about that. And I am surprised, Don Victor, that you should change your tone so suddenly. The French may have amnesties: they are made up of them. They remember nothing upon earth. Turn them

* Delille.

into a new road, and they will run along in it until they find another; then they make a sharp turn and trot on. But Spaniards have spinal bones in their backs, and bend slowly. You must collar them, and goad them, and bleed them under the tongue, like oxen in spring, if they grow riotous. No amnesty! no talk about it!

Saez. Sire, I had no such meaning. I would only have mentioned the innocent and devout office of his Most Christian Majesty, in condescending to be the godfather of a bell in the church of Saint Louis at Paris. The Duke Blacas was proxy, and promised, no doubt, in his Majesty's name, to instruct the new Christian in its duties, to watch over its morals, and in short to educate it as a good child and good Catholic, until it come to years of discretion.

Rey Netto. This indeed is better than such things as amnesties; the idea of which banished from my royal breast the delight I foretasted in the agonies of Riego. The rogue Riego! I had resolved how to punish him. My cousin Louis of Angoulême would not hear of racks and wheels, nor even of thumb-screws and other trinkets of justice, and requested me never to renew the subject, lest any impediment or remonstrance on his part, if publicly known, might raise a mutiny in his army. I have been illuminated from above: my heart floats in the fulness of joy. The rogue Riego: if there is an ass in Madrid, he shall be drawn along the streets by one. I will give orders under my royal hand and seal, that the hurdle shall have some sharp pointed sticks in it, with a nail or two here and there*. I prayed to the archangel Saint Michael, and within a few minutes ... ha! ha! ha!

Saez. Your Majesty is really too jocose with such heavenly names.

Rey Netto. I can not help it ... he knows my purity ... I yield to his inspiration.

Saez. What did he inspire?

Rey Netto. First, that the fetters should pinch the traitor's legs to the bone, swell them like his Most Christian Majesty's, and blacken them like a *zampa di Modena*.

Saez. This is not a thought for laughter, but for justice.

Rey Netto. I can not help it, upon my conscience.

Saez. The second inspiration, what was that?

Rey Netto. My sides shake again and ache with laughter. It was that, before he is carted, a good dose of physic should be given to him; for compunction is never so certain as with the belly-ache; it makes people as grave as the *Miserere*.

Saez. I know the rebel too well: nothing will move him . .

Rey Netto. Not jalap?

Saez. I would say, to confess his offences.

Rey Netto. Let there be monks enough about him, and I will force him to edify the people: I will make him sing and sigh and beg pardon of Saint Jago and the virgin, of God and man and me. He may bristle like a wild boar of the Bierzo, I will make a lamb of him. He shall grin like a stuffed crocodile: he shall sweat like a Jew in a *benito*, roasting at a royal marriage-feast in the good old times.

What think you, father, of these his last words: read them, and correct them as you please.

Saez. He can not speak better.

Rey Netto. I will despatch them instantly.

Saez. With strict orders that they be not printed before the offender is dead. Who wrote them?

Rey Netto. Father Gil Roncalle of Valmaseda.

Saez. Father Gil is a Carmelite. I wonder at his precipitancy. He may mean well; but he must correct several of the expressions.

Rey Netto. I doubted at first whether it was quite proper to represent a man saying what he never said.

Saez. Very proper, if the glory of God be increased thereby. Beside, what is falsehood on earth may be truth in heaven: for it is unlawful to suppose that anything will be the same there as here, excepting our bodies, which we know will be identically what they are now, without the alteration of a single hair.

Rey Netto. O how comfortable! I do not mean the hair, but that blessed doctrine touching falsehood. What are you writing with your pencil under the last words of Riego?

Saez. '*Gloria Deo in excelsis.*'

Rey Netto. Kyrie eleison! mater amabilis!

Saez. Your Majesty should not have crossed yourself at *Deo*; but only at *demonio*, or *eretico*, or *constitucional*.

Rey Netto. Father, what have you been eating? Your garlic, I think, smells of mutton.

Saez. I only added a few ounces of mutton, as many of beef, pork, and veal, with a little virgin oil and garvances, and, having finished them, laid down my spoon and fork upon the plate as the clock was striking.

Rey Netto. You are truly religious; but godliness and garlic can not always keep down virgin oil and garvances.

Saez. I must go to the mineral waters.

Rey Netto. Come with me to Sacedon.

Saez. They report that those of Toledo are good for the stomach.

Rey Netto. I would make you archbishop, if my family could do without it . . and beside, I want you about me. You must always be my spiritual guide, my confessor.

Saez. No office is so glorious as that of guiding

* When Riego was taken prisoner, there was with him an English officer named Matthews, bearing a regular commission from the Spanish Government, constitutionally established, and sworn to be religiously observed by his Catholic Majesty. This officer was treated with every cruelty and ignominy for several months; he was detained in military confinement, and kept without food, at one time, fifty-three hours. General Martin, called the Empanado, was exposed in an iron cage, on festivals, in the public square of Roda. He killed many thousands of the French soldiers in the late war, and they abandoned him to those of the Faith.

the conscience of my king, to extricate him from the machinations of his enemies, to examine his laws and treatics, to controul his judges, to awe and regulate the Council of Castile, to provide that his taxes be punctually paid and honestly expended, and, above all, to provide that the royal house be maintained in its ancient dignity and lustre.

Rey Netto. That is to be minister.

Saez. Confessors must always rule ministers.

Rey Netto. I have scarcely any money: it would save me something if you would exercise both offices.

Saez. I am too poor: I can not give cabinet-dinners. Cooks are the presidents of wars and treaties; turtles are the seals, and services of plate the wax.

Rey Netto. I do not hear that any cook is a president; objections have been raised even against violinists and valets. As to hereditary wealth or poverty, take ten of the leading men in Europe, and you will find either them or their fathers void of all inheritance. Even the honour of paternity, as to some of them, is still in abeyance: they have risen by the same merits as will raise you, without your piety and devotion. Faithful to the good cause, they have soon deserted their first admirers, who forsooth cried up their liberal principles.

Saez. These principles are not so much amiss when two gentlemen have but a pair of breeches between them, but everyone who has a pair to himself, and common sense, is ashamed of acknowledging that they were ever his.

Rey Netto. Several of these gentlemen the kings my brothers have even made their cousins: some are dukes. For instance Fouché and Savary, and the Gascon whom you mentioned just now, and whom his Most Christian Majesty would have made running-footman to an ambassador; but he humbly represented that, being born among rocks, he could not run upon level ground. My brother of France, the best-natured man in the world, happened then to be patting the breast of a plump and fresh-plucked pullet. He changed his royal resolution, and made a running-footman of the intended ambassador, and an ambassador of the intended running-footman. This, I understand, has drawn closer the ties of affinity between his Most Christian Majesty and his Most Mahometan, who feels himself highly complimented by the gradual adoption of his political system in every court of Europe.

Saez. It is much to be feared that the French will corrupt our people by their flutes and fiddles; and they are so fond too of chattering and of scribbling, that I should not wonder if, deliverers as they call themselves, they drew their pens against us, proving this thing and disproving that. Where demonstrations come in the van, remonstrations come in the rear.

Rey Netto. Neither the fiddle-bow nor flute can overthrow us; but Heaven deliver us from the sharpness of the pen and from the wiliness of demonstration! We have Chateaubriand on our side, if we can trust him.

Saez. The scholars on other benches may make a clatter and a clamour: the treasury-bench is the only bench that stands firm. As for Chateaubriand, he is not half so great a rogue as he would make you believe he is. He wishes the world to forget that he was an author of voyages and novels, pasquinades and puffs, and is ambitious of rivalling the Fouchés: a sort of ambition very natural to people who leave the pamphlet for the portfolio, the common reading-room for the king's cabinet. According to M. Talleyrand, one of these royal cousins, by his own peculiar virtue, has anticipated what we suppose may hereafter take place in heaven, by converting falsehood into truth. I hope, sire, it was not the same person who swore that Napoleon was innocent as a child?

Rey Netto. Between ourselves, there are worse men than Don Napoleon. I was never better lodged or better fed than at Vallancey. Don Napoleon gave me the most beautiful watch I ever saw, together with five seals, at parting. One of them plays chimes: you have nothing to do but to say three *paternosters* and wind it up, and it will chime of its own accord. The same Don Napoleon too gave me other things: a coral crucifix, which coral was once white, but became red through the blood of our Redeemer: a silver gridiron, the original of that on which the blessed Saint Lorenzo suffered martyrdom: and a rosary as miraculous as the chiming seal, good against musket-balls and pleurisies. But Prince Talleyrand, who was present, told me I must not tempt God by catching cold, nor by exposing my sacred person in battle. For none of these things was there any stipulation made by my brothers of the Holy Alliance. It is true Don Napoleon laughed at me when he caught me first. This is natural. I laughed at him when he was caught.

Saez. The heretics did not punish him as they ought to have done.

Rey Netto. They might at least have pinched him and stuck a needle under his nail. But these kings, God help them! have little power at present. They are kept in jeopardy by the constitutionalists, and are deprived of their confessors. *Kyrie eleison! mater amabilis!*

Saez. It will not be long so. All the princes in Europe, constitutional or legitimate, have one mind, one administration. Those of their ministers who talk the most boldly, talk by permission; and it is understood, as your Majesty knows, that it is only to delude the people and keep them quiet. What was done at Naples, has been done at Cadiz, is doing in Greece, and will be done in America. Legitimate kings have no surer coadjutors than the ministers of constitutional. These know by experience that the people is a football, that it is fed with air, and that the party which kicks it farthest is the winner. They have begun to learn something from us.

Rey Netto. But they are so ungrateful as not to

acknowledge it. As for religion, I have no hope of them: they care not whether God laughs or cries: they do nothing for his glory: no processions, no *autos da fé*, no embroidery, no artificial flowers, no head-dresses, no canopies, no candles. Surely, for the sake of keeping up appearances with him, they might paint a couple of poles white, stick a wick on the top, and place one on each side of him at the altar, as they do in Italy, where piety of late years is grown frugal.

Saez. Again and again ought we to render thanks to the mother of God for our deliverance from the worst of them, as we did when they followed the French across the Pyrenees, and left our beloved country without stain.

Rey Netto. Kyrie eleison! jubilate domino! Kyrie eleison! Amen de profundis! Amen dico vobis. Unus vestrûm, unus vestrûm traditurus est me. Jubilate domino. Kyrie eleison!

Saez. I do not despair of seeing the day, when the Parliament of England, like that of France, will serve only to register royal edicts, and when her kings shall recommend to colleges and cathedrals the sound doctors of Salamanca.

Rey Netto. Sanguine as are my hopes, I sometimes am discouraged, and hardly can expect it. Heretics are very stubborn: fire alone can soften and bend them. At present we are able but to treat them as ferrets, and sew their mouths up. On this achievement the sons of Saint Louis are unanimously resolved.

Saez. Faith, hope, and charity, are resplendent on your Majesty's countenance, whose gracious smiles, like beams from heaven, announce the certain accomplishment of your pious wishes.

Rey Netto. I did not smile about sewing up their mouths like ferrets; but, upon my life I cannot help laughing . . do you think it practicable? They must be careful in binding well both arms and feet. Now, my dear father, Don Victor, as there should always be some person to seize the legs of the criminal who is hanged, could not I be so disguised as to perform the office, and nobody know it? The hand of a man who dies by the halter is a cure for some diseases; a mere touch effects it. The leg of Riego, pulled as I should pull it, would to me be a panacea, like the milk of Saint Catharine's neck, or the oil running from her body.

Saez. If his accomplices should ever hear of it, they would be exasperated to madness.

Rey Netto. I have ordered a *Te Deum* to be sung for my deliverance, not only in Spain, but also in my kingdoms of America and India: this will bring them to reason.

Saez. Those flourishing kingdoms will, I trust, furnish your Majesty with temporal no less than spiritual means of overcoming your enemies.

Rey Netto. To encourage my brothers, the Holy Allies, in their good intentions, and to reward them for their past services, I intend to open a free trade to them with my kingdoms in both Indies: providing however that no mercantile or other ship sail nearer than within one mile of Delhi and Mexico, so that the pestilential breath of heresy may not taint my people. Furthermore I shall authorise my minister of grace and justice, to revoke all diplomas granted to physicians, and all licenses to surgeons, by the pretended Cortes:* thus permitting every man to recover the money he has paid in fees, taking back his health *in statu quo*.

Saez. Sire, the great difficulty is the last.

Rey Netto. Long as I have resisted intercession for a general amnesty, I am at last inclined to grant that also, excluding those only who have borne arms against me, voted against me, written against me, and spoken against me.

Saez. Generous resolution! Your Majesty with good reason rubs your hands together, and tucks them comfortably between the knees.

Rey Netto. The rogue Riego! I have found a confessor for him.

Saez. True Christian charity! to think of our worst enemies in our happiest moments, and to provide for the safety of their souls when the laws demand them!

Rey Netto. Father Gil Roncalle is the man: he shall accompany him on the road, and never leave him. I warrant he will make him penitent enough, and as pale in five minutes as a quaresimal fast could do. The father stank so, I had nearly lost the salvation of my soul by him.

Saez. How, sire!

Rey Netto. He stood before me and presented the eucharist: such a vapour came up with it into my mouth, I was within a hair's breadth of spitting out my Maker with chocolate and anchovies.

Saez. He would have pardoned an involuntary sin, at the intercession of his Church.

Rey Netto. Involuntary sin! what sin, father, may that be?

Saez. Unintentional. Those who commit no voluntary sins, commit involuntary; for without sin is none, not even the babe. Infants are born in it.

Rey Netto. That I knew before; but a little water, and some blessed words, and a cross, so it be not a Greek one . . . O what mercy!

Saez. Yes, we may all come into the right way, if our parents and nurses do not look about and chatter at the font, but hold our heads quiet, and take especial care we never sneeze.

Rey Netto. Would that quite undo it!

Saez. Such a sign of contempt, so early! there is no hope for it, no office appointed, no ceremony, no procession.

Rey Netto. This knowledge is more important than any other; but you will be pleased and surprised, no doubt, to hear, that I have a *motu proprio*, by which I can restore my finances and fill my treasury.

Saez. Sire, I shall indeed rejoice to learn it.

Rey Netto. As king of the Indies, where the people are more tractable than in America, I shall propose to my vassal, the Great Mogul, his inde-

* Incredible as it may seem, this ordinance was issued.

pendence of my crown, on condition that he pays me immediately one hundred million of dollars, and twenty million yearly for ever. From the English I shall demand no more than a few millions, they being powerful and proud, and disinclined to acknowledge my sovranty *de jure!*

Saez. Your Majesty would perhaps have said *de facto.*

Rey Netto. We kings confuse these terms: indeed they are immaterial.

Saez. The plan is admirable: the only difficulty is in the execution. It must ripen a short time yet in your Majesty's royal mind.

BENIOWSKI AND APHANASIA.

Aphanasia. You are leaving us! you are leaving us! O Maurice, in these vast wildernesses are you then the only thing cruel!

Beniowski. Aphanasia! who, in the name of Heaven, could have told you this?

Aphanasia. Your sighs, when we met at lesson.

Beniowski. And may not an exile sigh? Does the merciless Catharine, the murderer of her husband, does even she forbid it? Loss of rank! of estate, of liberty, of country . . .

Aphanasia. You had lost them, and still were happy. Did not you tell me that our studies were your consolation, and that Aphanasia was your heart's content?

Beniowski. Innocence and youth should ever be unsuspicious.

Aphanasia. I am then wicked in your eyes! Hear me! hear me! It was no suspicion in me. Fly, Maurice! fly, my beloved Maurice! my father knows your intention . . fly! fly!

Beniowski. Impossible! how know it? how suspect it? Speak, my sweet girl! be calm.

Aphanasia. Only do not go while there is nothing under heaven but the snows and sea. Where will you find food? who will chafe your hands? who will warn you not to sleep lest you should die? and whose voice, can you tell me, will help your smiles to waken you? Maurice, dear Maurice, only stay until the summer: my father will then have ceased to suspect you, and I may learn from you how to bear it. March, April, May . . three months are little . . you have been here three months . . one faggot's blaze! Do promise me. I will throw myself on the floor, and ask my good kind father to let you leave us.

Beniowski. Aphanasia! are you wild? My dearest girl, abandon the idea! You ruin me; you cause my imprisonment, my deprivation of you, my death. Listen to me: I swear to do nothing without you.

Aphanasia. O yes; you go without me.

Beniowski. Painfullest of my thoughts! no; here let me live, here, lost, degraded, useless; and Aphanasia be the witness of nothing but my ignominy. O God! was I born for this! is mine a light to set in this horizon!

Aphanasia. I do not understand you: did you pray? May the saints of heaven direct you! But not to leave me!

Beniowski. O Aphanasia! I thought you were too reasonable and too courageous to shed tears: you did not weep before: why do you now?

Aphanasia. Ah why did you read to me, once, of those two lovers who were buried in the same grave?

Beniowski. What two? there have been several.

Aphanasia. Dearest, dearest Maurice! are lovers then often so happy to the last? God will be as good to us as to any; for surely we trust in him as much. Come, come along: let us run to the sea the whole way. There is fondness in your sweet compassionate face; and yet I pray you do not look! O do not look at me; I am so ashamed. Take me, take me with you! let us away this instant. Loose me from your arms, dear Maurice; let me go; I will return again directly. Forgive me! *but* forgive me! do not think me vile! You do not; I know you do not, now you kiss me.

Beniowski. Never will I consent to loose you, light of my deliverance! Let this unite us eternally, my sweet espoused Aphanasia!

Aphanasia. Espoused! O blessed day! O light from heaven! I could no longer be silent; I could not speak otherwise. The seas are very wide, they tell me, and covered with rocks of ice and mountains of snow for many versts, upon which there is not an aspin or birch or alder to catch at, if the wind should blow hard. There is no rye, nor berries, nor little birds tamed by the frost, nor beasts asleep: and many days, and many long stormy nights, must be endured upon the waves, without food. Could you bear this quite alone?

Beniowski. Could *you* bear it, Aphanasia?

Aphanasia. Alone I could not.

Beniowski. Could you with me? Think again; we both must suffer.

Aphanasia. How can we, Maurice! shall not we die together? Why do you clasp me so hard!

Beniowski. Could you endure to see, hour after hour, the deaths and the agonies of the brave? How many deaths! what dreadful agonies! The fury of thirst, the desperation of hunger! To hear their bodies plunged nightly into the unhallowed deep . . but first, Aphanasia, to hear them curse me as the author of their sufferings, the deluder of an innocent and an inexperienced girl, dragging her with me to a watery grave, famished and ghastly, so lovely and so joyous but the other day! O my Aphanasia! there are things which you have never heard, never should have heard, and must hear. You have read about the works of God in the creation.

Aphanasia. My father could teach me thus far: it is in the Bible.

Beniowski. You have read "In his image created he Man."

Aphanasia. I thought it strange, until I saw you, Maurice!

Beniowski. Strange then will you think it that Man himself breaks this image in his brother.

Aphanasia. Cain did, and was accursed for it.

Beniowski. We do, and are honoured; dishonoured if we do not. This is yet distant from the scope of my discourse. You have heard the wolves and bears howl about our sheds?

Aphanasia. O yes; and I have been told that they come upon the ice into the sea. But I am not afraid of them: I will give you a signal when they are near us.

Beniowski. Hunger is sometimes so intolerable, it compels them to kill and devour one another.

Aphanasia. They are violent and hurtful creatures; but that shocks me.

Beniowski. What, if men did it!

Aphanasia. Merciful Redeemer! You do not mean devour each other!

Beniowski. Hunger has driven men to this extremity. You doubt my words: astonishment turns you pale: paler than ever.

Aphanasia. I do believe you . . Was I then so pale? I know they kill one another when they are not famished; can I wonder that they eat one another when they are? The cruelty would be less even without the compulsion; but the killing did not seem so strange to me, because I had heard of it before.

Beniowski. Think! our mariners may draw lots for the victim, or may seize the weakest.

Aphanasia. I am the weakest: what can you say now? O foolish girl to have spoken it. You have hurt, you have hurt your forehead! Do not stride away from me thus wildly! do not throw back on me those reproaching, those terrifying glances! Have the sailors no better hopes of living, strong as they are, and accustomed to the hardships and dangers of the ocean?

Beniowski. Hopes there are always.

Aphanasia. Why then do you try to frighten me with what is not and may not ever be? why look as if it pained you to be kind to me? Do you retract the promise yet warm upon your lips? Would you render the sea itself more horrible than it is? Am I ignorant that it has whirlpools and monsters in its bosom; and storms and tempests that will never let it rest; and revengeful and remorseless men, that mix each other's blood in its salt waters, when cities and solitudes are not vast enough to receive it. The sea is indeed a very frightful thing: I will look away from it: I protest to you I never will be sad or frightened at it, if you will but let me go with you. If you will not, O Maurice, I shall die with fear; I shall never see you again, though you return . . and you will so wish to see me! For you will grow kinder when you are away.

Beniowski. O Aphanasia! little know you me or yourself!

Aphanasia. While you are with me, I know how dearly I love you: when you are absent I can not think it half, so many sighs and sorrows interrupt me! And you will love me very much when you are gone! Even this might pain you: do not let it! No! you have promised: 'twas I who had forgotten it, not you.

How your heart beats! These are your tears upon my hair and shoulders.

Beniowski. May they be the last we shall mingle!

Aphanasia. Let me run then and embrace my father: if he does not bless me, you ought not.

Beniowski. Aphanasia, I will not refuse you even what would disunite us. Let me too stay and perish!

Aphanasia. Ah my most tender, most confiding father! must you then weep for me, or must you hate me!

Beniowski. You shall meet again; and soon perhaps. I promise it. The seas will spare us. He who inspires the heart of Aphanasia, will preserve her days.

ROMILLY AND PERCEVAL.

Romilly. Perceval, I congratulate you on your appointment.

Perceval. It is an arduous one, Romilly, and the more after such eloquent men as have preceded me.

Romilly. What! and do you too place eloquence in the first rank among the requisites of a minister? Pitt, who could speak fluently three hours together, came about us like the tide along the Lancashire sands, always shallow, but always just high enough to drown us.

Perceval. Despise him as you may, he did great things.

Romilly. Indeed he did: he made the richest nation in the world the most wretched, and the poorest the most powerful.

Perceval. He was unfortunate, I acknowledge it, on the Continent.

Romilly. Like the Apparition in the *Revelations*, he put the right foot upon the sea, and the left upon the land, but in such a manner that they could not act in concert.

Perceval. He was placed among the immortals while living.

Romilly. And there are clubs expressly formed for the purpose of irrigating this precious plant of immortality with port and claret. They or their fathers sprang up rapidly in their obscurity under the rank litter of the improvident husbandman. He was called *immortal* by those who benefited from him, the word *God* on such occasions being obsolete.

Perceval. I do not go so far as to call him, what some do, heavenly and godlike.

Romilly. I do.

Perceval. How! you?

Romilly. Yes: men who have much to give are very like God; and the more so when the sun of their bounty shines on the unworthy no less than on the worthy. However he was eloquent, if facility in speaking is eloquence. When we were together in the law-courts, it was reasonable enough to consider our tongues as the most valuable parts of us, knowing that their motion or quiescence would be purchased by dignities and emoluments; but the present times require men of business, men of firmness, men of consistency, men of probity; and what is first-rate at the bar is but second-rate on the council-board.

Perceval. I should be glad of your assistance, our opinions being in general alike.

Romilly. We could not take the same side on civil and criminal causes, neither can we, for the same reason, in the House of Commons. Whichever may win, we will both lead, if you please.

Perceval. I understand you, and cannot but commend your determination. Yet, my dear Romilly, although there have been many Whig oppositions, there never has been and (in the present state of things) never will be a Whig ministry. The post regulates the principles.

Romilly. A ministry of such virtue as to carry Whig principles into the cabinet, I fear there never will be, however much I wish it. Yet on certain points disconnected from party, there is no reason why we two should disagree: I will support you in your favourite plan.

Perceval. What is that?

Romilly. To soften the rigour of the penal statutes.

Perceval. I once thought it necessary, or at least advisable. My colleagues oppose it, feeling that, if reform is introduced, it may reach at last the Court of Chancery, and tend to diminish the dignity of the first office under the crown.

Romilly. In England there is no dignity but what is constituted by possessions. If you would propose a grant of fifty or sixty thousand pounds a-year to the present chancellor, to indemnify him for the losses he would sustain by regulating his court, I am convinced he would not oppose you.

Perceval. The people are turbulent, and might dislike the grant, reasonable as it must appear to any unprejudiced man. But the principal objection is, that an inquiry would exhibit to the world such a mass of what we have been lately taught to call abuses, as must greatly tend to alienate the affections of the people from the institutions of their country.

Romilly. Fees are ticklish things to meddle with, forms are venerable, and silk gowns are non-conductors of inquiry into courts of chancery. I confine myself to the criminal statutes; and would diminish the number of capital offences, which is greater in England, I imagine, than the light and heavy put together in the tables of Solon or Numa. Nay, I am ready to believe that Draco himself did not punish so many with blood as we do, although he punished with blood every one indiscriminately.

Perceval. You can adduce no proof, or rather no support, of this paradox.

Romilly. A logician will accept many things which a lawyer would reject, and a moralist will attend to some which would be discountenanced by the logician. Let me remark to you that we punish with death certain offences which Draco did not even note as crimes, and many others had not yet sprung up in society. On the former position I need not expatiate; on the latter let me recall to your memory the vast number of laws on various kinds of forgery; and having brought them before you, let me particularly direct your attention to that severe one on fraudulent bankruptcy.

Perceval. Severe one! there at least we differ. If any crime deserves the punishment of death, surely this does. Is it not enough that a creditor loses the greater part perhaps of his property, by the misfortune or imprudence of another, without losing the last farthing of it by the same man's dishonesty?

Romilly. Enough it is, and more than enough: but lines of distinction are drawn on murder, and even on the wilful and malicious.

Perceval. There indeed they may be drawn correctly. Malice may arise from injury, more or less grievous, more or less recent; revenge may be delayed and meditated a longer time or a shorter, and may be perpetrated with more or less atrocity: but rarely is it brought to maturity in the coolness of judgment. The fraud under consideration not only is afore-thought; it is formed and grounded upon calculation. You remember a trial at Warwick, or rather the report of it, the result of which was, that a sergeant-major, an elderly man, of irreproachable character antecedently, as was proved by the testimony of his superior officer who had known him for twenty years, was condemned to be hanged (and not by Buller) for stabbing a young reprobate who had insulted and struck him. It was proved that he ran up-stairs for his sword, in order to commit the crime. This hardly was afore-thought, and certainly was uncalculated.

Romilly. It is probable that if he had run down-stairs, instead of up-stairs, his life would not have been forfeited; or even if his counsel had proved that the mounting of the stairs could have been performed in five steps, as I am inclined to think it might by an outraged man. But it appeared to the judge, on the evidence before him, and perhaps on thinking more about his own staircase than about the staircase of an ale-house, that time sufficient had elapsed for his anger to subside and cool.

Perceval. We have seen judges themselves who required a longer time for their anger to subside and cool, though sitting at their ease upon the cushion, to deliberate on matters where, if life was not at stake, property and character were; and not the property and character of drunkards and

reprobates, but of gentlemen in their own profession, their equals in birth and education, in honour and abilities.

Romilly. Dear Perceval, you have forgotten your new dignity; however I will not betray you. We are treating this matter a little more loosely than we should do in parliament, but more openly and fairly. After an acquaintance and, I am proud to say it, a friendship of twenty-seven years, I think you will give me credit for some soundness of principle.

Perceval. If any man upon earth possesses it.

Romilly. Then I will offer to you, if not as my opinion, at least as a subject worth reflection and consideration, whether even a virtuous man, about to fall into bankruptcy, may not commit a fraud, such as by our laws and practice is irremissibly capital?

Perceval. There, my dear Romilly, you go too far. The question (you must pardon me) is not only inconsiderate, but contradictory; the thing impossible. Your problem, in other figures, is this; whether a man may not be at once vicious and virtuous, a rogue and honest man: for you do not put a case in this manner, whether one who has hitherto been always honest, may not commit a capital crime, and afterward be honest again. A useless question even thus, among those which a wise man need not, and a scrupulous man would not, discuss. For the limits that separate us from offences ought not to be too closely under our eyes: a large space of neutral ground should be left betwixt. Part of mankind, like boys and hunters, by seeing a hedge before them, are tempted to leap it, only because it is one. Whenever we doubt whether a thing may be done, let us resolve that it may not. I speak as a moralist, by no means as an instructor: in the former capacity all may speak to all: in the latter, none to you. Excuse me however, my dear Romilly, if in this instance I tell you plainly, that the joints of your logic seem to me to have been relaxed by your philanthropy.

Romilly. There are questions which may be investigated by two friends in private, and which I would on no account lay before the public in their rank freshness and fulness. In like manner there are substances, the chief nutriment of whole nations, which are poison until prepared. I would appeal to the judgment and the heart together. He is the most mischievous of incendiaries who inflames the heart against the judgment, and he is the most ferocious of schismatics who divides the judgment from the heart. My argument, if it carried such weight with it as to lay the foundation of a law, would render many men more compassionate (which, after all, is the best and greatest thing we can do on earth), and it would render no man fraudulent.

Suppose a young gentleman to have married a girl equal to himself in fortune, and that in the confidence of early affection, or by the improvidence of her parents, or from any other cause, there is no settlement. A family springs up around them: he is anxious to provide for it more amply than his paternal estate or his wife's property will allow: he enters into business: from unskilfulness, from the infidelity of agents, or from a change in the times and in the channels of commerce, he must become a bankrupt: his creditors are inexorable.

Perceval. That may happen: he is much to be pitied: I see no remedy.

Romilly. Speaking of those things which arise from our civil institutions, whatever is to be pitied is to be remedied. The greatest evils and the most lasting are the perverse fabrications of unwise policy, but neither their magnitude nor their duration are proofs of their immobility. They are proofs only that ignorance and indifference have slept profoundly in the chambers of tyranny, and that many interests have grown up, and seeded, and twisted their roots, in the crevices of many wrongs. The wrongs in all cases may be redressed, the interests may be transplanted. Prudence and patience do the work effectually.

I must proceed, although I see close before me the angle of divergence in our opinions.

I will not attempt to run away with your affections, Perceval; I will not burst into the midst of your little playful family, beginning to number it, and forgetting my intent, at the contemplation of its happiness, its innocence, its beauty. I will remove on the contrary every image of grief from the house of my two sufferers; I will suppose the boys and girls too young (just as yours are) for sorrow; I will suppose the mother not expressing it by tears, or wringing of hands, or frantic cries, or dumb desperation, or in any other way that might move you, but so devoted to her husband as for his sake to cover it with smiles, and to engulf it in the abysses of a broken heart. Yet I cannot make him, who is a man as we are, ignorant of her thoughts and feelings, ungrateful to her affection, past and present, or indifferent to her future lot. Obduracy and cruelty press upon him from one side, on the other are conjugal tenderness and parental love. A high and paramount sense of justice too supervenes. What he had received with his partner in misfortune, his conscience tells him, is hers; he had received it before he had received anything from his creditors; he collects the poor remains of it, and places them apart. Unused to fallacy and concealment, the unlawful act is discovered; the criminal is seized, imprisoned, brought out before the judge. Sunday, the day of rest from labour, the day formerly of his innocent projects, of his pleasantest walks, of visits from friends and kindred, of greeting, and union, and hospitality, and gladness; Sunday, the day on which a man's own little ones are dearer to him, are more his own, than on other days . . Sunday is granted to him. A further act of grace is extended . . his widow may bury him, and his children may learn their letters on his tombstone.

Perceval. What can be done? We are always changing our laws.

Romilly. A proof how inconsiderately we enact

them. I verily do believe that a balloon by flying over the House would empty it; so little sense of public good or of national dignity is left among us.

What I would propose is this: I would, in such cases, deduct the widow's third from the bankrupt's property, and place it the hands of trustees for the benefit of herself and her children by that marriage.

Perceval. The motion would do you honour.

Romilly. I willingly cede the honour to you. We who are out of place are suspected of innovation; or are well-meaning men, but want practice.

JOSEPH SCALIGER AND MONTAIGNE.

Montaigne. What could have brought you, M. de l'Escale, to visit the old man of the mountain, other than a good heart? O how delighted and charmed I am to hear you speak such excellent gascon.* You rise early, I see: you must have risen with the sun, to be here at this hour: it is a stout half-hour's walk from the brook. I have capital white wine, and the best cheese in Auvergne. You saw the goats and the two cows before the castle.

Pierre, thou hast done well: set it upon the table, and tell Master Matthew to split a couple of chickens and broil them, and to pepper but one. Do you like pepper, M. de l'Escale?

Scaliger. Not much.

Montaigne. Hold hard! let the pepper alone: I hate it. Tell him to broil plenty of ham; only two slices at a time, upon his salvation.

Scaliger. This, I perceive, is the antechamber to your library: here are your every-day books.

Montaigne. Faith! I have no other. These are plenty, methinks; is not that your opinion?

Scaliger. You have great resources within yourself, and therefore can do with fewer.

Montaigne. Why, how many now do you think here may be?

Scaliger. I did not believe at first that there could be above fourscore.

Montaigne. Well! are fourscore few? are we talking of peas and beans?

Scaliger. I and my father (put together) have written well-nigh as many.

Montaigne. Ah! to write them is quite another thing: but one reads books without a spur, or even a pat from our lady Vanity. How do you like my wine? it comes from the little knoll yonder: you cannot see the vines: those chesnut-trees are between.

Scaliger. The wine is excellent; light, odoriferous, with a smartness like a sharp child's prattle.

Montaigne. It never goes to the head, nor pulls the nerves, which many do as if they were guitar-strings. I drink a couple of bottles a-day, winter and summer, and never am the worse for it. You gentlemen of the Agennois have better in your province, and indeed the very best under the sun. I do not wonder that the parliament of Bordeaux should be jealous of their privileges, and call it Bordeaux. Now, if you prefer your own country wine, only say it: I have several bottles in my cellar, with corks as long as rapiers, and as polished. I do not know, M. de l'Escale, whether you are particular in these matters: not quite, I should imagine, so great a judge in them as in others?

Scaliger. I know three things; wine, poetry, and the world.*

Montaigne. You know one too many, then. I hardly know whether I know anything about poetry; for I like Clem Marot better than Ronsard; Ronsard is so plaguily stiff and stately, where there is no occasion for it; I verily do think the man must have slept with his wife in a cuirass.

Scaliger. He had no wife: he was an *abbé* at Tours.

Montaigne. True; true; being an abbé he could never have one, and never want one; particularly at Tours, where the women profess an especial calling and most devotional turn for the religious.

Scaliger. It pleases me greatly that you like Marot. His version of the *Psalms* is lately set to music, and added to the *New Testament* of Geneva.

Montaigne. It is putting a slice of honeycomb into a barrel of vinegar, which will never grow the sweeter for it.

Scaliger. Surely you do not think in this fashion of the *New Testament!*

Montaigne. Who supposes it? Whatever is mild and kindly, is there. But Jack Calvin has thrown bird-lime and vitriol upon it, and whoever but touches the cover, dirties his fingers or burns them.

Scaliger. Calvin is a very great man, I do assure you, M. de Montaigne.

Montaigne. I do not like your very great men who beckon me to them, call me their begotten, their dear child, and their entrails, and if I happen to say on any occasion, "I beg leave, sir, to dissent a little from you," stamp and cry, "The devil you do!" and whistle to the executioner.

Scaliger. You exaggerate, my worthy friend!

Montaigne. Exaggerate do I? M. de l'Escale! What was it he did the other day to the poor devil there with an odd name? Melancthon I think it is.

Scaliger. I do not know: I have received no intelligence of late from Geneva.

Montaigne. It was but last night that our curate rode over from Lyons (he made two days of it, as you may suppose) and supped with me. He told me that Jack had got his old friend hanged and burnt. I could not join him in the joke, for I find none such in the *New Testament*, on which he would have founded it, and, if it is one, it is not in my manner or to my taste.

* "Ma mère était fort éloquente en Gascon." *Scaligerana*, p. 232.

* "Je me connais en trois choses, *non in aliis, in vino, poesi, et juger des personnes.*" *Scaligerana*, p. 232.

Scaliger. I cannot well believe the report, my dear sir. He was rather urgent indeed on the combustion of the heretic Michael Servetus some years past.

Montaigne. A thousand to one, my spiritual guide mistook the name. He has heard of both, I warrant him, and thinks in his conscience that either is as good a roast as the other.

Scaliger. Theologians are proud and intolerant, and truly the farthest of all men from theology, if theology means the rational sense of religion, or indeed has anything to do with it in any way. Melancthon was the very best of the reformers; quiet, sedate, charitable, intrepid, firm in friendship, ardent in faith, acute in argument, and profound in learning.

Montaigne. Who cares about his argumentation or his learning, if he was the rest?

Scaliger. I hope you will suspend your judgment on this affair, until you receive some more certain and positive information.

Montaigne. I can believe it of the Sieur Calvin.

Scaliger. I cannot. John Calvin is a grave man, orderly and reasonable.

Montaigne. In my opinion he has not the order nor the reason of my cook. Mat never took a man for a sucking-pig, cleaning and scraping and buttering and roasting him; nor ever twitched God by the sleeve and swore he should not have his own way.

Scaliger. M. de Montaigne, have you ever studied the doctrine of predestination?

Montaigne. I should not understand it, if I had; and I would not break through an old fence merely to get into a cavern. I would not give a fig or a fig-leaf to know the truth of it, as far as any man can teach it me. Would it make me honester or happier, or, in other things, wiser?

Scaliger. I do not know whether it would materially.

Montaigne. I should be an egregious fool then to care about it. Our disputes on controverted points have filled the country with missionaries and cut-throats. Both parties have shown a disposition to turn this comfortable old house of mine into a fortress. If I had inclined to either, the other would have done it. Come walk about it with me; after a ride you can do nothing better to take off fatigue.

Scaliger. A most spacious kitchen!

Montaigne. Look up!

Scaliger. You have twenty or more flitches of bacon hanging there.

Montaigne. And if I had been a doctor or a captain, I should have had a cobweb and predestination in the place of them. Your soldiers of the religion on the one side, and of the *good old faith* on the other, would not have left unto me one and sound even that good old woman there.

Scaliger. O yes they would, I hope.

Old Woman. Why dost giggle, Mat? What should he know about the business? He speaks mighty bad French, and is as spiteful as the devil. Praised be God, we have a kind master, who thinks about us, and feels for us.

Scaliger. Upon my word, M. de Montaigne, this gallery is an interesting one.

Montaigne. I can show you nothing but my house and my dairy. We have no chase in the month of May, you know . . unless you would like to bait the badger in the stable. This is rare sport in rainy days.

Scaliger. Are you in earnest, M. de Montaigne?

Montaigne. No, no, no, I cannot afford to worry him outright: only a little for pastime . . a morning's merriment for the dogs and wenches.

Scaliger. You really are then of so happy a temperament that, at your time of life, you can be amused by baiting a badger!

Montaigne. Why not? Your father, a wiser and graver and older man than I am, was amused by baiting a professor or critic. I have not a dog in the kennel that would treat the badger worse than brave Julius treated Cardan and Erasmus, and some dozens more. We are all childish, old as well as young; and our very last tooth would fain stick, M. de l'Escale, in some tender place of a neighbour. Boys laugh at a person who falls in the dirt; men laugh rather when they make him fall, and most when the dirt is of their own laying.

Is not the gallery rather cold, after the kitchen? We must go through it to get into the court where I keep my tame rabbits: the stable is hard by: come along, come along.

Scaliger. Permit me to look a little at those banners. Some of them are old indeed.

Montaigne. Upon my word, I blush to think I never took notice how they are tattered. I have no fewer than three women in the house, and in a summer's evening, only two hours long, the worst of these rags might have been darned across.

Scaliger. You would not have done it surely!

Montaigne. I am not over-thrifty . . the women might have been better employed. It is as well as it is then; ay?

Scaliger. I think so.

Montaigne. So be it.

Scaliger. They remind me of my own family, we being descended from the great Cane della Scala, prince of Verona, and from the house of Hapsburg,* as you must have heard from my father.

Montaigne. What signifies it to the world whether the great Cane was tied to his grandmother or not? As for the house of Hapsburg, if you could put together as many such houses as would make up a city larger than Cairo, they would not be worth his study, or a sheet of paper on the table of it.

* "Descendimus ex filiâ Comitis Hapsburgensis." *Scaligerana*, p. 231.

ANACREON AND POLYCRATES.

Polycrates. Embrace me, my brother poet.

Anacreon. What have you written, Polycrates?

Polycrates. Nothing. But invention is the primary part of us; and the mere finding of a brass ring in the belly of a dogfish, has afforded me a fine episode in royalty. You could not have made so much out of it.

Anacreon. I have heard various stories this morning about the matter: and, to say the truth, my curiosity led me hither.

Polycrates. It was thus. I ordered my cook to open, in the presence of ten or twelve witnesses, a fat mullet, and to take out of it an emerald ring, which I had laid aside from the time when, as you may remember, I felt some twitches of the gout in my knuckle.

Anacreon. The brass ring was really found in a fish some time ago; might not a second seem suspicious? And with what object is this emerald one extracted from such another mine?

Polycrates. To prove the constancy and immutability of my fortune. It is better for a prince to be fortunate than wise: people know that his fortune may be communicated, his wisdom not; and, if it could, nobody would take it who could as readily carry off a drachma. In fact, to be fortunate is to be powerful, and not only without the danger of it, but without the displeasure.

Anacreon. Ministers are envied, princes never; because envy can exist there only where something (as people think) may be raised or destroyed. You were proceeding very smoothly with your reflections, Polycrates, but, with all their profundity, are you unaware that mullets do not eat such things?

Polycrates. True; the people however swallow anything; and, the further out of the course of nature the action is, the greater name for good fortune, or rather for the favour of divine providence, shall I acquire.

Anacreon. Is that the cook yonder?

Polycrates. Yes; and he also has had some share of the same gifts. I have rewarded him with an Attic talent: he seems to be laying the gold pieces side by side, or in lines and quincunxes, just as if they were so many dishes.

Anacreon. I go to him and see . . . By Jupiter! my friend, you have made no bad kettle of fish of it to-day . . . The fellow does not hear me. Let us hope, Polycrates, that it may not break in turning out. If your cook was remunerated so magnificently, what must you have done for the fisherman!

Polycrates. He was paid the price of his fish.

Anacreon. Royally said and done! Your former plan was more extensive. To feign that a brazen ring was the ring of Gyges is indeed in itself no great absurdity; but to lay claim to the kingdom of Lydia by the possession of it, was extravagant. Crœsus is unwarlike and weak, confident and supercilious, and you had prepared the minds of his officers by your liberality, not to mention the pity and sorrow we put together over our wine, ready to pour it forth on the bleeding hearts of his subjects, treated so ungenerously for their fidelity. Still your own people might require, at least once a-year, the proof of your invisibility in public by putting on the brazen ring.

Polycrates. I had devised as much: nothing is easier than an optical deception, at the distance that kings on solemn occasions keep from the people. A cloud of incense rising from under the floor through several small apertures, and other contrivances were in readiness. But I abandoned my first design, and thought of conquering Lydia, instead of claiming it from inheritance. For, the ring of a fisherman would be too impudent a fabrication, in the claim of a kingdom or even of a village, and my word upon other occasions might be doubted. Crœsus is superstitious: there are those about him who will persuade him not to contend with a man so signally under the protection of the Gods.

Anacreon. Cannot you lay aside all ideas of invasion, and rest quiet and contented here?

Polycrates. No man, O Anacreon, can rest anywhere quiet in his native country who has deprived his fellow-citizens of their liberties; contented are they only who have taken nothing from another; and few even of those. As, by eating much habitually, we render our bodies by degrees capacious of more, and uncomfortable without it, so, after many acquisitions, we think new ones necessary. Hereditary kings invade each other's dominions from the feelings of children, the love of having and of destroying; their education being always bad, and their intellects for the mostpart low and narrow. But we who have great advantages over them in our mental faculties, these having been constantly exercised and exerted, and in our knowledge of men, wherein the least foolish of them are quite deficient, find wars and civil tumults absolutely needful to our stability and repose.

Anacreon. By Hercules! you people in purple are very like certain sea-fowls I saw in my voyage from Teios hither. In fine weather they darted upward and downward, sidelong and circuitously, and fished and screamed as if all they seized and swallowed was a torment to them: again, when it blew a violent gale, they appeared to sit perfectly at their ease, buoyant upon the summit of the waves.

Polycrates. After all, I cannot be thought to have done any great injury to my friends the citizens of Samos. It is true I have taken away what you ingenious men call their liberties: but have you never, my friend Anacreon, snatched

from a pretty girl a bracelet or locket, or other such trifle!

Anacreon. Not without her permission, and some equivalent.

Polycrates. I likewise have obtained the consent of the people, and have rendered them a great deal more than an equivalent. Formerly they called one another the most opprobrious names in their assemblies, and sometimes even fought there; now they never do. I entertained from the very beginning so great a regard for them, that I punished one of my brothers with death, and the other with banishment, for attempting to make divisions among them, and for impeding the measures I undertook to establish unanimity and order. My father had consented to bear alone all the toils of government; and filial piety induced me to imitate his devotion to the commonwealth. The people had assembled to celebrate the festival of Juno, and had crowded the avenues of her temple so unceremoniously and indecorously, that I found it requisite to slay a few hundreds to her glory. King Lygdamus of Naxos lent me his assistance in this salutary operation, well knowing that the cause of royalty in all countries, being equally sacred, should be equally secure.

Anacreon. My sweet Polycrates! do not imagine that I, or any wise man upon earth, can be interested in the fate of a nation that yields to the discretion of one person. But pray avoid those excesses which may subject the Graces to the Tempests. Let people live in peace and plenty, for your own sake; and go to war then only when beauteous slaves are wanting. Even then it is cheaper to buy them of the merchant, taking care that at every importation you hire a philosopher or poet to instruct them in morality and religion. The one will demonstrate that obedience is a virtue; the other, that it is a pleasure. If age stimulates the senses, or if youth is likely to return (as the ring did), not a syllable can I add against the reasonableness of conquests to assuage the wants of either.

Polycrates. The people in all countries must be kept in a state of activity: for men in cities, and horses in stables, grow restive by standing still. It is the destination of both to be patted, ridden, and whipped. The riding is the essential thing; the patting and whipping are accessories; and few are very careful or expert in using them.

Anacreon. In courts, where silliness alone escapes suspicion, we must shake false lights over the shallows, or we shall catch nothing. But, O Polycrates! I am not in the court of a prince: I am in the house of a friend. I might flatter you, if flattery could make you happier: but, as you have neglected nothing which could render my abode with you delightful, I would omit no precaution, no suggestion, which may secure and prolong my blessings. Do not believe that every poet is dishonest, because most are. Homer was not; Solon is not; I doubt at times whether I myself am; in despite of your inquisitive eye. My opinion of your wisdom is only shaken by your assumption of royalty, since I cannot think it an act of discretion to change tranquillity for alarm, or friends for soldiers, or a couch for a throne, or a sound sleep for a broken one. If you doubt whether I love you (and every prince may reasonably entertain that doubt of every man around him), still you can not doubt that I am attached to your good fortune, in which I have partaken to my heart's content, and in which I hope to continue a partaker.

Polycrates. May the Gods grant it!

Anacreon. Grant it yourself, Polycrates, by following my counsel. Everything is every man's over which his senses extend. What you can enjoy is yours; what you can not, is not. Of all the islands in the world the most delightful and the most fertile is Samos. Crete and Cyprus are larger; what then? The little Teios, my own native country, affords more pleasure than any one heart can receive: not a hill in it but contains more beauty and more wine than the most restless and active could enjoy. Teach the Samiots, O Polycrates, to refuse you and each other no delight that is reciprocal and that lasts. Royalty is the farthest of all things from reciprocity, and what delight it gives must be renewed daily, and with difficulty. In the order of nature, flowers grow on every side of us: why take a ploughshare to uproot them? We may show our strength and dexterity in guiding it for such a purpose, but not our wisdom. Love, in its various forms, according to our age, station, and capacity, is the only object of reasonable and just desire. I prefer that which is the easiest to give and to return: you, since you have chosen royalty, have taken the most difficult in both: yet by kindness and courtesy you may conciliate those minds, which, once abased by royalty, never can recover their elasticity and strength, unless in the fires of vengeance. The Gods avert it from you, my friend! Do not inure your people to war: but instead of arming and equipping them, soften them more and more by peace and luxury. Let your deceit in the ring be your last; for men will rather be subjugated than deceived, not knowing, or not reflecting, that they must have been deceived before they could be subjugated. Let you and me keep this secret: that of the cook is hardly so safe.

Polycrates. Perfectly, or death would have sealed it; although my cook is, you know, an excellent one, and would be a greater loss to me than any native of the island. A tolerably good minister of state may be found in any cargo of slaves that lands upon the coast. Interest ensures fidelity. As for difficulty, I see none: to handle great bodies requires little delicacy. He would make in a moment a hole through a mud-wall, who could never make the eye of a needle: and it is easier to pick up a pompion than a single grain of dust. With you, however, who have lived among such people, and know them thoroughly, I need not discourse long about them, nor take the trouble

to argue how impossible it is to blunder on so wide and smooth a road, where every man is ready with a lamp if it is dark, or with a cart if it is miry. You know that a good cook is the peculiar gift of the Gods. He must be a perfect creature, from the brain to the palate, from the palate to the fingers' end. Pleasure and displeasure, sickness and health, life and death, are consigned to his arbitration. It would be little to add that he alone shares with royalty the privilege of exemption from every punishment but capital: for it would be madness to flog either, and turn it loose.

The story of the ring will be credited as long as I want it; probably all my life, perhaps after. For men are swift to take up a miracle, and slow to drop it; and woe to the impious wretch who would undeceive them! They never will believe that I can be unprosperous, until they see me put to death: some, even then, would doubt whether it were I, and others whether I were really dead, the day following. As we are in no danger of any such event, let us go and be crowned for the feast, and prove whether the mullet has any other merits than we have yet discovered.

Come, Anacreon, you must write an ode to Fortune, not forgetting her favourite.

Anacreon. I dare not, before I have written one to Juno, the patroness of Samos: but, as surely as you are uncrucified, I will do it then. Pardon me, however, if I should happen to praise the beauty of her eyes, for I am used to think more about the goddess who has the loveliest; and, even if I began with the Furies, I should end in all likelihood with her.

Polycrates. Follow your own ideas. You can not fail, however, to descant on the facility with which I acquired my power, and the unanimity by which I retain it, under the guidance and protection of our patroness. I had less trouble in becoming the master of Samos than you will have in singing it. Indeed when I consider how little I experienced, I wonder that liberty can exist in any country where there is one wise and resolute man.

Anacreon. And I that tyranny can, where there are two.

Polycrates. What! Anacreon, are even you at last so undisguisedly my adversary?

Anacreon. Silly creature! behold the fruit of royalty! Rottenness in the pulp, and bitterness in the kernel.

Polycrates, if I had uttered those words before the people, they would have stoned me for being your enemy . . for being a traitor! This is the expression of late, not applied to those who betray, but to those who resist or traverse the betrayer. To such a situation are men reduced when they abandon self-rule! I love you from similarity of studies and inclinations, from habit, from gaiety of heart, and because I live with you more conveniently than in a meaner house and among coarser slaves. As for the Samiots, you can not suppose me much interested about them. Beauty itself is the less fierce from servitude; and there is no person, young or old, who does not respect more highly the guest of Polycrates than the poet of Teios. You, my dear friend, who are a usurper, for which courage, prudence, affability, liberality, are necessary, would surely blush to act no better or more humanely than an hereditary and established king, the disadvantages of whose condition you yourself have stated admirably. Society is not yet trodden down and forked together by you into one and the same rotten mass, with rank weeds covering the top and sucking out its juices. Circe, when she transformed the companions of Ulysses into swine, took no delight in drawing their tusks and ringing their snouts, but left them, by special grace, in quiet and full possession of their new privileges and dignities. The rod of enchantment was the only rod she used among them, finding a pleasanter music in the chorusses of her nymphs than in the grunts and squeals of her subjects.

Polycrates. Now tell me truly, Anacreon, if you knew of a conspiracy against me, would you reveal it?

Anacreon. I would; both for your sake and for the conspirators. Even were I not your guest and friend, I would dissuade from every similar design.

Polycrates. In some points, however, you appear to have a fellow-feeling with the seditious. You differ from them in this: you would not take the trouble to kill me, and could not find a convenient hour to run away.

Anacreon. I am too young for death, too old for flight, and too comfortable for either. As for killing you, I find it business enough to kill a kid as a sacrifice to Bacchus. Answer me as frankly as I answered you. If by accident you met a girl carried off by force, would you stop the ravisher?

Polycrates. Certainly, if she were pretty: if not, I would leave the offence to its own punishment.

Anacreon. If the offence had been perpetrated to its uttermost extent, if the girl were silent, and if the brother unarmed should rush upon the perpetrator armed . . .

Polycrates. I would catch him by the sleeve and stop him.

Anacreon. I would act so in this business of yours. You have deflowered the virgin. Whether the action will bring after it the full chastisement, I know not; nor whether the laws will ever wake upon it, or, waking upon it, whether they will not hold their breath and lie quiet. Weazels, and other animals that consume our corn, are strangled or poisoned, as may happen: usurpers and conquerors must be taken off quietly in one way only, lest many perish in the attempt, and lest it fail. No conspiracy of more than two persons ought ever to be entered into on such a business. Hence the danger is diminished to those concerned, and the satisfaction and glory are increased. Statues can be erected to two, not to many; gibbets can be erected as readily to many as to few; and would be; for most conspiracies have been discovered

l punished, while hundreds of usurpers have n removed by their cooks, their cup-bearers, l their mistresses, as easily, and with as little se or notice, as a dish from the table, or a per from the bed-side.

lanish the bloated and cloudy ideas of war l conquest. Continue to eat while you have thing in your mouth, particularly if sweet or oury, and only think of filling it again when it mpty.

Tressus hath no naval force, nor have the Per- s: they desire the fish but fear the water, l will mew and purr over you until they fall ep and forget you, unless you plunge too loud l glitter too near. They would have attacked in the beginning, if they had ever wished to it, or been ignorant that kings have an enemy less on the ruin of every free nation. I do not you to sit quiet, any more than I would a man has a fever or an ague, but to sit as quiet as r condition will permit. If you leave to others r enjoyments, they will leave yours to you. ants never perish from tyranny, but always m folly; when their fantasies build up a palace which the earth has no foundation. It then omes necessary, they think, to talk about their ilitude to the Gods, and to tell the people, 'e have a right to rule you, just as they have a ht to rule us: the duties they exact from us, exact from you: we are responsible to none to them."

Polycrates. Anacreon! Anacreon! who, in the ne of Hermes, ever talked thus, since the reign Salmoneus? People who would listen to such fatel and idle arrogance, must be deprived, not their liberties only, but their senses. Lydians Carians, Cappadocians Carmanians, would elt at it: I myself would tear the diadem from r brow, before I would commit such an outrage the dignity of our common nature. A little lacy, a little fraud and imposture, may be re- site to our office, and principally on entering there is, however, no need to tell the people s we, on our consciences, lay the public ac- nts before Jupiter for his signature; that, if re is any surplus, we will return it hereafter; that, as honest and pious men, their business with him, not with us.

My dear Anacreon, you reason speciously, which better in most cases than reasoning soundly; many are led by it and none offended. But there are pleasures in poetry which I can not re, in like manner there are pleasures in ulty which you can not. Say what you will, have this advantage over you. Sovrans and ple alike court us; they alike treat you with dignity and contumely. Do you imagine that Hector, supposing him to feign a little in regard me, really would on any occasion be so enthusi- tic in your favour as he was in mine?

Anacreon. You allude to the village-feast, in ich he requested from your hand the cup you poured a libation from, and tasted?

Polycrates. The very instance I was thinking on.

Anacreon. Hylactor tells a story delightfully, and his poetry is better than most poets will allow:

Polycrates. I do not think it . . I speak of the poetry.

Anacreon. Now, my dear Polycrates, without a word of flattery to you, on these occasions you are as ignorant as a goat-herd.

Polycrates. I do not think *that* either.

Anacreon. Who does, of himself? Yet poetry and the degrees of it are just as difficult to mark and circumscribe, as love and beauty.

Polycrates. Madman!

Anacreon. All are madmen who first draw out hidden truths.

Polycrates. You are envious of Hylactor, because on that day I had given him a magnificent dress, resembling those of the Agathyrsi.

Anacreon. I can go naked at my own expense. I would envy him (if it gave me no trouble) his lively fancy, his convivial fun, and his power to live in a crowd, which I can do no longer than a trout can in the grass. What I envied on that day, I had. When with eyes turned upward to you, modestly and reverentially, he entreated the possession of the beechen bowl out of which you had taken *one* draught, I, with like humility of gesture and similar tone of voice, requested I might be possessor of the barrel out of which you had taken *but* one. The people were silent at his request; they were rapturous at mine: one excepted.

Polycrates. And what said he?

Anacreon. "By Bacchus!" he exclaimed, "I thought sycophants were the most impudent people in the world: but, Anacreon, verily thou surpassest them: thou puttest them out of countenance, out of breath, man!"

Your liberality was, as usual, enough for us; and, if Envy must come in, she must sit between us. Really the dress, coarse as it was, that you gave Placoeis, the associate of Hylactor, would have covered Tityus: nay, would have made winding-sheets, and ample ones, for all the giants, if indeed their mother Earth enwrapt their bones in any. Meditating the present of such another investiture, you must surprise or scale Miletus; for if, in addition to the sheep of Samos, the cows and oxen, the horses and swine, the goats and dogs, were woolly, the fleeces of ten years would be insufficient. As Placoeis moved on, there were exclamations of wonder on all sides, at all distances. "Another* Epeüs must have made that pageant!" was the cry: and many were trodden under foot from wishing to obtain a sight of the rollers. His heat, like the sun's, increased as he proceeded; and those who kept egg-stalls and fish-stalls cursed him and removed them.

Polycrates. We will feast again no less magnificently when I return from my victory on the continent. There are delicate perfumes and generous wines and beautiful robes at Sardis.

* Framer of the *Trojan Horse.*

LORD COLERAINE, REV. MR. BLOOMBURY, AND REV. MR. SWAN.

Swan. Whither are you walking so fast, Mr. Bloombury?

Bloombury. My dear brother in Christ, Mr. Swan, I am truly happy to meet you. A fine fresh pleasant day! Any news? I am going to visit Lord Coleraine, who has been attacked by an apoplexy.

Swan. Such was the report I heard yesterday. Accidents of this kind, when they befall the light and thoughtless, shock us even more than when it pleases God to inflict them on the graver and the better. What is more awful than to confront so unexpectedly the gay in spirit with the king of terrors? Sincerely as I grieve to hear of this appalling visitation, it is consolatory to think that his lordship has brought himself to such a comfortable and cheering frame of mind.

Bloombury. Has he, Mr. Swan? Methinks it is rather early, if he has.

Swan. He must be sensible of his situation, or he would not have required your spiritual aid.

Bloombury. He require it! no more than a rank heathen or unchristened babe. He shall have it though. I will awaken him; I will prick him; I will carry to him the sword of faith; it shall pierce his heart.

Swan. Gently with the rowels on a foundered steed.

Bloombury. Mr. Swan, our pulpits should not smell of the horse-cloth. I never heard that text before.

Swan. You have heard many a worse.

Bloombury. Profane! there are none but from the Bible.

Swan. The application and intent make them more or less good. *Smite* is in that book; *do not smite* is there also. Now which is best?

Bloombury. Both are excellent if they are there: we can only know which is best by opening the volume of grace, and the text that we open first is for our occasion the best of the two.

Swan. There is no logic to place against this. Of course you are intimately acquainted with Lord Coleraine. You can remind him of faults which it is still in his power to correct; of wrongs . . .

Bloombury. I can, and will. When I was in the Guards, he won a trifle of money from me: I shall bring him to a proper sense of his sinfulness in having done it.

Swan. In winning your money?

Bloombury. He may make some reparation to society for his offence.

Swan. He could not have won your money if you had not played with him.

Bloombury. I was young: he ought to have taught me better.

Swan. He did, if he won much.

Bloombury. He won fifty guineas.

Swan. How? and were you, Mr. Bloom ever a gamester?

Bloombury. At that time I was not under

Swan. Well, really now I would converse a dying man on other topics. Comfort him; pare him for his long journey.

Bloombury. Ay, sing to him; read to Shakspeare and Cervantes and Froissart! him believe that man is better than a worm, lier than a toad, wiser than a deaf adder. Mr. you are a virtuous man (I mean no offen calling you so), a good neighbour, a cordial fi but you are not touched.

Swan. Bloombury, if you are sincere, yo acknowledge that, among your evangelicals touching for the mostpart begins with the p or its environs.

Bloombury. O for shame! such indece never heard! This comes from your worldl university view of things, your drinking cricketings.

Swan. Too frequently. We want drilli our armour of faith from the Horse-guard want teaching from those who pay fifty g the lesson. I am not so unchristian as to that you are adepts in the practice of hun but it is quite of a new kind. You are h while you speak, but the reverse when y spoken to; and, if it were not for your sanc tion, I should call you the most arrogant an sufficient of sectarians.

Bloombury. We are of the church; th English church.

Swan. Few sects are not, opposite as the be. Take the general spirit and practice and tell me what church under heaven is liberal and forbearing.

Bloombury. Because you forego and forg most prominent of the thirty-nine articles. is the sword in them.

Swan. Let it lie there, in God's name.

Bloombury. There is doctrine.

Swan. I take what I understand of it would not give a pinch of snuff for the rest Saviour has taught me whatever is useful to in Christianity. If churches, or any mem them, wanted more from his apostles, I hop enjoyed what they wanted. The coarser G must needs have cheese and garlic upon bread of life: my stomach won't digest Those who like the same fare may take it let them, when their mouths are full of quiet, and not open them upon me. We the house, I think. Good morning . . A at parting. May not that musk about yo the sick man?

Bloombury. What musk? I protest I have used any.

Swan. Then the creature that bears it h

between your legs, and rubbed its fur against your dress but lately. Adieu.

Bloombury (*to a Servant*). Is my Lord Coleraine at home?

Servant. No, sir.

Bloombury. Mark me, young man; the ways of the world are at an end so near the chamber of death. Tell his lordship that the Reverend . . . better tell him that Captain Frederick Bloombury, late of the Guards, has something of great importance to communicate.

Servant (*returning*). My master desires you to walk up, sir.

Coleraine. I have had the pleasure, I think, of meeting you formerly, Captain Bloombury; I can not say exactly where; for we guardsmen meet in strange places. I had sold out: and, as you are not in uniform, I presume that you too have left the service.

Bloombury. On the contrary, I have just entered it.

Coleraine. Rather late in the day; is not it? However, if I can serve you, speak. I feel a difficulty in conversing: this apoplexy has twisted my mouth on one side like a turbot's, and Death and I seem to be grinning for a wager. What do you lift up your eyebrows at? My sight is imperfect; they seem to me to be greyish, and fitter for a lieutenant-general than a captain.

Bloombury. I am ageing . . that is, I have a whitish or rather a lighter-coloured hair here and there. Sober thinking brings them.

Coleraine. Particularly when it comes after the thinking that is not quite so sober . . ay, Bloombury! Excuse me, was it expedient to enter the service so late in life, and in the midst of peace?

Bloombury. There begins our warfare: these are riotous and bloody times.

Coleraine. They are getting better, if people will let them. What would they have? Would they tear a new coat to pieces because the old one will not fit? How do you like your brother officers?

Bloombury. Reasonably well.

Coleraine. And the service at large?

Bloombury. The sweetest of services is the service of the Lamb.

Coleraine. They told me so . . talking does me harm . . yet I did not feel it. Gentlemen, it is of no use to bleed me any more. You need not feel my pulse . . I am too weak. I am losing my intellects, such as they are. I seem to see less and to hear words the strangest in the world.

Bloombury. He shuts his eyes and appears to doze a little. He smiles . . a very bad sign in a dying man!

Physician. With deference, I think otherwise, sir. He can not live the day through, but he is in full possession of his senses. If you have any secret, anything interesting to his family, any mission to suggest, we will retire. Let me however request of you, not to disturb him on matters of business.

Bloombury. The Lord forbid!

Physician. He seems quite tranquil, and may go off so.

Bloombury. In that perilous state! It is the dimple of a whirlpool, at the bottom whereof is hell. I will arouse him: I will wrestle with Christ for him.

Physician. In another ring then: I keep the ground here.

Bloombury. You physicians are materialists.

Physician. Undoubtedly, sir, you would desire to be the contrary?

Bloombury. Undoubtedly, indeed.

Physician. You methodists then are immaterialists?

Bloombury. Ho! ho! grace and election and sanctification are things immaterial!

Physician. Which of you ever has preached gratitude to God; in another word, contentment? Which of you has ever told a man that his principal duty is to love his neighbour?

Bloombury. Who dares lie, in the face of God? We love the Lamb; the rest follows.

Physician. Unless the rest (as you call it) precedes, the Lamb will never be caught by you, whine to him and pipe to him as you may. Love to God must be conveyed and expressed by a mediator.

Bloombury. There you talk soundly.

Physician. You can show your love to him only through the images he has set on every side of you.

Bloombury. Idolater! When I uplift my eyes to heaven and see Jupiter (so called) and Saturn (name of foolishness) and all the starry host . .

Physician. You see things less worthy of your attention than a gang of gipsies in a grassy lane. You can not ask Saturn (name of foolishness) nor Jupiter (so called) whether he wants anything, nor could you give it if he did: but one or other of these poor creatures may be befriended in some way, may in short be made better and honester and cleanlier.

Bloombury. What! no prayers, I suppose, nor thanksgivings?

Physician. Catch the prayer that is rising to God, and act for him; receive in turn the thanksgiving; he authorises and commands you. If there is a man in your parish who wants a meal while you eat two in the day, let me advise you neither to sing a psalm nor to bend a knee until you have divided your quartern loaf with him.

I must go in and see my patient: if you follow, step gently.

Coleraine. I beg your pardon, Captain Bloombury: how long have you been waiting?

Bloombury. An instant only, my lord. I hope your lordship has benefited by your easy slumber.

Coleraine. I feel no pain.

Bloombury. Unhappy man!

Coleraine. Thank you: I am sure you are.*

Bloombury. The Lord sends hither me, his unworthy servant, O George Viscount Coleraine, to bring you unto him.

* Misunderstanding; and supposing he said "*I am glad to hear it*, or some such thing."

Coleraine. I am obliged to you both.

Bloombury. Well may you be. You have led as wild and wicked a life as one could wish. Repent! repent!

Coleraine. Of what? For, faith! there are so many things, I cannot see which to take hold on.

Bloombury. If I could suggest any other, I would do it in preference. I know but one.

Coleraine. Speak out: don't be modest.

Bloombury. You had formerly a strange itch for gaming.

Coleraine. Not I indeed: but one can game when one can not do the pleasanter thing.

Bloombury. You led me into, or at least you countenanced me in, that vice.

Coleraine. Which?

Bloombury. Gaming.

Coleraine. Pardon me, my worthy friend; we never were intimate, till now. Charmed as I certainly should have been by your acquaintance, it can not be more than once that we met before: for in good society no one forgets names or faces, unless of tradespeople and Jews.

Bloombury. On that one evening I lost fifty guineas to you.

Coleraine. Express no uneasiness; do not trouble yourself, Captain Bloombury; lay it upon the table. If it had escaped your recollection, I assure you it has escaped mine too. Do not, I entreat you, make yourself at all uncomfortable about it. I never said a word upon your leaving town and forgetting me.

Bloombury. Forgetting you, my lord! I paid the money down in five *rouleaux*. I wish I had kept it for the poor.

Coleraine. Pooh! another fifty is just as good as that. What do the poor care whether it is packed in *rouleaux* or not? It is unpacked, I will answer for it, long before they touch it.

Bloombury. If I had either that or another to give the broken in spirit, the sick and weary . . .

Coleraine. O! I now understand you. Upon my soul, you have a most compassionate and significant eye. Give me your hand, my good fellow! don't distress yourself. Yes, my dear Bloombury, times have been hard with me heretofore; but I never was broken in spirit; and now I want nothing.

Bloombury. Many whom I have visited in their last hours have lent money to the Lord, unasked.

Coleraine. Impudent dogs!

Bloombury. I part with mine willingly: it is only a snare of Satan. Yet those who have no families have thought of me.

Coleraine. And those who have families too; for, I warrant, one of the flock (to say the least) reminded them. You are still a fine stout fellow.

Bloombury. I do not understand your lordship: I am, as the Lord made me, a sinner!

Coleraine. The deuce you are! I wish I could be! Do not groan; do not be uncomfortable; I am no worse, though I sighed a little.

Bloombury. Ah my Lord Coleraine! If you could rightly dispose of your soul and of your superfluities, then might you well exclaim, "O where is thy sting?"

Coleraine. I should not venture: he mig it me.

Bloombury. He could not; I defy him.

Coleraine. You are braver: he is one t for me: he has got me down.

Bloombury. If your lordship would take and resolve, it is not even yet too late labour of love.

Coleraine. It would be a labour indeed

Bloombury. Try, strive.

Coleraine. I am no more up to it tha to the labours of Hercules. Ah, my dear Bloombury, you are much more capable feats: I wish you joy of them: I have them farewell. I begin to think that t is a very bad world, and that everything gc in it.

Bloombury. Excellent thought! if it come earlier. We should think so all o it would prepare us for heaven. Let us from the sick room all that ever gave easiness by feeding your vices. I would the old man from you.

Coleraine. The vagabond! what! is Who let him in while I was sleeping? T off, with a vengeance, the old thief! Do with him . . I paid the rogue fifteen per

Bloombury. Be tranquillised, my lo misunderstood me. I would do as much Lordship, as my brother in Christ, the Christopher Rawbottom, a rooting man regard to your deceased brother.

Coleraine. What did he?

Bloombury. Being in prison, a sufferer fi witnesses, he begat him, as Paul begat O in his chains.

Coleraine. I don't believe it; I never whispered or hinted. My mother was different sort of woman, and would hav after a fusty old goat, tied by the leg i of the Fleet.

Bloombury. O my lord! how little accustomed to the language of the Holy Sc I speak figuratively.

Coleraine. Egad did you, Bloombury?

Bloombury. I can not bring your lor think seriously upon death.

Coleraine. Excuse me, Captain Bloomb you who think the least seriously. It is would ask him where his sting lies, and w challenge him outright.

Bloombury. My lord, if I am so unf that I can not be of use to your lordship interests, should there be remaining an matter in the temporal and personal, wh humble abilities could be serviceable t entreat you to command me . . He m who knows what he may do yet! . . It but just.

Coleraine. Have you a pencil?

Bloombury. Yes, my lord, yes . . but ink would be better . . let me run and fi

Coleraine. No, no, no.

Bloombury. O yes, my lord . . Gentlemen, pray walk in again: his lordship is most clear in his intellects . . he has a short codicil to add. I carry the ink . . Is this pen a good one? could he write legibly with it?

Physician. Perfectly. I wrote with it early in the morning.

Bloombury. My lord, the gentlemen have returned; they are waiting; here are pen, ink, and paper.

Coleraine. Favour me, Captain Bloombury; write.

Bloombury. It would not do, my lord: if the learned doctor would undertake it, your lordship might sign it . . and indeed might sign first.

Coleraine. Well, then, doctor, write; will you?

Physician. I am ready, my lord.

Coleraine.

Death! We don't halt then! march I must,
Mortally as I hate the dust.
I should have been in rare high glee
To make an April-fool of thee.*

Bloombury. Worldly-minded man! There are no hopes then!

Physician. I told you so, sir; but although he knew it, you might have spoken lower.

MARCELLUS AND HANNIBAL.

Hannibal. Could a Numidian horseman ride no faster? Marcellus! ho! Marcellus! He moves not . . he is dead. Did he not stir his fingers? Stand wide, soldiers . . wide, forty paces . . give him air . . bring water . . halt! Gather those broad leaves, and all the rest, growing under the brushwood . . unbrace his armour. Loose the helmet first . . his breast rises. I fancied his eyes were fixed on me . . they have rolled back again. Who presumed to touch my shoulder? This horse! It was surely the horse of Marcellus! Let no man mount him. Ha! ha! the Romans too sink into luxury: here is gold about the charger.

Gaulish Chieftain. Execrable thief! The golden chain of our king under a beast's grinders! The vengeance of the gods has overtaken the impure . .

Hannibal. We will talk about vengeance when we have entered Rome, and about purity among the priests, if they will hear us. Sound for the surgeon. That arrow may be extracted from the side, deep as it is . . . The conqueror of Syracuse lies before me . . . Send a vessel off to Carthage. Say Hannibal is at the gates of Rome . . . Marcellus, who stood alone between us, fallen. Brave man! I would rejoice and can not . . . How awfully serene a countenance! Such as we hear are in the islands of the Blessed. And how glorious a form and stature! Such too was theirs! They also once lay thus upon the earth wet with their blood . . few other enter there. And what plain armour!

Gaulish Chieftain. My party slew him . . indeed I think I slew him myself. I claim the chain: it belongs to my king: the glory of Gaul requires it. Never will she endure to see another take it: rather would she lose her last man. We swear! we swear!

Hannibal. My friend, the glory of Marcellus did not require him to wear it. When he suspended the arms of your brave king in the temple, he thought such a trinket unworthy of himself and of Jupiter. The shield he battered down, the breastplate he pierced with his sword, these he showed to the people and to the gods; hardly his wife and little children saw this, ere his horse wore it.

Gaulish Chieftain. Hear me, O Hannibal.

Hannibal. What! when Marcellus lies before me? when his life may perhaps be recalled? when I may lead him in triumph to Carthage? when Italy, Sicily, Greece, Asia, wait to obey me! Content thee! I will give thee mine own bridle, worth ten such.

Gaulish Chieftain. For myself?

Hannibal. For thyself.

Gaulish Chieftain. And these rubies and emeralds and that scarlet . .

Hannibal. Yes, yes.

Gaulish Chieftain. O glorious Hannibal! unconquerable hero! O my happy country! to have such an ally and defender. I swear eternal gratitude . . yes, gratitude, love, devotion, beyond eternity.

Hannibal. In all treaties we fix the time: I could hardly ask a longer. Go back to thy station . . I would see what the surgeon is about, and hear what he thinks. The life of Marcellus; the triumph of Hannibal! What else has the world in it? only Rome and Carthage. These follow.

Surgeon. Hardly an hour of life is left.

Marcellus. I must die then! The gods be praised! The commander of a Roman army is no captive.

Hannibal (to the Surgeon). Could not he bear a sea-voyage? Extract the arrow.

Surgeon. He expires that moment.

Marcellus. It pains me: extract it.

Hannibal. Marcellus, I see no expression of pain on your countenance: and never will I consent to hasten the death of an enemy in my power. Since your recovery is hopeless, you say truly you are no captive.

(To the Surgeon.) Is there nothing, man, that can assuage the mortal pain? for, suppress the signs of it as he may, he must feel it. Is there nothing to alleviate and allay it?

Marcellus. Hannibal, give me thy hand . . thou hast found it and brought it me, compassion.

(To the Surgeon.) Go, friend; others want thy aid; several fell around me.

* He died on the 1st of April, 1834.

Hannibal. Recommend to your country, O Marcellus, while time permits it, reconciliation and peace with me, informing the Senate of my superiority in force, and the impossibility of resistance. The tablet is ready: let me take off this ring . . try to write, to sign it at least. Oh what satisfaction I feel at seeing you able to rest upon the elbow, and even to smile!

Marcellus. Within an hour or less, with how severe a brow would Minos say to me, "Marcellus, is this thy writing?"

Rome loses one man: she hath lost many such, and she still hath many left.

Hannibal. Afraid as you are of falsehood, say you this? I confess in shame the ferocity of my countrymen. Unfortunately too the nearer posts are occupied by Gauls, infinitely more cruel. The Numidians are so in revenge; the Gauls both in revenge and in sport. My presence is required at a distance, and I apprehend the barbarity of one or other, learning, as they must do, your refusal to execute my wishes for the common good, and feeling that by this refusal you deprive them of their country, after so long an absence.

Marcellus. Hannibal, thou art not dying.

Hannibal. What then? What mean you?

Marcellus. That thou mayest, and very justly, have many things yet to apprehend: I can have none. The barbarity of thy soldiers is nothing to me: mine would not dare be cruel. Hannibal is forced to be absent; and his authority goes away with his horse. On this turf lies defaced the semblance of a general; but Marcellus is yet the regulator of his army. Dost thou abdicate a power conferred on thee by thy nation? Or wouldst thou acknowledge it to have become, by thy own sole fault, less plenary than thy adversary's?

I have spoken too much: let me rest: this mantle oppresses me.

Hannibal. I placed my mantle on your head when the helmet was first removed, and while you were lying in the sun. Let me fold it under, and then replace the ring.

Marcellus. Take it, Hannibal. It was given me by a poor woman who flew to me at Syracuse, and who covered it with her hair, torn off in desperation that she had no other gift to offer. Little thought I that her gift and her words should be mine. How suddenly may the most powerful be in the situation of the most helpless! Let that ring and the mantle under my head be the exchange of guests at parting. The time may come, Hannibal, when thou (and the gods alone know whether as conqueror or conquered) mayest sit under the roof of my children, and in either case it shall serve thee. In thy adverse fortune, they will remember on whose pillow their father breathed his last; in thy prosperous (heaven grant it may shine upon thee in some other country) it will rejoice thee to protect them. We feel ourselves the most exempt from affliction when we relieve it, although we are then the most conscious that it may befall us.

There is one thing here which is not at the disposal of either.

Hannibal. What?

Marcellus. This body.

Hannibal. Whither would you be lifted? Men are ready.

Marcellus. I meant not so. My strength is failing. I seem to hear rather what is within than what is without. My sight and my other senses are in confusion. I would have said, This body, when a few bubbles of air shall have left it, is no more worthy of thy notice than of mine; but thy glory will not let thee refuse it to the piety of my family.

Hannibal. You would ask something else. I perceive an inquietude not visible till now.

Marcellus. Duty and Death make us think of home sometimes.

Hannibal. Thitherward the thoughts of the conqueror and of the conquered fly together.

Marcellus. Hast thou any prisoners from my escort?

Hannibal. A few dying lie about . . and let them lie . . they are Tuscans. The remainder I saw at a distance, flying, and but one brave man among them . . he appeared a Roman . . a youth who turned back, though wounded. They surrounded and dragged him away, spurring his horse with their swords. These Etrurians measure their courage carefully, and tack it well together before they put it on, but throw it off again with lordly ease.

Marcellus, why think about them? or does aught else disquiet your thoughts?

Marcellus. I have suppressed it long enough. My son . . my beloved son.

Hannibal. Where is he? Can it be? Was he with you?

Marcellus. He would have shared my fate . . and has not. Gods of my country! beneficent throughout life to me, in death surpassingly beneficent, I render you, for the last time, thanks.

DUKE DE RICHELIEU, SIR FIREBRACE COTES, LADY GLENGRIN, AND MR. NORMANBY.

When the Duke de Richelieu had retired from office, ill health, which is usually the cause of retirement, was the consequence of it. Not that ministers ever care about loss of place; privation of dignity and emolument is nothing to them; and if they are excluded from the only area grand enough for the development of their conceptions, those are much to be pitied, although not in the least to be blamed (God forbid!) who gave the key for that purpose to some dark designer, at the instant when such conceptions had arrived at their maturity.

He went to Genoa. The narrowness and obscurity of the streets incommoded him, and eighty

stairs, which must always be mounted to reach the best apartments, were too many for an invalid. He went to Nice: the *bise* was troublesome. Here however he was amused a little at the sight of well-dressed strangers, and was not insensible of pleasure in being looked at, and in hearing his name perpetually mentioned in the same low tone of voice as he passed.

Do you doubt this weakness? Call it as you please and doubt it as you may . . it was this low tone of voice which the manly hearts of a Marius and a Cromwell panted for. Vanity and agiotage are to a Parisian the oxygen and hydrogen of life. Richelieu, as honest a man as he was an ill-requited minister, had little of the latter; of the former as much as was requisite.

There were at Nice, at the same time, Sir Firebrace Cotes, an Irish general, and the Countess of Glengrin, an Irish lady inconsolable for her husband. I do not mean the one she had just lost, but the one she feared never to have.

The general thought it his duty to pay his respects to the minister, as none in place was there, and as he had a rich uniform which he never could so well show before, and indeed had never put on. Lady Glengrin too left her card.

That is contrary to etiquette.

One among the many reasons why she did it: Confident in her beauty, for she really had been pretty in her youth, and possessing in an eminent degree that facility of reply, which, if delivered with sharpness, is called *repartee*, and claims relationship, by a left-hand connexion, with wit, she never lost an opportunity of passing into the company of distinguished personages. She was of all politics; so that when rank failed her, nobody was surprised to hear that she had headed a deputation of fishwomen at Paris. Related to one of those who preserve the peace by cocking the pistol, and the gradations of social order by trampling on their equals, she associated and assimilated with the worst in the polar circle of both vulgars.

Her petulance and liveliness amused the duke, and mostly when she talked about her country. He had not been accustomed to Irish society, though he had known some of Irish extraction, and a few born and educated in Ireland. He had found them decorous and graceful, frank, and full of humour, not much addicted to study, but respectful to those who were, until some peculiarity caught them, and they exploded in loud laughter. He considered them particularly delicate in affairs of love and friendship. One of them, suspected (as it appears most wrongfully) of many amorous intrigues, swore he never had and never would have to do with a man's wife or daughter. Richelieu admired his primitive chastity. Among his friends, however, was an elderly gentleman, who had meditated long upon the declaration, and felt certain there was some blunder in it. At supper he found it out; and when they were alone, "Faith!" said he, "Marcus, your mischief will lie then in a mighty narrow compass." Being locked up in logic, and unable to put his head through the grating, he agreed at last that the expression, to a man not very acute, might require an explanation. "I meant," said he, "a friend's; at dinner or over a bottle; for in my mind, whatever others may think, that would be very base."

"You must come among us, duke," said her ladyship.

"I must indeed," answered he.

"Sir Firebrace, you are witness to the promise."

"I am," said Sir Firebrace.

There is no person in the world upon whom idleness hangs so heavily as upon a minister of state dismissed. Reprehended for sighing when he only yawned, and ashamed of being thought to yawn when he really sighed, he accepted the invitation, on condition that he should live privately. "For," said he smiling, "your government would watch me; and I should be sorry to be under martial law in Ireland, my skin being none of the toughest, and suspicious as my character must be, both as a catholic and a minister out of place. I will be colonel . . . colonel . . . I wish I could think of some colonel among my old friends who would consent to lend me his name."

"Oh," said Lady Glengrin, "if you want a name and are resolved to be a colonel, I have one for you, now you are so good and tractable: you shall be Colonel Le Doux."

"On receiving our commissions we kiss hands,' said he; and by the gracefulness of his action, if Madame de Genlis had been present, she would have fancied herself in the Louvre some years before the last century.

They embarked. Of all the coasts in the universe of the same extent, those of France for nearly their totality in three seas, are the least beautiful, and those which the eye tires the worst upon are in the vicinity of Marseilles. When you are at sea, the hills above the town appear like little mounds which some children have been just whitewashing. Here the party was becalmed two days. The regular beating of time by the waves against the sides of the vessel; the regular creaking as she moved slowly on, heaving and nodding like some bulky churl half-asleep; the flapping of the sail against the mast; the monotonous and wearisome song (there was only one) of the sailors, who being Englishmen could neither dance nor fiddle, and had not even a monkey nor a cat among them for the strangers to joke about and play with; rendered the colonel and his companions sad and silent. Sir Firebrace was flat and smooth as a billiard-table. Lady Glengrin having no object to attack or defend, at least no person known to Le Doux, turned, as we read of scorpions, upon herself, and her features and conversation languished equally. To relieve her listlessness, she sometimes made a spring at some friend of Sir Firebrace: but alas! she really had lost her elasticity. Le Doux smiled when he should have been serious, and was serious when he should have smiled. "One would think he hardly could have been attentive, though he seemed so," said her ladyship to herself. Sir Firebrace often begged

leave to set her ladyship right upon the character of very good fellows, if she knew them thoroughly, and worthy women enough . . at least he always believed so. He never went beyond in word or thought; excepting that, if he was mistaken, as any man might be, he was certain from her goodness of heart that her ladyship would pardon him.

There was not a book belonging to the party: she asked the captain whether he had any interesting one: he brought her the log-book. Tossing it aside, "O that we had a book! though it were the Bible or the Peerage," said the countess: and observed for the first time a young man whom the duke had noticed before, and whom he had taken for a runaway barber, his beard being always close-shaven, and his linen and facè quite clean. He smiled with somewhat of concern and sarcasm. "Well, my friend," said she, "let us hear the joke."

"Really, madam," he replied, "I have no joke worth hearing."

"Favour us, at least," added she maliciously, "with the fruits of your reflection."

Sir Firebrace now began to brighten. "They might not please you, madam," replied the sailor.

"O yes they would: I insist upon having them."

"In that case, madam, there is no denial. I was thinking it strange that, of all the books in the world, you should pitch upon either of those. On the contrary, I wonder that petitions are not laid before parliament to suppress them, and signed by every person of the first distinction."

"Why so?"

"Because the one shows us their vices, and the other does worse."

"What does the other?"

"It shows us their ages."

"The fellow would be witty," said Sir Firebrace, "as all ignorant people would."

"All?" said the man submissively. "I think I have seen some too modest; but one can not judge of character in a couple of days."

"Sir Firebrace," said the captain, "you would better let that chap alone: he is too much for you and me. I have no power over him; seaman he is and a right good one; but though he lends a hand at any time, he takes nothing, not a can of grog. The lemon he puts into his water is to blame. He is the quietest and silentest man in the world, but if an oath escapes, you would fancy it was a leak, so quickly is he upon the plank. He has been a scholar not long ago, I mistrust, though he has dollars and better things in his box. As for madam, clever as she is, I would not have her fish for sting-rays."

From his calmness and self possession, Le Doux now imagined there was something in the man announcing high birth, and thought him, for an Englishman, well-bred, though satirical. He approached him; and first expressed his sorrow that a person of an appearance so prepossessing should put forth *so much strength* where homage is best becoming. "The changes in my own country, sir," added he, "make me think it probable that they may have partially occurred in others."

"Sir," said the sailor, "your observation, I perceive, is but a delicate and discreet inquiry. There is nothing romantic in my history: I never was what you call noble: I never was better than a schoolmaster in a small market-town. My education has taught me to reprove any open disrespect to the Bible. If the lady had spoken where only her equals were present, I should have gone away quietly; but sailors may be corrupted."

"Without doubt there are good things in the Bible," said Le Doux. "Bossuet has quoted it in the place about the white cemetery. Then you read Latin!"

"No, sir!"

"How! O! I forgot: you have a translation of it . . have you not? A little . . it does not quite correspond with the original?" This he spoke, not so much in his own character as in his country's. One would have supposed that he understood Greek and Hebrew, yet he did not understand a sentence even of Latin. One would have supposed that he had collated the original with the English version, yet it was by an old and obscure report that he knew of its existence.

"I was zealous for my Bible," said the sailor. "I love my country and am proud of my language: the Bible is the best thing in both. Often have I thought of those who translated it, what they were, what their fathers were, what were their friends and teachers. Sir, I would have given my life, when it was a life of hope and happiness, to make by such holy means as this book the English language known through the world. And yet my love of it has done me for a time some harm."

Le Doux was desirous of hearing what it could be: indeed there are few who are not so of hearing any harm: some from sympathy, some from malignity, some from curiosity, the rest from a wish of excitement. Lady Glengrin beckoned him away. "Favour me another time," said he to the sailor; "I am deeply penetrated."

Lady Glengrin nodded again, and asked him how he could be so ill-natured, when he had a musician with him, as not to call forth his talent. "Oracles are obscure," replied he. "Mac Arthur tells me," she rejoined, "that Michael showed him a flute, made out of a broken cane which he picked up in Genoa." "We will have a dance then, please God!" cried he. "Life is at stake, general! You and I must draw lots for the lady, since I dare not leave it to her choice, and she would not make mortal enemies." This he spoke, bowing in turn to each, appealing to her solicitously, and awaiting with deference her determination.

The proposal was sanctioned: the three stood up: the Russian was commanded to bring out his flute: the seal-skin that contained his clothes and his treasure, was unstrapped: he ran upon deck with it in his hand: but this and the other too were raised upon his head and tearing his black bear-like hair: tears ran down

his cheeks: and now for the first time after many years was heard from his lips the Russian language.

"What is the matter?" said the Swiss, his comrade, with perfect composure, to the Irish butler Mac Arthur. "The son of a . . is a woman!" answered the butler. "Did you ever hear such a soft language as she makes of her Russian?"

He had not finished when his lady, indignant at some word in the sentence, walked toward him fiercely from behind, and seizing him by the collar, gave him a hearty kick in the bull's eye of the pantaloon, with "I will teach you decency, you reptile!" He retired and sat down by a sailor, who asked him in the universal silence that had succeeded, "Pat, how do you like the new fashion of sharp-toed shoes?"

"Sir," answered he, "I would have you to know, my name is not Pat nor anything like it, but Agrippa Mac Arthur."

"No offence, I hope, Mr. Agrippa Mac Arthur. It would have been uncharitable and unchristian-like, if I could have seen such a sad mischance befall a fellow-creature, and hold my tongue upon it. Suppose you try a pickled herring while the hurt is fresh: a rare thing to bring out the fire that flies from a witch's toe-nail!"

Agrippa was consoled by friendship. "No, thank you," replied he; "she shall never have the satisfaction of seeing it." And then whispered in the sailor's ear, "What a marksman the vixen is!"

We must now endure the griefs and tribulations of the poor Russian whose flute was broken.

"Can not you repair it, Michael?" said Le Doux, humanely.

"Saint Nicolas could not!" answered he, with a sigh from the bottom of his heart. And he mused himself as rapidly as possible, that his contrition might be observed by the saint at the first glance after the derogatory words, and before they could well be written down against him.

"What is all this blubbering about?" said the Captain to Le Doux.

"My servant Michael has broken his flute," answered he, "and the poor fellow is inconsolable. Indeed we could have danced if we had it; the loss is no trifling one to any of us, and heavy to him who made the instrument."

"He made it!" cried the captain incredulously.

"Yes," said Le Doux, "I saw him cutting the cane, now I remember."

"Why then, sir," replied the captain, "he could make such another out of this sugar-stick: let him try his hand."

Joy played upon deck like the sun. Even Lady Glengrin grew calm, and said to Le Doux, "Those cursed Irish must be treated like dogs, colonel. I hope nevertheless you will excuse my anger."

"Madam," said he, dissembling that he had seen the *voie de fait*, "if you were angry at the accident, I do assure you, your servant was not in fault. Renault slept upon it (as I saw) last night, and perhaps cracked it. I would not tell Michael, to make the man more uneasy, and turn friends into enemies."

"But that fellow's impudence, my butler's."

"He has been sitting among the sailors, and if indeed he laughed a little, Michael did not see him probably, and I do assure you, if he had, poor Michael is a good creature. They will live again in harmony."

Her ladyship was persuaded that the castigation she had given was unobserved. The flute was made: paniers of grapes and peaches stood ready for any of the three who might be thirsty from the dance: and there was a cask containing the wines of Lunel in bottles, covered over with wet leaves and sail-cloth. In the whole ship there was but one rueful face. An old seaman, whose arms and breast had various marks upon them punctured and inlaid with gunpowder, and whose back too bore sundry transverse white stripes, probably from his mother having dreamt of a zebra, was very officious in keeping the leaves and sail-cloth wet. At last he crept away, and whispered to the messmate in whom he placed the most confidence: "Things may happen beyond our reckoning. I have known many such, and have heard of more; but none like this. The Heela has passed us in the night! Captain Parry has been aboard! As I am a Christian, there is ice among the bottles!" Le Doux had ordered a small provision of it, enough for a day or two, and this was only the morning of the second; and Renault had exerted his utmost skill in preserving and preparing it below.

The biblical sailor was much amused at seeing the colonel, who left him an hour before so "deeply penetrated," dance delightfully. After a few compliments to his partner, who was incommoded by the sea and went to lie down, he returned with a countenance full of interest, just as when "life was at stake."

"I have always heard the Bible," said he, "called a very dangerous book in the hands of the laity, and I am most anxious to know what was the peculiar harm it did you."

"Thomas Paine," answered the sailor, "had written something against it. I had not read this, nor thought of reading it, when I saw in a gazette which I took weekly the advertisement of an *Apology* for it. *An Apology for the Bible!* and by a *bishop!* The word in Greek, I am informed, does not convey the same idea as with us: but I knew nothing of Greek, and was shocked at what I thought an intimation that the book of life required an excuse. I bought it, together with the strictures which provoked it. The fierceness and effrontery of the one, the smooth insincerity and flat yewberry sweetness of the other, equally disgusted me. I had only a single shelf for my books, in all about forty-five or fifty, and never did I think it necessary to conceal one. A neighbour asked me what I thought of these: I answered that I would rather have Paine's pen than Watson's crosier. He entreated me to lend him the volume.

Unwilling to propagate the seeds of scepticism, I said, 'I am sorry I can not; I have lent it.' This deliberate and cowardly falsehood brought its punishment. I never had refused a book to an acquaintance, or anything else in my house, and until that moment I had always thought myself as incapable of a falsehood as a denial. In most of our towns and villages the system had now commenced of that which you Frenchmen call *espionage:* we had no name for it, and have none yet. Before the war, we were somewhat different from other nations. This convulsion of Europe joined, morally speaking, the island to the continent. We then began to talk a language we had never learnt or heard; we had *aristocrat* and *democrat;* and, what is worse, our aristocrats and democrats were just like yours."

Le Doux bowed and smiled.

"I am afraid I have said an uncivil thing," continued the sailor, "and I beg pardon. Injuries in one respect hurt the memory; that is, by contracting it to the narrow point they spring from."

"My friend," said Le Doux, placing his hand with gentleness under the elbow of the apologist, "I have as little reason to be pleased with either of these parties as you have. Continue."

"The story, that my shelf was filled with profane and seditious and indecent books, became current in the parish. My scholars were taken away from me; even those who came upon the charity, disappeared. Parents who had known me from my childhood, visited me now only to obtain a glance at my library. They found no other work of ill repute than Paine's, which from a sense of honour and openness I had replaced. Nevertheless all who were in business were threatened with the loss of it unless they removed their children from my tuition; others removed them, as they declared to me, that they might not quarrel with their customers; 'for they loved,' they said, 'peace and quiet.' Elias Halliday, that friend who had asked me for the *Age of Reason*, went to the Reverend Mr. Chisholm, now curate to his father; and he, immediately on the intelligence, drew on his boots and came to me.

"'Mr. Christopher Normanby,' said he, 'I never thought you taught lads blasphemy and sedition.'

"'Sir,' answered I, quietly, 'you, being our spiritual guide, should have inquired into it; for the report I have reason to believe is a fortnight old!'

"'A damned pretty fellow!' said he, striking his spur with a switch. 'Well, I must be back to the glebe.'

"Mr. Chisholm was never my friend, from the strangest of motives; from possessing what he thought should have been mine. The rectory was presented to his father by Lord Sandyhurst, who resides in another part of the county, and to whom that gentleman was steward. He had been an attorney: but, for some wrong erasure, which he made perhaps by candle-light, he was induced to abandon his profession. My father was educated at the expense of the late lord, for having saved his son from drowning in the Trent, and not only was indebted for his education to that worthy peer, but for a legacy of five hundred pounds, bequeathed to him in his last words almost. Never was there a tenderer heart, a humbler soul, than my father's. At Oxford he had made great progress in the mathematics, which brought him many enemies, that study being in his time much discouraged there. He was suspected to be a good classical scholar, but his shyness would not let it appear: those who knew him best were not certain of it, for they could judge only from what they saw at lecture, and to those who knew him little there appeared to be a proof to the contrary. When he was about to take his degree, in order that he might be inducted to the rectory of Sandyhurst, one of the examining masters was resolved to pluck him."

"A very uncivil interruption!" said Le Doux. "Are the masters themselves so rude?"

"You do not understand the term, sir: you do not know perhaps that any single master can prevent a person from taking a degree. A student a year older than my father, and in competition with whom he had carried off a college-prize, discouraged him so at the examination that he lost his degree. He returned into the country, and told his young patron (for the father was lately dead) what had happened.

"'Pooh, Kit,' cried he, patting him on the shoulder, 'go to Glasgow, man! Jim Towne, my farrier, was made a doctor there in the twinkling of an eye: the rascal was starving on horse-flesh. At present, by a good intelligence with the resurrection-men, he holds up his head like a heron half-a-wing from the marsh, and looks askance in your face fiercer than a caught polecat, as he passes.'

"'My lord,' answered my father, 'their church is different from ours.'

"'Go to Cambridge then. My word for it, with your figures and two little straight lines betwixt, they will send you back nicked and cropped and spruce enough for the deanery of Durham. Remember, the rectory is a good eighty a-year . . . by the bye, would you like the perpetual advowson? At the end of the twelvemonth you have five hundred, you know, and we can sign and seal thereupon . . aye, Kit?'

"'It would be simoniacal,' answered my father.

"'Simoniacal!' repeated the peer with grave mimicry. 'The word itself in any man's mouth is enough to make him a hypocrite for life. A sand-boy, who does not know the meaning of it, has only to say it, and it turns him into a pick-pocket or swindler. Why, thou cursed fool! simony is everything in form and nothing in fact. Is there a Father in God upon the bench that has not committed it, if you put the thing in place of the letter?'

"My father's health declined. 'I tell you what, young man! unless you take a wife it is all

over with you,' said the doctor. My father could no more take a wife than he could take a city: he was acquainted with no young woman: he declared it. 'Egad, I thought as much,' cried the doctor: looking at him, nevertheless, as he would have done at an ibis or crocodile just unboxed. 'We will remedy that too: the drug is as easily found as buckthorn.'

"Doctor Broom had been surgeon to a ship in the fleet under Rodney, and was the intimate friend of his captain, who, after being in constant service for fifty years, was made an admiral, and, as they call it, *laid on the shelf*. To kill time, when he had nothing else to kill, he married a bar-maid at Torquay. They both drank hard, and were so affectionate a couple that one did not survive the other above a twelvemonth. They left an infant daughter, ill provided for: the doctor took it, and sent it to school. She was now sixteen: he rode over for her, and told her she must come and help him. His garden joined my father's; and he thought of hedges as lawyers think of laws. 'I have no notion of a hedge,' said he, 'without a gap in it:' his boots were thick, he was strong and corpulent, he soon made one. 'Have a care!' said he, 'grasp my coat-pocket! mind the onion-sauce!' He arrived at my father's with his ward, holding a dish in her two hands, and cried, 'Kit, my hearty dog, hast any appetite for a young rabbit, clean as a penny, out of my own cub, fed upon bran and sowthistle, and smothered in onions?'

"My father thanked with much courtesy his kind friend, and really felt a good appetite.

"'If this young lady and yourself will favour me.'

"'Not she, nor I either: we have just eaten the fellow to it.'

"'Miss will at least sit down.'

"'No, thank you, sir: I must go.'

"'Who told you that?' cried the doctor, glancing his eye athwart the back of his chair. She looked out of the window, and answered 'She did not know.'

"'Sit down then,' cried her guardian, in the same authoritative tone as before. She was walking toward the only vacant seat, one with a wooden bottom, when my father (an absent man on many occasions) rose hastily, and placed his, which had his pillow upon it, before her.

"'O no, sir!'

"'I beg and entreat you will, miss!'

"'O no!'

"He took her gently by the arm, soft as a flower, and the coolness of it refreshed him to the heart. He seated her: he spoke to her: only that he might stand near her. Was he then so feeble that he could not be heard across a chamber of fourteen feet by twelve?

"When he wanted me to marry, he told me the tale, and added, 'Christopher, there is no such preservative against vice as the recollection of these events. I do believe that beauty, in its early innocence, has something of what, for want of a better and more definite name, we call etherial; something pure and rapid, something that stands impassibly between us and evil, and holds our little world from ruin and corruption; something that unites us here in love and amity, inasmuch as what is mortal can be united, and converts us at last to itself in fulness and perfection.'"

Le Doux heard the sailor with wonder, and looked at his rigid throat, his reddened breast, his hands covered with wiry and inverted hair.

"I am at home again," said he, "I am with my father, and talk freely. If you are tired of me, leave me."

"My friend," said Le Doux, "I hear you with interest: pray proceed."

"Alice hardly ever would enter the bedchamber again, but she was fond of walking in the garden, steep as it was and short and narrow, and containing but one cherry-tree, some gooseberry-bushes, and a Virginian sumach that darkened the casement of the lower room. My father must go down and talk to his little maid.

"'Go,' said the doctor, 'I get fond of reading, and you have a power of books here.'

"Alice had been long below: she must now go and see what her guardian was doing: he might want her. She tripped up stairs: my father stopped breathless in the middle. 'Are you coming too, Mr. Normanby? come then. What is the matter? are you tired, you sly romp?' . . for he had thrown a gooseberry at her bonnet . .

"'No, little Alice, the only fault of this house is, that the staircase wants air.'

"'What! with the door wide open and the windows too, and only the twenty-fourth of May? Indeed, Mr. Normanby, I cannot but think you are a very discontented man: you always want something.'

"'Who makes that noise there?' cried the doctor. Alice ran down, and found in her turn an inconvenience in the staircase to complain of. If my father had not caught her, who knows what might have happened! It was providential.

"'Alice,' said my father a few days afterward, 'I have often seen you eating my gooseberries and cherries, and what is worse, before they are half grown.'

"'It is very true,' replied she blushing, 'but I protest it was not in malice, and that whenever I caught myself doing it, I stopped.'

"'You must pay me.'

"'How can I? I have only a sampler.'

"'I will have that then.'

"She ran like a greyhound through the gap and brought it. It was neatly worked.

"'Really, Alice, these letters are formed divinely.'

"'Some of them,' said she, 'are better than others.'

"'I cannot see that,' said my father.

"'O yes they are: but what do you men know about work?'

"'Come, my little Alice, show me now the best.'

"She looked over them, and sometimes drew one straiter, and sometimes another, across her fore-finger.

"'They are not much amiss,' said she.

"'But show me the difference.'

"'I think the N is rather better than those on each side.'

"'O you deserve a coronet for such a present,' cried my father, seeing her embarrassment, and, running before her that he might not suspect he saw it, leaped up at a flower on the sumach. She laughed that he had missed it, and leaped at it too; nor was it at the first attempt that she reached it, nor without help.

"'Alice,' said the doctor one afternoon, 'you sit working all the day, and work worse than ever; where is your sampler, child? What do you colour at?'

"'I thought I might give it, sir, to Mr. Normanby; I took so much of his fruit whenever I went there.'

"'Alice,' said he, 'you are seventeen the first of October: I cannot treat you with green gooseberries and pale cherries, but the grapes against the kitchen chimney will soon be ripe, and I have such a rarity for you, as you never saw in your life-time.'

"'O dear, sir, do not think of it! and you have patients in the fever who care more about grapes.'

"'I have one indeed who has such a fever on him, he would play the devil with the best fruit at table, and have it all to himself.'

"'Let him have it, my dear sir.'

"'So I will.'

"Alice ran and kissed the doctor. 'Poor Kit!' cried he. Alice, in the act of starting back, had fainted in his arms. 'Why! how now, girl! art in love with *me!* 'sblood? I'll bring thee to thyself again.' He had no more scruple with her than a child has with a doll, and his remedies were within reach. 'Simpleton! whined he in derision, when she began to recover, 'he has just as much of a fever as you have.'

"Sir, it is time I should stop," said the sailor: "I am relating these things of my mother, just as if she had been an heiress of a thousand a-year, had lived in a turret and run along a corridor from her birth, had married a marquis, and had been presented at court."

"She was a pretty girl, I am persuaded," said Le Doux, "and we will suppose in her favour that she had those advantages. Go on, Mr. Normanby; there is little to add, I fancy."

"'If,' said the doctor, 'he should have a small matter of ailment, which by neglect is one that might grow violent, would you sit by him?'

"'Willingly.'

"'All day long?'

"'All night too. I have a good deal of courage when nobody frightens me.'

"'And quite alone? you timid thing! Remember how you shrieked when the kitten the other evening purred and rubbed against your legs. Could you stay quite alone?'

"'Quite.'

"'Whether he slept or woke?'

"'I would pray God he might sleep, and would make no noise.'

"The doctor at this burst into what he called a horse-laugh. 'Come now,' said he, 'you are a good girl, and I will show you the curiosity I mentioned.'

"He walked to my father's with her, and found him pruning his cherry-tree: he stepped down joyously and ran toward them. 'Have you done?' asked the doctor. On the affirmative, 'Give me the pruning-knife, then: it is a shame to see that thief of a sumach getting in at the window.'

"'O my dear sir!' cried Alice, 'show me the curiosity. Mr. Normanby, I never saw that pruning-knife . . do let me see it.'

"My father placed his back against the sumach, looked tenderly and anxiously at Alice, shut the knife, gave it to her, and whispered, 'Don't let him!'

"'I will disappoint you, my dear guardian, in your pruning, for frightening me.'

"'What frightened you, Alice?' said my father, looking with great solicitude.

"'He knows,' said Alice, shaking her head.

"'And Normanby shall know too, deceitful whisperer!'

"'O dear, dear sir, don't let him!'

"'A truce with pruning,' said the doctor, 'I have other things to do. And now for the curiosity.'

"'I know what you mean,' said my father: 'several boys were after it.'

"'And will be, if I don't secure it,' said the doctor.

"'It was late, I suppose,' said my father, 'for that sort of butterfly; yet it was only a butterfly after all.'

"'O, foul-mouthed fellow!' cried the doctor.

"'Really, I never troubled my head about such trifles,' replied my father in vindication.

"'Here is the curiosity! Come and take it, Alice. A man who can hardly live a day without you, and dares not say he loves you.'"

Le Doux. And you are the only fruit of this marriage?

Normanby. A rough-flavoured and worthless one! I had a sister, three years younger than myself, whose birth caused the death of my mother.

Le Doux. Whom you do not remember then.

Normanby. I do, and well. I have before me her clear colourless face, which I have heard was always so; her blue quiet eyes, which she turned on me when I ran out of my bed the morning before her death, hearing her sigh and ask about me. The infant was born weakly, and my mother being weaklier still, it was recommended to find another nurse for it. "The child is mine," exclaimed she in desperation, "she shall not have two mothers."

"And would you rather she should have none, my blessed Alice?"

"I know not, my Normanby. God protect her!"

God did; and, when the parent could not hear her, took her.

Soon after the marriage, Lord Sandyhurst pressed my father a second time to enter on the living, which he remarked was holden in trust for him; "or if you do not like it," said his lordship, before any reply could be given, "you shall have the charity-school instead: it is worth as much within a trifle, and there are no quarrels or trouble about tithes: added to which the house is kept in repair by the trustees." My father thanked him, and accepted the school. Five hundred pounds were paid by his lordship's house-steward, and Mr. Chisholm, the land-steward, became rector impropriator of Sandyhurst, the bishop having ordained him at the recommendation of his patron, and every necessary preliminary having been legally observed. He was soon appointed his lordship's chaplain, and within the year was doctor of laws. People found that they had been much mistaken in his character. He was a pious, humane, and liberal man; so averse from litigation that no wonder he had not succeeded as a lawyer! He visited the farmers separately; told them he would leave all questions to their discretion and goodness; that they might give him a tenth or a twentieth, as they pleased. Some indeed had pretended, while he was agent, that they from time immemorial had paid a modus or composition: he smiled at that, and said he should be truly sorry to prove the contrary.

"Come," said he to the richest of the tenants, whom he had always favoured most, "what have you paid me?"

"Don't you remember, doctor, you never took more than forty-two shillings, saying that forty-five was too much."

"We must give and take," said the rector, "like good Christians. You shall pay me forty-eight for fourteen years, or during your residence and your son's, and here are two ten-pound bank-notes."

"A bargain!" exclaimed the farmer.

The rest sent him chickens and ducks; and, finding him wary, said plainly, they did not see why one neighbour was more neighbour than another. He declared that he would encourage the civil and industrious; and he would see who was grateful before he carried his liberality much further. They brought him their waste paper; such they called the old receipts; he altered (it was said) such figures as were changed the easiest, and laid them by. In the new agreements those who had large families paid less, those who had none or smaller paid more. Lord Sandyhurst, at the recommendation of his new steward, went over to the estate. The steward was of opinion that it could be doubled: the tenants were ejected. The good rector received them like a father, and consoled them. They lent him their teams, they sold him the manure, they would rather give it to him than leave it on the ground. The steward and a surveyor recommended an enclosure of the common and the warren. The doctor would not oppose any plan conducive to the public good, and would be contented for his share to accept the worst part of the common and the poor barren warren, rather than have litigations about tithes. He gave notice however, that for the future he should take them in kind, until the commissioners had made their award. Lord Sandyhurst threatened to litigate: the rector would feel the deepest sorrow at any such thing, and would refer the matter to arbitration: nay, his lordship should appoint both arbiters. Blight and another, who came by accident to visit him, were nominated: Chisholm submitted: he had given his word. On the return of the arbiters they were very melancholic.

"Well, what have you done with him?" said his lordship: they shook their heads. The commissioners, who were neighbours, had left the tithes as they found them: Dr. Chisholm had consented to exchange a part of his glebe for only half the common, and that nuisance which in its present state brought so many foxes about it, the warren.

"He must have seen your lordship's receipts and other papers."

"Surely: he was my steward you know."

"He should not have taken advantage of his knowledge, if indeed he did; in other respects nobody could have acted more liberally. His warmest wish was the harmony of the parish."

"A lawyer turned parson," cried Lord Sandyhurst, "has the devil by both horns, and can dance him about as he pleases: however I will eat him up with my game."

"My lord," said one of them, "I am sorry to inform you, he has a right of free warren, which is dependent on the warrener's house. He showed us the document."

"I myself gave him with my own hands that long musty scroll about the warren, to prove the extent and show him his advantages. The rogue said my word was enough, and would hardly throw his eyes over the parchment: I observed that his horse was frightened at it, and went off at full speed."

My father heard these particulars, and thanked God that his lordship had relieved him from such heart-burnings and such imputations.

"A pretty thing to thank God for!" said Dr. Broom, "you might have netted a third of what Chisholm does, and have been deemed an honest man. You have now only your school and your five hundred."

The school he had: the five hundred he never had. Dr. Broom, of his own accord, went to remind the peer that Mr. Normanby of the school had a small matter left by his lordship's worthy father.

"He did say something about five hundred, but he was light-headed in a manner, as you must remember, Broom; and besides I gave Normanby the school. If he had not been the greatest booby in the universe, he might have been rector of Sandyhurst, and kept his carriage."

"My lord, it is easier in our days for a man to keep his carriage than his word I find."

"I shall not ask you what you mean, my friend Broom, but you shall presently see what I mean."

He walked away, and returned with a horsewhip. Broom, outrageous at the indignity, forgot that he was by thirty years the older man, and, running at him, knocked him down.

Le Doux. A peer of parliament! that is grave! . . Normanby did not attend to the observation, but went on. "Such, sir, is the custom of our country, that, a man once down is sacred."

Le Doux. You are the strangest people in the world! the very opposite of the rest!

Normanby. His lordship rose, and, casting aside the whip, became the pugilist, and, not without a long and doubtful contest, threw his adversary. "Do you know who keeps his word now?" cried he. "Who is the best man now?"

"The greatest rascal, I must needs confess it," cried the doctor; "but every dog has his day."

As the late peer had no other child, and was a widower, he made no will: the bequest was verbal. My father could never be induced to apply for the money, and indeed (what he did not know) Lord Sandyhurst swore he never would pay it, lest he should seem to have been bullied out of it. Broom, thinking that he by his rashness had been the cause of this resolution, lost his admirable flow of spirits, gave up his gun, sat and mused with my parents, whom, he told them, he had ruined, went late to bed, and some say indulged in mild ale. His health, however, did not visibly decline. What then was the astonishment and consternation of his friends, when Phineas, who had taken his boots to his bedside, found him dead from apoplexy! No work was done in the town that day. He left the little he possessed to my mother and her children, trusting that she would take care of his two servants, who had lived with him all their lives. It amounted to a few hundred pounds, for the tenement was not his own, and he always had been generous. My mother wept over him as over a father; she had known no other: my father as over a friend; no other had he known. They found a better place for their maid, and took his domestics into their house.

My mother followed to the grave her parental guardian before she had completed her twenty-second year. My father lived till I was almost of age. The loss of his companion, of whom he talked to me every day from my sixteenth year, shortened his innocent and useful life. In my earlier boyhood I do not think he ever mentioned her. "Christopher," said he on his death-bed, "I have borne up more manfully than you are aware of. You are now old enough to keep the school; and see here the kindness of our patron."

Lord Sandyhurst, at the entreaty of the parish, had been prevailed on to appoint me to the place of master, vacant by reason of my father's ill health.

"The day is sultry," said he, "open the casement. I have kept my bed three weeks. Look out, and see whether the sumach is in flower: it ought to be, or near it."

"There is one."

"Go down and cut it, and bring it me . . Stop a moment . . Yes, I must have it, Christopher."

I ran down and brought it to him. "How sweet it is!" said he, laying it on his face, and smiling as if refreshed by it.

"Father," said I, smiling too; for he seemed much better; "I did not know that there was any sweet scent in the sumach;" and would have taken it to smell. One breath shook its feathery flower. It was his last.

. . The colonel pressed the hand of the mariner; for there are workings of the heart that cast down all distinctions.

Le Doux. Lord Sandyhurst, I am afraid, can have but a very bad heart.

Normanby. I am unwilling to suppose that his heart is a very bad one; which would be a heavy accusation; since every man who has received the rudiments of culture, is in great measure the framer of his own. I am more inclined to believe that there is something in his brain defective or amiss; an evil which no man can remedy or control.

Le Doux. Why do you think so? What you have related is no proof or sign of it, but shows rather that sort of brain which most people have, and which they call the soundest.

Normanby. My reason for thinking as I do, is this. When his maternal uncle died, who was doatingly fond of him, and at whose house he had passed the greater part of his boyhood and his youth, he received the congratulations of his acquaintance on his increase of fortune.

Le Doux. Surely: ought he then to exclude them?

Normanby. I should have said, if it had not seemed malicious, that he received their congratulations with pleasure and satisfaction.

Le Doux. He inherited as much as he expected, did he not?

Normanby. I imagine so; every one knew that Mr. Eward spent his whole income; but the land was unencumbered by debt, and worth about four thousand a-year.

Le Doux. Well then! he might fairly rejoice at coming into possession.

Normanby. Good God! into what possession did he come which was not his more amply and more delightfully before! He gained nothing: he lost the hand that gave him it, the heart that welcomed him to it, the voice that cheered him in his use of it, the dispenser that kept it for his sake, the friend in whose conviviality and converse he could and did enjoy it. On what account do the wise and frugal, on what account do even the idlest and most unthinking, wish for property?

Le Doux. To spend it among their friends.

Normanby. Are then those who plunder them at the gaming-table, those who sell them an unsound horse or such as they themselves are afraid

to ride, those who recommend to them a cast mistress or a cashiered steward, those who, seeing them in sickness, call them in their tenderest mood *poor devils*, and whose most anxious inquiry is, *what! alive still?* . . are those the friends that a rational soul should prefer to the guardian of his infancy, the director of his adolescence, the crowner of his energies at the goal of manhood, whose eye stiffened on his harder features (and did not find them so) ere it closed in death! Men have been the richer, but no man, thinking as he ought, ever inherited a *fortune* from parent or from friend. What mine produces them! what labour can acquire them! what regret can recover them once lost! and shall the only thing worthless that they leave behind compensate us!

Le Doux. My good friend, you did not find any great difference in your fortune, or else perhaps . . .

Normanby. Go on, sir! . . Then let me. I possessed so few things that every one of them gave me a distinct sensation, and a painful one, reminding me of him who had left them. In this alone had I to regret the humbleness of my condition. The regret was, however, of such a nature that by degrees I placed myself in its way voluntarily, and even went after it above stairs and below. When I had nothing else remaining to look at, I looked at the knots in the deal unpainted door, and conned over one of my early lessons on the cause of their transparency in the sunshine.

Le Doux. If we retain these weaknesses too long, we are good for little.

Normanby. True; and if we never have them, we are good for nothing. Neither our weaknesses nor our strength should come into play incessantly. Both were given us wisely; which I should say, even if I could think of no other purpose than the necessity of moderating them.

Le Doux. I do not think, my honest friend, a man like you could reasonably be suspected of disloyalty or irreligion.

Normanby. And if you did think it, sir, my mind would be the same. I have opened my heart to you because it is long since I have seen a countenance I like so well, and because it is a pleasure to be heard attentively.

Le Doux. Pity! that your father did not teach you the languages he had acquired.

Normanby. He taught me gardening and geometry, which, he used to tell me playfully, are the washing and clear-starching of the mind, while other things for the most part he considered as the rags or ruffles. When I had acquired from him the elements of Latin, he said to me that I was now able to teach as much as was enjoined by the statutes; and that if ever I had leisure I might extend my knowledge. After a pause, he added that he had seen some who had gained nothing from the classics but the right (as they imagined) of repining, when they found those who had made no greater progress in them, raised to vicarages and rectories, and even higher; and that he would rather leave to me a moderate sustenance than a defective and fallacious title to one more plentiful.

Le Doux. I am charmed at his just views of society, which many men, less prudent than yourself, might turn away from. I must make you better known to my fellow-passengers.

Normanby. Sir, I beg you will not bring them hither.

Le Doux. Have they offended you past forgiveness?

Normanby. They have never offended me at all; but my heart closes at them; as there are some flowers which, without being delicate, close against insects.

Le Doux. I ought to be much flattered at your reception of me.

Normanby. Flattered! no, sir. That is a phrase of your country, and fit for it: let me hear it again, and we converse no longer.

Le Doux. A phrase has lost many a man a friend: I will be more cautious in future. I have listened with due attention to your father's history, and now am anxious to hear the rest of yours, which you abandoned as soon almost as you began.

Normanby. The ashes were hot underfoot. I flew from myself to my father: my wrongs rose up before me. I have now again lost sight of them, partly by the memory of that saintly man, and partly by your encouragement and compassion. Yes, sir, I am like a child who runs behind its parent, a child little used to be caressed and fondled, when at last a stranger bids it come and sit beside him, and is ready and well-pleased to listen to the idle rill of its discourse.

I was pained excessively at the fathers of my boys refusing to visit or receive me; some because they had been so much mistaken in me, and others because, as they said, it really would hurt them. My grief was intolerable when the boys themselves, who had revered and loved me, hissed me on my way home from church, calling me atheist, jacobin, and regicide. I had taught them to love their neighbour, and had never seen in them anything cruel or unkind. Several of them, on my father's decease, said anxiously to me, "And what shall we do if we lose *you?*" awaiting my answer in tears. Mr. Chisholm, who had been present at their altered conduct, came up to me just as I was entering my door, and said he hoped what I had heard would be a warning to me. As I returned no answer, but invited him to walk in, "O your humble servant! many thanks; is it come to this! It is well for you that there are no press-gangs up the country: they would teach you loyalty at the mast."

Never had I thought to receive a hint out of church from Mr. Chisholm, of which I should be likely to make any use in my conduct. Another aided him unconsciously. Phineas Pooley, my old servant, placed the roast veal upon the table, and asked me whether I was satisfied with him and Martha, as my parents and Dr. Broom had been.

"Yes, my good Phineas, perfectly."

"Then, sir," said he, "I shall be sorry (God forgive me!) to leave you, though you are now become an enemy to God and man."

"Leave me? Phineas!"

"Both of us. We have places for life in the county hospital: we are fitted for the work, and ready to go when you can spare us."

"Dear honest Phineas! who persuaded you?"

"No matter: there are good who were thought bad, and bad who were thought good."

"What evil have you ever seen in me, Phineas?"

"None, sir; unhappily."

"How!"

"We can not see the heart."

"Ah then, Phineas, you are in the right to leave me. If you have not yet been able to see my heart, I am to the full as bad a man as anyone would represent me."

"You have been kind to me, as I told them, in sickness and in health, and never said a cross word to either of us. '*Nor did the Tempter to Eve*,' was the reply for this, '*nor again on the exceeding high mountain*.' At these words, master, I felt how little I was of a scholar (though I heard them a hundred times) and how entirely in the snares of Sin and Death."

Le Doux. There have been people worse treated than you have been, Mr. Normanby, but none more undeservedly. The civility due to your fair countrywoman does not suspend my interest in your recital, yet it obliges me to make inquiries, and, if she is awake, to receive her commands. You will allow me to join you again: you will acknowledge an old acquaintance?

Normanby. At any time, and with pleasure.

The colonel found Lady Glengrin just waking. She hoped he would by degrees be fitted for the society it would be his destiny to find in Ireland: and some other such pleasantries passed, which were commented on and explained by Sir Firebrace. They spent together the whole evening. Two of the party never rose before noon: Le Doux was of opinion that the only thing tolerable at sea was the rising sun, and always was prepared to greet it.

Does anyone remember (ah! who does not remember?) the first time he ever saw myrtles in blossom on the bleak heath, where they spread the most widely and bloom the most profusely? Does he remember the jolts and jerks, the sands and sudden stops, among the poor cultivation just before he reached them? How gladly folded he his arms upon his breast and drew the pure air from amid their starry stillness! Not unlike his feeling was the feeling of Le Doux. He had noticed for the first time a neglected plant, capable of becoming the ornament (if chance had placed it there) of domestic life in an unthrifty station. He had lived, it is true, among the Russians; but they present no variety; there is a Tartar flat along the whole people. Potemkin and Orloff differed from cooks and porters only in strength of limb, the pedestal of their greatness.

Uniforms and diamond rings are useful, since without them I should often have forgotten the personages I conversed with, and have ordered them to bring me a glass of water and a biscuit. Resolute to avoid peculiarity, and to conquer that abstraction which is called *absence*, it hardly ever has been my failing unless in the company of such people; and I have usually felt a listlessness to amend, or even to apologise for, my fault.

Normanby saw the head of Le Doux mounting from the cabin, and saluted him. The conversation was on various subjects, light and uninteresting. Both felt it. "Come, Mr. Normanby," said Le Doux, "I am still your persecutor; I hope your last. Let us take our old places, and then to Phineas again and the exceeding high mountain."

Normanby smiled and continued.

"Determined to sell my furniture and leave the country, I gave notice of my intention, and sent for the auctioneer, a civil man. He said he owed me no ill-will, and would do as much by me as by another. Looking over the volumes, of which about eight were Greek authors, and fewer Latin, he found hardly anything else than our old English divines. As you have acquired our language, and as these contain three-fourths of what is excellent in it, you must have read them, and must know thoroughly those I am about to mention."

Le Doux bowed, and left no doubt whatever on the mind of Normanby, who thus reported to him the discourse of Edgeware the auctioneer.

"'These fetch nothing, Mr. Normanby, I do assure you. Let us see . . *Lucas on Holiness*, *Lucas on Happiness*. Lord help us! we have newer things on them by years and years, living as we do in an age of discovery. *Leighton's Sermons*. The style seems mighty low and wretched.'

"'It was once a good one,' I answered, 'and will be again when we are fit for it. But crooked thoughts are to be supported by stiff sentences. Let no writer be solicitous of Fame; she is more uncertain and more blind than Fortune; let them do for the best and be prepared for the worst. There are few readers and indeed few critics (we must call men by the names they assume) who tolerate Leighton.'

"'Why, Mr. Normanby, you talk like your father,' said the auctioneer.

"'I believe, Mr. Edgeware,' said I, 'they are his very words. He used to call the book his milk and honey, and said that if Leighton had lived in the time of Christ, he doubted whether John would have been the disciple best beloved. He sighed, I remember, as he added, taking me aside by the sleeve, although we were alone, 'We are nothing now but sounding-board and cushion.'"

"'*Taylor . . Barrow . .* '"

"'Stop, Mr. Edgeware,' cried I, 'do not throw those aside so carelessly. My father, who knew the ancients intimately, said, "Kit, that couple are worth all their philosophers put together, and would be though they all were Christians. Plato and Xenophon, as men of thought and wisdom,

might walk without brushing their skirts between these two covers," striking his hand on a volume of Barrow.'

"'May be,' interposed the auctioneer; 'but this Doctor Hugh Blair, with his noble cassock and five-guinea wig, close, trim, and hard, as the feathers round an owlet's eye, outsells him twenty to one. What did your father say of him?'

"'That he was a comely man, a well-conditioned Christian, and fair writer; but that he was so unfriendly to what he called involutions and parentheses, and so fond of straightness and uniformity, that he would straighten a fish-hook, and prefer a file of pins in smooth stiff blue paper, to a diamond crescent with its knobs and bends, among a set of such riotous curls as it can not keep in order and subjection.'

"'The expression is nobler,' replied the auctioneer, 'but the matter is not unlike in the main what I heard from Squire Prew, to whom I knocked down a copy last year. "It comes cheap," said he, "and I know who wants one, or I would never have bought it. I have read the doctor once; and what such a genius says once is quite enough. He is indeed a neat handy sort of a person; but he washes his butter so, and in such saltless water, that one can not tell whether it is butter or bear-grease. First, he would persuade you that verse has nothing to do with poetry; then that Ossian wrote what M'Pherson fabricated. When you have swallowed this, he thinks you drunk enough to believe it is excellent, carries you across his shoulders to bed, and whispers *Well, God bless you!* that is, if you lie quiet, and believe you have found a treasure worth more than Homer and Milton.'" 'I made bold to answer; "then, Mr. Prew, you doubt these battles of the *car-borne* . . " "Hearkye, honest Edgeware; I believe the stories of few battles; for where there are two that fight there are ten that lie; but I believe that in some way or other they were fought. I will admit that these were fought too, when my coachman drives four in hand along the eaves of the houses in Sandyhurst: he would do no more than they did, unless he stormed the belfry with 'em." 'As I knew of Ossian only what I had heard Mrs. Edgeware read in a rainy day, the day before I knocked him down to the Squire, I could make no answer; but I felt hurt at hearing this ridicule at what she distinctly told me was the finest thing in the world, adding that men in those days were men indeed.'

"The conversation about my books might have gone on, if some one had not tapped gently at the door. It was the servant-maid of Miss Penelope Haynes, the lady of whom my father had rented his cottage. The girl desired to have a word in private with the auctioneer. He returned to me and said, 'I am going to speak against my interest: you may have a guinea for your books.'

"'No, Edgeware,' said I, 'the three bibles and three prayer-books I never sell, nor this Epictetus.'

"'You cannot want three bibles and three prayer-books; beside, they are alike, even to the binding.'

"'And yet,' answered I, 'sometimes I read in one with more pleasure, and sometimes in another.' It was so; for often did I think whose manuals two were, and whose gift the third.

"'Well,' said the auctioneer, 'I fancied now one was too much.'

"'Do not let Miss Pen be disappointed,' said I; 'take the list; leave the price to her.'

"He went, and acted faithfully. She looked over the catalogue, and said with peevishness, 'I do not find that bad book which contains such stuff: I wanted to burn it.' Edgeware ran to me with the answer.

"'Tell her,' said I, 'that I burned it myself; that Martha covered the veal yesterday with the last pages.'

"She sent for Martha, and asked her.

"'No, Miss Haynes!' cried Martha.

"'See the effect of such publications!' ejaculated Miss Haynes. 'Until the present time, Mr. Normanby, I am certain, was incapable of a falsehood.'

"'Miss,' added Martha, 'I have no grudge against my master, an upright man until now, and never shall it be said that, whether he ordered it or not, I covered a loin of veal for him with a poisonous book. I threw the remnant of it into the kitchen fire; and even that did the meat no good; he could hardly touch it at dinner.'

"Miss Haynes sent Martha back to me, in order to confer about the library. I waited upon her. She said she was happy to see me, which she could do without the slightest impropriety in the presence of witnesses. Then she added, she was sorry that she might have been thought uncivil to my father at the decease of his worthy lady, particularly as he had given her a fine magnolia; but people might talk, and she should think long before she changed her condition.

"'Madam,' said I, 'few persons have lived so irreproachably as you have done; and I can not imagine you have to blame yourself in regard to my father. The magnolia was not a present: you admired it. I have heard him say, and he carried it to your house intending to request your acceptance of it, when seeing a sumach on the gravel-walk, he asked Tobias whether you would make an exchange: you did so.'

"'It was only the stump,' replied she.

"'I preserve it still, madam, and of all the things I leave in the country I leave it with most regret.'

"Penelope blushed deeply and looked timorously. 'You are then really leaving us!' said she.

"'Yes, madam.'

"'And what do you do with your furniture, Mr. Normanby?'

"'Sell it.'

"On any other day of her life Penelope would have bargained about it; for she was shrewd, selfish, and the only parishioner of the landholders that did not suffer in some way by the inclosure. She had thirty acres of freehold: four more were

stipulated from the waste; and the rector whispered in her ear, 'I should not wonder if, with the little knoll you set your heart upon, they throw the green lane in. Do you know! the hollies are worth twenty pounds!' The rector prognosticated wonderfully: it turned out exactly so. She enlarged the cottage and garden, and called it Eden-place, in preference to Eden-villa, Eden-lodge, or Eden-house, and would have painted the grey stone brick-colour, if my father had not designedly lent her a treatise which prevented it. 'We may sometimes pick up an idea from a book,' said she.

"To return. 'As to those volumes, I will take care of them for you, if you please, Mr. Normanby, on your giving me your word of honour that there is no indecent print in them, nor blasphemy, nor sedition.' I did so, at each pause, and thanked her warmly.

"'If you should not be able to dispose of your furniture, I have room in my barn for it.' I accepted this offer too, in favour of an arm-chair covered with white dimity, and a bed of crimson-moreen, with two watch-pockets fancifully embroidered, requesting her in my gratitude to accept any volume she chose: she thanked me and declined it. I took my leave, paid my two servants a year's wages, gave them what clothes and linen I could spare, and left my house an hour before sunrise the next morning. Neither I nor my father had had any acquaintance out of Sandyhurst: I never had been twenty miles from home. When I had walked about that distance, and must be near Nottingham, as I fancied, I found myself in a park, in the midst of old pinasters, trees I had never seen before, and observed a water of vast extent. Even this was to me a strange country. I began to feel a desire of wandering; I went toward the water, and (was I awake or dreaming?) I saw before me a monument erected to the memory of Captain Riou . . a naval officer of high merit, as we know better than you can: but not better than some of you do. The sun grew hotter, for it was near mid-day, and I went to lie under the pinasters. I was watching the squirrels on them, playing their tricks and leaping from tree to tree, when a prodigious herd of deer gallopped past me. Another strange sight! although I had remarked the same creature in books of natural history. My eyes were pursuing them, when a gentleman on a pony, seeing me cleanly and well dressed, saluted me very courteously, and asked me if I was looking for the road to the house. I rose, answered in the negative, and told him I had been induced to rest there for the pleasure of observing the squirrels. 'It must be a humane man who suffers them to riot here, seeing the number of holes they have made in these trees.'

"'They began to make the holes long ago,' said he, 'and the property is now theirs.'

"'But the trees are every day growing worse and worse, and here are many thousands: are they all bored so by these little animals?'

"'I believe every one.'

"Ah spare yon emmet."

"'I beg your pardon; you were making a remark: have I interrupted?'

"'Sir,' answered I, 'if I had not been here, perhaps I never should have remembered two verses which my father taught me, I am afraid on some childish act of cruelty, and which I began to repeat, and checked myself. They are ill applicable to the occasion.'

"'What may they be?' said he.

"Ah spare yon emmet, rich in hoarded grain;
He lives with pleasure and he dies with pain."

"'They are from the Persian,' said he, 'and, if we dropped the hoarded grain, are among the best thoughts in that poetry, which contains few, and those trivial and distorted. Like the food of the country, they are in themselves the most insipid things in the world, and, to make them palatable, the most highly spiced.'

"'Our own poets,' said I, 'are more original, I am inclined to think, and more natural.'

"He replied, 'We have two schools of poetry: one is kept at the milliner's, the other at the workhouse. At the former we find imitations of Turkish carpets in moth-eaten plush, Persian robes and Scotch phillibegs, claymores, and scymitars, the sheaths of good varnished kid-skin, and the blades of the best waved paper, with every sort of dress that janisary and spahi, lowlander and highlander, faery and kelpy, witch and houri, ought to put on in gala. There is also the most elegant assortment of tombs, and the sweetest poisons one's heart could desire; with wax-candles of peeled elder, and flambeaux of red hair, and polygraphic transparencies (the oil indeed rather rancid and fishy), to be had for next to nothing.'

"'I perceive, sir, you are not a patron or trustee of this school.'

"'Nor of the other,' answered he, 'I prefer Gray.'

"'Sir,' replied I, 'the other must at least be acknowledged to be nearer to truth and nature. Can poets too much avoid the artificial? We prefer what is past. Gray in his time was less considered than even our tavern-toasters, crowned with the parsley of the kitchen and sitting on the tripod of the tap-room. In what manner has the greatest of critics (to pass over the public) treated the greatest of writers?'

"It was my custom in my walks to carry an Epictetus in one pocket and a Pascal in the other: on a blank-leaf of Pascal had my father written these words, which, not being able to pronounce them correctly, I gave to the gentleman on the pony. And I now present them to you in the same volume."

Le Doux (reads).

"Paschal est un gentil personnage; il ecrit bien; il a fait de si jolies prieres; il a esté nourry à Gones; il est conseiller d'estat."

Who wrote this?

Normanby. Joseph Scaliger.

Le Doux. A German critic, was he not?

Normanby. I rather think, a French.

Le Doux. He writes then as if he lived a hundred years ago. I have seen exactly such French in an old treaty. Now let me hear more about the gentleman: his remarks are admirable. But you, I imagine, were in the midst of your reply; pray indulge me with it.

Normanby. "I have heard my father say thus," continued I, "when he lent me *Potter's Æschylus* to read. 'Christopher, I doubt not that Thespis was preferred to him by the graver critics; there was something so unaffected in a cart, and so little of deception in wine-dregs; and yet, Christopher, the *Prometheus* is the grandest poetical conception that ever entered into the heart of man. Homer could no more have written this tragedy than Æschylus could have written the *Iliad*. Mind me, I do not compare them. An elephant could not beget a lion, nor a lion an elephant. Critics talk most about the *visible* in sublimity: the Jupiter, the Neptune. Magnitude and power are sublime but in the second degree, managed as they may be. Where the heart is not shaken, the gods thunder and stride in vain. True sublimity is the perfection of the pathetic, which has other sources than pity: generosity, for instance, and self-devotion. When the generous and self-devoted man suffers, there comes Pity: the basis of the sublime is then above the water, and the poet, with or without the gods, can elevate it above the skies. Terror is but the relic of a childish feeling: pity is not given to children.' So said he: I know not whether rightly. For the wisest differ on poetry, the knowledge of which, like other most important truths, seems to be reserved for a purer state of sensation and existence. Seldom have I doubted my father's judgment: but as he was not a poet, and as none but the very greatest have a voice on poetry, here I hesitate."

I had paused: the gentleman on the pony looked at me attentively. "If you will take any refreshment," said he, "I shall have great pleasure in accompanying you to the house."

I thanked him, and told him that I was on my road to the sea, hoping to serve my country, and impatient to reach my destination.

"I myself was of that profession," said he. "Have you been fortunate in your promotion?"

"To say the truth, sir," answered I, "I never was in the profession, and wish chiefly to try whether the service will benefit my spirits."

"Have you any friend who has a command, or whose credit may recommend you!"

I mentioned my grandfather's name, as the only chance.

"He was a gallant and good creature, I have heard, and must have many friends still living among our older admirals. My recommendation is less weighty, but such as it is you may command it."

I requested to know the name of a person to whose benevolence a stranger was so deeply indebted.

"Not at all," said he. "A few lines are written while you take a sandwich, and Lady Newark will be charmed that I present to her the grandson of so distinguished an officer."

"It is Lord Newark then who has condescended to show me this kindness . ."

He bowed. "It can hardly be called so, though you accept it, as I trust you will do."

I thanked him; but added that, as I did not intend to remain at sea long, and as my studies had not been nautical, I must decline an introduction which might procure for me eventually what could not belong to me. Whether my words, my resolute but respectful manner, a faultering in a voice that seemed little apt to faulter, or the bow, so unlike what I could make again or ever had made, while I placed my right hand upon a breast enlarged with gratitude, whether one of these or all of them interested him, as I walked fast away he sat quietly upon his pony. Soon however he came beside me. "I perceive, sir," said he, taking off his hat again, "I have done very ill the honours of the place: we have not always the same presence of mind, seamen or landsmen. You will not favour me with your company, nor permit me to make a trial whether I have a friend in the navy who may recollect me" . . he paused. I was silent . . "if however at any time you should happen to think of our short conversation, allow me to tell you that this place is called Thoresby Park, and that the post town is Ollerton. I wish you a pleasant journey, a prosperous voyage, and a speedy recovery of your health."

Everything I had seen this day, everything I had felt, was new and strange to me. Unkindness had pained me: kindness, in such swift succession after it, overthrew me. Little did I then imagine how highly I should have gratified the most amiable and friendly man living, by affording him an opportunity of assisting me! Little did I consider, or know indeed, that I should be the means of enlivening the sweet sense of obligation, in some one among the many whom his care had educated, his bounty had fed, and his interest had promoted.

I was hardly on the public road when I perceived a magnificent coach at the door of a public-house, and a gentleman in scarlet uniform, whom I supposed to be the general of the district, particularly as he was giving some orders to another in uniform, who held a horn. On seeing me, he cried proudly, but invitingly, "Are you for the Opposition?"

"No, sir," answered I indignantly and sharply, "I do not rejoice in the misfortunes of my country, nor triumph in its misrule, nor exalt its enemies."

He lifted up his eyebrows scornfully, and addressing himself to a lady in the coach, "The merest fool I ever set eyes upon!" said he aloud. And looking at me again, "What, in the devil's

name, has the Opposition to do with politics! Out with fifteen shillings, man, and you sleep at the Swan with Two Necks to-morrow night. Come, jump up; we are off." The passengers explained; I mounted; I arrived in London. The next morning, on the road to my banker's, I bowed to those who looked at me. One returned my civility by the words "I am surprised at your assurance: I never knew you." In fact, sir, what is a civility in other countries, in England is the reverse: we have a national antipathy to courtesy and politeness.

Le Doux. I would not have ventured to make that remark. Allow me to congratulate you on your candour: you have given me better occasions to pay my compliment on your originality. I attend you.

Normanby. On reaching Lombard-street, a place excessively thronged, I stopped several times, begging the persons to pass. One asked me whether I took him for a pick-pocket; I could not imagine why. Unfortunately I did the same thing, in a gentler tone of voice, to a young lady of great beauty, who had just alighted from her carriage, and who in some confusion took the arm of her brother. He filliped me under the nose, threw a card at me, which from the spitefulness of his manner I thought might be some combustible, and said "Another time you will know a modest woman."

Finding my banker, I told him my business. He inquired if I wished to go as school-master. I answered "No; the active life of a sailor is necessary to my health and spirits." He went away, and conversed in almost a whisper with a gentleman who often looked at me in great good-humour, insomuch that I was on the point of making my obeisance to him, in despite of the lessons I had received. The banker came to me, and said if I would return in three days I might hear of something. I requested of him to inform me where I could find a private lodging. After a few moments of reflection, he spoke to an elderly clerk, who replied in a low voice, "You think then, sir, he may be trusted?" He nodded: the clerk took me two miles off, across the river, stopped at a small house, and speaking to a decent woman, called to me, and said, "Would you like to dine with the family?"

"Beyond all things," I replied, "for I do not know a soul within a hundred and fifty miles, and would rather go without a meal than look for one."

The mistress said she had only one spare room; that if I remained a week the price was one guinea; but that if I disliked the apartment I should pay the proportion, and not be obliged to keep it. She then asked me when I proposed to come. I told her, if she permitted it I would begin from that moment; for one hour's walk in London had tired me more than four in the country. She consented. Shortly came my clothes: I placed them on the little white tent-bed, with my bibles, prayer-books, and my father's black pocket-book, containing some maxims, some reminiscences, and a sampler. Believe who will that there are no amulets against evil, against the very worst of evil, mad resentments and desires. Never did one of them touch me the day I had but looked upon that sampler. My landlady said that her sitting-room was always at my disposal; that the bed-room was too dark to read conveniently; and that she perceived I had some books. She went down stairs again, and shortly afterward the dinner was served. Two young women entered, curtsied, and took their seats; they were pretty; silent, but not shy: immediately after dinner they retired. The lady then said, "Those are my daughters, Mr. Normanby. I did not introduce them; such is my way; excuse me."

"Madam," said I, "I must blush at my rusticity: I never was much in the society of ladies, and my spirits make me unworthy of theirs. I hope I committed no peculiar act of inattention."

At tea they both spoke to me, and with such gentleness that I was happy. I retired to bed early, and observed over the chest of drawers two little shelves suspended by a green cord, and filled with books. Different were indeed the authors, far different in manner and merit; but those who read them seldom know that; and I hail the family where I find them. *Milton*, *The Spectator*, *Young*, *Parnell*, Hervey's *Meditations*, and Thomson's *Seasons*. Translated from the French were *Telemachus* and the *Travels of Cyrus*.

I returned to my banker at the time appointed: he showed me a letter from Edgeware, by which I learned that, after the sale of my furniture, an addition was made to my fortune of nearly eighty pounds. Incredible! I had in the whole some hundreds; and yet I went to sea!

"Well," said my banker, "you go down to the Nore and sail with Admiral Gambier." I went down, and sailed. The gentleman I had seen at the banker's was commander of the fleet. We made on this cruise the greatest nautical discovery that ever had been made by our countrymen.

Le Doux. I never heard it: you were before Brest, surely, and blockading the harbour.

Normanby. We were.

Le Doux. Well then, how make any discovery!

Normanby. We found that we could fight, when occasion was offered us, just as well without the damnation of our eyes, or any limb or faculty about us, as if we had been splitting or blasting the whole day long, and even though we believed that God was with us and helping us. Peace was concluded. The admiral was pleased to say that he had been a witness of my coolness and intrepidity on a service of some enterprise, and thanked me. Perhaps I should not have mentioned this, unless it were to illustrate an observation I made at the time; namely, that a single good word is quite sufficient to compensate for all the bad that were ever cast against us.

We had two Frenchmen aboard our ship: one of them taught me to pronounce the language so as at least to be understood, and I had permission

to go ashore with him at Morlaix. He was a fisherman of St. Servan: his father had been shot by the republicans at the attack on Dinan, and he himself was thrown among the dead and wounded, from the summit of those lofty walls. His brother had been the playfellow of Lazar Hoche, and, ignorant of his father's fate, accompanied that general in his campaigns, and rose to the rank of colonel. This he learned at Morlaix, and that the regiment was at Paris, where Bonaparte was about to be declared consul for life. The two brothers, though always most brotherly, had taken opposite sides in politics. The sailor was devoted to the cause of Louis, from having heard in his boyhood a little fisher-girl, while she was mending a net, sing a stanza in praise of Henri IV. The colonel was a republican, because a thumb and finger quite as active, and belonging to a lace-maker quite as pretty as his brother's brown Siren, had sewed the tricolor in his hat and had bitten off the thread. They who argue and write and fight about politics have seldom such good reasons or such fixed principles.

I accompanied my messmate: the meeting of the brothers was ecstatic, and the colonel swore to me that the next to Lazar Hoche, the truest of republican hearts, he loved his Pierre. I left them, and looked for lodgings, it being agreed that we should dine together. The colonel then begged my address, put it into his pocket, and called on me early the next day. "You have done well," said he; "one likes one's own countrymen."

Singular! that my lodgings should, within a few houses, be opposite the very man's whose book had caused my exile. Curious to see so celebrated a character, on the departure of my visitor I went across to the door. An old woman met me at it, and, on my inquiry, said, "Go up, my friend; the third story; he will be at breakfast when I return."

"Oh! I will call another time then."

"Go in, go in."

Saying this she closed the door. I mounted the steps, and saw in the antechamber a somewhat elderly man brushing a grey coat.

"Friend," said I, "is your master at home?"

"Whom do you wish to see? Mr. Paine?"

"Yes."

"He will be with you shortly: pray sit down."

He put on his coat, and followed, and lifting off some leaves from a plate of mulberries, invited me to partake of them. I took two or three, while he waved a clean folded cravat over them, to drive away the flies. He was robust and fresh-complexioned, but every hair was white: his appearance, I thought, was military. The old woman returned, with half a small roll of bread in her hand, passed us, entered the next room, and, in answer to a question which I did not hear, replied "I know he is . . your eyebrows are adjusted in a manner quite different from ours . . and he speaks villanous French, like a Low-Breton, otherwise he is a pretty man enough, and does not look so like a fool or an otter as the rest."

Paine entered. His knees were unbuttoned; he had neither coat nor waistcoat on; the white was worn off his shirt; it had recovered the original hue belonging to it before it saw the bleaching-ground, from the flowers of which, if they have any fragrance, it was innocent of stealing any. He was uncombed, unshaven, and unwashed. He looked at me, and returned my salutation not ungracefully.

"Mr. Paine," said I, smiling, "you owe me some reparation."

"If I do and can make it, I will."

I repeated my story, during which he dipped his bread into a glass of brandy, and ate it: his hand and head trembled. It was noon: martial music was heard in the street. He pushed away the better part of his roll and brandy; his countenance was inflamed; he looked stedfastly at his friend, and said, "I think, Tate, if I may judge, you have heard military music you like better."

"You judge rightly, Thomas!" answered General Tate.

"Wonderful it appears to me," said I, "that a nation of late so enthusiastic for liberty, should voluntarily bend to despotism."

"You have not lived among us," answered Paine. "The whole nation may be made as enthusiastic about a salad as about a constitution; about the colour of a cockade as about a consul or a king. This fellow has done advisedly in calling himself consul: it will hold for a couple of years: he will then change the name, and be tribune or emperor . . tribune, if prudent, as the more popular, and as the people see emperors in the vilest of their enemies: urchins whipt and promising to be good, very good, for ever good, by Christ and Peter! but spitting at the flogger on being let loose, and holding out one fist at a distance, while the other draws up the waistband. Bonaparte wants conduct, foresight, knowledge, experience, and (the Council of Five-hundred knows it) courage. He will do harm, but not long. He lives in terror . . . . What are you smiling at, Tate?"

"My mother had a proverb of her own," replied he, "that a frightened cat throws down most pewter."

"You will shortly see," resumed Paine, "the real strength and figure of Bonaparte. He is wilful, headstrong, proud, morose, presumptuous: he will be guided no longer: he has pulled the pad from his forehead, and will break his nose or bruise his cranium against every table, chair, and brick in the room, until at last he must be sent to the hospital."

"He has the finest army upon earth," said Tate, "and his enemies are down."

"If it were possible," Paine replied, "to be hurt by such enemies, he would point at them, nettle them, shout in their ears while they were sleepy, put crumbs in their beds, shorten their sheets, and empty foul water down their throats, till they contrived to break his shins for him by

some machination or other. The army, with such means of recruiting it, with Glory for his crimp and Plutus for his paymaster, seems indestructible. If the earth can not do it, he will throw it into crucible after crucible; he will melt it in water or evaporate it in air. In other words, navies and climates can and will shake and dissolve it."

"Thomas," answered the general, "I never thought you a visionary; but now indeed I must think you one. I do not estimate very highly the man's abilities, and less highly still his prudence; but he is no fool; he will not throw away what he has."

"I will retract my words," said Paine, "at the first wise thing he does. Smile, sir! it is rarely that the wisest man can do anything better, or anything on some occasions more difficult.

"Let gazetteers and hawkers be dazzled by the emblazoned names they wave about their ears, and hold out to us with fierce vociferations: but let calmer men ask themselves, whether they really think Bonaparte would have surmounted the difficulties and dangers that environed Three-fingered Jack? And whether Three-fingered Jack would have thrown away fifty thousand soldiers so inconsiderately and fruitlessly as Bonaparte? There is not on record one who has committed so many faults and crimes with so little temptation to commit them. There is not a leveret three months old that does not shape its course more sagaciously. Tyrants in general shed blood upon plan or from passion: he seems to have shed it only because he could not be quiet, and from no stronger motive or better reason than he would have had for going to the theatre or the chase. Depend upon it, this giddy and insensate man, deserter of his armies and of his principles, will finish no better than he has been going on.

"There are few who form their opinions of greatness from the individual. His sword, his mantle, his strut, his swagger, and even things which constitute no part of him, are his greatness; such as his porters, his guards, his soldiers, and the gilding on the ceilings of his rooms. Not those who need the fewest, but those who have the most about them, are the great; as though people, like bars of iron, could be mended and magnified by adding one to another. Even in quieter scenes than where such excrescences spring up, if you see a gentleman go out fox-hunting in his scarlet jacket and his velvet cap, on a spirited horse, with merry dogs, and a couple of grooms behind him, you consider him as a personage far more worshipful, than if, ignorant of his condition, you found him catching a rabbit in a hedge-bank with a ferret. Ovid says, 'The girl is the least part of herself:' of himself as certainly the man is. I should not wonder if Bonaparte, by his intemperate use of power and thirst of dominion"...

Le Doux. I never heard before of this Mr. Paine: he appears to be a staunch royalist, an enemy of usurpation: but his language in regard to the emperors is deficient in that decorum with which we are in the habit of treating friendly powers. What were his prophetic words?

Normanby. "That the people would wish for their old kings."

Le Doux. Excellent!

Normanby. The words that follow injure them materially.

Le Doux. Impossible! so clear-sighted a politician! . . But let me hear the end.

Normanby. "Forgetting what beasts they were."

Le Doux. The English are much in the practice of using this language, speaking of our kings, and the same bad taste begins to be imitated on the Continent. What did Mr. Tate reply?

Normanby. "They may eat their white beans while turkeys and truffles are before them; but they will never run and take down the carrion they have thrown aside and left stinking on the hedge."

Le Doux. Two fools! Ignorant of French loyalty, of the veneration we bear toward our kings. The Revolution was the work of half-a-dozen philosophers over their coffee; and its enormities were committed by about as many lawyers and literators, followed by thirty or forty miscreants from Marseilles. The nation was not guilty of it.

Normanby. Strange! that the good did not put down the bad.

Le Doux. Panic, panic! We are subject to that and the *migraine*. Mr. Paine and the other might have conversed with you upon subjects they understood better than politics, which require a peculiar tact.

Normanby. Indeed they left off where I did. Mr. Paine expressed his regret that he himself was not the only man persecuted for his writings: he offered me brandy. I declined it: "Tate," said he, "you have some flavoured with orange-flowers: bring it."

Tate rose for it. I declared that I never had tasted brandy, nor any other spirit, and could not.

"You are a young man," said he, "and may find perhaps a better remedy for your misfortunes than I could offer you: brandy is mine."

"I wish, Thomas," said the general, "I had been able to persuade you that a glass of claret would have done better. A bottle between us, which is enough, would have given us time for conversation, and warmed us gently and genially as we went on."

"Tate," answered he, "wine is for the indolent and the happy. Say no more: I am not quite well: that cursed music has hurt me. I might go so far as to complain; I should then lose your esteem, and my own." He raised his head, which for the first time did not tremble: a short silence ensued: I took my leave, requesting his permission to return. He told me that he should be glad to see me, but that he must claim a privilege which literary men and invalids possess in common, and to which, therefore, he had a double right; an exemption from the obligation of visit-

ing: adding, "No man who visits can do much, or anything well."

On the following day (for I was little disposed to look at the strides of a usurper) I went again to Mr. Paine's. "Never mind my face," said he: "water makes it blister: there are blisters enow already: and soap cracks the skin. I needed not have written that book: they tell me the arguments are found in others: I had no money to buy, nor time to read them. Gibbon was pensioned, I was prosecuted, for one and the same thing: but he was a member of parliament, and wore powder."

"And if neither you nor he had written any such things, would you or the world have been the worse?"

"Certainly," said he, "the world would have been the worse, because the less wise."

"Ah, Mr. Paine! he is not over-rich in knowledge who can not afford to let the greater part lie fallow, and to bring forward his produce according to the season and the demand. Wisdom is only a good as being an instrument of happiness. There have been great masses of it in the world, collected by experience and approved by experiment; we only survey the fragments, most of which are preserved by religion. The ancients had their sacred groves: pirates and philosophers laughed at them as they passed: they were cut down: pestilences followed. Experience had evinced their utility to simpler and calmer men. Whenever people meet . ."

A grave decent-looking man now entered, whom the general saluted in silence, giving him his hand, and Mr. Paine said, "Take a seat, Zacharias! This young man is as religious as you are, and you will hear him with as much pleasure as I do. There are two good things in the world, reason and sincerity: I am convinced he has the one, we will try him on the other . . Go on, go on: let us lose no time."

I continued: "Wherever people meet and bring with them good intentions, they humanise more and more at the sight of common wants and common sufferings: they warm in sympathy, they strengthen in forbearance. You think no religion good: I think all are, from which cruelty, fraud, lucre, and domination, are excluded. We mortals want supports: some require a crutch iron-cramped, some are contented if it is well-cushioned, others are kept up fearlessly by the weakest walking-stick. If there is only the probability that a man will be the happier or the honester by one belief than by another, would you hesitate to leave him in possession of it? Wisdom is not to be hazarded with the same laxity or indifference as wit. We may acquire the sense of deep-thinkers at too high a price, which price, like the interest of money, is limited or illicit, rendering the transaction void, and subjecting us to the forfeit of the little we have been toiling to establish. Shall so acute a reasoner, so clear a writer, rub off his hide and canker his flesh to the bone against a tree, striving to push it down, because some people sit beneath it on a Sunday, and return to their supper the more contented?"

"That is unfair," said he; "the motive is misstated."

"The fact remains," replied I, "under the parable: and I thank you for correcting me on the abuse of language. No man ever argued so fairly as he might have done. We pour in more or fewer words, and weaker or stronger, to gratify our organs, according to our warmth and excitement."

"Carry that home with you," said he, seizing my hand, "and tell the twelve judges, and the score or two of bishops, that they never have said anything so just. Eloquence is the varnish of falsehood; truth has none!"

"What!" said I, taking from my pocket and giving to him my Pascal and Epictetus. "Are not these eloquent!"

"Neither of them," answered he; "they are only the best-written books in the world, being the plainest and fullest of ratiocination. That is eloquence which moves the reason by working on the passions. Burke is eloquent; I am not. If I write better than he does, it is because I have seen things more distinctly, and have had the courage to take them up, soft or hard, pretty or ugly, and to turn them on their backs in despite of tooth or claw. Plato would give as noble a description of a rhinoceros as Aristoteles could do; ninety-nine in a hundred would prefer it. The only difference is this: while the one has been confounding it with the camelopardalis, the other has been measuring its joints, counting its teeth, inspecting its belly, and anatomising the whole animal."

Le Doux. He spoke of the celebrated Mr. Burke, who wrote that great letter, which excited such a strong sensation! Did not he?

Normanby. The same.

Le Doux. A fine noble letter! full of facts and inferences! brilliant imagination! I must read it. I very much approve of your argument in favour of revelation. Mr. Paine can be little short of a Quaker, or Socinian, or Free-thinker.

Normanby. I am afraid he remained one.

"O Mr. Paine!" said I, earnestly, "let me bring you a few good books: let us open the *New Testament* together!"

"What service will that do?"

"It is the plantain," cried I, "which the reptile man may creep to and chew with advantage, while the venom is yet fresh in him."

Le Doux. Mighty smart allusion! he ought to have been affected: was he?

Normanby. He replied thus.

"Good books, as you call them, make you comfortable: good brandy makes me so. I have the twelve apostles in this bottle, and they never shall complain that I hold them long imprisoned."

Le Doux. Charlatan!

Normanby. I was discouraged.

"At least, Mr. Paine, leave others their habitudes, while they are harmless, and think it equally so to love God as to love brandy."

"Ay, ay," said he, "jog on quietly, and let your neighbour be robbed and plundered by any rogue who may have the impudence to call him my son, or my brother, or my sheep."

"No, sir," answered I indignantly, "there draw the pen and cry, Stand! For such let there be an *Age of Reason* and *Common Sense*. A branch of a fruit-tree may be so covered with insects, and these insects may have eaten into it so deeply, and have so sucked and blighted it, that the best gardener would cut it off totally."

The general left the room on business; Mr. Paine seemed as if he grew tired of the conversation; the gentleman who had entered, and who had taken no part in it, said he would (if I pleased) accompany me. When we were in the street, he thanked me for the defence I had made.

"I wonder," said he, "what motive Mr. Paine can have for his good actions, since he avoids society, and disbelieves (I am afraid) the pleasure God takes in virtue. As for conscience, if that alone were sufficient, and perhaps it might be, he deadens both the bad and the good of it with liquor."

"To speak plainly," answered I, "much as I have heard about him, I never heard of his good actions. That he is strictly honest and just I have reason to believe."

"Sir," said he, "let me tell you what he did for me. My name is Zachariah Wilkes.* I was arrested in Paris, and condemned to die. I had no friend here; and it was a time when no friend would have served me: Robespierre ruled. 'I am innocent!' I cried in desperation. 'I am innocent; so help me God! I am condemned for the offence of another.' I wrote a statement of my case with a pencil; thinking at first of addressing it to my judge, then of directing it to the president of the Convention. The jailer, who had been kind to me, gave me a gazette, and told me not to mind seeing my name, so many were there before it.

"'O!' said I, 'though you would not lend me your ink, do transmit this paper to the president.'

"'No, my friend!' answered he gaily. 'My head is as good as yours, and looks as well between the shoulders, to my liking. Why not send it (if you send it anywhere) to the deputy Paine here?' pointing to a column in the paper.

"'O God! he must hate and detest the name of Englishman: pelted, insulted, persecuted, plundered . .'

"'I could give it to him,' said the jailer.

"'Do then!' said I wildly. 'One man more shall know my innocence.' He came within the half-hour. I told him my name, that my employers were Watt and Boulton of Birmingham, that I had papers of the greatest consequence, that if I failed to transmit them, not only my life was in question, but my reputation. He replied, 'I know your employers by report only: there are no two men less favourable to the principles I profess, but no two upon earth are honester. You have only one great man among you: it is Watt: for Priestley is gone to America. The church-and-king-men would have japanned him. He left to these philosophers of the rival school his house to try experiments on; and you may know, better than I do, how much they found in it of carbon and calx, of silex and argilla.'

"He examined me closer than my judge had done: he required my proofs. After a long time I satisfied him. He then said, 'The leaders of the Convention would rather have my life than yours. If by any means I can obtain your release on my own security, will you promise me to return within twenty days?' I answered, 'Sir, the security I can at present give you, is trifling . . I should say a mere nothing.'

"'Then you do not give me your word,' said he.

"'I give it, and will redeem it.'

"He went away, and told me I should see him again when he could inform me whether he had succeeded. He returned in the earlier part of the evening, looked fixedly upon me, and said, 'Zachariah Wilkes! if you do not return in twenty-four days (four are added) you will be the most unhappy of men; for had you not been an honest one, you could not be the agent of Watt and Boulton. I do not think I have hazarded much in offering to take your place on your failure: such is the condition.' I was speechless: he was unmoved. Silence was first broken by the jailer. 'He seems to get fond of the spot now he must leave it!' I had thrown my arms upon the table toward my liberator, who sat opposite, and I rested my breast and head upon it too, for my temples ached, and tears had not yet relieved them. He said, 'Zachariah! follow me to the carriage.' The soldiers paid the respect due to his scarf, presenting arms, and drawing up in file as we went along. The jailer called for a glass of wine, gave it me, poured out another, and drank to our next meeting.

"On the fourteenth day I returned to Calais in an American brig. Approaching to Montreuil I saw the girls begin to dance in the meadow; and party after party came tripping down the declivity that leads from the town to the bridge. Some were sitting on the parapet, and communicating a printed paper to many auditors, who however mostly quitted them when they heard of a private letter on the side opposite. Passing the arch and entering the town-gate, I saw the ruined monastery on the left-hand covered with garlands; and men and women were levelling the floor for the reception of several great tables that were standing on the outside. The youths were better dressed than I had ever seen them, although their coats were old-fashioned. The moment my carriage stopped, I cried, 'What

* This anecdote was communicated to me at Florence, by Mr. Evans, a painter of merit, who studied under Lawrence, and who knew personally Wilkes and Watt. In religion and politics he differed widely from Paine.

festival is this to-day?' The answer was from fifty voices, 'The monster is dead! the constitution for ever!' People flocked round a young man, half of whose hair was hidden under his shirt-collar, the other half flowed over the shoulder in long ringlets. It appears he was the poet of the city; and he ran along the streets singing this song, which, before I left the place, was presented to me in print.

"Come, let us dance upon the grass,
Ye maidens of Montreuil!
Sorrows and fears O bid them pass!
'Tis better Love should rule.

If you abuse the power you have,
If you are cruel, know
We too may make the light look grave
And lay the lofty low.

Frown not, in heedlessness or haste
If any step go wrong,
If too far circled be the waist,
Or hand be held too long.

In knees yet tottering from a rod
Let failures be forgiven;
Slippery with sunshine is the sod,
With tufted flowers uneven.

Away! in bonnet, coif, or cap . . .
To fear it is no use;
Whene'er you meet with such mishap
We'll make the best excuse.

I can not dance nor sing alone . . .
Haste, haste, my heart Lisette!
Manon! what are you at, Manon?
That frill not plaited yet?

Nay, never mind what people think,
Too sorrowful Elise!
Let the black skirt be trimm'd with pink,
Lilac, or what you please,

But put it on and trip away . . .
My life! the violin
Never was play'd so as to-day,
Nor was the mead so green.

Come, let us dance then on the grass,
Ye maidens of Montreuil!
Sorrows and fears O bid them pass!
'Tis better Love should rule."

"If in my circumstances I could have been amused at anything, it would have been at the boasts, the resolutions, and the schemes, I witnessed in the groups about me. One swore that, if nobody else had killed Robespierre, he would have done it; for he had formed a plan impossible to fail. Another said he had inscribed his name among the conspirators against the tyrant, which greatly encouraged them, and that he could exhibit a copy to whoever doubted it. A third declared that nobody alive should hinder him from putting on a clean shirt every fourth morning; that he would call Sunday *dimanche*, and would bow to the curate the first instant he met him. 'Happy days, good old times are come again,' cried an enthusiast: 'one may exclaim *bon dieu!* on this side the guillotine; and one may address one's mistress by the title of *angel*, or even *mademoiselle*.' 'What do you think the girls care for that?' cried his companion, who still wore the red cap. 'Pretty girls,' answered he, 'are aristocrats, and will be so while there is one upon earth. The Goddess of Liberty herself would smile more graciously if you addressed her *Madame the Goddess of Liberty*.' The republican heard and pondered, and contrary to my expectation, cried boisterously, 'By Marat! I believe it . . a bitch! she should be watched.'

"Robespierre had shot himself, was the intelligence brought by the postillions: a few lines to a few families and a few hand-bills announced the same. I hastened to the capital, to the house of my benefactor.

"'You could not have heard it in England?'

"'No,' replied I, 'I heard it at Montreuil: is it true?' He did not answer me; but turning to the general, said, 'Tate! there is yet English blood in England, though it is run and contraband, and found among people who have no right to it. I wish it may do you no harm, Zachariah! Come, while we are well, let me give you joy.'"

Le Doux. Did Mr. Paine live to the Restoration? I am certain his majesty would have rewarded his services, and have pardoned the indiscretion of his former speeches, the result of inebriety.

Normanby. He died before the king's restoration, and was not altogether so good a royalist as one could have wished.

Le Doux. Pity! But he might have written some loyal books: nobody asks about opinions. Do you imagine that Soult is a royalist, or Chateaubriand a Christian, or Talleyrand a believer in Providence? They behave well, and abandon their errors, or, if not abandon, abjure them. This in conscience is all that government and society can exact. You must have been charmed with Paris?

Normanby. Remaining there eleven days, I wrote to the good lady at whose house I had lodged in London, and told her I should be happy to send any model she might desire for her daughters to copy. I had discovered that they gained their livelihood by working in their own house for the first milliners. She returned me a kind letter, containing the substance of a conversation with my banker, to whom it appears she was related. He was surprised he had not heard from me, if living: it was a proof, however, that I wanted no money. Miss Penelope, who had been treated like a princess from her infancy, offended the Chisholms, by telling them that the parishioners began to regret me, and that I had afforded them ample means of judging whether I was disaffected, by becoming a sailor. The curate, now about to marry a woman of distinction, lost common decency in her presence, and told her, his father would no longer take three shillings in composition for his capon; that capon was the word, and capon he would have, though she herself made him. "O brute beast!" exclaimed Miss Penelope; and then shrieked, and would have fainted if there had been anyone else to support her. Soon after she caught an erysipelas, by sitting in a grotto she had constructed just opposite the door of her new farm-house, and between the cow-pen and cart-shed. There was a weeping willow on each side, and there was water in it,

preserved by means of a dripping-pan nicely sanded, with a large sea-shell at every corner. She was so delighted at this rural and romantic scene, that, on the day of its completion, she sat an hour or more in it, and did not dream that the coldness of the mortar on the floor could penetrate the moss: but the moss had been wetted to fasten it. When she returned home she shivered: the apothecary said he did not like it: the Chisholms would yet be neighbours if a visit should be agreeable. "No," said she, "and if I die to-morrow I will show them how little I value them." She had no idea of dying, and perhaps, if she had lived, would have made a different will from what she did that evening. She bequeathed her library, plate, and china, her house, furniture, and estate, to me: she willed that the remainder of her property, being in money, should be possessed by her nearest male relative, unless there happened to be in the family a female whose christian name was Penelope. The younger Mr. Chisholm was vexed and confounded. The elder was at first silent: at last he said, "The laws of the land will look to that . . the christian name of Penelope! I hold that there is no such christian name, and that the name is called christian by abuse. This is not a misnomer, or it might be good and valid and got over: misnomer means, when a man's real name is Nicholas, for instance, and you call him Nicodemus, having proven, or proving below, that you intend the man, or child, or adult, so mentioned."

His reasoning, if right, was useless: no Penelope was a claimant. The property, amounting to six or seven thousand pounds, went to a day-labourer, who, by the blessing of God and the mandate of a justice of the peace, had eight children. He swore he would bury Miss Penelope as no queen was ever buried, though it cost him ten pounds.

"Say guineas, Giles!" cried his wife; "the charge comes but once."

He drew back, as one who is about to take a leap, admired her high daring, and, rising up from his chair at the decision he was about to pronounce, "Guineas then let it be!"

I returned and took possession of my cottage and freehold. The first door I opened was the barn-door. My arm-chair stood opposite me: I sat down on it, looking on the crimson bed until its colours were absorbed in my eyes, and the form itself had vanished. I did not meditate: I had no thoughts: sensation carried them away half-formed. I did not resist it, nor attempt to alter or direct it. I felt as if I were in the presence of those I loved, and as if any fresh motion of the mind or body would deprive me of it.

Few years had elapsed, and yet what changes! The death of Penelope and the marriage of Mr. Chisholm occurred in one week.

There was no turnpike road near Sandyhurst; and the people were much surprised, as they were conversing from window to window one Saturday evening, at the arrival of an elegant chaise and four post-horses at the public-house, which is a very cleanly and commodious one, there being no fewer than six charities the trustees of which dine there yearly, and the commissioners of two inclosures had met there daily for eight months. From the carriage alighted a young lady and her aunt, evidently a woman of fashion, and retaining the remains of beauty. The innkeeper showed them his apartments; they chose two rooms; the aunt remarking that the delicate state of her niece's health made her resolve to attend her, whatever might be the consequence to her own. She desired that her under-butler and her niece's maid might have a parlour to themselves. The innkeeper, curious to know the history of his inmates, went backward and forward in the servants' room; but they paid no attention to him; which produced an observation in the passage that servants are prouder than masters and mistresses. He himself, as he had already done up-stairs, brought in a pair of candles, and lighted one. The lady's maid smiled somewhat scornfully, and presumed that the wind had blown out the other. "Comfortable or not, Edward, we shall at least be beyond the reach of that old housekeeper. It is well that you (instead of the butler) did not drink the madeira; but the malicious old creature could not get him discharged. I wish my young mistress was half as good as yours: good she is, only that she minds her money. Hardly a gown a month; and of what use are silk stockings to me, if I must not wear them; and shoes, if they are too big!"

"I beg pardon for interrupting you, miss," said the innkeeper, "but really I can not do my duty unless you or this gentleman inform me of your lady's name."

"You may look for it," said the girl, and continued her discourse. "No, Mr. Edward, I don't let men put their arms over my chair. Talk and welcome, but I don't see why you should do in the country what is more than your place is worth if you did it in London."

He begged pardon, and hoped she would say nothing: then turning to the landlord, "Her ladyship is particular: I trust you will not hurt me."

"Not I," said the landlord: "but surely you will have the civility to inform me who the ladies are."

"My mistress," answered he, "is Lady Fosset;" and whispered in his ear, "She is only the wife of a knight, let the girl say what she will, a proud minx!"

"And what would you have? is not a knight enough for you? Do you think I have no ears in my head? Had you such a table, I should like to know, at Lord . . the Lord knows who's . . the one you served last . . he whose face is so like a camel's?"

"I did not complain," said Edward submissively. "Sir Nathaniel kept a better; but . . ."

"Go on, go on; never be satisfied," said the maid. "Say at once he left your mistress a beggar . . but hold your tongue upon the score of mine: and now I warn you."

"Miss," replied Edward, "I entreat and beg you not to speak so loud: I am as reasonable as any man, and never said that the same can be done with eighteen hundred a-year as with four thousand."

The landlord, when they were silent, hoped he did not interrupt them, but requested the lady's maid to inform him at her leisure (since the ladies were in their bed-room) when they would like tea.

"Have you not asked them?" said she, apparently much surprised.

"No, miss," he answered; "I have been waiting here."

"God forbid! you poking, prying creature! Well! I said no harm of anybody. And now, Mr. Edward, if you catch it, thank yourself: you have always a bad place, have you?"

He left the parlour; the landlord followed. He turned round and whispered in the landlord's ear, "Evil came into the world with the first woman, and will go out with the last, and, by my soul! I believe against her will. What malice in this little black-and-tan terrier! always on the watch and alert to catch and snap me."

"She is a pretty little creature to my mind," said the landlord.

"Pretty!" cried Edward.

"Her complexion by candlelight is the sweetest in the world," said the innkeeper; "and such eyes and eyebrows I never saw in my born days. What teeth and lips! psuh! and that slight shade of down on the upper one."

"Zounds!" cried Edward, "kissing her would be like playing on Pan's pipe. Slight shade of down! Why then a box-coat is a satin slip, and a fox-cover is a grass-plot."

"Do you always ride on the dicky with her, Mr. Edward?"

"Ah, woe is me!" replied Mr. Edward, and there was an echo to it in the passage . . "there is so little room on our dicky!" The innkeeper sighed again . . "and such jolting roads! and such light short-legged creatures!" said Edward discontentedly. "It requires all one's patience."

"Egad, does it!" cried the innkeeper, drawing his breath . . "and more too!"

After some silence, he invited Mr. Edward to taste the liquors in the tap-room. "If you please, Mr. Edward . . I beg pardon not to know your other name."

"Horton, at command," answered he.

"Mr. Horton, if you please, as I was saying, we will drink to the good health of Miss."

"The poor child!" said Edward. "She is not long for this world."

"I did not mean her," said the landlord: "though methinks her lips and eyes promise to let alone graves and tombstones for the present; I meant the sweet little creature that was so sharp with me."

"Ho! Rosaly Rouse: so the ladies call her: she expects that we should call her Miss Rosaly: the house-keeper and butler may call her Rouse. She has good kin: that must be said for her: but an arm across her chair is a liberty. If you caught her asleep in it . . one has a right then, you know . . you would sooner dare to kiss a leopard or tiger. Everything would be topside-turvey; you could not rest for her. You would have laughed if you had seen her coming down the hill into the town here: she was frightened at the horses slipping, and, in spite of the ladies behind, threw her arm round my body; and I verily believe it made her hate me worse than ever; for, to do her justice, I never saw her so bad before, never so desperately proud and capricious. She loves her mistress and my lady, and would go through fire for them: drink a little wine in the cellar, and you might as well drink black-strap at the Crown and Anchor."

"Really!" said the innkeeper in great surprise . . "then I misunderstood every word about the madeira."

"Sly creature!" drawled Mr. Edward. "Faithful she is," added he smartly, "and acute, and prudent: her only fault is, that she never forgives what she calls a liberty, and it puts her out of humour with all the world."

"The very woman!" cried the host unguardedly; and, being disconcerted at his own exclamation, desired his companion to help himself and spare not, and went upstairs. He had forgotten to take up the tea, and was much relieved at finding the waiter in the act of removing it, and the ladies at cards, they having thrown a shawl over the table, when the waiter informed them, on their inquiry, that there was no green cloth. He saw several pieces of gold, no silver. His heart was disquieted; he knew not what to set about; even his curiosity was enfeebled; yet he went up again to ask what they would please to have for supper. Lady Fosset desired him to wait a moment; she then said to her niece, "Come, child, take those five guineas back; I do not approve of high play, and you could not attend to your game."

"Excuse me, madam," replied the niece, rising from the table, and putting the money in the aunt's reticule.

The landlord was up early the next morning, waited on Dr. Chisholm, and told him and his son the curate all that had passed, adding, as was true, the last thing her ladyship asked was, "At what time begins divine service!"

"Samuel," said the doctor, "I shall preach."

"Father, if you will, you will," replied he, "but the fairer thing would be to cut for it."

They did: the doctor won. Samuel cried, "By God! sir, there is no dealing with you. I make no doubt all was fair. What I have to say, is, you have always good luck."

On returning from church, Lady Fosset thanked the doctor for his very admirable sermon, and declared she never had heard the service read so impressively as by the gentleman who assisted him.

"My son, madam."

They both bowed, and attended the ladies to

the inn: her ladyship invited them to tea in the evening, expressing her deep regret that she had no gentleman with her who might do the honours of the table at dinner, if they could have pardoned her so short a notice.

"Father," said Samuel, just out of the door, "did you ever hear so strange an excuse? None to do the honours of the table (as she called it) when there are two of us! You might have had the ducks put down."

On the road to the rectory, "Eighteen hundred a-year!" was the exclamation of both at once. "Well! father, on this occasion I hope you will not cut."

"Samuel," said the rector, "I soon enter on the grand climacteric; her ladyship is not five-and-forty."

"True," answered he, "I suspect she has a filly's tooth in her muzzle, and would fain pulp a bean or two yet."

The rector shook his head. "I believe you must have her, Samuel! I have nothing but the rectory: the money is gone in house and improvements. You were born to less than a hundred a-year, and that from the sweat of my brow; I shall leave you a thousand. I will nominally make over the living to you, on your giving me such security as can be drawn up between us."

The son thanked him; was unremitting in his addresses to Lady Fosset; and at last declared his passion, from the utter impossibility of restraining it. She replied that she was sensible of his merits, but that, if he imagined her fortune to be so considerable as it was represented, he was mistaken: that she had retired, in part for the health of her niece, in part for economy, and was sorry to inform him that her *thirds* (her husband having died intestate) were barely eighteen hundred a-year.

He protested that fortune was the last of his considerations; that he himself had somewhat less; that after his worthy father's decease he could not expect many thousands more, beside the rectory.

The rector united them by licence, the third week of her ladyship's residence in Sandyhurst. She condescended to give away, with her own hand, Rosalia Rouse, to Mr. Freeman of the Star and Garter, making her a present of a pearl necklace, the finest and evenest pearls ever seen in Sandyhurst, which Mr. Edward Horton said he did not so much wonder at her doing, now that she had resolved to forget poor Sir Nathaniel. He added, "I remember how nobly her ladyship looked in these pearls when she was in full dress, as persons of quality in London are, stark-naked down to the navel."

"Mercy upon us!" cried the host. "Are they taken then for pigeons and plovers! are folks helped only to the nether parts of them? Why should they neglect themselves? do not they meet their lovers in this full dress, as you call it? The men must cry out shame upon them, finding them in good company so slovenly and sluttish. Our ladies here in the country are educated on other principles. When Squire Alvanley of Beachencroft saw Miss Arabella give Captain Barrowdale, who was fain to marry her, a few maidenly kisses, he said not a word about it: but when he observed, another day, that the captain was desperate to lower the tucker, he called her to him off the green bench, pretending all the while to have seen nothing, and kept her a matter of half an hour in lecture. Nobody knows on what he discoursed in the outset; but Mrs. Snipe, the housekeeper, told me that, hearing some grave words, she looked through the key-hole of the study-door, and saw Miss in tears, and saw the old gentleman, relenting a little, pat her cheek with the back of his fore-finger, and heard him say, partly in comfort, partly in counsel, 'Be liberal of the cherries, girl, but chary of the peaches.' Whereat Miss wiped her eyes, and rose upon tiptoe and kissed her father, and promised to do always as he had bidden her."

"I have her ladyship's commands," said Edward, "to take her your account."

In an instant, "Take it!" said Mr. Freeman.

"You have written received in full," cried Mr. Edward Horton; "how is that?"

"It would be a burning shame to act otherwise," said the publican, "after those pearls; and look ye what are these?"

"O! they are only garnets: nobody would give you five pounds for them, without the gold."

The niece, whose health was surprisingly restored, and whom it was thought indecorous to make the witness of connubial felicity in its first transports, was taken away just before the marriage, by her brother, a young ensign; and Mr. Edward Horton two days after returned to London, strongly recommended; for her ladyship would rather reduce her establishment than increase it, accommodating her taste in everything to her dear Chisholm's.

"Samuel!" said the old rector to the new, "while we think of it, suppose you resign to me that instrument of the advowson."

"Father," said Samuel, "I would gladly do it if my conscience would let me. I repent of having committed one action very like a fraud, and nothing upon earth shall make me commit another. If the bishop heard of it we should be ruined."

The father had seldom lost his temper or composure; for as other extremes meet in their effects, so do honesty and roguery in this. He felt assured however, in the midst of his resentment, that he had so drawn up the agreement as to make it voidable, although he hardly had thought Lady Fosset was so noble-minded as to accept his son without referring the title-deeds to her solicitor.

There was a young girl in the parish, the daughter of his laundress, whom he condescended to teach the catechism. He often told her in what manner to hold the book, and often said "Let me see where you are," and sometimes, "Do not be so frightened," when nobody but himself could see that she was frightened in the least. He went to

her. and said without prelude or preface, "Sally! will you marry me?"

"Lord, sir," cried the mother tremulously, "what do you mean?"

"Ask me no questions, or I leave the house," said he, more firmly than impetuously. "Will you marry me, child, or will you not?"

She looked at her mother. "Sally, if the doctor is in earnest, you must not say no."

"Put on your Sunday clothes then; and, Rebecca! while she is putting them on, come you with me."

The mother went out with him.

"Step into that carriage."

"With my shoes on, sir?"

"Step in . . Will the girl come or not? What a quantity of clothes she must be putting on!"

The mother, holding up two pins, to hint that she could stick them in, if requisite, as they went along, called her thrice, with an admixture of coaxing and reproof. She descended the staircase with timidity, and would have walked by the side of the carriage: but the rector caught her up, and (somewhat asthmatically) lifted her in. He followed; and, putting his arm partly round her, although on the cushion, that he might not be indecorous, he ordered his coachman to drive to Mr. Gamaliel Shark's at Elvington. Alighting there, leaving the daughter and mother in the chaise, he told Mr. Shark that he came for a licence; and, after the necessary questions, he received it.

"And now, sir," said the doctor, "are you ready to unite us?"

Mr. Shark assented: they were united: they returned home at the moment of dinner-time. The mother was left at her own door very carefully, with an affectionate kiss from the daughter, and not without a generous declaration from the doctor that he would really have made her a present, if he had found in his pocket any less piece than a half-crown. The bridegroom placed Sally by his side quietly. The son was civil, and said, on their arrival, "I suppose, Sally, you have said your catechism better to-day than usual?"

She looked at her husband. "Yes," answered he placidly, "and read a page more."

After supper he called for his bed-candle, and, wishing Lady Fosset a good-night, conducted Sally upstairs. The elder bride and younger bridegroom at top and bottom looked steadfastly at each other. "Let him go!" said Mr. Samuel, "let him have his way and will: I did think better of the wench: she had hardly a curtesy for me. Rectory or laundry, barn or stable, what matters it! it comes to the same thing at last."

"O fie for shame!" cried her ladyship, looking at him and smiling through her fingers, "I can not sit and hear this." She tripped across the room, opened the door, turned round again, and cried, "Positively I have a great mind to lock you out, you rude creature!" Mr. Samuel ruminated.

Early the next morning a bailiff entered the rectory, accompanied by two police-officers. The doctor and Sally were fast asleep; for they had been (backward and forward) eight miles the day before. Mr. Samuel was examining the heel of a horse: he heard the visitors, and, without looking at them, asked them roughly what they wanted. "Margaret Pollock," said one in a clear voice; another said, "Parson Chisholm."

"What have you to do with me, pray!" shouted he furiously.

"Nothing, sir, if you pay these trifles. You have married Margaret Pollock."

"Not I: no such woman has been married in my parish."

"Mr. Chisholm, you have taken as your lawful wife Margaret (otherwise called Peg) Pollock."

"Sirrah!" said the divine, going up to him with clenched fist, "I would have you to know, I led to the altar Lady Fosset."

"You could not have done better," said the officer, "but she wanted no leading that way. Howsoever we take possession of the rectory."

Mr. Chisholm ran to his father, whom he awakened. Sally still slept; as being little used to the motion of the carriage; and I hardly know a rougher road than the road to Elvington, considering it is so flat.

"Father," said Mr. Samuel, "take the resignation" . . throwing it on the bed. While the bailiffs were in the house, he mounted his horse, rode into Rutlandshire, and exchanged his curacy with a sporting friend, whom he had known at college. The doctor was surprised to see a neat young clergyman introduce himself the next Friday, and to hear a eulogy on his son's liberality, in giving a curacy of a hundred a-year for one of seventy, when the hounds were at equal distances; and in return was never so uncivil as to gainsay him until a whole twelvemonth had elapsed, when he complimented him on his horses and sermons, his bold leaps and impressive delivery, and on fifty pounds going farther at Sandyhurst than seventy at Grantham. "I believe, sir, you will find," added he, "that here are five ten-pound Bank of England notes: do me the favour just to cast your eyes over them, and to give me a receipt."

Lady Fosset, by the account of the bailiff and his attendants, had been a street-walker, a kept mistress, and an actress. Her associates at Sandyhurst were of the same strolling company. She escaped by putting on the riding-coat of a groom; exercising first the functions of a butler, taking care of the plate; and not forgetting in the performance of this service, that her husband had presented her a brilliant ring and some other ornaments, rich almost as any of those which had devolved on the family of Sir Nathaniel. Seeing her husband gallop off on Blaze, she was contented to mount the horse whose fetlock or hoof had excited such suspicion in her lord, and which he was examining when his guests entered. They obtained nothing from the rector. "My son was my curate," said he; "of his wife I know nothing. Take him; take

her; but touch a tin kettle on your peril. This is the rectory-house, and the rectory is mine." They grumbled: they begged a breakfast, as nobody was up: the rector held his spread hand before his face, and looked aside.

After the harvest a company of players applied to the magistrates for permission to open a theatre at Sandyhurst, one night only: it was granted. They acted a farce entitled *The Two Rectors*, and were committed to bridewell for an attack on the church.

Not long afterward, it was discovered that the stratagem introductory to the marriage had been devised by a young gentleman who was fond of theatricals, and no less fond of the young lady who played the niece. The inexperience and giddiness of this prodigal Mr. Chisholm had turned to account at the university, two years before, not without a few sarcasms on his folly, and the inauspicious boast conveyed in the words, "I shall make him remember his rubbers." Hearing that the reverend gentleman was now resident in a village near Grantham, and well surmising that on market-days and fairs he would be bustling about the town, he drove his curricle thither on the great horse-fair, accompanied by his mistress, the niece; and, meeting Mr. Chisholm in the crowd, he drew up his horses, inquired after the health of Lady Fosset, and expressed an earnest wish to pay her his respects.

"Lookye now, Mr. Randal," said the curate, "If you ar' n't off the ground in a twinkling, I 'll make the place too hot to hold you."

"I don't doubt your interest in a place too hot to hold me, Mr. Chisholm! but I appeal to the gentlemen here present whether my language was other than civil and friendly." The fashionable young traveller was cheered heartily: he was declared to be an over-match for the parson, and his shrewdness in a minute had drawn the clerical mouth awry. Observing the advantage he had gained, he appealed to every lady who did him the unexpected and unmerited honour of listening to him, and who by such politeness had rendered the present hour the brightest of his life, whether a syllable had escaped his lips which could possibly shock the modesty of the most delicate among them, or could justly wound the feelings of the reverend gentleman, whose sensibility was surely too acute for the occasion.

"Cute!" cried a farmer with thin yellow whiskers and white eyebrows. "Cute! 'Sblood! but you have the parson under the short rib there, master! You've doubled him up with that wiper."

"Permit me, gentlemen," said Mr. Randal, "permit to relate the few facts I have collected on the road concerning Mr. Chisholm's adventure."

"There 's a cross-buttocker for ye!" cried again the same orator as before. "*Venture* you may well call it. The parson has mettle; but what a main did he throw on your game! my eyes!"

Mr. Chisholm would have returned homeward, but he had promised to meet somebody at the ordinary, to receive a guinea which he had won in a wager, and which he feared he might lose by want of punctuality. At dinner he told the company that, whatever they might think of it, he never in his *born days* was the man to be abashed by anybody, and that he defied any *soul alive* to prove he had been choused of one penny by the old carrion.

"But, parson! can you marry again?" was the interrogation of the feeder next him. "Who the devil has the stomach to eat after such a choker?" squeaked a fat man opposite. "Right!" said his son. "Nevertheless, the spring physic has sweated you, parson!" "Damned ungenteel!" cried Mr. Chisholm, "to talk about physic at dinner-time. I 'll take the sense of the company upon it; is it not so? It would cost a young hound his best appetite. And so, gentlemen, I 'm off." At which words he emptied his bottle; and rising (as the cloth was being removed) stiffly and sorely, whistled, wiped his forehead, and drew up with two smart twitches the buckskin from behind.

Toward the end of the year the doctor sold the perpetual advowson of the rectory. He did not calculate on the grand climacteric or its effects, and died about fourteen months after his marriage, leaving only Porphyrogenitus the fruit of it. He called his infant by that name, declaring that among all the names he knew he never knew one but had many rogues under it, and that he was almost out of humour with his own. He bequeathed his whole property to his children by his last wife, to be equally divided among males and females, reserving a maintenance for his widow of one hundred pounds yearly, on condition that she never married again.

I found his successor an unaffected, quiet, good young man; rather idle, and therefore he often visited me at my cottage, and was surprised to see how straight I drew the lines for my winter cabbage, and thought the string a most ingenious contrivance. His sister was fond of walking in the green lane, and said to me the second time I found her there, "O, what a mercy it is, Mr. Normanby, that Miss Penelope left the hollies! they are so covered with woodbine and travellers'-joy! It seems never to have been a lane; here are no marks of wheel or horse-shoe; it is as hollow as an apple-scoop; and a sheep could not lie crosswise on it comfortably."

Le Doux. The story would end abruptly if it ended thus.

Normanby. Yet thus it must end. She has twelve thousand pounds, like her brother.

Le Doux. Indeed, my dear sir; I did not ask about the fortune. I have no designs upon her, and will abstain from mentioning it in the country to which I am going.

Normanby. I could not walk but I met her: she has done me as much mischief as an *Age of Reason*. A second time I left my country; and it was for her.

Le Doux. And, if am not greatly mistaken, it is for her you are a second time going back.

Normanby. What can be done? Her brother will have me in the parish.

Le Doux. I wish Lady Glengrin and Sir Firebrace were ready for breakfast: I am starving now you have concluded.

. . . The Swiss, having seen the sailor and his master twice in conversation, and unwilling that any but himself should be familiar with so great a personage, whispered to Mr. Normanby the secret of his lord's dignity, and rejoiced at the impression of his whisper. Afterward there always was civility, always frankness, but never confidence, never conversation. Le Doux on his part was just as a man is who has read a novel: he has done with it. Princes and kings are often kind, both from constitution and from fulness of power, in which they usually are without fear and jealousy: but I doubt whether there ever was a minister in the world capable of sincerity and amity, or who, having conversed for years together with any one, cared if he were drowned or hanged when he no longer could amuse or serve him. The possession and maintenance of power occupy such men totally. If the horse they ride will go on with patting, they will not feed him; if he cares little for patting and much for provender, they curse him heartily and fill the rack. All cunning men who wish for power may have it: but all cunning men are men of narrow views: and here, when they take possession of power, they must leave some places vacant which are incompatible with it. They are jockeys that sweat themselves to ride light; and after they have changed their great-coat for a calico jacket, they discover that their heart is too large, and must be swathed and contracted. The habit of haranguing is in itself pernicious: I have known even the conscientious and pious, the humane and liberal, dried up by it, and have watched the mind growing black and rancid in its own smoke.

During the voyage the conversation was usually on Ireland. No people talk so much about their country as the Irish; not because they are more patriotic (I beg pardon for using a word out of use in that acceptation, and should have said more *national*) than others, but because they are less capable of conversing on literature and science. Le Doux was surprised at exalted eulogies and vehement invective, used by the same persons on the same, as high spirits or low prevailed. Surely, said he to himself, this is the conflict of light and darkness, of the good principle and the evil, of Saint Michael and Satan. On the whole, however, Lady Glengrin and Sir Firebrace agreed on the wretched state of Ireland; but Sir Firebrace insisted that, although the fact was incontrovertible, no fault whatever *attached* to his majesty's ministers (meaning the king's) or those employed under them, military or civil; and that the clergy and gentlemen of Ireland, resident and non-resident, had done everything in their power to alleviate the distresses and promote the prosperity of the people. Le Doux was aware, from the roundness and fulness of the period, that the sentence could not be Sir Firebrace's, and attributed it rightly to a minister; who added that he must also do justice to the *people* of Ireland, in general as orderly and loyal as any in the United Kingdom; that if a little excess had been committed, it was rather the result of conviviality than of discontent; and he trusted that what he had risen to state, was a triumphant answer to the malicious and disaffected in England. He then told a story about a mail-coach and a fur-cap, so convincing to the simplest understanding, that the House of Commons voted unanimously any inquiry into the state of Ireland quite unnecessary and useless: unfortunately, he added that it might be dangerous at the present juncture; which, *out of doors*, raised some alarm.

"For my soul," after a pause ejaculated Le Doux, "I can not comprehend it: no one is to blame, and the blame is large enough for all." He meditated; and he found what at first appeared the grossest mismanagement, to be in reality the finest stroke of policy. "What admirable calculations of loss and profit! None but a commercial people is capable of this precision and exactness! It costs a great deal of money to keep the Irish in subjection: but to whom does the money go? To the friends of ministers, to the supporters of government, to the loyal and the rich. Again, if they did not make a very large portion of the people discontented, how would they find soldiers! Who will leave his family if he can feed it and enjoy it; unless he has such a sense of honour as a Frenchman, who flies to arms the moment a mayor orders him to be carried off; and a handcuff unites him to a comrade! The English are wanted to labour and pay taxes; the Irish must be kept as they are. Even Cromwell with all his cunning did not see this: his son Henry was the only governor who has made them quiet and contented these six hundred years. The policy now revived is more complex: we can not attribute the glory of the invention to fellows who never learned, from a dictionary and a smuggler, that Walcheren is a pestilential island and Antwerp a fortified town. O my country! my first wish is that thou mayest have no enemies; my second is that, having them, they may be men like these: but it would be unfair to deny them the merit of walking firmly and undeviatingly in the footsteps of their predecessors."

It was on the seventh or eighth morning, that Le Doux, rising from the cabin, cried, "Mr. Normanby! Mr. Normanby! what vast harbour are we entering?"

"This is the Strait of Gibraltar" answered he.

"O yes," said Le Doux, "so it is. We are far from the Barbary coast, yet how wild it looks even at this distance! See the difference between Christian industry and Moorish apathy!"

"Great indeed, sir," replied Normanby, "but that rock is Gibraltar, and this beautiful country to the left is Barbary. In fact, the Moors are industrious, and always were intelligent on agriculture, even before the Romans, into whose language their books on that science were translated, and at a time when no original one on the subject had

appeared at Rome. The Africans on the coast of Mauritania had a custom, claimed as an invention by the Tuscans, of interring corn for its preservation. The writer * of Cæsar's war in Africa mentions the practice, but mistakes the cause. Spaniards never were cultivators, in modern times or ancient: they only sow in the furrows ploughed for them by the Moors. The southern parts of the Peninsula retain the traces of Moorish enterprise: and the kingdom of the Moors in Spain, if they had been Christians, would have exhibited the most perfect model, ever existing in the world, of industry and civilisation, gallantry and glory. The men were valiant, and the women were chaste; robberies and murders were unknown; music was heard from road to road, from castle to castle; wars were the sports of valour, jousts and tournaments its idle recreations. At last, divided by faction, they were oppressed by numbers, leaving such monuments behind them as the powerfullest of our empires never will erect."

Michael heard this, and whispered to Renault, "I should not be surprised to see our Englishman turn renegade, if the ship draws nearer the coast."

It was then about one mile off: the harvest was gathered, still the country seemed a garden. Several boats approached the vessel with pomegranates of unusual size, undetached from their bright and glossy leaves; and the late fig; and grapes of various forms, sizes, and colours; and live quails and partridges and doves; and little kids, that leaped back among them from the deck again, and would not leave them. Suddenly the ship tacked, and a fresh breeze blew them into Gibraltar, where they must take in water.

"This long point of land could surely be cultivated," said Le Doux to the captain; "it is level and not very rocky."

"Sir," answered the captain, "the inhabitants of the city are three-fourths Jews, and most of the rest Spaniards. These people will never work if they can help it. Monopolies and privileges and exemptions furnish the greater part of the governor's emoluments, which are about five hundred guineas a week in time of war, and in peace little more than fifty a day; and he would not like to see plantations; they bring no tariff."

"It is nearly a mile in length," said Le Doux, "and shady walks might be formed upon it, for the convenience and health of the garrison."

"No tariff for the governor from shady walks," replied the captain.

Le Doux and Sir Firebrace went ashore in uniform, in order to leave their cards at the governor's.

"Precede them with flambeaux, for they are persons of distinction," said the governor to his valet.

"My lord, it is mid-day," answered the valet.

"Go down then," said his lordship . . "it is time I should think of sleeping." *

For the distance of many miles inland, and many along the shore, there was hardly a sign of cultivation. "How do the people live?" asked Le Doux.

"By means of the Moors," answered the captain.

Different were the colonel's exclamations all the way from Cape St. Vincent to Cape Finisterre. "Is it possible that sea-coasts can be so beautiful! O how fine! O how pretty! superb! magnificent! brilliant!" There were rocks that were charming, and villages that were minions, and vineyards that were tapestry, and meadows that were carpets. "These countries have very worthy kings," said he, "they only want good ministers." A thousand plans in an instant were ready for the consummation of their happiness.

"O heaven! this must be France!" exclaimed he one day in ecstacy.

"No, sir," said the captain, "it is the coast of Asturias."

Le Doux thought the rocks prettier even than those of the Petit Trianon. He expressed a second time his admiration of the coast. "We have passed a better," said the captain, "and you never noticed it. There are no harbours in Asturias like Ferrol and Coruña."

Off the Scilly Isles they found themselves in the midst of fishing-boats. Normanby took leave; sailed in one of them to Bristol; two days afterward reached Sandyhurst; and had the courage to walk directly toward the green lane, just as if he had never met an intruder.

The vessel that conveyed Lady Glengrin, Sir Firebrace, and Le Doux, at length cast anchor in the bay of Dublin, not without another subject of wonder to Le Doux, at seeing a pestilential marsh under one of the finest cities in Europe. "If this had been at Odessa, it would have been converted into docks," said he to himself. He passed the Parliament-house, and lifted up his hands in astonishment. "An Englishman I met at Genoa," said he to the general and the countess, "at an old minister's, fond as he was of extolling the public architecture of his country, and preferring the cathedrals and abbeys to anything antiquity has left us, never said a word about this noble fabric. It was perhaps too modern for him. He was a sort of half-author, a creature so devoted to antiquity, that when he snored he seemed in drawing his breath to say *grec*, and emitting it to say *romain*. I had the personal proof of it; for whenever he was disposed to sleep he slept, and would have done so had he been called to the levee or to the ministry. I never saw him quite decorous but in church, where he always seemed immersed in the deepest meditation; and if a person but whispered, even during the music, he fixed his eyes upon him with a stern rebuke."

* "Est in Africâ consuetudo incolarum, ut in agris et in omnibus fere villis sub terrâ specus, condendi frumenti gratiâ, clam habeant, atque id propter bella maximè hostiumque subitum adventum præparant."

* The sages of antiquity have each left an aphorism on human life; and there seemed hardly room for another; but this our sage, if he has not given, causes one: *vide somni breve intervallum.*

The society introduced to Le Doux was the most select. The beauty of the women held him breathless. "Am I in Poland, or in Paradise?" was his soliloquy. He paid his principal attentions to those who put on a clean pair of gloves every day, because he considered it a test of civilisation. Even among these, within the first week, his suspicions were confirmed by his valet that the linen was not always changed so often: but he thought it a scandalous tale when he heard that some of them came to breakfast in a part of the apparel in which they had slept.

"Do not tell me such nonsense, Renault! Depend upon it, the girl that gave you the information has been discharged: you will see her off soon." "Well, sir," said Renault, sighing, "would you believe it? a few years ago there was not a bidet in the kingdom of Ireland. The duchess of Rutland, consort of a lord-lieutenant, brought over the first. The duke (some say it was satirically) ordered one from London for the lady of the lord chancellor. It was of porcelain, as you may suppose, being the present of a lord-lieutenant; and its inauguration was in the centre of the table, filled with green-pea soup, at a cabinet-dinner given to his grace the lord-lieutenant." "A cabinet-dinner! .. and a vengeance .. with its green-pea soup, rogue!" cried Le Doux, laughing immoderately. "Sir," said Renault, gravely, "nobody laughed: everybody admired the contrivance for the ladle, and the maker had made his fortune, if the duchess had mystified as well and reasonably as the duke had done."

Opposite to Le Doux one day at dinner sat a nobleman of high rank, a member of every administration for forty years, placid and pliant, and attentive to nobody but him, into whose history he had been admitted by the countess. "Colonel," said he, "in all countries there are discontented; there are even in this." "Is it possible?" answered Le Doux, lifting up his eyebrows with surprise and concern. "But," rejoined the peer, "such is the kindness of Providence, the sounder part of the people is perfectly tranquil, and assured of its being well governed." "His lordship means those that govern," said a worthy major: "None are more open to conviction; the fact stares them in the face. Every country is rich and flourishing if you look at it through claret."

Politics on this occasion were discussed in few words. The illustrious visiter could collect, however, that most complaints were ill-founded; that those who complained of any specific grievance were unfair and partial in not considering the whole; and that those who took a view of the whole, and who proposed an inquiry into it, should state some specific grievance.

In another house, after several glasses were drunk with great cheerfulness, the whole company rose up to a mysterious toast, in silence and sadness. He sipped the wine in doubt, and found that it was the same as he had been drinking from the first, and excellent bordeaux. He could not conceive what had saddened at a single moment so many vacant and rosy faces. The next morning he heard that two of them had been shot by their antagonists, in a quarrel arising from this toast; the *Immortal Memory* of some one they had never seen or thought about. He imagined that silence and sorrow would have come better after; that wine should make men joyous, and duels serious. On reflection he feared to be 'compromised,' and suspected that the *immortal memory* so religiously observed, and with such awe and taciturnity, might be the memory of Bonaparte. To relieve his suspicions, he joked about it with two of the youngest, whom he found at billiards the succeeding day. They laughed aloud at his mistake. "It was king William," said one. "It was William Pitt," said the other. "It was no more Pitt than it was my pointer," rejoined the first. In fact, the *immortal memory*, in eighteen hours, had as much obscurity and as many thorns about it as the tomb of Archimedes.

Le Doux was walking one day in the streets of Dublin, when the appearance of perfumery in a window reminded him that he wanted a tooth-brush. He went into the shop, and asked for one. The master, a tall, florid, well-dressed, genteel-looking man, took up several, and rubbing them against the extremities of his fingers, recommended one particularly. "Take this: it will keep your teeth clean twenty years at once using. You are a Frenchman, sir, I find by your way of speaking, and I see you have hardly three hairs on a side. In your country they make good pomatum: try mine: but .. take the word of a friend .. wash your hands well afterward in soap and warm water, or you will have hair upon the palm an inch thick before night. And no razor can touch it."

"What is the price, sir?" "Ah now! is it the price? I never sell for lucre of gain: a half-crown contents me .. and, just for the peg-polisher, a thirteen-penny. Recommend me to your friends, if you have any, and I'll thank you." "Favour me with the number of your shop." "*Magazine*, if you please. The poor beggar of a schoolmaster over the way calls his, *seminary;* and sure then I might call mine so; but I would be modest; *magazine* does for me."

Le Doux was leaving the door, when he was met on the threshold by a young clergyman, who, flapping his lustrous boot with a thin whip, and drawing up his shirt-collar with his left hand, red as a pigeon's claw and broad as an ostrich's, pushed rudely by him into the shop. Le Doux bowed and begged pardon. At the same moment, the hairdresser, for such he was no less than perfumer, caught him by the arm, and taking the clergyman's too, said, "Brother Joe, I must introduce you to this gentleman, who dines with us."

"A thousand thanks! excuse me to-day." "To-day or never! now for your name." "My name is Le Doux, sir: but really .." "Le Doux!" said the clergyman, eyeing him suspiciously. "I'm damned if it is: that's a *neger's*." "I would not

incommode you, my kind friend," said Le Doux to the hairdresser: "Have the goodness to liberate my arm. Another time . ."

"Another time I may not have upon the spit a *cock o' the mountain*, ruddy and lusty as any eagle. You shall have him *piping-hot*, with his best feather through his nose. Lady Clench gave him me, with a Bologna-sausage, and a note (I would read it you) under. Hams and double-Gloster are plenty. I could tell you too what houses these come from, after dinner: and bright whiskey that widens your nostrils when you smell it, and finds water enough in your mouth for twenty glasses. Honest folks gave me that; who might not like naming. *Cocks o' the mountain* of another breed; ay, Joe? you live among 'em. Come, stay; we shall dine gloriously. Joe has a voice, and a song for it. Look at the windows of nine houses on each side, when he sings; and you shall see the old women lug the wenches down, and shall catch many a crimped cap and red wrinkle over the blinds." "Hold your wild colt's tongue, Matthew!" said the clergyman, rebuking him privately; and then in a lower tone, "Sure, are not we two enough for a *cock o' the mountain*, ay, and a sausage as big as a bolster?"

At the commencement of this pastoral charge, Le Doux, finding his arm released, made his escape. At which the brothers, much as one of them had wished his absence, agreed that he was a *blackguard* and a scamp, and unfit for their society. "Providential!" Joe ejaculated. "You would have talked first about your sausages and cocks o' the mountain and countesses, and then about the whiskey, letting it out by degrees that I had a trifle in the concern. And now, Matthew, about these women. Can't you meet with better and honester? why then I'll lend you a guinea. My sacred word for it, they all make a fool of you; and with more than their husbands; mind that. If you *must* have such sluts, why then have 'em, in God's name! but prythee be sober-minded and decent; for I am sated and sick of hearing of 'em."

"Only one word, Joe!" said Matthew mildly, and interlacing his arm. "Brother Joe now, my life and love! who presented you to that little tight pretty living there of Ennisgalcraig? and what for?" "Stuff!" cried Joseph. "True enough!" said Matthew. "Are you hungry? brother Joe!" "Hungry as a wolf-dog." "Give tongue upon the women then another time, and not when you would eat what they send us."

Invitations to dinner were frequent: among the rest was a long and elaborate one from Captain Phelim O'Mara: it was accepted. Le Doux was placed at his left, and was informed most politely by the captain that he liked foreigners above all things, and that he himself was half a foreigner.

"O no, captain O'Mara, you are a true Irishman, bred and born," cried lady Glengrin, "we must not lose our title to you!"

"I am so by father's side and mother's side, and by uncles and aunts," replied the captain, "but I have travelled of late; and the ground makes the foreigner, not the . . . Pray, if make so bold as to ask, what do you see i chuckle at, ladies and gentlemen? And wl you touch my arm, sir, while I was speal had not said the word?"

"Without the slightest idea of offen assure you, captain O'Mara!" said Le Do the contrary, it was done in my extren tience to second you in so just an obs You were at Paris, I presume: how long remain there?"

"A week," replied the captain: "I h my lodgings for a whole week, or I sho gone away directly. Our minister ther you believe it? made a difficulty of prese to the king. It was explained to me in t although, to do him justice, he only said h embrace some future opportunity."

"Indeed!" replied Le Doux from his h with an expression of deep sorrow on h tenance. "His Majesty has borne man tunes: I hope no one will tell him of thi

"I will myself, by the Lord, if ever I again, and catch his eye," said the captain, the table. "I went on to Italy, and at my lord Burghersh knew better what coat was made of, and what colour this Granduke treated me like his own s came behind my chair at supper, and might find at table something to my t replied to him in Irish; which I had a bet to do than he to speak in French; for Iri own language, and French is not his. was nothing to be seen at Florence bu and pictures and other such childish t proceeded to Rome, in company with a g who said we must have four horses, if we clean linen at the inns. 'As for clea said I, 'let those look to it who are to for my part I sleep all the way in th Howsoever, to show him that I did not money, I agreed to the four horses."

"Well, captain," said Lady Glengrin, " you think of the fair Italians?" "You s then, my lady, do you? Who told you a

She protested she knew nothing of the he continued. "The whole way from Fl Siena I thought every girl prettier than for which reason I kept the blinds up, no to understand my fellow-traveller, who he suffered so violently by the sun, tha giddy and could see nothing. On some tion of mine, he told me that nearer F this side of the city, I should not find th so handsome.

"I do not believe in anything superna cepting a ghost or two; but there are th puzzle one. I fell asleep from the violent from the incessant and intolerable no creature they call *grillo*, against which carriage-wheels in Christendom would n you: and I did not awake until nigh monkey-faced black devil, of an inch c length, with his *grill, grill, grill*, makes o

than twenty suns could do, bothering and never stay. We slept at Siena. In the morning, instead of vineyards and cornfields, a vast barren country, cracked by the heat, lay wide open before me. It looked like some starved monster, from whose powerless bones one still wishes one's-self away. No hedge was there, no tree, nor bird of any kind to inhabit them if there had been. I saw no animal but one long snake, lying in the middle of the road. Then again, instead of well-dressed, smiling, beautiful girls, joking with you innocently or wishing you heartily good day, female devils could not be nakeder nor bonier nor uglier than those wenches who ran before us, begging and screaming, and scratching their heads and blade-bones, and writhing like the damned. I remarked it to my companion, who calmly and indifferently answered me, 'I told you so.' 'Were you ever here before, sir?' said I. 'Never,' he replied.

"I trembled . . that is . . not from fear . . but, faith! it almost made me say my catechism in the coach: for he threw himself back, as though he had given the order that things should be so, and knew they were so. We entered Rome. He ordered his luggage to remain at the gate, alighted, saluted me; nobody has met him or heard of him; the people at the gate are afraid of saying a word about him if you ask them; never have I seen him from that hour to this, and God forbid I ever should in future."

"You must have been highly gratified, sir, in that city, by the noble specimens of the fine arts," observed the colonel. "O, Lord bless you!" cried the captain, "they make finer lace, and cambric, and frippery of all sorts, in your own country." "We have indeed some pretensions," answered Le Doux. Lady Glengrin remarked to the captain that his noble guest only meant statues and pictures. He winked at her, and whistled in a low key, and then whispered, "Why, indeed they do dress out their old dolls in the churches with a sight of finery, as for that." "But," added Le Doux, "their pictures in the Capitol, in the Vatican, and also in many private collections, are master-pieces."

"I do think," replied the captain, "they are up to most of us in painting a face or body. But the devil a notion have they of putting the one in good humour or the other in good clothes. They are all old-fashioned: and most of the men are in dressing-gowns: I have seen some half-naked, and some quite, and others that had never been at the barber's. Then what ruins and rubbish about the *demesne!* Scythe and whetstone never thought of: More gravel than grain, more mountain than clover-field; and ne'er a potato-plot for love or money. No rich water-meadow; no hay-stack nor turf-stack; no tight little cabin, with its window kept nicely in repair with strong substantial paper, and the smoke curling neatly through the doorway over the back of a comfortable pig, black or yellow, blinking at it pleasantly. But I will tell you what there are instead. There are rotten trees, and blighted and blasted ones. There are broken-up roads; you would swear at first sight that they lead to no magistrate's or grand-jury-man's. There are ugly broad weeds just before you; and farther on there are cranky old towers covered with pantiles; and there are rivers that are suffered to go undermining them. In all those pictures I never saw a cow fit for the butcher, or a horse that had been groomed, or a sheep with wool about her too good to wipe my boots on. Plenty of goats: but who likes their company? Gentlemen's houses seem quite deserted. Where do you find a hot-house? where do you find a garden-wall? By my soul! I think the best painter in the whole set would fight shy of a gooseberry bush."

Lady Glengrin then asked the captain whether he had been presented to the Pope.

"As soon as I had put on a clean shirt, and got my boots blacked, I went," said he, "to Cardinal Gonsalvi, as the shoeblack told me I should, and desired to be presented to his master: he recommended me to a countryman of mine, father Taylor, who did it."

"The cardinal is a man of great politeness and extensive information," said Le Doux.

"Politeness enough," replied the captain; "but information is another thing. The devil a word of English or Irish had he to throw at a dog; and when I tried him at Latin, by my soul! not a syllable could he put down to it, although it is in the breviary; which I borrowed on purpose to learn it, from the waiter."

"Did you try the Pope at it, captain?" said Lady Glengrin.

"Madam," after a pause answered he, "I beg your pardon, but it is uncivilish to speak to a lady with a leg of a turkey in limbo between the gullet and grinder. Now then at your service. I told his Holiness I hoped I had the pleasure of seeing him very well, drawing up my pantaloon, and putting my hand at ease in the fob, like a man of fashion. The Pope knows all languages under heaven, they tell me, but he did not hear me at first, and when my words were repeated to him in Italian by my countryman, he replied, with a smile as hearty as mine, that he was always well in the presence of worthy men, and that he suffered as little as could be expected from his age and infirmities. He continued to smile upon me for a moment when he had done, and then said something quite as obliging to another, who had made no inquiries after his health at all. My free noble Milesian manner gave general satisfaction: people were surprised to see how easily and spiritedly I did it: and an English lady was encouraged to ask him for a lock of his hair, not wishing to be outdone by an Irishman."

"Did he give it her?" asked lady Glengrin.

"He could not well have made any woman jealous; yet he thought he might; and said gravely that after his death those who esteemed him might wish for such memorials, but that he could not give them, in the grave or out. He seemed to be much affected at the mention of

dying, and went away. The English lady was vexed and angry, and said aloud, 'A stiff old prig! I would not give a farthing for it.' Nobody applauded her: women and men looked in her face coldly and fixedly. I began to feel for her; and to show her that I did, I told her, if she drove that way it should go hard with me but I gave her a lock of as good a man's. She stared at me as if she doubted my word. Upon which, to lend her confidence, I said, 'By my soul, miss, I say only what I mean; and you shall cut it your own sweet self.' In spite of everything I could think of to pacify her, away she went, with old Holiness sticking in her gizzard: and the last words she uttered were 'The horrid brute!' Now I do not think the offence she received from him warranted so fierce an expression."

Le Doux had offered many little attentions to the lady next him, from whom he sometimes had an answer, but often none. At last she was tired and impatient, and said to a girl on the other side of her, giving her an elbow-kick, "Christ Jesus! Bess, how this outlandish man does plague and worry me! Lord Almighty! will he never let me eat?"

Le Doux either did not hear or dissembled it: but the captain, who heard it plainly, was not aware of this, and said, "Let her alone, colonel! old cats will grumble over their meat, and mean nothing. If you intend civility, she is only my sister; you need not mind her; ay, Teresa?"

"I am as much to be minded as another, Phelim. Who soused you that sow's ear? There's no bacon where there's nobody to salt it. Mind that, and munch genteeler."

Universal approbation succeeded, excepting from lady Glengrin, who neither uttered a word nor changed a feature. Le Doux declared that the lady was in the right; and that he himself was the only person to blame; no correction, he added, could make him moderate his attentions, to wit, spirit, and beauty.

"Lord! he speaks as good English as the dean," exclaimed the pacified Teresa to her younger friend, "and when one does not eat, one can listen. Mind him: he is not so old as he seems: he may be forty."

"A fig for men of forty!" said the other in her ear; "and I do not much like him neither; for his nails are white all the way down, more like a beast's than a Christian's."

The last of these words were interrupted by a violent noise in front of the house; then at the door; then within it. Chairs rattled; imprecations and expostulations clashed, thickened, redoubled.

"Now for fun!" cried the captain, wiping first his hands with his whiskers, and then rubbing them together in raptures. "But better after our wine . . Moyle, run out and tell them to wait. Lady Glengrin, a thousand to one, among the rebels I find the fellow who stole your peacock, or some of his kin." "I hope, captain, if you do," replied her ladyship, "you will lay the lash on him smartly."

"Have you so many thieves about you, captain?" said Le Doux. "These, and three hundred thousand more of them," cried he. "We will whip them howsoever, till we find them out."

"What can so many steal?" asked Le Doux. "Steal!" replied the captain, "the thieves for the most part steal nothing: but nine in ten of the whole population are rebels! bloody dogs! fiery-hot papists as any in hell, enemies to church and king, tithe and orange! sly Scotch Presbyterians, earthed here! fellows who cry out so at the sight of a steeple, one would think you had poked it into the hollow tooth. I have flogged them myself until I have a rheumatism in my shoulder that will last me for life, and until there is a dearth of wire and honest hemp in all the midland parts of the country."

"You seem indeed to have been in active service," said Le Doux. "I have flogged this coat upon my back, and five hundred a year into my pocket: I shall be major next Christmas, and die commander of a district. These things are not given for nothing."

"From your enthusiasm in your profession, you must have entered it early in life." "I was in the midst of the rogues at the outset." "You remember then the attempt of the revolutionary French and of lord Edward Fitz-Gerald."

"O yes; I was then but a boy though. Often and often has he lifted me above his head, although I was as tall at ten as he was at thirty. He used to say, when people told him to take care of himself, that he had not an enemy that he knew or that knew him. Yet he found one here in Ireland who could do his business. He was such a merry, innocent, ingenuous little devil, he could fidget a man's wife before his face, and no *blood and hounds* upon it, nor spit nor spade nor shillelah. And yet somehow he was the mischiefullest imp of all father Satan's fire-side. Had he lived a couple of years, we should have had barefoot bishops and woollen epaulets; no army; all militia; from bog to parade, from parade to bog; singing and whistling, as who should care for any; and it would have been a month's labour to lift a hat. We have *United Irishmen* in every county and township; and by my soul! if he had carried his plans into execution, we should have had none at all, at all, but *United Irishmen*. Our people will always be bad when they can be, sir!"

An Englishman corroborated the observation by the words, "I believe it." At which the captain rose from his chair, and asked him what he meant by speaking ill of Ireland in his presence, which he swore no man should do while he had Irish blood in his veins.

"Nevertheless they are most incorrigible rogues," said lady Glengrin, remarking the silence and sorrowfulness of Le Doux.

"The vulgar are subject to error," said he, "and in these matters even the wise. Possibly your ladyship may find among them some who aspired to your countenance by participating your opinions on civil liberty."

"Civil liberty!" cried she indignantly. "What! among the bogs and mountains! Beside, these fellows have no more right to my opinions than to my property. Colonel Le Doux, I hardly could have expected in you the champion of robbery and revolt. If it were against a minister or king it might be well enough; but when one can not keep a favourite peacock on the lawn, matters are carried too far."

There was silence for a moment, the first moment there had been hitherto, and this was violently broken by the obstreperous entrance of the cook, lifting up her ladle, which dropped the grease over the same-coloured-kerchief on her ample bosom.

"A dirty pagan! a dirty pagan!" cried she. "Because your Honour would not let a scurvy lieutenant come to table among the quality! 'What! forsooth!' said the polecat, 'if the daughter of mother Jibbery is become a countess and picks her teeth here, am not I good enough to lift my jacket-flap upon the chair beside her?' 'No, you are not,' said I. 'Then,' said he, 'no sucking-pig for countess or captain this blessed day;' and, . . O the foul fox! with a devil in him from muzzle to brush . . how do you think he began to baste the poor innocent?"

"Hold hard!" cried Mr. Roger Moyle. "Have you no decency, Tertulliana Trench?"

"Decency! the cockroach! I could skin him like an eel, out of the Suire, alive alive. No roast pig to-day, by my salvation, as I am true to the Protestant ascendancy, unless your Honour spits the bloody traitor."

"Let me alone for that," said the captain calmly: "I shall see whether his ribs will crackle, and whether he has a handful of thyme and marjoram in his belly."

At this he said grace and would have risen; but Le Doux took him by the hand, and pressing it between his, submitted to his sounder judgment whether so trifling a matter were worthy of his exalted courage. The captain would have argued in the affirmative.

"Pooh! pooh!" said Moyle humanely, "the man was drunk; and drunken men are up to anything, pretty nearly; arn't they, Miss?" She lifted up her shoulder, and said impatiently, "Let Phelim go his way. Sure we shall have a witty song from Tommy Moore upon it, ringing on the piano from Dublin to Belfast."

"Then let the whelp have both pig and fire for his own share!" exclaimed the captain: "I would rather be in a jail than in a song; and that vixter's are never out of tune or out of fashion. Beside, we had all done with eating; and as for sucking-pigs, I know where the other seven are. But, right or wrong, I have something to say in Master Ralph's ear another time, for his ill manners, and that won't lie like cotton in it, take my word."

The bottle was then pushed round; and it was announced to the ladies by the captain that they might sit where they were, as no smutty toasts would be given nor merry songs called for; and as coffee was fitter for Turks and tea for washerwomen; and, above all, as good claret was not to be had every day in the best houses. "Mine," added he, "never gets into the head, ladies! It passes like a guinea: don't be shy. *Church and King*, if you please (what say you, colonel); and then *the ladies;* and afterward *the gentlemen* from their fair lips; and now afore God, Roger Moyle, I do desire you will not favour us with any of your explanations."

"Lord help you, O'Mara!" said Moyle, sneering, "they are no bigger fools than you and I. I wave the cap along the ground where the scent lies fainter round cover."

In despite of invitations and precautions the party broke up early in the evening.

Lady Glengrin had alike sustained her dignity and her affability, and told the captain she did not wonder he was such a favourite at the castle. Her attendant, Lord Purlingstreamdale, was loftier. He looked hard, and did not hear Mr. Roger Moyle invite him across the table to drink a glass of claret. Mr. Roger Moyle appeared not to notice it at the time; but when they rose from table he took him gently by the sleeve, and reminded him of it plaintively, in almost a whisper, saying he did not expect it at his hands, having left no less than eighty pounds for five weeks together in his father's bank, when his bailiff Sampson Haft sold the bullocks at Crookhaven. His lordship looked disdainfully.

"I am sorry you look so strange and modest and red, my lord," said Mr. Roger Moyle, "as there is a sort of kin between us."

"How so, Mr. Moyle?" said his lordship.

"Why sure then," replied Mr. Roger Moyle, "and was not my father's kitchen-wench, poor Phillis, who died at eighty under my roof, own sister to Moll Harness, your grandmother, whom your grandfather, if he had lived, would have made an honest woman; for there was not one that scoured better nor harder in those parts, pewter or brass, though Phillis was never slack . . No drawing up before me! no waistcoat-button against mine! I know your height without tape. I have some stray acres, my Lord Purlingstreamdale, and, if you beat for me, you may know where they lie, and where the house lies upon 'em; there's ne'er a tree hides it; it looks you in the face of day, erect and blithe as a bridegroom." Then, offering his hand, "Come let us part friends, or we shall not sleep soundly; to-morrow every man to his fancy." He stooped a little, and rubbed his palms, as men do before a good fire on coming from the cold, and, in higher spirits than before, ran to the carriage, the steps of which Lady Glengrin was about to mount, and invited her ladyship and Colonel Le Doux to Moylestown, where he told them he had dogs and some dirt for them if the weather should hold. They laughed heartily and drove off.

"Lord Purlingstreamdale, you do not enjoy Moyle's wit," said Lady Glengrin.

"I did not hear the man," replied he.

"Colonel, I should like to take you over," said her ladyship. "Roger Moyle is a man of ancient family. I may say it to you, although when I mentioned it incidentally in the presence of O'Donohough, O'Dono told me that he was only a Saxon, if I called that ancient; and, being informed by a lady that the race was Norman, he scoffed and cried, 'Och! they are all one; the same thing top and bottom,' pitying the ignorance of his interrupter. Moyle possesses an estate of twenty miles or more in extent. At the beginning of our disturbances he was a great pacificator, although he commanded a body of cavalry; and the major of an English regiment told him that by such misconduct he had become suspected. 'I have one reason to be sorry for that; and only one,' said Roger Moyle. 'What is it, sir?' said the major haughtily. 'Because I shall be more so before night,' replied he. 'How!' exclaimed the major. 'By contriving a window on English ground that shall never pay tax.' 'I don't understand you, sir,' cried the major. 'Come out then, and bring your best pistols, looking first to flint and priming, and, by the grace of God, I make a loop-hole in that pantry there for a wiser man to look through.'

"They met; and he took the major by the hand" . . here Lord Purlingstreamdale blushed and breathed hard . . "and begged and entreated him, as a christian, to retract his words . . in vain . . 'any word, best or worst; only retract it,' said Moyle. The major told him to stand off, and not beg and pray there, after his insolent and braggart brogue. They fired; and the major fell. 'And now, gentlemen,' said Moyle to the seconds, 'as you have each your servant with you, do me the favour to take this uniform to head-quarters, and to tell the general, with my best compliments, that it was Roger Moyle's.' And he stripped off his uniform and rode home in his shirt-sleeves, a distance of twenty-five miles, in the beginning of January."

"Captain O'Mara must be very intimate with him," Le Doux remarked. "He desired him at dinner to take a message out of the room."

"Do you wonder at anything in O'Mara?" said the countess. "I never heard of a particular intimacy between them; but the maxim of Roger Moyle is, to go wherever he is invited; for he says that nobody will invite him who does not like him, and that he has neither bad heart nor bad stomach. Obliging as he is, he would have been offended at such a liberty, if there had been a servant in the room to deliver the message, or if O'Mara could have left the company. For although his conversation is coarse and clownish, there are certain points upon which, in common with the Irish in general, he is delicate and sensitive in the extreme. His moderation made him as much suspected by some of the insurgents, after he had laid down his uniform, as to the major. Toward the end of the same month he had been shooting, and was returning homeward, when three armed men started up from among the gorse, and one of them advancing cried, 'Ho! Moyle! bring us your gun.'

"'Gentlemen,' replied he, 'it is easier for you to come and fetch it than for me to bring it. I have been out all day, with a brace of hares dangling, as you see, across my shoulder, and fifteen fat partridges in my pouch, if I counted right.'

"The man came closer, and cried, 'Off with your belt and down with your fowling-piece, straight forthwith, or' . .

"'Or what?' cried Moyle. 'And now you threaten, friend, the play's fair.' So saying, he discharged the contents through his body, and began to load again. The other two at first were astonished, but after a mutual exhortation, on seeing that the gun was not double-barrelled, they rushed forward against him. He drew a pistol, and shot one: the other begged his life until he could confess.

"'Draw your charge then,' said Moyle; 'and now give me the ramrod . . and now off my grounds in the twinkling of an eye, or you sleep in the kennel on raw horse-flesh no sweeter than yourself, and such whiskey as curs give curs.'

"He broke the ramrod, threw the pieces over the man's head, and without looking after him, walked home."

"He appeared to me," said Le Doux, "a very ordinary man; begging his pardon, for my opinion was a most unjust one, and I am happy to correct it. Whatever he says is wrong, and whatever he does is right. Now of all things in a man's character this is the most uncommon, the most opposite to what we find or expect. I regret that I was not near enough to him to lead him into conversation."

"His conversation," said lady Glengrin, "has usually a tendency to the indelicate, which produces the effect of wit among the uneducated, and which, I am sorry to say, in this country almost always accompanies it. In France and England the dinner-table is the theatre of decorum: in Ireland there are persons of rank and distinction who forget that the table-cloth is still before them, and that the defilement they suffer to escape them may run down and reach their daughters.

"Moyle entertains that contempt for reading and study which is general, not to say universal, among our gentry. Yet, from the little I have seen of him, I do not think him deficient in understanding or acuteness, although there is a story about him which, if true, goes to prove the contrary. On his return home one morning from some appointment with the justices about a road, to be carried (they told him) directly through his estate, his butler heard him repeat to himself by jerks and twitches some sharp oath-like interjections, as he walked up and down the dining-room; and took the liberty of saying, 'Master! what are you angry at?' Moyle's answer was, with a smile, 'Because, Nan, I was angry. If a man can't keep his temper, what is he fit to keep?' Andrew, who had lived with him from a boy, was satisfied,

and only said, he did not think wrath was worth carrying home, though a man rode.

"That Roger Moyle has not much reflection, is proved by an occurrence well known and often related. His mother's uncle was the catholic bishop of the diocese: a learned and pious man. On his death-bed he was frequently visited by Moyle. One evening he said, 'Roger! you have an excellent heart, sound sense, and great influence in the county. I am sorry, on leaving the world, to think we shall never meet again.'

"'Don't think about that, uncle Nol,' said Roger. 'I will remain with you, and lie upon a rug in this chamber, if you wish it.' The bishop groaned, 'Poor Roger! blind still! kind-hearted nephew! in another world then we never must meet!' and burst into tears. 'Uncle Nol!' said Roger, 'tears are good for the tooth-ache, but may do harm in your complaint. Let us be reasonable, and discourse it over.'

"The bishop pressed his hand, and thanked him for the only act of kindness he never had seemed disposed to. 'You will then hear me, Roger, upon our holy faith?' He brought forward all the arguments in its support, every one of which was irrefragable, and pure from the mouth of apostles, doctors, and confessors; and at the conclusion he cried, 'I have a cloud more of witnesses.'

"'The cloud we have had is quite enough, uncle Nol!' 'Now, Roger! can you doubt them?' cried the good man emphatically. 'I can not,' said Roger. 'You hold then these blessed truths?' 'I do.' 'And will stand firmly thereby?' 'I will.' 'You abandon then your own pernicious errors?'

"Roger hesitated; and then said tenderly, 'Uncle Nol, turn upon your back again and lie quiet. Sure I may keep my own errors, and take yours too.'

"'O nephew Roger! my last hopes are blighted!'

"'Pooh! pooh! no such thing. I believe all that you have said, uncle Nol; but I may believe other folks as civilly. Men of honour may differ in opinion, and no harm in it, while they don't contradict. If you tell me what you saw and what you know, why then indeed I take your word rather than another's, as being my next of kin, and aware right well what blood is in your veins.'"

"Incapable as I have shown myself," said Le Doux, "of judging the other parts of his character, I will not hazard a word upon his prudence; but it appears wonderful to me that, in the vicinity of those whose relatives he has shot, he rides home alone in the evening, through a country so uninhabited."

"The same thing was remarked to him by Captain O'Mara," said Lady Glengrin; "and he replied that he was mounted on such a horse as no man need be ashamed of: that, if there were few, he would show them his head; and, if the bidders were too many, his tail. Neither expostulation nor experience have altered his custom. Nat Withers, called familiarly from this time forward 'the man of the broken ramrod,' told his story with a few variations, and swore in the presence of several, that he would kill the first soldier he met, private or officer, in service or out. The declaration was made before O'Mara, who, in addition to his other offices, is justice of the peace. He watched his opportunity of surrounding Nat's house, which Nat had been just seen entering, and called aloud 'Nat Withers!' Nat came to the door, and falling on his knees, 'Why sure, captain, your Honour can not want me; you have so many other brave men about you. For the love of Christ! what are your Worship's commands?'

"'Nat Withers! only just come a step out and be hanged, and hold your tongue upon it. Leave the rest to me: witnesses are sworn: all is ready, just as you could wish it: sentence and service shall be read over you at once: up upon your legs! be aisy!'

"Nat sprang up, and attempted to run off, but, turning the corner of the house, was shot. 'There may be more of them within,' said the captain; 'lose no time, boys!'

"They were entering the cabin, when the wife met them, and levelled one with her fist, and stabbed another to the heart with a knife. Surrounded and seized by the remainder, she threw it from her, and fixing her eyes upon the captain, 'Och! bloody hound! Och! that it was not thee!' 'Ugly witch!' cried O'Mara, 'who art thou?' 'I am Dinah Shee, Nat Withers's wife these nine years, whose blood be upon thy head!' 'Better there than upon this new pantaloon,' said O'Mara, 'where a braver man's is.' 'A lie in your hound's throat a stride across!' cried Dinah: 'there was no braver man in all Ireland than Nat Withers, though he was not always brave at the right time.'

"The captain smiled: she struck at him with her fist: he caught her arm, and said calmly: 'Dinah Shee! thou hast spoken fair, and done well and bravely. If any one bears false witness against thee on this little matter, I will appear in thy behalf, and swear him down to the devil! mind that, boys!'

"At these words she fell upon the ground, and howled tremendously. 'Leave the poor soul in her cabin,' said O'Mara to his men; 'she can not do less for the dead; and Nat there won't come again and bother her about it.'"

Le Doux was saddened at the smile on the countenance of Lady Glengrin, who asked him where were his thoughts.

"I would have reserved them entire for Mr. Moyle," replied he, "if your ladyship had not been mistress of them, and given them another direction. Really I should like to see his town."

"Town!" cried lady Glengrin with surprise.

"When he did us the honour to invite us, did he not say Moyle's-town?"

"It was always a lone house; although once there was another nearer it, which he pulled down, because the tenant had poisoned a fox; saying that he who would poison a fox would, in proper time and place, at last poison a Christian,

and, after that, a child. To explain the subject of your observation; our houses in the country we call *towns* and *boroughs;* we have *castles* and *forts* of one story high, comfortably thatched, but without wall or ditch, rail or pale, bolt or shutter, and with green sash-windows, in honour of the shamrock, down to the ground. Our lodges and cottages are at the gates of Dublin, in Merion-square, or Stephen's-green, or wings perhaps to the Custom-house."

During the remainder of their drive homeward, her ladyship commended the prudence of Le Doux, who fearing that some cruelty might be committed in the captain's house, on the men arrested, and before the visiters had left it, requested her ladyship to remember that the evenings were damp and chilly, that perhaps more of the disaffected might be abroad, and that, in order to obviate any alarm to herself on the latter subject, and to him principally on the former, as her ladyship's health had been delicate, it might be better to give her commands about the horses. She began to apologise for introducing him to such a creature; adding that, as he had been presented at court, he was a person to be visited, but that still she did not like it. "However, he keeps the rabble in quietness," said she: "and we have had only one robbery in the parish, the most peaceful in Ireland, all the year. Unluckily it was my peacock. As for murders, there have only been seven or eight in as many months, chiefly of middlemen and tithemen, beside a cow, which indeed died rather from hocking, and from having her tongue cut out unskilfully."

A few days after, Le Doux rode into the country, to the distance of twelve or fourteen miles. He found the labours of the husbandman unremitted, his food of the coarsest quality, and proportionally less plenteous than, from calculation of profit, we give our swine and calves. He saw the Catholic faith in all its purity, but without its festivals. On his return he mentioned this, and here both parties, and every individual, agreed: namely, that the only good thing among them was the absence of holidays.

"The absence of a thing, a good thing!" said he, pondering. "And this absence, *among* them! That is more like an article of faith than an article of logic." He had been accustomed to such inconsequences; but never could he persuade himself that incessant labour is a blessing, or that what is individually bad is nationally good. "Can there be prosperity where there is no happiness?" said he within himself: and it was the first time that a statesman ever had revolved a question the most original and the most important. To be awake is well; but to sleep is well also. To work is good; but to cease from it is not less. Much is gained to a nation by handicraft and digging: is nothing gained by joy and gladness, and by rendering them the immovable Lares of the poor man's hearth? The assertion was uncontradicted, that there were in Ireland four millions of poor or oppressed. "Merciful heaven!" cried Le Doux, "four millions! the remainder of the earth does not contain the half. Those educated in slavery are willing slaves. The Mahometans have expeditious, equal, and inexpensive laws, and, for the most part, a delightful climate; the two greatest blessings; and they believe in fatality . . no small one! The Pagans hear of nothing better than what they possess and enjoy. The Irish not only hear of it, but are promised it, and have earned it. Fatalism is the only foolish thing they do not believe in. And their climate is such that, rather than bear its inclemency, they eat and drink smoke. What hovels! what food! what beds! what contests of their children and their swine for even these! Shall then their innocent festivals, the best part of the best religions, and here so requisite as a solace, so acceptable as a compensation, be forbidden them?"

O Catholicism! thou art verily a syphilis among the moral evils, eating deep into the political, and fatal where unchecked; but thou hast thy truckle-couch for thy sores to lie easy on, and something under it to catch thy drivelling. God help thee if these are removed!

To dance on Sundays, to enjoy the delights of music, the purest of delights, the greatest, the most humanising, are things unlawful: the catholic and protestant are covenanters here. They may celebrate the Lord's day, but they must be as gloomy as if it were the devil's. A gauger comes round, and measures every man's smile; and we may expect the Society for the Suppression of Vice to offer a reward for a gelotometre, which Johnson would have defined *a diatonic instrument whereby the cachinnations of laughter may be mensurated.*

In Ireland, as in England, Sunday is a festival; but he who presumes to enjoy the first course, must chew the last in the stocks or in the house of industry, or acquire an appetite for another such feast by the wholesome exercise of the tread-mill. If Sundays were holidays, as they should be, and Christmas-day and New-Year's-day were added, the quantity of time devoted to idleness would be sufficient. At present they are days of dead languor, and make the tired labourer wish again for work. To scold is not forbidden on them; to sing is. He may quarrel with his neighbour; he must not play with him. Shall the religion then of no nation be free, not only from gross and incoherent, but from restless and insulting absurdities? Shall kindness be the basis of none? loudly as Christianity hath proclaimed it, constantly as its divine and ever-blessed Founder hath practised and commanded it? Intolerant and self-sufficient bigots, the most impudent and crazy of mankind, legislate for churches and gloss for Christ. They do not trouble their heads in what manner the commutative offices of life are executed, the duties of every day, the interests of society in contact with us; and never are quiet on those which they call the *everlasting*, but which in fact are no interests at all, being mere dependencies on belief or unbelief, in matters incapable of demonstration,

and inapplicable to practice. Much of fanaticism is seen in England, some in Ireland: but fanaticism here is among the lighter curses.

"It appears to me," said Le Doux, "that in this country the features of evil are harsh, the form indefinite."

"We must acknowledge," said Lady Glengrin, "that none of our statesmen has been capable of improving the condition of the Irish."

"What!" cried Le Doux, "does the plague rage perennially? Do the rains of heaven never fall among you? Have you no roads, no rivers, no harbours? Have you no herbage, no cattle, no corn?"

"Of these things," replied she, "we have plenty."

"Bear me witness, heaven!" exclaimed Le Doux enthusiastically. "To make men happier requires little wisdom, but much will. What was Odessa? what is it now? Madam, I do not pretend to greater knowledge than many possess, in every kingdom: I wished to do good, and, being in authority, I did it. The Russians were not advanced in civilisation much farther than the Irish; but the gentry were more humane, the clergy more tolerant, and in consequence the *serfs* more docile."

The Irish friends of Le Doux began to think him, some a visionary, some an incendiary: and he, who saw only confusion and contradiction from the first, discovered that the same person was the most polite and the rudest, the most hospitable and the most sordid, the most contentious and the best-natured creature in the world.

"It is time to leave this carnival," said he. "The mask in fashion is half-white and half-black: every man finds its inconvenience, yet every man wears it. There is only one exception, and, strangest of contradictions, it is a minister of state. Let me fly from this scene of enchantment while the bristles are not yet out upon me."

TIBERIUS AND VIPSANIA*.

Tiberius. Vipsania, my Vipsania, whither art thou walking?

Vipsania. Whom do I see? my Tiberius?

Tiberius. Ah! no, no, no! but thou seest the father of thy little Drusus. Press him to thy heart the more closely for this meeting, and give him . .

Vipsania. Tiberius! the altars, the gods, the destinies, are between us . . I will take it from this hand; thus, thus shall he receive it.

Tiberius. Raise up thy face, my beloved! I must not shed tears. Augustus! Livia! ye shall not extort them from me. Vipsania! I may kiss thy head . . for I have saved it. Thou sayest nothing. I have wronged thee; ay?

Vipsania. Ambition does not see the earth she treads on: the rock and the herbage are of one substance to her. Let me excuse you to my heart, O Tiberius. It has many wants; this is the first and greatest.

Tiberius. My ambition, I swear by the immortal Gods, placed not the bar of severance between us. A stronger hand, the hand that composes Rome and sways the world . . .

Vipsania. . . Overawed Tiberius. I know it; Augustus willed and commanded it.

Tiberius. And overawed Tiberius! Power bent, Death terrified, a Nero! What is our race, that any should look down on us and spurn us! Augustus, my benefactor, I have wronged thee! Livia, my mother, this one cruel deed was thine! To reign forsooth is a lovely thing! O womanly appetite! Who would have been before me, though the palace of Cæsar cracked and split with emperors, while I, sitting in idleness on a cliff of Rhodes, eyed the sun as he swang his golden censer athwart the heavens, or his image as it overstrode the sea.* I have it before me; and though it seems falling on me, I can smile at it; just as I did from my little favourite skiff, painted round with the marriage of Thetis, when the sailors drew their long shaggy hair across their eyes, many a stadium away from it, to mitigate its effulgence.

These too were happy days: days of happiness like these I could recall and look back upon with unaching brow.

O land of Greece! Tiberius blesses thee, bidding thee rejoice and flourish.

Why can not one hour, Vipsania, beauteous and light as we have led, return?

Vipsania. Tiberius! is it to me that you were speaking? I would not interrupt you; but I

* Vipsania, the daughter of Agrippa, was divorced from Tiberius by Augustus and Livia, in order that he might marry Julia, and hold the empire by inheritance. He retained such an affection for her, and showed it so intensely when he once met her afterward, that every precaution was taken lest they should meet again.

In a former note it has been signified that the Claudii was deranged in intellect. Those of them who succeeded to the empire were by nature no worse men than several of their race in the times of the republic. Appius Claudius, Appius Cæcus, Publius, Appio, and after these the enemy of Cicero, exhibited as ungovernable a temper as the lapidal ones, some breaking forth into tyranny and lust, others into contempt of, and imprecations against, their country. Tiberius was meditative, morose, suspicious. In the pupil of Seneca were dispositions the opposite to him, with some talents, and many good qualities. They could not disappear on a sudden without one of those cloaks under which had been engulfed almost every member of the family.

* The Colossus was thrown down by an earthquake during the war between Antiochus and Ptolemy, who sent the Rhodians three thousand talents for the restoration of it. Again in the time of Vespasian, "Cos Veneris, item *Colossi* refectorem congiario magnâque mercede donavit." *Suetonius in Vesp.* The first residence of Tiberius in Rhodes was when he returned from his Armenian expedition, the last was after his divorce from Vipsania and his marriage with Julia.

thought I heard my name, as you walked away and looked up toward the East. So silent!

Tiberius. Who dared to call thee? Thou wert mine before the Gods . . do they deny it? Was it my fault . .

Vipsania. Since we are separated, and for ever, O Tiberius, let us think no more on the cause of it. Let neither of us believe that the other was to blame: so shall separation be less painful.

Tiberius, O mother! and did I not tell thee what she was? patient in injury, proud in innocence, serene in grief!

Vipsania. Did you say that too? but I think it was so: I had felt little. One vast wave has washed away the impression of smaller from my memory. Could Livia, could your mother, could she who was so kind to me . . .

Tiberius. The wife of Cæsar did it. But hear me now, hear me: be calm as I am. No weaknesses are such as those of a mother who loves her only son immoderately; and none are so easily worked upon from without. Who knows what impulses she received? She is very, very kind; but she regards me only; and that which at her bidding is to encompass and adorn me. All the weak look after power, protectress of weakness. Thou art a woman, O Vipsania! is there nothing in thee to excuse my mother? So good she ever was to me! so loving!

Vipsania. I quite forgive her: be tranquil, O Tiberius!

Tiberius. Never can I know peace . . never can I pardon . . anyone. Threaten me with thy exile, thy separation, thy seclusion! remind me that another climate might endanger thy health! . . There death met me and turned me round. Threaten me to take our son from us! our one boy! our helpless little one! him whom we made cry because we kissed him both together. Rememberest thou? or dost thou not hear? turning thus away from me!

Vipsania. I hear; I hear. O cease, my sweet Tiberius! Stamp not upon that stone: my heart lies under it.

Tiberius. Ay, there again death, and more than death, stood before me. O she maddened me, my mother did, she maddened me . . she threw me to where I am, at one breath. The Gods can not replace me where I was, nor atone to me, nor console me, nor restore my senses. To whom can I fly? to whom can I open my heart? to whom speak plainly?* There was upon the earth a man I could converse with, and fear nothing: there was a woman too I could love, and fear nothing. What a soldier, what a Roman, was thy father, O my young bride! How could those who never saw him have discoursed so rightly upon virtue!

Vipsania. These words cool my breast like pressing his urn against it. He was brave: shall Tiberius want courage?

Tiberius. My enemies scorn me. I am a garland dropt from a triumphal car, and taken up and looked on for the place I occupied: and tossed away and laughed at. Senators! laugh, laugh! Your merits may be yet rewarded . . be of good cheer! Counsel me, in your wisdom, what services I can render you, conscript fathers!

Vipsania. This seems mockery: Tiberius did not smile so, once.

Tiberius. They had not then congratulated me.

Vipsania. On what?

Tiberius. And it was not because she was beautiful, as they thought her, and virtuous, as I know she is, but because the flowers on the altar were to be tied together by my heart-string. On this they congratulated me. Their day will come. Their sons and daughters are what I would wish them to be: worthy to succeed them.

Vipsania. Where is that quietude, that resignation, that sanctity, that heart of true tenderness!

Tiberius. Where is my love? my love?

Vipsania. Cry not thus aloud, Tiberius! there is an echo in the place. Soldiers and slaves may burst in upon us.

Tiberius. And see my tears? There is no echo, Vipsania! why alarm and shake me so? We are too high here for the echoes: the city is below us Methinks it trembles and totters: would it did! from the marble quays of the Tiber to this rock. There is a strange buz and murmur in my brain; but I should listen so intensely, I should hear the rattle of its roofs, and shout with joy.

Vipsania. Calm, O my life! calm this horrible transport.

Tiberius. Spake I so loud? Did I indeed then send my voice after a lost sound, to bring it back; and thou fanciedst it an echo? Wilt not thou laugh with me, as thou wert wont to do, at such an error? What was I saying to thee, my tender love, when I commanded . . . I know not whom . . . to stand back, on pain of death? Why starest thou on me in such agony? Have I hurt thy fingers, child? I loose them: now let me look! Thou turnest thine eyes away from me. Oh! oh! I hear my crime! Immortal gods! I cursed then audibly, and before the sun, my mother!

* The regret of Tiberius at the death of Agrippa may be imagined to arise from a cause of which at this moment he was unconscious. If Agrippa had lived, Julia, who was his wife, could not have been Tiberius's, nor would he and Vipsania have been separated.

WOLFGANG AND HENRY OF MELCTAL*.

Wolfgang. Old man, thou knowest, I doubt not, why thou art brought before me.

Henry. For having been the preserver of Arnold.

Wolfgang. For harbouring and concealing an outlaw.

Henry. We all are outlaws.

Wolfgang. What! and confess it!

Henry. Where there is law for none, what else can we be?

Wolfgang. In consideration of thy age and heretofore good repute, our emperor in his clemency would remit the sentence passed on thy offence, taking only thy plough and oxen in punishment of disobedience.

Henry. Ploughs and oxen are not instruments and furtherers of disobedience. Why were they taken from me before? Had they never been seized by his Apostolic Majesty, and had not the great man Gessler told me that I, a hoary traitor, should be yoked in place of them, my valiant son had never cursed him and his master.

Wolfgang. I turn pale with horror . . Curse the right-hand of the Almighty!

Henry. We were told that Man was his image, long before we ever heard that a dry marten-skin on the shoulder, and a score of cut pebbles on the hand, made any creature his right-hand. This right-hand does little else than, like children, strip the image, or just as they do, break the head of one against the head of another.

Wolfgang. What particular hardship couldst thou complain of?

Henry. Only that whenever there was a fine day, my oxen were taken for the emperor's use, and that my boy was forced to guide them.

Wolfgang. You had many days left.

Henry. Ay verily; all winter, from the first of November to the first of April. While the snow was from five to three feet deep, I might plough, sow, and harrow. A green turf was an imperial rescript, and I never saw one in the morning but I met a soldier at my gate ere noon, and my two poor beasts were unhoused.

Wolfgang. Factious man! the mildest governments in the world have always exacted this trifle in payment for their protection. Where there is little coin, there must be labour or its produce: and how much better is it to give the half, or rather more, to a lawful master, than the whole to robbers! But indeed this half is not given: all in right is Cæsar's. Thy Bible says, "Give unto Cæsar that which is Cæsar's, and unto God that which is God's." It does not say, "Keep anything," which it would do, if anything remained. Dost whistle, rogue?

Henry. I cry you mercy, Sir Wolfgang. About the Scripture I dare argue nothing; but about the thieves . . what thieves have we here? Who is disposed to take away kid or pullet from us? can not we, who are in our own houses, defend them as well as those who are some hundred miles off? and, when we can not, is not our neighbour as ready to help us as they are? Yet our neighbour would blush to ask a spoonful of salt for doing it.

Wolfgang. Malcontent! what wouldst thou say if thy master should forbid thee to turn thy barley into malt, or to plant thy garden, or any plot of it, with hops?

Henry. I dare not imagine this wrong. To order me how to crop my garden or how to mix my tankard! To forbid the earth to give its increase in due season is the heaviest and the rarest curse of God. Never, I trust, will our nation be so heartless as to endure a like interdict from the wrath of man.

Wolfgang. There is no danger: nevertheless why not profit by example, and avoid the chances of mischief? The tortoise, well protected as it is, draws in its head at the touch of a child.

Henry. I will do the same when I am a tortoise. But we Switzers have our rights and privileges: we may kill even a hare if we find him in our corn, provided the land be our freehold. What nation in Christendom can say the same, beyond these mountains? We alone are raised to an equality with the beasts and birds: we alone can leave our country: we alone pine and perish if we are long absent from it.

Wolfgang. Is that a privilege?

Henry. No, my lord judge; it may be a want, a weakness: but those who are subject to it are exempt from many others. Of what are they not capable in defence of their country, to whom she is so dear! We see our parents and children carried to the grave; we lose sight of them, and bear it manfully. On losing sight of our country our hearts melt away.

Wolfgang. Brave men bear it. I left my country to perform my duties in this; and what country is pleasanter than Austria, or more productive of cattle and game, of river-fish and capons?

Henry. All men have a birth-place, Sir Wolfgang, but all men have not a country. Nay, there are some who have it not, and who possess almost half a province, with tolls, and mills, and chases, and courts, and prisons, and whatever else can make the great contented.

Wolfgang. I should be censurable if I listened longer to such idle and wild discourse. The people of Burgundy are subject to more hardships than thou art, so are those of Swabia and of France. Be

* Landenberg, who governed the country for Albert of Austria, sent to drive away a yoke of oxen from Henry of Melctal. His son Arnold, complaining of the violence, was told that *peasants might draw the plough themselves if they wanted bread.* Arnold struck him with his staff, broke two fingers, and fled to a friend at Uri. On this the father in his extreme old age saw his cattle driven from his farm his goods confiscated, his house seized . . and nothing else: for his eyes were burnt out.

obedient and grateful, seeing that others fare worse.

Henry. If my ear is frost-bitten, your worship's toe may be frost-bitten off and never cure me.

Wolfgang. Be comforted and satisfied. The outlawry of thy son Arnold is reversed, on payment of a slender fine for the proclamation of it, and of another for its annulment, not much heavier. We have fresh accusations against him, which our clemency will not bring forward unless he trespass in future.

Henry. Of what offence is the boy accused?

Wolfgang. Of the seditious song he was heard to sing last winter, which he is known to have composed. We have three witnesses, who will declare upon their consciences that they believe by *eagle* he means the emperor our lord; by *hook-nosed wolf*, the arch-chancellor; by *dozing bear*, the metropolitan. I say nothing of the *squirrel*, and the uncurling of her tail: no action might lie: but court ladies, when they relax a little of their coldness and severity, are still to be treated with deference and respect.

Henry. Upon my faith, Sir Wolfgang, I know nothing of the matter: if ever I heard the verses I have clean forgotten them.

Wolfgang. Anastasius Griffenhoof! read aloud those seditious rhymes marked Z.

Storm Morgarten's larch-plumed crest,
Search the sun-eyed eagle's nest,
Tear from hook-nosed wolf his prey,
Drag the dozing bear to day,
O'er the forest shout the deer . .
Dogs and men have voices here.
Freedom here shall make his stand,
Happy, happy, Switzerland!

You whose pliant legs with ease
Clasp and win the tallest trees,
Swarm the flat-head tawny pine,
Bring, a gift to Adeline,
Squirrel roll'd into a ball,
Squirrel, young, nest, nuts, and all.
While her balmy breath she blows
In the grandam's icy nose,
See the tail, it quits the chin,
Feel the heart, it thaws within.
Show her what her touch can do . .
Ask but half as much for you.

Fishers! leave the spangled trout,
And the pike with pitcher snout,
Whisker'd carp and green-coat tench . .
Who for these his shoes would drench?
For the otter they were meant,
Or the saints of lanky Lent.
Stars are swinging in the lake,
Come, our heartier fare partake.
Home again! the chimney's blaze
Melts our toils and crowns our days.
Hal of Melctal has in store
Seventy full kegs and more.
He who grudges one of these
Is less liberal than his bees,
Or his flowers and flowering trees.
Hal could live without old wine,
But without old friends would pine.
Where old wine is, there the cellar
Of that safe and sound indweller
May be very good, which he
Who confines it can not be.
Give me rather men of proof
(What say you?) than wall and roof;
Rather than a tale-paved floor,
Pine-dust bin and iron door.
I have always seen that liquor
Runs, like us, in youth the quicker,
And that rarely older juice
Sparkles forth from hand profuse.
Here for absent friends is plenty . .
Toast them all . . and then some twenty
Pretty girls . . your Hal, 'tis said:
Father, do not shake thy head.
Though of thirty I had heard,
I would never say a word.

Pour the mead for those who stay,
Wormwood for who slink away.
What! my friends! ye drink no more?
Then the day indeed is o'er!
Whiter than a marriage shift
See the window! still they drift
By the thousand flake on flake . .
Each his road might well mistake,
And the soberest foot must trip,
For the tricks of snow are deep.
Brunn shall pitch upon his skull,
Glendorp scoop his girdle-full,
Pliffer, Borgardt, Sprengel, Grim,
Lose a cap or break a limb,
And the northern maidens smother
In their feathers one or other.
Things ye never meet by day,
Things at night ye wish away,
Some in linen, some in fur,
Some that moan and some that purr,
Wander almost everywhere,
But have never enter'd here.
They are out upon the snow,
Scattering it with naked toe;
Ye shall hear them through the wild
Cry like hungry kid or child.
These are they, the wiser think,
Who spite most the sons of drink,
And who leave them on the waste
With their faces pale as paste.

Thessinger, sit still . . be bolder . .
Squint not over that left shoulder:
I could tell of many fiercer,
But, I warrant, none are here, sir.
Some that neigh, and bray, and rattle
Like the horns of fighting cattle,
Or like (over stones) the log
Of the truant shepherd-dog.
Some, but most in summer these,
Shaking under shaking trees,
(*My* heart too is now afraid)
One-half priest, and one-half maid!

Sleep before the hearth to-night,
Still the stouter sticks are bright,
And the stump will burn till light.

Back, my hounds . . give us our turn . .
Shake, lads, shake the matted fern.
If the curs have left unsweet
(As may hap) your russet sheet,
Strew a little tansey on it,
Or but tuck it in the bonnet,
Hanging just below your nose . .
So, gay dreams and sound repose!

Wolfgang. Call Abraham Konig and Reh
Storck.

Usher. Behold them, sir!

Wolfgang. Abraham Konig, you shall w
truly . . you know the rest. What is y
lief on the words "Hanging just below the
applied to *rue?*

Konig. It appears to me . .

Wolfgang. In other words, you are firmly persuaded.

Konig. Yes, as your Honour commanded me, I am firmly persuaded that *rue* means bitterness and reviling and threat; for we say, as your Honour said, you shall rue such and such a thing: And then, as your Honour remarked, *just below the nose* is the mouth, so that this reviling and bitterness and threat must hang about their mouths.

Wolfgang. Rehoboam Storck! are you likewise firmly persuaded of the same?

Storck. I am.

Wolfgang. And what do you believe is meant by the dogs being kicked up from the hearth, as having an ill scent?

Storck. I do firmly believe that the meaning is, what your Honour ordered me to consider and deliver, namely, saving your Honour's presence, that the higher magistrates were meant thereby, who have indeed an ill savour in the country, and who were to be traitorously and violently dispossessed of their warm places, and that they were to rue their misdeeds.

Wolfgang. What misdeeds, carrion! Proceed; what dost understand by the bitter herb being tucked just under the nose?

Storck. Hemp, mayhap.

Wolfgang. How, idiot!

Storck. Your Honour has confounded me.

Wolfgang. The devil confound thee!

Storck. Verily I think he hath done so.

Wolfgang. What is under the nose?

Storck. The neck.

Wolfgang. Thou dolt!

Storck. The teeth, in young folks.

Wolfgang. I could flay thee alive. But one witness who sweareth stoutly to the citation of *well and truly*, is enough: I called another for form's sake.

Usher. Sir . . in your Honour's ear, if so it please you. If you read the verse again, you will find the word not to be *rue*, but *tansey*.

Wolfgang. Hush, idler! Judges are no botanists . . look again.

Usher. Of a truth, the written word is *tansey*.

Wolfgang. The erased word, I uphold it, was *rue*. Rehoboam Storck! did not this same libellous and most seditious man, Arnold, son of Henry of Melctal, call thee a felon? not having proven thee such.

Storck. He did.

Wolfgang. On what plea or count? Why dost thou not speak?

Storck. I went out at dusk, may it please your Honour, to cut the roots of sundry young trees, belonging to the said Arnold . . as he said.

Wolfgang. Was it so dark that nobody could see thee?

Storck. I wish it had been.

Wolfgang. Simpleton! it would then have been felony. Hearing these loose lines, can anyone doubt their aim and intent? But let them pass. I am authorised, as I told you before, to reverse thy son's outlawry and to commute thy own sentence: at the same time I am also commanded to denounce unto thee, that, if ever thou seest thy son again, thou be deprived of eye-sight.

Henry. I am deprived of eye-sight if I do not see him. Of sun and snows we have seen enough at seventy. Ho! Arnold! Arnold! help!

Arnold. Father! who hurts thee? who threatens thee? Off, gentlemen! Off, strangers! Off, soldiers! Slaves, miscreants, Austrians, stand off.

Wolfgang. Murder in my presence!

Henry. They bleed all five under thy yew-stick . . one is dying . . I was faint: I am not so now: fly, in the name of God! Again, I pray thee, Arnold, if thou lovest thy father, go! begone; I command thee.

Arnold. O God! I heard thy name and was disobedient: my father has commanded and I obey . . forgive me, O my God!

Wolfgang. Seize him, the traitor. Dastards . . but perhaps it may be better to catch him anywhere else. Who would have thought it! fair as morning, ardent as noon, and terrible as midnight on the shoals. Thou at least canst not run so fast.

Henry. I hope I can not.

Wolfgang. Anastasius! call the priest Reginald Grot to strengthen him with admonition, and Sigismund Lockhart the greffier to translate the sentence into the vulgar tongue; and to read it before the people, in the name of his Apostolic Majesty the Emperor and King, Albert, by the grace of God, et cetera; and in the public square to provide that the sentence be well and duly executed, forthwith.

Henry. Send also for the great man Gessler: tell him to come and see a sight: he has not many more such to see. Welcome good Reginald! welcome too, my worthy master Lockhart! Come, thy band sits well enough, let it rest; begin.

Lockhart. The instrument must be translated; a good hour's labour yet, to the ablest clerk.

Henry. Reginald! thou pressest my hand, and sayest nothing. Dost thou turn thy back upon me? is this thy comfort?

Reginald. There is a Comforter who has given thee strength, and taken mine from me: keep it, good old man: do my tears hurt thee?

Henry. They do indeed: go home: blessed soul! I never knew thy temper until now. Many have turned away from me before, but none to hide their compassion at my sufferings. What a draught of sight have I taken with my lord judge Wolfgang! It lasts me yet, and will last me for life. O my young eagle, my own Arnold! I shall never see thee more upon the rocks of Uri: never shall I tremble at thy hardihood, nor press thee to my bosom for reproaching thee too much about it. But I shall hear thy carols in the woods of Underwald. Let them be blithe as usual; let them be blither still, for I shall more want pastime, and shall listen for sweet sounds all day long. Do not ask me again, as in the *Lay of the Leap*, whether thou hast given me the heart-ache. I was always

in thy songs before they ended, even where spring and summer, even where youth and fair maidens, were discoursed of. Prythee do not go on so. Above all, I charge thee, Arnold, never say, "O my poor father! art thou blind for me!" I was fancying my Arnold at my side. Foolish old man, with my eyes yet open and their two balls unbroken. Is this the place? Blow away, b weather is misty: it will not light: thi head is too blunt: have you nothing be old eyes are sunken and tough. Ay, th sharper: put it just under the piece of m ash: it will soon redden there. Well d that is right.

BOSSUET AND THE DUCHESS DE FONTANGES*.

Bossuet. Mademoiselle, it is the king's desire that I compliment you on the elevation you have attained.

Fontanges. O monseigneur, I know very well what you mean. His Majesty is kind and polite to everybody. The last thing he said to me was, "Angélique! do not forget to compliment Monseigneur the bishop on the dignity I have conferred upon him, of almoner to the dauphiness. I desired the appointment for him, only that he might be of rank sufficient to confess you, now you are duchess. Let him be your confessor, my little girl. He has fine manners."

Bossuet. I dare not presume to ask you, mademoiselle, what was your gracious reply to the condescension of our royal master.

Fontanges. O yes you may. I told him I was almost sure I should be ashamed of confessing such naughty things to a person of high rank, who writes like an angel.

Bossuet. The observation was inspired, mademoiselle, by your goodness and modesty.

Fontanges. You are so agreeable a man, monseigneur, I will confess to you directly, if you like.

Bossuet. Have you brought yourself to a proper frame of mind, young lady?

Fontanges. What is that?

Bossuet. Do you hate sin?

Fontanges. Very much.

Bossuet. Are you resolved to leave it off?

Fontanges. I have left it off entirely since the king began to love me. I have never said a spiteful word of anybody since.

Bossuet. In your opinion, mademoiselle, are there no other sins than malice?

Fontanges. I never stole anything: I never committed adultery: I never coveted my neighbour's wife: I never killed any person: though several have told me they should die for me.

Bossuet. Vain, idle talk! did you listen to it?

Fontanges. Indeed I did, with both ears; it seemed so funny.

Bossuet. You have something to answer for then.

Fontanges. No, indeed I have not, monseigneur. I have asked many times after them, and found they were all alive: which mortified me.

Bossuet. So then! you would really have them die for you?

Fontanges. O no, no . . but I wanted to see whether they were in earnest or told me fibs: for if they told me fibs I would never tru again. I do not care about them; for t told me I was only to mind *him*.

Bossuet. Lowest and highest, we all o Majesty our duty and submission.

Fontanges. I am sure he has mine: so not blame me or question me on that. indeed, when he entered the folding-doo in such a flurry I could hear my heart be the chamber: by degrees I cared little a matter: and at last, when I grew used liked it rather than not. Now, if this is fession, what is?

Bossuet. We must abstract the soul fr low mundane thought. Do you hate t mademoiselle?

Fontanges. A good deal of it: all Pi example, and all Sologne: nothing is and, oh my life! what frightful men and

Bossuet. I would say, in plain languag hate the flesh and the devil?

Fontanges. Who does not hate the d you will hold my hand the while, I will so . . I hate you, beast! There now. flesh, I never could bear a fat man. Suc can neither dance nor hunt, nor do anyt I know of.

Bossuet. Mademoiselle Marie-Angél Scoraille de Rousille, duchesse de Fonta you hate titles and dignities and yoursel

Fontanges. Myself! does any one h why should I be the first? Hatred is t thing in the world: it makes one so very

Bossuet. To love God, we must hate c We must detest our bodies if we would souls.

Fontanges. That is hard: how can I see nothing so detestable in mine: do y love is easier. I love God whenever I him, he has been so very good to me: I not hate myself, if I would. As God hated me, why should I? Beside, it wa made the king to love me; for I heard y a sermon that the hearts of kings are i and governance. As for titles and digni not care much about them while his Maj me, and calls me his Angélique. Th people more civil about us; and therefor be a simpleton who hates or disregar and a hypocrite who pretends it. I an be a duchess. Manon and Lisette ha tied my garter so as to hurt me since the mischievous old La Grange said anyt

* The Abbé de Choisy says that she was "*belle comme un ange, mais sotte comme un panier.*"

or bold: on the contrary, she told me what a fine colour and what a plumpness it gave me. Would not you be rather a duchess than a waiting-maid or a nun, if the king gave you your choice?

Bossuet. Pardon me, mademoiselle, I am confounded at the levity of your question.

Fontanges. I am in earnest, as you see.

Bossuet. Flattery will come before you in other and more dangerous forms: you will be commended for excellencies which do not belong to you: and this you will find as injurious to your repose as to your virtue. An ingenuous mind feels in unmerited praise the bitterest reproof. If you reject it you are unhappy, if you accept it you are undone. The compliments of a king are of themselves sufficient to pervert your intellect.

Fontanges. There you are mistaken twice over. It is not my person that pleases him so greatly; it is my spirit, my wit, my talents, my genius, and that very thing which you have mentioned . . . what was it? my intellect. He never complimented me the least upon my beauty. Others have said that I am the most beautiful young creature under heaven; a blossom of Paradise, a nymph, an angel; worth (let me whisper it in your ear . . do I lean too hard?) a thousand Montespans. But his Majesty never said more on the occasion than that I was *imparagonable!* (what is that?) and that he adored me; holding my hand and sitting quite still, when he might have romped with me and kissed me.

Bossuet. I would aspire to the glory of converting you.

Fontanges. You may do anything with me but convert me: you must not do that: I am a Catholic born. M. de Turenne and Mademoiselle de Duras were heretics: you did right there. The king told the chancellor that he prepared them, that the business was arranged for you, and that you had nothing to do but to get ready the arguments and responses, which you did gallantly, did not you? And yet Mademoiselle de Duras was very awkward for a long while afterward in crossing herself, and was once remarked to beat her breast in the litany with the points of two fingers at a time, when everyone is taught to use only the second, whether it has a ring upon it or not. I am sorry she did so; for people might think her insincere in her conversion, and pretend that she kept a finger for each religion.

Bossuet. It would be as uncharitable to doubt the conviction of Mademoiselle de Duras as that of M. le Maréchal.

Fontanges. I have heard some fine verses, I can assure you, monseigneur, in which you are called the conqueror of Turenne. I should like to have been his conqueror myself, he was so great a man. I understand that you have lately done a much more difficult thing.

Bossuet. To what do you refer, mademoiselle?

Fontanges. That you have overcome quietism. Now, in the name of wonder, how could you manage that?

Bossuet. By the grace of God.

Fontanges. Yes indeed; but never until now did God give any preacher so much of his grace as to subdue this pest.

Bossuet. It has appeared among us but lately.

Fontanges. O dear me! I have always been subject to it dreadfully, from a child.

Bossuet. Really! I never heard so.

Fontanges. I checked myself as well as I could, although they constantly told me I looked well in it.

Bossuet. In what, mademoiselle?

Fontanges. In quietism; that is, when I fell asleep at sermon-time. I am ashamed that such a learned and pious man as M. de Fénelon should incline to it,* as they say he does.

Bossuet. Mademoiselle, you quite mistake the matter.

Fontanges. Is not then M. de Fénelon thought a very pious and learned person?

Bossuet. And justly.

Fontanges. I have read a great way in a romance he has begun, about a knight-errant in search of a father. The king says there are many such about his court; but I never saw them, nor heard of them before. The marchioness de la Motte, his relative, brought it to me, written out in a charming hand, as much as the copy-book would hold, and I got through I know not how far. If he had gone on with the nymphs in the grotto I never should have been tired of him; but he quite forgot his own story, and left them at once; in a hurry (I suppose) to set out upon his mission to Saintonge in the *pays d'Aunis*, where the king has promised him a famous *heretic-hunt*. He is, I do assure you, a wonderful creature; he understands so much Latin and Greek, and knows all the tricks of the sorceresses. Yet you keep him under.

Bossuet. Mademoiselle, if you really have anything to confess, and if you desire that I should have the honour of absolving you, it would be better to proceed in it, than to oppress me with unmerited eulogies on my humble labours.

Fontanges. You must first direct me, monseigneur: I have nothing particular. The king assures me there is no harm whatever in his love toward me.

Bossuet. That depends on your thoughts at the moment. If you abstract the mind from the body, and turn your heart toward heaven . . .

Fontanges. O monseigneur, I always did so . . every time but once . . you quite make me blush. Let us converse about something else, or I shall grow too serious, just as you made me the other day at the funeral sermon. And now let me tell you, my lord, you compose such pretty funeral-

* The opinions of Molinos on mysticism and quietism had begun to spread abroad: but Fénelon, who had acquired already a very high celebrity for eloquence, had not yet written on the subject. We may well suppose that Bossuet was among the earliest assailants of a system which he afterward attacked so vehemently. The stormier superstition swept away the more vapory.

sermons, I hope I shall have the pleasure of hearing you preach mine.

Bossuet. Rather let us hope, mademoiselle, that the hour is yet far distant when so melancholy a service will be performed for you. May he who is unborn be the sad announcer of your departure hence!* May he indicate to those around him many virtues not perhaps yet full-blown in you, and point triumphantly to many faults and foibles checked by you in their early growth, and lying dead on the open road you shall have left behind you! To me the painful duty will, I trust, be spared: I am advanced in age: you are a child.

Fontanges. O no, I am seventeen.

Bossuet. I should have supposed you younger by two years at least. But do you collect nothing from your own reflection, which raises so many in my breast? You think it possible that I, aged as I am, may preach a sermon on your funeral. Alas, it is so! such things have been! There is, however, no funeral so sad to follow as the funeral of our own youth, which we have been pampering with fond desires, ambitious hopes, and all the bright berries that hang in poisonous clusters over the path of life.

Fontanges. I never minded them; I like peaches better; and one a day is quite enough for me.

Bossuet. We say that our days are few; and, saying it, we say too much. Marie-Angélique, we have but one: the past are not ours, and who can promise us the future? This in which we live is ours only while we live in it; the next moment may strike it off from us; the next sentence I would utter may be broken and fall between us.† The beauty that has made a thousand hearts to beat at one instant, at the succeeding has been without pulse and colour, without admirer, friend, companion, follower. She by whose eyes the march of victory shall have been directed, whose name shall have animated armies at the extremities of the earth, drops into one of its crevices and mingles with its dust. Duchess de Fontanges! think on this! Lady! so live as to think on it undisturbed!

Fontanges. O God! I am quite alarmed. Do not talk thus gravely. It is in vain that you speak to me in so sweet a voice. I am frightened even at the rattle of the beads about my neck: take them off, and let us talk on other things. What was it that dropped on the floor as you were speaking? It seemed to shake the room, though it sounded like a pin or button.

Bossuet. Never mind it: leave it there: I pray you, I implore you, madame!

Fontanges. Why do you rise? why do you run? why not let me? I am nimbler. So, your ring fell from your hand, my lord bishop! How quick you are! Could not you have trusted me to pick it up?

Bossuet. Madame is too condescending: had this happened, I should have been overwhelmed with confusion. My hand is shrivelled; the ring has ceased to fit it. A mere accident may draw us into perdition: a mere accident may bestow on us the means of grace. A pebble has moved you more than my words.

Fontanges. It pleases me vastly: I admire rubies: I will ask the king for one exactly like it. This is the time he usually comes from the chase. I am sorry you can not be present to hear how prettily I shall ask him: but that is impossible, you know: for I shall do it just when I am certain he would give me anything. He said so himself: he said but yesterday

"Such a sweet creature is worth a world . ."

and no actor on the stage was ever more like a king than his Majesty was when he spoke it, if he had but kept his wig and robe on. And yet you know he is rather stiff and wrinkled for so great a monarch; and his eyes, I am afraid, are beginning to fail him; he looks so close at things.

Bossuet. Mademoiselle, such is the duty of a prince who desires to conciliate our regard and love.

Fontanges. Well, I think so too; though I did not like it in him at first. I am sure he will order the ring for me, and I will confess to you with it upon my finger. But first I must be cautious and particular to know of him how much it is his royal will that I should say.

XENOPHON AND CYRUS THE YOUNGER.

Cyrus. Xenophon, I have longed for an opportunity of conversing with thee alone, on matters in which thou excitest my admiration. According to report thou wert the disciple of Socrates the mage, whom the Athenians condemned to drink hemlock, because he had a genius of his own.

Xenophon. It is true, O Cyrus! I was.

Cyrus. Verily, O wonderful man, thou must be the best farrier and hunter in Greece; and, thinking on thee, I have oftentimes wished in my heart that so deserving a country as thy Attica, which is not destitute of wolves, polecats, and foxes, had, for every one of them, a leopard, a lion, and a tiger.

Xenophon. O son of Darius, king of kings! the gods do not bestow all their gifts upon one country; or, having bestowed them, it seemeth good unto their divine majesties that mortals

* Bossuet was in his 54th year: Mademoiselle de Fontanges died in childbed the year following: he survived her twenty-three.

† Though Bossuet was capable of uttering and even of feeling such a sentiment, his conduct toward Fénelon, the fairest apparition that Christianity ever presented, was ungenerous and unjust.

While the diocese of Cambray was ravaged by Louis, it was spared by Marlborough; who said to the archbishop that if he was sorry he had not taken Cambray, it was chiefly because he lost for a time the pleasure of visiting so great a man. Peterborough, the next of our generals in glory, paid his respects to him some years afterward.

should counteract their beneficence. We no longer have those valiant creatures among us; to which privation I attribute it chiefly that we possess more eloquence indeed and learning than those who have them, but less bodily activity and strength.

Cyrus. There are other and better reasons, O Xenophon, for these things. You are unbelievers in the true religion, and have sunk through your idleness on the bosom of false gods: you clasp graven images, falling at the feet of such as have any.

Xenophon. O Cyrus, I have observed that the authors of good make men very bad as often as they talk much about them; whether it be to punish us for our presumption, or merely to laugh at us, I do not know; nor have I ever heard my master Socrates discourse upon the question. Certain it appears to me from whatever I have read, that the powerful and the wise lose both their power and their wisdom the moment they enter into this dim and sacred inclosure; just as, on entering the apartment of the women in your country, you lay aside both slipper and turban, and cover the head with only the extremity of the robe.

Cyrus. We will try to keep ourselves no less cool and orderly on our argument, if thou wilt come into it with me. And now inform me, O most excellent, on what difference in religion or government you Greeks denominate all other nations, and among the rest even us, barbarians?

Xenophon. If, O Cyrus, I may (as I believe I may) rely on thy wisdom, thy modesty and moderation, I will answer the question to the best of my abilities.

Cyrus. I, who aspire to the throne of my ancestors, can not be angry at the voice of truth, nor offended that a guest should execute my wishes.

Xenophon. Courtesy and gentleness distinguish the Persians from other mortals. They are less subject to cruelty than any race among men, unless sceptres lie across their path. Now, Cyrus, those things must surely be the worst of things which render the most humane of men the most inhumane. I deviate a little way from the main question, like my teacher, for the purpose of taking a preparatory one, which may lead me back again, and enable me to conduct thee smoothly and pleasantly. Pray inform me, O Cyrus, since I am about to be a leader in thy army, what are thy orders if I should happen to intercept the concubines of any hostile satrap?

Cyrus. O Xenophon, keep thy hands, thy eyes, thy desires, away from them, as becomes thy gravity of wisdom and purity of heart, expressed in a countenance where we discern and venerate the beauty of seriousness and reserve.

Xenophon. O Cyrus, I am a hunter, and, being so, a deviser of stratagems, and may perchance take others than concubines. I dare not utter what labours in my bosom: in vain fidelity excites and urges me.

Cyrus. Speak, O best Xenophon!

Xenophon. If then destiny should cast down before me the horse of thy brother Artaxerxes, and the chances of war, or Mars after due sacrifice, should place him in my power, what is my duty?

Cyrus. Canst not thou, having in turn with others of thy countrymen the command of ten thousand Greeks, do thy duty without consulting me, in cases which, being unforeseen, are discretionary?

Xenophon. The fall of a king is terrible.

Cyrus. The rebound is worse. When your Saturn fell from heaven, did any God or mortal lend a hand to raise him up again?

Xenophon. It were impiety to contend against Jupiter.

Cyrus. It were madness to contend against Destiny. According to your fables, Saturn came first; then came Jupiter. The same divine right of expelling and occupying will be asserted as occasion may require. But Destiny saw the order of things rise, and sees it continue: and Gods before her are almost as little and weak as we are: she teaches them to repeat her words and obliges them to execute her will. If thou hast any wisdom, as thou surely hast, O disciple of Socrates the mage, never ask me another question on such a contingency: but answer me now, I entreat thee, about the strange word *barbarian*, at which (I hear) there are satraps and royalets who take offence when you apply it to them.

Xenophon. Attribute not the invention of the word to us, O Cyrus! I have been as studious to know the derivation of it, as thou art; for it is not Greek. On the return of Plato (of whom perhaps thou hast heard some mention) from Egypt, I learned from him * that the expression was habitual with the priests of that country, whence we, who have borrowed much knowledge from the Egyptians, borrowed also this term. They apply it as we do, to all strangers indiscriminately: but originally it signified those only who live nearest to them, and whom on that account, as is customary with every nation in the world, they hated most. The Africans to the westward are called by themselves *ber-ber*, a generic name, and probably of honourable import.

Cyrus. O Xenophon, thou art indeed a treasury of wisdom; and in addition to it, I pray thee, do the Gods, as I have heard, manifest to thee future events in dreams?

Xenophon. Some they have truly laid open unto me.

Cyrus. Couldst not thou, O most wonderful, pray to them (not telling them that I said anything about the matter) to give thee one about the success of my arms? For our own pure religion does not allow us to expect or to pray for such an intervention.

* Plato says nothing on the subject: it seems probable that in this manner the expression came first among the Greeks, who would otherwise, we may suppose, have taken the name of some nearer and more ferocious tribe.

Xenophon. If we had an oracle near, I would consult it. For dreams usually are confined to the eventual good or evil of the dreamer; although there are instances to the contrary; but in these instances the dreams fall upon minds peculiarly gifted, and properly fitted for their reception.

Cyrus. I have asked the Sun several times for counsel; and yet I never could collect out of his radiance any certain sign or token. Only once it was attended by a lark, suddenly

> "Springing from crystal step to crystal step
> In the bright air, where none can follow her."

Thus one of our old poets, in a volume laid up at Persepolis, describes her. The lark herself, and the recollection of the lines, comforted and animated me greatly; first the bird, merry and daring; then the brightness of the air; and lastly, but principally, the words "that she was rising where none could follow her." This must certainly mean myself: for who can suppose that Artaxerxes at that moment saw another lark doing the like, or remembered the same verses, which came upon me like a voice inspired?

Xenophon. Although larks are not strictly birds of augury, like eagles and vultures, and swans and herons, and owls and chickens, yet in this country, and against the Sun, and upon such an occasion, the appearance hath its weight with me, O Cyrus! However I would not neglect to sharpen the scimitar, and to see that the horses be well exercised and have plenty of oats and barley in the manger, and that their manes be carefully combed, lest the adversary think us disorderly and unprovided, and inclined to flight. For the immortal Gods have often changed their minds upon finding us too confident and secure, or too negligent and idle, and have enlightened ours, to our cost, with a new and contrary interpretation of sentences uttered by their oracles.

Cyrus. On reflecting a little, I think these oracles in general are foolish things.

Xenophon. I wish, O blameless Cyrus, that such a word had never overflown the enclosure of thy teeth, as the divine Homer says.

Cyrus. I wonder, O most intelligent and thoughtful Xenophon, that you Greeks, so few as there are of you, should worship such a number of Gods.

Xenophon. And I, O Cyrus, that you who have occasion for so many, and particularly just at present, should adore but one. The Sun (I would speak it without offence) is nothing but an orb of fire; although, as some say, of a prodigious magnitude, hardly less than the Peloponnese.

Cyrus. I once heard from a slave, a scholar of Democritus, that it is many hundred times greater than the earth.

Xenophon. I seldom laugh, and ought never at insanity, and least of all at this. Alas, poor Greek! when he lost his freedom he lost his senses. O immortal Gods! may my countrymen at no time be reduced to that calamity, which nothing but this can mitigate.

Cyrus. He added that, immense as is the glorious orb, it is only a dewdrop on the finger of God, shining from it under the light of his countenance, as he waves his paternal blessing over the many-peopled world.

Xenophon. This is poetry, but oriental. Strange absurdity! when Jupiter is barely a foot taller than I am; as may be well imagined by his intermingling with our women, and without inconvenience on either side: at least I have heard of none recorded by the priests. He has indeed a prodigious power of limb, and his expansion at need is proportionate to his compactness.

Cyrus. Give me thy sentiments, freely and entirely.

Xenophon. I can not but marvel then, O Cyrus, at the blindness of the Persians. There is no other great nation, at all known to us, that does not acknowledge a plurality and variety of Gods; and this consent, so nearly universal, ought to convince the ingenuous and unprejudiced. I see the worst consequences to a government in countenancing the adoration of a single one, to the exclusion and mortification of the rest.

Cyrus. Perhaps to such a loose fabric as a republic.

Xenophon. In a monarchy no less. Power hath here too its gradations; the monarch, the mages, and the satraps.

Cyrus. Do not you see at once the beauty of this form? No government is harmonious or rational without three estates; none decorous or stabile. The throne must have legs; but the legs must never stand uppermost: the king bears upon the mages, they bear upon the floor, or people. The king reserves to himself omnipotence; he grants to his mages omniscience; to his people, in the body, omnipresence. In this manner he divides himself; but all is one. Where power is so well poised, in case of urgency we might impose taxes to the amount of nearly a tenth, and rarely hear a murmur in the land. If you, the magistrates of free Greeks, were to demand a fifteenth of the property in Attica for the purposes of government, the people would stone you. Now unquestionably that regimen is the best which has constantly the most power over them; as that is the best riding by which the horse is managed the most easily and quietly, in even places and uneven. Nothing is truer or plainer. If we had as many gods and temples as you have, and if our deities and priests had as good appetites, our armies must be smaller, our horses leaner, and there would be more malignity and discord in the provinces. For all sects, all favourers I mean of particular gods and goddesses, are united in one sentiment, that their deities are equally fond of picking bones and breaking them.

Xenophon. Our religion is most beautiful.

Cyrus. Extremely so on the outside. In this external beauty, as in that of women when it is extreme, there is little expression, little sense. Our ritual is the best that can be devised for any hot climate. In order to adore the Sun at his

rising, we must (it is needless to say) rise early. This is the time of day when the mind and body are most active, and most labour can be performed both by men and cattle. Hence agriculture flourishes among us. Cleanliness, the consequence of our ablutions, is another spring of activity and health. We possess large sandy plains, which never would be cultivated unless they produced myrrh, benzoin, lavender, and other odours; the only sacrifices we make to God. The earth offers them to her Creator where she hath nothing else to offer; and he receives with a paternal smile, in these silent downs remote from groves, from cities and from temples, her innocent oblations, her solitary endearments, her pure breath. I do not complain that the Bœotians kill a bull for the same purpose: but a bull is that to which others beside gods and priests could sit down at table: and the richer plains of Bœotia would be cultivated whether Jupiter ate his roast beef or not.

Xenophon. There are many reasons, O Cyrus, politically speaking, for your religion; but it is not founded on immutable truth, nor supported by indubitable miracles.

Cyrus. What things are those?

Xenophon. I could mention several, attested by thousands. Those of Bacchus, who traversed your country, are remembered still among you: but as Apollo is the God from whom at this crisis we may hope a favourable oracle, I would represent to you his infancy, his flight in the arms of Latona, and his victory over the serpent: all as evident as that he sits above us arrayed in light, and is worshipped by you, O Cyrus, although in ignorance of his godhead.

Cyrus. I have heard about these things: and since perhaps we may consult his oracle, I will not question his power or deity until that is over. About the event I have more curiosity than inquietude, knowing the force of legitimacy on the minds of men.

Why dost thou sigh, my friend? do I appear to thee light, irresolute, inconstant?

Xenophon. Not thou, O Cyrus; but thy evil station. Nothing is so restless as royalty: not air, nor ocean, nor fire: nothing can content or hold it. Certainties are uninteresting and sating to it; uncertainties are solicitous and sad. In its weakness it ruins many, in its strength more. Thou, O Cyrus, art the most intelligent of kings, and wilt be (let me augur it) the most potent. Think that the immortal Gods have placed thee on thy eminence only as their sentinel, whose watch is long and wide, stationing thee at the principal gate in the encampment of mankind. Great is the good or evil that is about to flow far and near under thee.

Cyrus. Far and near! These words I think are rather ill placed, by one who was the disciple of Socrates the mage. They have however their meaning, their propriety, and, in thy eyes, their right order. Thou, O Xenophon, I perceive, wouldst wish to penetrate into my thoughts relating to the Athenians: I have already penetrated into theirs. I know that in sound policy you never should let an ally whom you have served be greater than yourself, if you can prevent it; and that those whom you assist, like those whom you attack, should come off the worse for it in the end. Individuals whom you succour in private life may sometimes be grateful; kings never are. They will become of an unfriendly temper toward you, were it only to prove to others, and to persuade themselves, that they were powerful and flourishing enough to have done without you.

If the victory should be mine, as can not be doubted . . I being born the son of a king, Artaxerxes not . . there is no danger that so small a people as the Athenians should attempt to divide the kingdom, or to compromise it in any way between us: nor would I suffer it: but Policy is my voucher that I will assist you against your enemies: in such a manner however as to provide that you shall always have some, and dangerous enough at least to attract your notice. I say these words to you in pure confidence. To a friend here speaks a friend; to a wise man here speaks no simple one.

Xenophon. If you would worship, O Cyrus, the Gods of Greece, I should be the more confident of success.

Cyrus. I have indeed at times, to a certain degree, a faith in auguries, in which I know the Greeks are expert: but although your religion is in her youth, your Gods are as avaricious as old-age could make them. Every religion that starts up, beyond Persia, takes only as much truth to stand upon as will raise her safely to men's purses. The Egyptian priests have extensive lands: Attica is poorer in soil: there it is requisite to have oracles too and sacrifices, gold and cattle, oil and milk, wax and honey. If this religion should be succeeded by another, as it must be when the fraud is laid open, the populace will follow those enthusiasts who threw down the images of the Gods, and will help them the next morning to raise up others in the same places, or even those elsewhere, differing but in name. Pride will at first put on the garment of Humility; and soon afterward will Humility raise up her sordid baldness out of Pride's. Change in rituals is made purely for lucre, and, under the name of Reformation, comes only to break up a virgin turf or to pierce into an unexplored mine. Religion with you began in veneration for those who delivered you from robbers: it will end in the discovery that your temples have been ever the dens of them. But in our hopes we catch at straws; the movement of a feather shakes us; the promise of a priest confirms us.

Let us now go to the stables: I have intelligence of a noble tiger, scarcely three days' hard riding from us. The peasant who found the creature shall be exalted in honour, and receive the government of a province.

Xenophon. Is the beast a male or female, to the best of his knowledge?

Cyrus. A female: she was giving milk to her young ones. On perceiving the countryman, she drew up her feet gently, and squared her mouth, and rounded her eyes, slumberous with content; and they looked, he says, like sea-grottoes, obscurely green, interminably deep, at once awakening fear and stilling and compressing it.

Xenophon. Fortunate he escaped her! We might have lost a fine day's hunting in ignorance of her lair.

Cyrus. He passed away gently, as if he had seen nothing; and she lay still, panting. Come, thou shalt take thy choice, O wonderful Xenophon, of my spears.

LANDOR, ENGLISH VISITER, AND FLORENTINE VISITER.

Descending the staircase of Palazzo-Medici, which I inhabit, I observed the venerable old gentleman, its proprietor, walking up and down gravely before his own apartment. He seemed to avoid my salutation; whether the most modest of men did not wish to speak while a stranger was with me, or whether he was returning to his room for anything. However, as he had seen me, I went up to him, inquired after his health, which has been long declining, and then after the Granduke's, who had been confined to his bed four days, as I learnt the day preceding. I now saw the reason why the Marchese turned away: tears were in his eyes and running down his cheeks copiously. He took my hand, lifted it between his on a level with his heart, and said, "He is in his last agonies!"

While I stood silent, for I was affected deeply at seeing in tears an old man, majestic in gait and stature, and cordially my friend, I fancied I heard more footsteps in the street than usual, and that people walked faster and stopped oftener. I heard no songs. It was probably the first hour, by daylight at least, since the building of the city, unless in the time of siege or plague or under the duke of Athens, that you could have heard none; for the Florentines by nature are joyous and noisy as grasshoppers. I turned, and seeing the porter at the gate, who had been asking some questions, I called to him. He must have heard me, yet he went into his lodge and said nothing. I followed him, and wishing to hear a more favourable report, inquired how the Granduke was.

"Sir," said the porter, "I hope you do not think me wanting in respect: I can hardly tell you."

"Let us hope then he is better."

"He is with God."

He turned his back on me: his grey hairs glimmered with the tremulous motion of his head, until he rested his brow against the wall. Not wishing to pursue my walk, nor deeming it decorous, I proposed to my visiter that he should return and sit down again. At this instant a young man overtook us with a quick step.

"Better it had been me, ten thousand times," cried he.

"Luigi!" said I, knowing his voice, "stop a moment: is it quite certain?"

"I am happy you stopped me," replied he. "I was running to my father: it would have half-killed him."

Few more words passed between us, and we went our way. When my visiter and myself were up stairs again and seated, "Really," said he, "I am now of your opinion: there is no sincerity in this people: I don't mean the old gentleman, whoever he is."

Landor. And what think you then of the porter?

English Visiter. I did not see him nor hear what he said; you went alone into the lodge. But the young man carries it too far.

Landor. The Granduke has given him nothing; and which of his ministers, think you, is not proud of saying to himself, "I can withhold an office worth a crown a day from the descendant of our first Granduke?"

English Visiter. What! and are these two gentlemen of that family? Is it possible they can be thus affected at the decease of one who occupied the throne of their ancestors? I should as soon have expected it from you. And truly I never saw you less disposed to talk on the meeting of an old acquaintance, or less capable (you must excuse me) of saying something worth hearing.

Landor. I never said anything in my lifetime so worthy of making an impression on the mind, as what you heard from that young man. Treasure it up in your recollection: lose nothing, as you hope for heaven, of that which may give you a better opinion of your fellow-creatures, a just and worthy one of God's great work. How good and glorious when the right affections are unsuppressed by the perverse; when love, pity, gratitude, are in vigour; when Death himself warms our hearts and elevates our affections. Then are we indeed redeemed from our fallen state.

English Visiter. You are coming round, I perceive: I shall see you a *king's friend* ere long.

Landor. God grant it!

English Visiter. Well! at least you have no hypocrisy: but, upon my soul, I did not think you so very . . let me say at least . . unguarded. You would really (don't be angry) be bribed then.

Landor. Really and truly.

English Visiter. Your smile is a fixed one; and must I believe you? I would have sworn that you never would have changed your principles; not even to be prime minister.

Landor. Swear nothing.

English Visiter. No, after this, indeed. You have acted very inconsistently; not only in the change of your principles, but in the management

of your talents. In the time of Castlereagh, there was indeed but little hope from a fellow who never read a book through, even at school, and who was once proved by a friend in joke not to know the latitude of England by ten or any other number of degrees. Canning, however, is a scholar, and, what is more to the purpose, he is obliged to pick up *sad sticks*.

Landor. They resemble the dragon-fly: I see his hard eyes and heavy body (heavy it is for a fly) and see not what it is that bears him up above my hedge: so filmy and apparently so inadequate is the finer part of him. Such are the insects now in office. Canning is himself an understrapper; a Gil Blas turned sour, and with a tendency to the vapid.

English Visiter. What would you have? Public men and public women may alike be designated by one trisyllable. Ministers come into office by giving as a pledge their virtue, their judgment, and their sentiment. They resign themselves bound hand and foot to the faction that hoodwinks the crown; a faction existing in every kingly government; and they distribute employments according to the lists presented to them, being permitted to insert out of their own families and partisans a limited assortment of names. Here they may stick in a bishop, here they may prick a judge, here they may cushion an envoy; but leaving room on each side of him for another to bench his secretary, and a third to boot his courier.

Landor. The court of England has not been quite so observant of merit in its appointment of diplomatists to the smaller courts, as, no doubt, it has to the higher. We residents in Tuscany have been more amused by some of them than edified or flattered. One Sieur Dorcas, a secretary of legation, no sooner found himself in possession of his hundred pounds a year, than he bought a pony, hired the best saddle and bridle that were to be let out, presented a bunch of flowers (when the season was somewhat advanced) to the lady of highest rank he met at the *Cascine*, and manifested his resolution to be *cavaliere servente* wherever he found beauty and cookery. He soon introduced himself to Madame Mozzi, a lady of great personal attractions, good-humoured, witty, well-informed, and whose house enjoys the reputation of an admirable kitchen. The next morning he addressed a billet to her, declaring that she had pleased him, and desiring to know at what hour she would be ready to receive his visit. She answered him frankly, and proposed that the interview should take place in the evening. Sieur Dorcas ran to the milliner's, bought a frill; to the perfumer's, a bottle of *Eau de Cologne*; to a friend's, and borrowed a cambric handkerchief. Observing that his gloves bore the marks of the bridle, he put them into his pocket before he knocked at the door. This he did once and softly. It opened as by magic: and a servant in a rich livery, with a lively salutation ushered him up-stairs. He passed through an ante-chamber filled with fine pictures: every countenance in the portraits seemed to smile on him, every landscape bloomed before him. He had little taste or time for them: onward he followed the valet: the folding-doors of the drawing-room flew open: the whole family were there assembled. Sieur Dorcas being loudly announced, all eyes were instantaneously fixed on him. Madame Mozzi and her *aja* rose from their seats: and the former, smiling graciously, turned again to the company, and presented "the Illustrissimo who would have done such honour to them all, had he not fixed his attentions on the least worthy of the family." They bowed to the sieur. "And now," said Madame Mozzi to the *aja*, "you will do me the favour, my dear friend, to read aloud the elegant note of the British secretary." The *aja* wiped her glasses, placed them across the slender ridge they befitted, and, without any change of voice or physiognomy, read it slowly through. The husband took Sieur Dorcas by the hand, apologised for the necessity he was under of leaving him so soon after his introduction, and wished him all possible success in his negotiation. The other relatives complimented him on the peculiar frankness of the English character, of which they protested they had never seen before so charming a specimen: the lady told him with an air of sweet concern and tender reproof, that she only lamented to find him somewhat colder than his note had promised. In reply to the smiles that were lurking and trembling in the unsteady dimples of her lips, he bit his angrily, twitched up one side of his shirt-collar, bowed as well as he had learnt to bow, and withdrew. He found the servants ranged upon the staircase. His conductor told him it was customary in Tuscany to give a *mancia* on the first good fortune, and hoped his Excellency would remember it.

English Visiter. I believe the story to be true in all its parts and circumstances: for I have heard it frequently, even in England: and indeed wherever a tale of consummate impudence is related, the Sieur Dorcas comes forward as regularly as the sentinel in a German clock at the hour. But no man of the most ordinary attainments among us has reason to despair of office, if that man possesses a lucrative and a high one who came from Ireland half naked, offered his services to the publisher of a periodical work at two guineas a week, and, writing in defence (as he tells us) of our laws and religion, shocked a good old woman in her hospitality, which at that time he found very useful, by seasoning her leg of lamb and pigeon-pie with the coarsest and stalest of irreligion. Cumberland said he was the most vulgar man in the least elegant and least decorous of nations; but that he could forgive him if he were not also the most malignant in the least spiteful. I can account for it only from the facility with which his old associates despise him, and the violent effort he makes at mutual disdain. I dare to profess myself a christian; in

belief a very sincere, in conduct a most defective one: but if any ratiocination led me away, a fugitive from my father's house, and deaf to the reclamations of my dearest friends, still what could so harden me, as that I should turn into ridicule one who had warned me of danger, and who had offered to accompany me in adversity? I leave him without thanks; I abandon him without regret; and am I never to be reminded of his innocence and gentleness, but when hunger or fortune has led me, "nothing loth," to the "warm precincts" of a pigeon-pie? Afterward I hear of him insulted by the ignorant, persecuted by the bigot, dragged before the judge, delivered to the executioner. What then if this person, whom (say I know no more of him) I know to be the purest, the gentlest, the most beneficent of men, should be ready to die, nay, should have died, for *me!* Do I want a godhead to shake my heart at this? Humanity, at the report of it, feels it through all her fibres, and drops on the earth in tears.

Landor. Preserve this character: foster and encourage these thoughts, which must render you happier and better than any other can do. Nothing of envy will follow them; much of gaiety may; particularly if they assist you in recollecting of what materials our modern greatness is composed, and that the only thing in which monarchs now imitate God, is in forming their first men out of the dust. Better stuff was required for court-equipage in ages esteemed far more barbarous. We had then our knights of the pink or the lily or the daisy; pleasant, alert, companionable, jovial; at present we have knights of the eating-house, baronets of the whiskey-bottle, lord-provosts of the letter-press, and lords of session at the gazette and magazine. Certain hands, patient (you would swear) of everything but a glove, are armed with clubs and cudgels that seem cognate with them; and certain eyes are peeping forth from their lattices at every inlet of literature, that those who enter without the watchword may be well smitten or well splashed. Formerly titles were inherited by men who could not write; they now are conferred on men who will not let others. Theirs may have been the darker age; ours is the duller. In theirs a high spirit was provoked; in ours proscribed. In theirs the bravest were pre-eminent; in ours the basest.

English Visiter. One objection to your *Imaginary Conversations* is, that you represent some living characters as speaking with greater powers of mind than they possess, vile as they are in conduct.

Landor. It can not be expected, by those who know of what materials the cabinets of Europe are composed, that any person in them should reason so conclusively, and with such illustrations, as some who are introduced. This, if it is a blemish in a book, is one which the book would be worse without. The practice of Shakspeare and Sophocles is a better apology for me than I could offer of my own. If men were to be represented as they show themselves, encrusted with all the dirtiness they contract in public life, in all the debility of ignorance, in all the distortion of prejudice, in all the reptile trickery of partisanship, who would care about the greater part of what are called the greatest? Principles and ideas are my objects: they must be reflected from high and low, but they must also be exhibited where people can see them best, and are most inclined to look at them.

English Visiter. You, by proper attention, or even by abstinence from attack, might have gone out among the commissioners to America.

Landor. I go out nowhere: here I live, here I die perhaps. A sea-voyage of very few days, although I suffer no sickness, makes me weary of life itself. What a situation is that, in which, next to the sight of port, a tempest is the thing most desirable! I would not be embarked two months, to possess the kingdom of Montezuma united with that of Aurungzebe.

English Visiter. You appear to have no ambition, at least of this kind: you live upon a fifth of your income, willingly or unwillingly, and live handsomely and hospitably: what do you want then?

Landor. That which I told you before . . to become a *king's friend.* Peace, freedom, independence for nations, these shall buy me: and, if nothing but the humiliation of their betters can win the hearts of rulers, I would almost kiss their hands to obtain them. Had avarice or ambition guided me, remember I started with a larger hereditary estate than those of Pitt, Fox, Canning, and twenty more such, amounted to; and not scraped together in this, or the last, or the preceding century, in ages of stockjobbing and peculation, of cabinet-adventure and counterfeit nobility. My education, and that which education works upon or produces, was not below theirs: yet certain I am that, if I had applied to be made a tide-waiter on the Thames, the minister would have refused me. In the county where my chief estate lies, a waste and unprofitable one, but the third I believe in extent of any there, it was represented to me that the people were the most lawless in Great Britain; and the two most enlightened among the magistrates wished and exhorted me to become one. It would have been a great hindrance to my studies; yet a sense of public good, and a desire to promote it by any sacrifice, induced me to propose the thing to the duke of Beaufort, the lord-lieutenant. He could have heard nothing more of me, good or evil, than that I was a studious man, and that, although I belonged to no society, club, or party, and never sat in my life at a public dinner, I should oppose his family in elections. The information, however probable, was wrong. I had votes in four counties, and could influence fifty or sixty, and perhaps many more; yet I never did or will influence one in any case, nor ever give one while Representation is either cheat or coaxer. The noble duke declined my proposal.

These bells recall my attention from what is personal and from what is worthless.

English Visiter. How they clatter and jingle! The ringers are pulling every bell-rope in the whole city as fast and as furiously as they can.

Landor. The sound of one only, the largest in the place, tolling slowly at equal intervals, makes a different impression on the hearer. We are impatient of these, which are rung in the same manner to announce a festival: instead of impatience at the others, we wait in suspense for every stroke, and the pulse of the heart replies to it. No people but the English can endure a long continuation of gravity and sadness: none pay the same respect to the dead. Here not only the poorer, but householders and fathers of families, are thrown together into a covered cart; and when enow of them are collected, they are carried off by night, and cast naked into the ditch in the burial-ground. No sheet about them, no shroud externally, no coffin, no bier, no emblem of mortality; none of sorrow, none of affection, none of hope. Corpses are gathered like rotten gourds and cracked cucumbers, and thrown aside where none could find if any looked for them. Among people in easy circumstances, wife, children, relatives, friends, all leave the house when one of the family is dying: the priest alone remains with him: the last sacrament solves and sunders every human tie. The eyes, after wandering over the altered scenes of domestic love, over the silent wastes of friendship, are reconciled to whatever is most lugubrious in death, and are closed at last by mercenaries and strangers.

My children were playing on the truly English turf before the Campo Santo in Pisa, when he to whom is committed the business of carrying off the dead, and whose house is in one corner, walked up to them, and bade them come along with him, telling them he would show them two more such pretty little ones. He opened the doors of a cart-house, in which were two covered carts: the larger contained (I hear) several dead bodies, stark-naked: in the smaller were two infants, with not even a flower shed over them. They had died in the foundling-hospital the night before. Such was their posture, they appeared to hide their faces one from the other in play. As my children had not been playing with them, this appearance struck neither: but the elder said, "Teresa! who shut up these mimmi? I will tell papa. Why do not they come out and play till bed-time?"

The "mimmi" *had* been out, poor little souls! and *had* played . . till bed-time.

English Visiter. And papa, though he could not utter the thing, has been collecting a rod in every walk of his, in high-road or by-road, for those whose negligences and inhumanities are greater in greater matters; which rod some years hence will scourge many backs, and be laid on by many hands, amid the shouts of nations.

Landor. So be it! although he who tied the twigs be never thought of; although he be cast before his time into the cart-house.

English Visiter. The death of Ferdinand must be felt as a general and great calamity, thus fixing, as it does, or strongly checking, the levity of the Florentines; a people far indeed from cruel, the least so perhaps of any in Italy, where none deserve the name; but the most selfish, the most ungrateful, the most inconstant. A ruler of the Romans, sick and weary of their baseness, wished they had but one neck. I have often wished the Florentines had as much as one heart among them. To-day I think my wish is accomplished.

Landor. Although there is hardly one of them who would not with whatever ignominy flee from death, were flight possible, yet the appearance of it in others has little terror, little awe. The reason is, the sight is familiar, and unaccompanied by solemnity or decorum. The priests and family, even when the wealthy and distinguished are carried to their last home, walk rapidly along with the bearers of the body, and seem only to be thinking how they shall soonest get it out of the way, and do some other business.

English Visiter. Religion in fact does not demand much anxiety from us for those who sleep; and Philosophy is indifferent whether the pace with which the defunct are carried to the grave be quick or slow.

Landor. Christianity is so kind, that one objection to it, the worst indeed and the weakest, is the impracticability of performing all the kindness it enjoins. It demands no anxiety; it demonstrates on the other hand how every one may be removed. Our English burial service is the most impressive thing to be found in any religion, old or recent: it is framed on the character of the people, and preserves it. I have seen every other part of clerical duty neglected or traversed; but I never saw a clergyman who failed in this, when he consigned his parishioner to the grave. As for philosophy, if our philosophy tell us anything which shocks or troubles or perplexes our humanity, let us doubt it, and let us put off the examination of it a long while.

English Visiter. Did you know the Granduke?

Landor. I am the only Englishman in Florence who did not attend his court, and the only one he ever omitted to salute.

English Visiter. Upon my word, you might have expected it: and yet I hear he received the exiles of Naples, and, when it was told him that his Neapolitan Majesty could not be present at it the few days he was here, if such rebels were admitted, he replied, "It would be hard if kings had not as much liberty as their subjects."

Landor. Equitable, humane, incomparable prince! Whatever you hear good and gracious of him, you may well believe. I saw him first at Pisa, where he resided in winter, without pomp and state, and walked about the streets, and in the country, with his son or any other friend. The Pisans, accustomed to meet him every day, noticed him only as they notice a brother or father: he drew no crowd about him. At the extremity of the principal square is an ancient church, dedi-

cated to Saint Catharine; and in this church there happened to be a festival. As I lose no opportunity of hearing music where people are silent, observing the red silk festoons float over the church-door I went in. There were few present: within the rails I saw only the officiating priests, the Granduke, and Savi the professor of botany, who had entered with him, was seated by him, and spoke to him from time to time. The service being finished, the Granduke bowed with peculiar courtesy, and only to one person; it was in the direction where I stood. Two or three days afterward, a worthy priest who had thrown aside his gown and had taken a uniform, in the course of conversation with me, said gravely, "But really, my dear frind, we may extend too far our prejudices and dislikes. If you could be prevailed upon to go but once to court, you would find him the best soul in the world. Savi tells me you did not return the salute of the Granduke."

My heart sank within me, deeper than ever any courtier's did, at the charge of inattention: for it has more room to work in, and takes it all. Ferdinand still continued to notice with his usual condescension and affability my wife and little boy, whom he met every day in some place or other, but always turned his eyes from me.

Nevertheless I persevered in repairing my fault, in my own eyes at least. I elevated my hat above my head long before I met him, and passed without a look toward him.

He soon forgave me, or forgot me: which answered the same purpose.

Princes are more offended at a slight inattention than at almost the worst thing you can do or say or write against them. A dead thorn or the smallest pebble may hurt or molest a Wellington for a moment, according to the part it acts upon: and I, who amid the powerful of the earth am no better, may have pained in my ignorance a tenderer bosom than beats among the surviving masters of mankind.

May Leopold, who applies his studies to the history of his country in order to write it fully and faithfully, illustrate by his life the last pages of it, and, after a longer course, be succeeded by a son as virtuous and affectionate!

... A long silence followed. I was little disposed to converse, or my visiter to go away. We heard a voice of inquiry at the ante-chamber door, and I started to give orders that no person should be admitted, when there stood before me a worthy man, who had offered my family a window in his house yesterday, to see from it the procession of *Corpus Domini*. After expressing the hope that no accident or indisposition had prevented it, "You have heard, no doubt, the distressing news," added he. "Even those who were unfriendly to Ferdinand and his government, lament his loss, and speak becomingly of his character."

English Visiter. We are pained at hearing ill of the living, and at hearing good of the dead: of the recently dead at least.

Florentine Visiter. You do not appear to unite with us in our regrets: your mind is abstracted, your ideas and thoughts absorbed: you want stupendous men, prodigies of genius.

Landor. Not I indeed, my friend: I want honest ones: and Ferdinand was both honest and wise. If his wisdom did not fly off perpetually in sparks and splinters, it was only the better and the more useful for it.

The greater part of geniuses may be measured by pocket-rules: others require a succession of triangles, must be surveyed from stations upon mountain-heads, and the exact computation of their altitude is to be determined but after some ages.

Of these Alps and Ararats, in the various regions of the world there may be five or six perhaps. The heavy stick their poles in them, clamber up, and protest they see nothing extraordinary: the lighter one, more disappointed still, cries, "I thought they were above the clouds! however, I will cut my name upon the summit, and break off something."

Florentine Visiter. I was about to mention that Ferdinand was not indeed a subject for trigonometry. In abilities he was on a level, or little more than on a level, with the greater part of mankind: but I believe that no man living had so accurate a judgment where judgment is of most importance. His sense of justice and right was perfect. It was perfect from an exquisite fibre and most delicate tact, and from an early and uninterrupted practice of it. Sovrans are thought not to have the whole of their *apanage*, unless they have some embossed pieces of wit placed beside them. Ferdinand was not facetious; on the contrary, he was rather grave, and would not have fathered the best joke in the world. And truly I know not how it happens, but we Florentines, who are famous for feigning all other things, never feign wit for anyone.

English Visiter. Your Machiavelli, I think, can not be fairly accused of doing it; who, wishing to attribute a few smartnesses, practical and theoretical, to Castruccio Castracani, rather than invent them himself, went back to the ancients for them, and poured them into his *havresac* dry as date-fruit.

Florentine Visiter. Valets and chamberlains, and other attendants on Ferdinand, have related to their friends and acquaintances many of his sayings, which would seem witty and sharp, if good nature did not cover them from point to hilt. The other day, as you know (for I remember you laughed heartily at it), his remark was excellent. The wit was, like the ananas, sharp, sweet, refreshing, beautiful; and it was safely tangible from its seasonable ripeness.

English Visiter. Sir, our friend Landor here is a fond lover of wit, but, like many fond lovers, is without the object of his affections. I am sure he will gladly hear the thing over again, if you will favour me by giving us it.

Florentine Visiter. When the only son of Marchese Bartolomei had taken a wife without

the consent of his family, the father, as you may suppose, was indignant. He ran to Palazzo Pitti, demanded an audience of the Granduke, and was admitted. After he had particularised the whole affair, with comments, no doubt, in abundance, "Well, my friend, how can I serve you?" said his Highness; "what can I do in the business?"

"Highness! it is against the law," answered Bartolomei.

"My dear marchese, now the thing is done, and can not be undone or altered, would it not be better to be reconciled to the young people?"

"Never, never, never, while I have breath in my body."

"Patience! my good Bartolomei! Consider a little! reflect a moment! pray of what age is your son?"

"Old enough to be wiser."

"We all are; people say so at least: and yet . . ."

"He is near upon eighteen."

"A mere boy: unfortunately for him just one remove beyond boy's chastisement. I hope you would not punish him, as matters stand."

"I came for justice, Highness!"

"The laws, you say, will give it: you shall have it; do not doubt it. Be calm; be comforted; think again upon it."

"I have thought again and again and more than enough about it. I am resolved to punish him."

"Let him have her then. Come Bartolomei, I am going to my piano-forte: would it amuse you?"

"Highness! I take my leave."

The last of his public acts admitting to view the gait and whole gesture of his character, was displayed by him about a month afterward, that is, about a month ago. A person now in Florence had been expelled by their Holinesses of the Sacred Alliance, from France, Spain, and Piedmont, and perhaps from other kingdoms. He came hither without a passport, and was ordered by the president of the *buon governo* to leave the city. Disconsolate, desolate, desperate, he resolved to present a memorial to the Granduke. "From the various states I have passed through, I can show nothing," said he, "but orders to leave the country." The mild prince sent immediately for the president of the *buon governo*, who thinking, on such occasions at least, that expedition was best, would have banished the stranger. "If he is, or if you think him to be, a bad subject," said Ferdinand, "it is your office to watch him narrowly. Would you drive him out to save trouble? Shall the whole earth be interdicted to him because he has been troublesome in one part of it, or suspected in another? If he were worthy of imprisonment, there is little doubt that he would have been imprisoned; or if of death, that he would have been executed. They permit him to live, and would leave him no place to live in. He must be somewhere. To hunt and pursue the poor creature through the world, is worse than any sentence of condemnation. Let him rest where he is, and be, like others, amenable to the laws."

Landor. At my arrival on the continent, it retained among its ruins two public men of worth, Kosciusko and Gianni: the one I had seen in England, the other I visited in Genoa. He was in his ninetieth year: an age to which no other minister of king or prince or republic has attained. But the evil passions never preyed on the heart of Gianni: he enjoyed good health from good spirits, and those from their only genuine source, a clear conscience. Accustomed, as I had been, to see chattering mountebanks leap one after another upon the same stage, and play the same tricks they had exploded, first amid the applauses and afterward amid the execration of the people, I was refreshed and comforted by the calmness and simplicity of this venerable old man. Occasionally he displayed a propensity to satire, not the broad-faced buffoonery and washy loquacity of his nation, but the apposite and delicate wit which once sparkled in the better societies of Athens and of Paris. He has left behind him a history of his own times, which never will be published in ours. If any leading state of Europe had been governed by such a minister, how harmless would have been the French revolution *out* of France, how transitory *in*. Patient, provident, moderate, imperturbable, he knew on all occasions what kind and what intensity of resistance should be opposed to violence and tumult.

Florentine Visiter. I will adduce two instances, in which my friend here will correct me, should I anywhere fall into an error. Ricci, bishop of Pistoja and Prato, had excited the indignation of his diocesans, by an attempt to introduce the prayers in Italian, and to abolish some festivals and processions. The populace of Prato, headed by a confraternity, broke forth into acts of rebellion: the bishop's palace was assaulted, his life threatened: the church-bells summoned all true believers to the banner: the broken bones of saints were exposed, and invited others to be broken. Leopold, on hearing it, shocked in his system of policy, forgot at the moment the mildness of his character, and ordered the military at hand to march against the insurgents. Gianni was sent for: he entered the instant this command was issued. "What disturbs your Highness?" said he mildly.

"You ought to have been informed, Gianni," answered the Granduke, "that the populace of Prato has resisted my authority and insulted Ricci. My troops march against them."

"I have already despatched a stronger force than your Highness has done, which by your permission must remain in the city."

"On free-quarters until the madmen are quiet. But how could you collect a stronger force so instantaneously?"

"Instead of two regiments, I despatched two crosses; instead of cannon and balls and powder, a nail-box, a hammer, and a napkin. If reinforcements are wanted, we can find a dice-box and a

sponge at Corsini's, on good security. At this hour, however, I am persuaded that the confraternity is walking in procession, and extolling to the skies, not your humanity but your devotion." It was so.

The *maximum* or *assize* had been abolished by Gianni: lands and provisions rose in value: the people was discontented, broke into his house, drank his wine, cut his beds in pieces, and carried off the rest of his furniture. Leopold, who had succeeded to the empire, and was residing at Vienna, decreed that the utmost severity should be exercised against all who had borne any part in this sedition. It was difficult to separate the more guilty from the less, as every man convicted of delinquency might hope to extenuate his offence by accusing his enemy of one more flagrant. Gianni, who could neither disobey nor defer the mandate of the emperor, engaged Commendatore Pazzi to invite some hundreds of the people to a banquet in the court-yard of his palace.

Now while the other families of those our Florentines, who in ages past had served the bustling little city, were neglected for their obscurity, shunned for their profligacy, or despised for their avarice and baseness, that of Riccardi was still in esteem with the citizens for its splendid hospitality, that of Pazzi for its patronage of the people. The invitation was unsuspected. They met, they feasted, they drank profusely; every man brought forward his merits; what each had done, and what each was ready to do, was openly declared and carefully recorded. On the following morning, before daybreak, forty were on the road to the galleys: but most of them were soon released. The people is never in such danger as from its idol.

English Visiter. Scarcely anything is more interesting than the history of this central hive of honeyed and stinging little creatures, your Florentines. Although they have now lost their original figure and nature for the most-part, and possess not even their own lily to alight on, yet they hum, and show wonderful instinct. They were not created for the gloom of Dante, but they are alive and alert in the daylight of Petrarca and Boccaccio. They live under a government not oppressive, nor troublesome, nor exacting; and in this warm security they inform us that there is in Italy a petty state governed by a woman, who constantly sends after the Opera to the innkeepers of her city, and demands a portion of what has been spent among them within the day by strangers. If many carriages have stopped at their doors, in passing through the place, the same visit is made, the same tax imposed. She has forbidden the exportation of pictures, offering to purchase them at the value: she has taken several to herself, and has never paid for them. Is it not as proper for the Saints of the Holy Alliance to exercise the duties of high police in such instances, as against the public, where great nations, and such as were never subject to them, rise unanimously and demand a reform of government? England maintains a minister at the court of this woman, whose revenues from the territory are little more than his appointments, and whose political influence is weaker than that of one who keeps a gin-shop in Wapping.

Landor. What reed or rush, in its rottenest plight, but serves for the spawn of our aristocracy to stick on! Let us leave the thieviah sister of the *Rey Netto*, and return to a prince who had nothing in common with him but the baptismal name. It was feared by the friends of an eloquent pleader, whose conduct in the parliament of Naples gave no party satisfaction, that, at the instigation of the Austrian or French ambassador, he would be excepted from the asylum granted here to the Neapolitan constitutionalists. Whereupon, although I seldom speak on politics, I could not refrain from saying in the presence of a courtlady, "Constitutionalists are unpardonable: we Englishmen have abandoned them in Sicily to the sword and dungeon, and we have deluded and betrayed them in Naples and in Spain: their ruin comes in all directions from us: yet in regard to this gentleman, I can not believe he will be expelled from Tuscany for thinking with every wise and honest man of his country . . I will add, of Europe. True, he expressed his thoughts better than others: but it is as unreasonable to dislike a man because he is eloquent, as it would be to like one because he is a stammerer."

It was mentioned to the Granduke, not in malice, but as the best thing or among the best said the day before. "*Dice bene*" was his answer.

English Visiter. I never could discover the reason why people in authority should exert more power (in other words should give themselves more trouble) in molesting and plaguing their fellow-creatures than in helping them. This is too common in the world, indeed almost general; and I may say with hardly an exception in those who have risen to high station from obscurity.

Florentine Visiter. I would not voluntarily illustrate your thesis, if the reflection did not fall upon another admirable feature among his who now is lying under the canopy of death.

Our archbishop, three years ago, ordered his six best horses to be harnessed for the richest of his state-carriages, went in it to the palace, remarked to the Granduke that Lent was approaching, that luxury was enormous, that immorality was universal, and that nothing could arrest it but a rigid observance of the ancient fasts, which had of late times been grievously neglected. In fact, it pained him to report it, the Florentines were known, in that holy season, to eat flesh!

"The fault is in great measure mine," said Ferdinand, "who have enabled them to do it. Immorality, which I hope is not so universal as your lordship thinks, must be discountenanced and checked. Let you and me try . . *legumes*."

The archbishop, the fattest man in Florence, or perhaps in Italy, and accused of excesses which go beyond the stomach a little, reddened at the insinuation, and took his leave.

I could recount (for memory in hours like these

is not inactive) many other things characteristic of our lamented sovran. But humour and facetiousness are the appurtenances of a light heart rather than of a kind one, and rebound for the greater part from something hard about us. We look for them however when much better things are before us; as we turn our attention from fields of ripe corn and rich pasturage, sustainers of life and comfort, to any sparkling mineral.

Did not you, M. Landor, reside one summer at the Villa Catani, just behind Poggio Imperiale?

Landor. I did. The distance is so short and the situation so elevated, I could see the family from my terrace, and hear the music; to which I always listened in the evening. For music has another effect when it comes from a family no less in concord: and it is delightful to think that those who govern us, taste in common our purer delights. Such are the sources of happiness to these good people! Do any such rise from the fields of Austerlitz and Jena?

Florentine Visiter. Excuse me; you must have heard about the mason.

English Visiter. What is that?

Florentine Visiter. The Granduke was much occupied in building, and was often out of doors among the labourers. He was watching them one day (for masons of all workmen want watching the most) when a bucketful of rubbish was thrown down, and covered him from head to foot. Something of pain was added to his surprise, and, uttering one exclamation, he walked toward the palace door on the side of the garden. The labourer heard a voice; and looking down, and seeing a hat on the ground covered with mortar, he descended the ladder from curiosity. Turning his body from it, the first object he beheld was the Granduke, standing against the wall under the scaffold, and wiping his shoulder. The labourer threw himself on his knees . . implored forgiveness . . prayed the Virgin to soften his heart . . could never have supposed that his Highness was below . . "It is well it was I," replied the good man in the midst of this, and still wiping his shoulder and his sleeves; "say nothing about it." For he knew that, if it had happened to a prime minister or a prime menial, the poor creature of a mason would have been dismissed. And perhaps he suspected it might happen: for, some days afterward he asked "how many were at work;" and, (when it was told him) "whether the same number had been there constantly."

Landor. Inquisitive man! how he idled and trifled! and at a time too when the first princes and opera-dancers in the world were at the Congress of Verona, fixing the fate of nations!

Florentine Visiter. You probably know Nicolini; if not personally, at least by character.

Landor. Although I avoid the society of literary men, desirous of taking no part in their differences, and to receive no displeasure or uneasiness at the recital of their injuries, I have twice met him; as modest a man as he is a distinguished poet.

Florentine Visiter. You may also have heard the anecdote I am about to relate, but this gentleman may not; and I think I remember you declaring that the repetition of a tale in favour of anyone gives you as great pleasure as the first hearing.

English Visiter. That is curious.

Landor. My reason is this; there is the proof that a good action is not forgotten at once. Tell the story, if you please, for I know not what it may be.

Florentine Visiter. Nicolini, our dramatic writer, no less enthusiastic in his politics than in his poetry, was librarian to the Granduke. He requested his discharge. "Why so, Nicolini?" said Ferdinand. "Highness! my sentiments are adverse to the occupation," answered he. The Granduke was surprised, but knowing that Nicolini was an irreproachable man, and that nothing was remoter from his character than ingratitude, he replied, "Well, Nicolini, if you insist on your discharge, you must have it. I have nothing to say when your conscience and feelings will not permit you to retain the office." Within four or five days his younger brother was promoted to the rank of captain; and going to court on the occasion, the Granduke asked him very particularly how the elder did, without the slightest reference to what had passed, and mentioned him as one whose talents do honour to his family and his country. Soon afterward a new place was created for the republican, more congenial to him; that of lecturer to the Academy of Painting and Sculpture.

In this manner did Ferdinand treat his subjects whose sentiments were adverse to his form of government. Never has any man approached so near to a command which no one has executed, "Love those who curse you."

Good nature, patience, forbearance, reconciliations of one family to another, the reverse of what is assumed for a motto by many rulers, were his daily practices.

If our laws are defective, the fault is nowise his. On his return in the plenitude of power, he desired the people to decide by which code they would be governed, his father's or Napoleon's. The most celebrated jurists in Tuscany were convoked: the ministers and judges, who had served the three or four past governments, did what such men will always do; they took, as more conducive to their power, the looser. Ferdinand abstained from every remark upon their judgment; but no man in his dominions was less pleased with it.

English Visiter. The patriotic party . . .

Florentine Visiter. Congratulated the choice.

English Visiter. O Sismondi! what a bottle of ink have these fellows been shaking up for thy admirable pen! How think you, Landor! what a garner is the study of a man like this?

Landor. Nothing is more useful than the study of such a philosopher: he is legible to all, and intelligible, and impressive: no doubtful dogma,

no wayward fancy, no love of wrangling or schooling, no mystery to veil his ignorance, or to aggrandise by an uncertain light the factitious and dressed-up spectre of his importance. He bore (let me say it) an ephod on his breast, inscribed with one word . . GOD. Whatever could be commanded from on high, or suggested from hence below, to render those about him peaceful and contented, he took, and carried into execution.

Florentine Visiter. We preferred him in general to his father. But there is less agreement on the character of reformers than on any other, and Leopold was a reformer. His enemies accuse him of avarice, and support their opinion by insisting on the inadequate education and slender maintenance of his natural children.

English Visiter. Irony may say of Leopold what Flattery said of Cosmo III., that he was *pater pauperum.*

Florentine Visiter. The charges both of parsimony and imprudence may, I think, be substantiated against him, in the vast damage he did to the pastures and climate, by cutting down the extensive forests in the Tuscan Apennines. Hence many fountains and streams are dried up, which are much wanted on the declivities, and almost as much on the plains; and the soil is carried away by the thawing of the snows in spring, and by the heavy rains and frequent thunder-storms in summer and autumn. Thousands of sheep and goats were pastured formerly where at present there are only rocks and ravines: and an honest inoffensive pastoral population is succeeded by plunderers and contrabandists. He too frequently, but not always, neglected the education of his progeny. Still, though liberal he may not have been in some private transactions, he was singularly so to his people at large: and if he was not prodigal to his own offspring, he was enabled to be the more beneficent to the sick and poor. The hospitals were abundantly supplied and carefully attended. Since his decease, the lands belonging to them have been granted on perpetual leases, their income much diminished, and their superintendence much neglected. At Pisa the indigent and afflicted are so reluctant to enter the hospital, that the number of patients is reduced to half, and the accommodation to less. At Florence the public is permitted to send subsidies of food twice a week, and instances have occurred of patients suffering fatally by the sudden effect of a nutritious meal.

English Visiter. The less contemptible princes love money for the sake of power; the more contemptible love power for the sake of money. Avarice is condemned in them from a sentiment of avarice. Other faults injurious in a greater degree to public morality are overlooked or forgiven.

Florentine Visiter. The principal one of Peter Leopold was his employment of spies and informers. Curiosity and lust were the motives, not cruelty nor suspicion. He and lord Cowper divided the beauty of Tuscany; and in such a manner that neither should be jealous. In every family, high or low, one of the domestics or one of the children communicated to the agents of the Granduke a detail of its most minute affairs. No harm probably was perceived in these communications, which never led to punishment and seldom to inconvenience, but in reality they did greater mischief to our national character than the best institutions could remedy or compensate. Hence venality, bad faith, suspicion, cowardice; hence the prostration of private and the extinction of public virtue. A thief-taker walked into our societies, unchecked, unmolested, unquestioned. Age lost its dignity, manhood its serenity, youth its vivacity, in his presence. All bowed before the grand Informer. This creature, by name Chetani, has formed the manners of two generations, and perhaps the national character for centuries to come. Peter Leopold was in such security by his means, that on his departure from Tuscany he left behind him not a soldier in his capital. I wish I could dismiss him with merely a charge of unwise curiosity, unworthy suspicion, or a vague indulgence in vulgar sensuality: I wish he had always maintained in himself the justice he enforced in others.

English Visiter. Did he not? We never heard any complaints against his impartiality.

Florentine Visiter. Hear one then. The counts Del Benino, for services to our city, inherited certain advantages, by no means injurious to the community: Leopold cancelled them. Del Benino petitioned him that he might appeal to a court of justice; Leopold assented; the judges fancied they should flatter the prince by displaying in their decision a luminous proof of his equity, and accordingly gave a sentence for the plaintiff. Leopold disregarded it, and refused him any satisfaction.

English Visiter. Not only no such injustice, but no vice of any kind ever was suspected in Ferdinand: no virtue, I hear, was deficient, if energy be excepted, which in princes is one, and among the first, although in other men it is but the agent of principle.

Florentine Visiter. Englishmen, I know, are apt to censure him for his adherence to the French.

English Visiter. I am one of those.

Florentine Visiter. He found a large portion of his people led away by theories and promises; all the men of talents, all the men of enterprise. Could he oppose his cooks and the canons of the cathedral to these and French armies? Undesirous of reigning, he was ardent in his love of concord, and was ready to make any sacrifice to ensure it. He commanded his faithful friends to obey the stronger. Napoleon, who knew him, esteemed and loved him; which he never did the selfish or the insincere. On the fall of that usurper, the Tuscan officers, who had served under him, applied to Ferdinand for half-pay: the Austrians opposed it. "I will not consent to it," said Ferdinand. "Gentlemen, you

fought for the French government: you swore to defend it: and you did defend it to the last. That government has ceased: you will serve me with the same fidelity. Continue to enjoy the pay you receive, the rank you have merited: but be contented, I pray you, with your past victories."

English Visiter. No prince, not even the most warlike, ever had troops more devoted to him. I do not form my opinion in those places only where I have dined among his officers, as I have done most days for the last two years; but experiencing on every occasion, in my travels through the country, the civility of his soldiers, I have always been induced to converse with them about him. I talked the other evening in the fortress with a captain now in garrison at Pistoia, who had accompanied Bonaparte in most of his campaigns, and who returned with him among the few from Moscow. Confirming the universal sentiment, he added, placing his hand upon my shoulder, "There is something of the Napoleonesque in that man's heart, though it lies so quiet."

Florentine Visiter. It does indeed lie quiet! and it is the only one in Tuscany that does!

There is however some consolation in knowing that his sufferings had ceased before his death, and were assuaged by everything he heard or saw about him. Yesterday he sent for his family, and talked privately and separately with each: to-day he desired they would come together. He alone was calm: he alone could utter one word: he consoled them in few. He told them that his Maker had called him, that he was ready, that he was going, that he knew the road.

"Leopold! take care of my wife, of your poor sister here, and of my people." Then, after a pause, "On these occasions the theatres are usually shut a long time: many live by them: shorten the period."

Leopold fell upon the floor: the women were carried from the apartment. They yielded to necessity; but sense had left them; and he, who was so soon to be a corpse, was the least like one. Reason and affection with him had no contest for mastery; each kept its own, nor went one step beyond it. For there was a higher power that controlled them in their spheres: they were to enlighten the earth, but they were to move apart from it.

Even in this moment, insupportable to those in health and youth, insupportable to those accustomed to the sight of sickness and sufferance and agonising death, he opened his eyes again, and said, "I have yet one duty: call my physicians." They entered.

"Gentlemen," said he, "three nights of watchfulness at my bed-side, where you, together with my beloved wife, have been constantly, ought to be followed by some repose. But I wished to tell you with my own lips, how certain I am that everything you have done for me has been done wisely. I thank you."

Yet he knew it was by their mismanagement he was dying.

The efforts he had made, to perform whatever duty his heart could dictate, at last exhausted him; and his mind, before it left the body, wandered with him.

"I have been in Austria and in Bohemia," said he, after what seemed insensibility and torpor, "and now I have seen all my friends."

Landor. Beloved Ferdinand! thou hast not seen them half, even in vision: but thou shalt see them hereafter: they will press around thee from all countries, in all ages.

Nothing can be spoken so gloriously of any prince in modern days, as this of Ferdinand; that, although he had to apprehend the authority of a relative, who on other occasions had sacrificed the members of his family on the altars of bad faith and blind ambition, he nevertheless stepped forth, in the calmness of courage and in the strength of virtue, to comfort the menaced and to alleviate the oppressed. The greatest power on earth, or that ever existed on earth, is the power of the British public; its foundation morals, its fabric wisdom, its circumvallation wealth. Yet this mighty power, which could overawe the universe, and (what is better) could fix its destinies, was, in less embarrassing circumstances, almost inert. Far am I from the inclination of lighting up a fire to invite around it the idle, the malevolent, the seditious: I would however subscribe my name, to ensure the maintenance of those persons who shall have lost their country for having punished with death its oppressor, or for having attempted it and failed. Let it first be demonstrated that he hath annulled the constitutional laws, or retracted his admissal or violated his promise of them, or that he holds men not born his subjects, nor reduced to that condition by legitimate war, in servitude and thraldom, or hath assisted or countenanced another in such offences. No scorn, no contumely, no cruelty, no single, no multiplied, injustice, no destruction, is enough, excepting the destruction of that upon which all society is constituted, under which all security rests, and all hope lies at anchor, faith. Public wrongs may and ought to be punished by private vindication, where the tongue of Law is paralysed by the bane of Despotism; and the action which in civil life is the worst, becomes, where civism lies beneath power, the most illustrious that magnanimity can achieve. The calmest and wisest men that ever lived were unanimous in this sentence; it is sanctioned by the laws of Solon, and sustained by the authority of Cicero and Aristoteles. The latter, mild and moderate as he was, goes a great way farther than I have ventured.* Teachers, the timid and secluded, point it out to youth among a thousand pages; colleges ring with it over chants and homilies; Piety closes her thumbed lesson and articulates less tremulously this response. The street cries *Cæsar*, the study whispers *Brutus*. Degenerate men have never been so

* Δεῖ τοὺς ἀδικουμένους ὑπὸ ἑαυτῶν τιμωρεῖν, ἢ ὑπὸ συγγενῶν, ἢ ὑπὸ ἐπιτηδείων, ἢ συμπάντων ἀδικουμένους βοηθεῖν.

degenerate, the earth is not yet so effete, as not to rear up one imitator of one great deed. Glory to him! peace, prosperity, long life, and like descendants!

Remember, brave soul! this blow fixes thy name above thy contemporaries. Doubt not, it will have its guard to stand under it, and to fill the lamp that shows thy effigy. Great actions call forth great eloquence, as great eloquence calls forth great actions. There have been those who, after the battle, could raise the dead above the living, the unfortunate above the prosperous: there have been those who could give even to the trophies of Marathon a fresh and livelier interest: there have been those who, in the midst of this interest, could turn the eyes of the city away from them, to the despoiled and unsepulchred on the plains of Cheronea. With us let there be the will; and let the failure (if failure there must be) lie with higher powers. In that thought alone is all-sufficient consolation.

Ours is the time for associations to reward the extinction of despots, since it is certain that none such as those I have pointed out, is now living to be offended or alarmed. If the richer of our patriots would offer an asylum and a subsistence, in America to him who should punish them on their rising, no doubt can be entertained that every gazette in Europe, royal and imperial, will be ordered to announce the resolution: for what service can be rendered to monarchs, equal to that of making them respectable?

So well known to me is their liberality, I should not be surprised if, for this proposal, they consign to me through their ambassadors more crosses and stars than would cover the convexity of the most Christian King, and more ribbon than would surround it; a fortune of itself, and not unmerited (let me say it) at their hands.

English Visiter. Perhaps they may entertain some idle doubts concerning your veneration for their institutions.

Florentine Visiter. On the Continent men have ceased to dispute about the different forms of government, and care only about the difference in its administration. The Milanese think theirs the worst; the Parmesans doubt; the Modenese dare not do even that, for fear of their wives and confessors. The name of the Emperor Francis is incessantly eulogised by your English ministry, who know about as much of the popular opinion in Europe as of the popular opinion in the planet Saturn. I will tear out one page from his history, and give it you. Count Gonfaloniere threw himself at the empress's feet, in Milan, and requested her intercession, that, having lost the use of his limbs, he might be conveyed to his son's prison, to know whether he were alive or dead, and, if living, bless him once more, and bear the consolatory tidings to his wife and children. The empress told him she was unable to influence her husband in political affairs. However, she did exert the powers of which she doubted; and she prevailed. The supplicant could not but consider his admittance to the emperor as an act of clemenc began to hope that he might again see the a beloved son, if indeed the prison were those into which daylight ever entered.

"O sire! spare the life of my child!" cr spreading one hand on the floor, and raisi other to conceal his tears, "if Heaven an Majesty have preserved him so long, in pity years and infirmities, my prayers and sorrow days of existence are now left me: let him (for he was ever the most affectionate of son my sufferings have not shortened them. be a crime in him to love his country, too ar too hopelessly, too inconsiderately; but injured and would injure no one." "Yo Count Gonfaloniere," calmly replied his A Majesty, "is in a better condition than I have been in, if I had fallen into his He ceased, and looked aside.

The old man had strength to rise, and to walk away. Those inhabitants of Mila retained some respect for the imperial d ceased to salute the Emperor of Austria, into any shop, or house, or gateway, whe saw his carriage, and recollected another as humane of another dignitary as exalted

"Let him die, so as to feel he is dying."

At his arrival, two days before, a loyal man congratulated a loyal Milanese on plause his Majesty had received at the t the Milanese replied, "All very well! a well! but we are poor; and it costs us deal of money to applaud so*." I was and heard it.

English Visiter. You, sir, I presume ar rary man: you then can inform me whet report is true, that Ferdinand was no g vourer of letters.

Florentine Visiter. I am afraid there foundation for it. We have many amon pable of reflecting lustre on our city, if th properly encouraged.

Landor. Encourage then one anothe is the properest of encouragement, a most effectual. The best princes are oft judges of literature: would you wish t give what is not due? to encourage wha worthy?

English Visiter. Landor, do not wantonl yourself enemies in the literary world: hardly find two authors in England who dare to hear your name mentioned, yo illiberal. The Tories hate you for your rence of the Holy Alliance, the Whigs contempt of Napoleon.

Landor. This Holy Alliance will soon unholy to every nation in Europe. I d Napoleon in the plenitude of his power than others despise him in the solitud exile: I thought him no less an impost he took the ermine than when he took the I confess I do not love him the better,

* Sta bene, sta bene; ma siamo poveri e ci co dinaro.

mercenaries in England and Scotland do, for having been the enemy of my country; nor should I love him the less for it had his enmity been principled and manly.

Florentine Visiter. At least he patronised the arts, the sciences, and literature in general.

Landor. He had this merit, and much more, above the other potentates of the age; but not enough withal to raise him above contempt, if falsehood and subterfuge, if envy and malice, if dastard cruelty and deliberate murder deserve it. Usually even the worst men are friendly to those who have adopted their principles. In what manner did this cruel wretch treat his enthusiastic admirer and humble follower, Toussaint L'Ouverture? He was thrown into a subterranean cell, solitary, dark, damp, pestiferously unclean, where rheumatism racked his limbs, and where famine terminated his existence. Few can think those of their contemporaries great who never have trampled on them. Greatness must have a fierce or a mysterious air, a sounding title, a swaggering gait, a swollen purse, a priest before, a lawyer at the side, and a hangman after him. You terrify us less by conjuring up this phantom before me, than by opening to me my dangers on the side of literature. In England, it seems, an author is forced to pay out of his integrity for even a narrow and incommodious seat in it, and only a few receive free tickets. In countries where there is less honour, generally there is incomparably more in this quarter. A literary man in France, for example, feels for the honour of his order, as a woman feels everywhere for the honour of her sex.

English Visiter. You would deprive them of their vails and perquisites; you would let them live by sucking and licking one another, like young bears. They can not be fond and loving when they are hungry.

Florentine Visiter. Ours are courteous in the extreme, and lend one another praise, ideas, and dramas. We have among the rest some excellent *improvisatori*; a race peculiar to our Italy.

Landor. Long be it so! No *improvisatore* ever rose above mediocrity; few have reached it. Poetry, like wine, requires a gentle and regular and long fermentation. What is it if it can buoy up no wisdom, no reflection? if we can throw into it none of our experience? if no repository is to be found in it for the gems we have collected, at the price sometimes of our fortunes, of our health, and of our peace? Your *improvisatori* let drop their verses as a string of mules their morning rain, for miles together. The Italian habit of *conversazioni*, as those assemblies are called where people do anything rather than converse, produces the same effect on the minds of your countrymen as brandy does on the bodies of your greyhounds: it stupefies them, takes away their strength, and makes them little all their lives. The first thing a young person who wishes to be a poet has to do, is, to conquer his volubility; to compress in three verses what he had easily thrown off in twelve; and to be an hour about what cost him a minute. If he has a *knack* for verses, he must break it and forget it. Both the poet and the painter should acquire facility and frankness; but they must be exercised with discretion; they must be sternly regulated, and in great part suppressed. The young poet will remonstrate, and more often scoff: he will appall you by placing before you the *deep mouth* of Pindar and his mountain-torrents. Tell him, and tell older ones too, that Pindar of all poets is the most accurate and the most laborious.

Florentine Visiter. Pardon me, sir, for crossing your string of mules, if any are behind: we remember Corilla.

Landor. But who remembers her poetry? I have read the best of it, and have read better from our farmers and shepherds, and nearly as good from our bellmen. I could philosophise much upon this subject: but my mind is not framed as most are. They philosophise best when they are grave; I when I am gay; for nothing then exhausts or tires me: when I am grave I go down fast. Drive a guinea-fowl under my window, or but repeat to me several times the same word in the same key, and in vain do I look for wand or glass: I am in dejection and darkness. I shall defend, as well as I can without much reasoning, the character of Ferdinand, on his imputed neglect of literary men in general.

The school of natural history is close to his palace; and his first conversation on matters of science was with Fontana, the director. It was the custom of this professor, as some of you have told me, when any stranger of distinction visited the cabinet and admired his preparations, to step suddenly into the room, his hands covered with blood or some chemical injection, and to make a thousand apologies for the negligence of his dress, protesting that he was obliged to do everything himself, even the most sordid and the most minute. The poor assistant, an intelligent and scientific man, who had done everything delicate and difficult, heard this month after month; sighed at his obscurity and poverty, and deeplier still at the hopelessness of celebrity, of honest hard-earned reputation, of even thriftless justice; and threw himself into the Arno. What must have been the pangs that swelled to such insanity so unaspiring a breast! *We* take fire and burn out presently: we call ourselves the feeling, and feel little: O what must he, unfortunate man! have suffered.

Ferdinand knew the story afterward. He then remembered the odes and sonnets (or at least the baseness of them) addressed to him on all occasions, by those who rejoiced in the same measures on his expulsion from the throne, and saluted his successor as warmly.

Florentine Visiter. We are a nation of praisers; we mean nothing by it.

English Visiter. Do not complain then if you get nothing by it.

Florentine Visiter. Sir, when you alighted at the inns on the road, did not one poetaster or other bring up a sonnet in your praise, as Fantoni

used, ignorant and indifferent who and what you were? Just so do all the rest, whether to princes or private men, and expect to be rewarded in the same manner and proportion. Mr. Landor is prejudiced against the Tuscans in general, the Florentines in particular.

Landor. I hope and believe I am not. I have found at the distance of twenty miles from Florence some of the best people I have ever yet conversed with. The country folks are frank, hospitable, courteous, laborious, disinterested, and eager to assist one another. I have sat among them by the hour, almost the only company in the nation I could ever endure half so long; and, at the first time of seeing me, the whole family has told me its most intimate concerns. The mother has enlarged on the virtues and excused the faults of her husband; and the daughter has asked me whether I was married; and whether I liked it; as she intended to take a husband in the beginning of the carnival . . Stefano . . I must know him . . and had bought the bed and hemmed the sheets and folded and packed up the *corredo;* telling me that there is nothing in the world so pleasant as the beginning of the carnival . . such fun! "Matta!" cries the mother, and smiles at me.

Florentine Visiter. O gentlemen, there are girls in Florence that will say a great deal more than that to you in half the time: and I promise you we have as worthy men among us (if you do not want to eat with 'em or ask a favour of 'em) as any upon earth. Selfishness and insincerity are thrown out against us: the worse indeed, in public or in private, are sure to laugh at his simplicity from whom they receive a benefit; but the better (I hope) are disposed to excuse it.

English Visiter. You seem rather shy about the main question, and let the old fact stand. Ferdinand was parsimonious, was he not?

Landor. Parsimony is the vice of the country. The Italians were always, far exceeding all other nations, parsimonious and avaricious; the Tuscans beyond all other Italians; the Florentines beyond all other Tuscans. So scandalous an example of it as occurred a few months ago, is, I hope and believe, unparalleled. Prince Corsini married a woman of immense fortune, by whom he has a family of eight children. He took a mistress: the wife languished and died. He gave orders that all her clothes should be sold by auction *in his palace;* old gowns, old petticoats, old shifts, old shoes, old gloves; even articles at the value of one penny, such as excited the derision of some, the blushes of others, the horror of not a few. There had been no quarrel between the wife and husband. She was beautiful, engaging, sweet-tempered, compliant, domestic. She sank from the world which her virtues had adorned, and had been seven days in her grave, when prostitutes paraded the street before her palace, wearing those dresses in which the most exemplary of mothers had given the last lessons of morality to her daughters. The prince is one of the richest men on the Continent: he is supposed to spend about a tenth of his income: and the sale produced fourteen pounds. This example is not necessary for the defence of Ferdinand. He had experienced the vicissitudes of fortune; he had twice been forced from his throne; he had a family to provide for; yet the taxes were equable and moderate; and property and its comforts, in no portion of the globe, are so well distributed and so general as in Tuscany. He did not throw away his money among idlers and sycophants in court or college.

English Visiter. No, no! Quiet and as much in the shade as he could be, he was not to be tickled or intoxicated by a sonnet or a sermon. When he observed them on the surface, he swam down the stream (I hear) and let them founder.

Landor. Generosity does not rest upon the purse; nor is the sovran most worthy of esteem for liberality who gives most among those about him. Believe me, my friends, novel and strange and uncomfortable as it may appear to you, the generosity of a prince is parsimony. Ferdinand had more pleasure at being praised by villagers in their carts, pressing down their figs and turning their peaches, than by professors in the chair or canonics in the pulpit. He never went out of his way to meet it: it met him everywhere.

English Visiter. That must be an admirable prince whom none of your poets thinks it a good speculation either to praise or libel.

Florentine Visiter. Such in his latter days was the felicity of Ferdinand; and those who now extol him, turn their eyes another way, and watch the countenance of the son.

Landor. May he prove his good sense and rectitude, by paying none for praises! As for tears, if they are due, let them flow on. Were I in his place, I would not wipe them away, nor give a pinch of snuff to increase them.

English Visiter. While you are in this humour, and are possessed by the right feeling in all its warmth and fulness, I wish you would compose an elegy on the occasion; as our critics are of opinion that you are sadly deficient in the true pathetic.

Landor. It would ill become me to hold an argument against men of such genius and judgment as our critics; and it would fare badly with me if I could prove them to be mistaken. I might attempt an elegy, were it possible that persons in the same station as Ferdinand's could be improved or moved by it. But to affect an immoderate grief, as poets do, on the death of princes, is the worst of hypocrisy: it being certain that there can be little or no sympathy between them, whatever respect may be borne by those who are swayed by imagination toward the regal character. I do not assert that my grief remains for days, or even hours, together, violent or unremitted, although it has done so once or twice: but seldom have I thought of a lost friend or unfortunate companion, be it at the distance of thirty or of forty years, that the thought is not as intense and

painful, and of as long a visitation, as it was at first. Even those with whom I have not lived, and whom indeed I have never seen, affect me by sympathy, as though I had known them intimately, and I hold with them in my walks many imaginary conversations. Since the time of Chaucer there have been only two poets who at all resemble him; and these two are widely dissimilar one from the other, Burns and Keats. The accuracy and truth with which Chaucer has described the manners of common life, with the fore-ground and back-ground, are also to be found in Burns, who delights in broader strokes of external nature, but equally appropriate. He has parts of genius which Chaucer has not in the same degree; the animated and pathetic. Keats, in his *Endymion*, is richer in imagery than either: and there are passages in which no poet has arrived at the same excellence on the same ground. Time alone was wanting to complete a poet, who already far surpassed all his contemporaries in this country, in the poet's most noble attributes. If anything could engage me to visit Rome, to endure the sight of her scarred and awful ruins, telling their stories on the ground in the midst of bell-ringers and pantomimes; if I could let charnel-houses and opera-houses, consuls and popes, tribunes and cardinals, senatorial orators and preaching friars, clash in my mind; it would be that I might afterward spend an hour in solitude, where the pyramid of Cestius stands against the wall, and points to the humbler tombs of Keats and Shelley. Nothing so attracts my heart as ruins in deserts, or so repels it as ruins in the circle of fashion. What is so shocking as the hard verity of Death swept by the rustling masquerade of Life! And does not Mortality of herself teach us how little we are, without placing us amid the trivialities of patchwork pomp, where Virgil led the Gods to found an empire, where Cicero saved and Cæsar shook the world!

Florentine Visiter. I wish, sir, you would favour us with a Latin inscription for the tombs of the gentlemen whose names you mentioned, since the pathetic is not requisite in that species of composition.

Landor. Although I have written at various times a great number of such inscriptions, as parts of literature, yet I think nothing is so absurd if you only inscribe them on a tomb. Why should extremely few persons, the least capable perhaps of sympathy, be invited to sympathise, while thousands are excluded from it by the iron grate of a dead language? Those who read a Latin inscription are the most likely to know already the character of the defunct, and no new feelings are to be excited in them: but the language of the country tells the ignorant who he was that lies under the turf before them; and, if he was a stranger, it naturalises him among them; it gives him friends and relations; it brings to him and detains about him some who may imitate, many who will lament him. We have no right to deprive anyone of a tender sentiment, by talking in an unknown tongue to him, when his heart would listen and answer to his own: we have no right to turn a chapel into a library, locking it with a key which the lawful proprietors can not turn.

Italian Visiter. It is rarely we find an epitaph in which the thought, if novel, is not superficial. Where there is only one, it should be striking or affecting.

Landor. But it is an error to imagine that every thought must be either. Truth, in these documents and appeals, should oftener be remarkable for simplicity than force. It sinks deeplier into the mind by insinuating than by striking, and is more acceptable for grace than for novelty.

English Visiter. Yet you yourself in these compositions, as in the rest, are more valued for originality.

Landor. My valuers in general know not exactly what it is they value me for, and often take for originality what they have heard, and perhaps have said, with some slight difference. I have written things which others have written before, not indeed in the same words precisely, and therefore not affecting the reader in the same manner; and these things I should certainly have conceived, whether they had or had not. It is quite impossible that any two men, of intellect and imagination, should reason long on the same subject, and never encounter any similar thought, any similar image. In one the thought will be more complete, the image more compact, more proportionate, more animated. The contrary would be as incredible as that two birds, close to each other in the same field, and striking their beaks and claws into the same turf for nutriment, should not hit upon the same grains and animalcules.

English Visiter. Your enemies, who often call you strange and perverse, never call you superficial.

Landor. They know not and heed not what they say. Never have I done anything designedly to attract the public notice, which is ordinarily attracted not by the slow operation of silent power, but by a rapid and incessant display of peculiarities and freaks in the most public paths of literature. But my groundwork, in common with that which brings the crowd about it, must of necessity be superficial. In the matter laid on the superficies, and in the manner of laying it, is all the difference. It is as intolerable to keep reading over perpetual sharpnesses as it is to keep walking over them. What is ample and capacious has room enough for elevation, not what is circumscribed and contracted. What we admire in a park is inadmissible in a cabbage-garden. Taylor the Platonist had resolved on sacrificing a bull to Jupiter: foolish enough: more foolish to select for the place of sacrifice a little back-parlour-floor. The bull whisked his tail in the worshipper's face, inculcating the im-

mediate necessity of a fresh ablution, and burst away through the window.

In composition no height is attainable without many preliminary steps along much lower ground. That which appears, and really is, plain, humble, and (if you please) superficial, in my writings, may induce other men to think deeply. Whether they are read in the present age or in the next, occupies no more my speculation than whether it be this morning or this afternoon.

English Visiter. Are you certain that in their inferences they are all quite sound?

Landor. Indeed I do not know perfectly that they are: but they will give such exercise in discussing them as always tends to make other men's healthier: for questions of religion, on the points that now stick uppermost, are avoided by me, because they produce the contrary effect, in the fostering of scorn and malice.

English Visiter. We are in the full enjoyment of single blessedness when we espouse no party and no church. Among few reasoners, living and deceased, you set us the example of abstaining from controversies; the example of giving truth for nothing, and of valuing it above all price. Shelley and Keats were neither less ingenuous nor less averse to disputation.

Landor. It was not my fortune (shall I call it good or bad now they are dead?) to know those young men who, within so short a space of time, have added two more immortal names to the cemeteries of Rome. Upon one of them I have written what by no means satisfies me.

English Visiter. Pray let me hear it, if you retain it in your memory.

Landor. I rarely do retain anything of my own: and probably you will never find a man who has heard me repeat a line. But here it is: you may read it yourself.

English Visiter.

Fair and free soul of poesy, O Keats!
O how my temples throb, my heart-blood beats,
At every image, every word of thine!
Thy bosom, pierced by Envy, drops to rest,
Nor hearest thou the friendlier voice, nor seest
The sun of fancy climb along thy line.

But under it, although a viperous brood
That stung an Orpheus (in a clime more rude
Than Rhodope and Hæmus frown upon)
Still writhes and hisses, and peers out for more
Whose buoyant blood they leave concreted gore,
Thy flowers root deep and split the creviced stone.

Ill may I speculate on scenes to come,
Yet I would dream to meet thee at our home
With Spenser's quiet, Chaucer's livelier ghost,
Cognate to thine . . . not higher, and less fair . . .
And Madaleine and Isabella there
Shall say, *without thee half our loves were lost.*

Here indeed is little of the pathetic. You must rather have been thinking on the depravity of those who exerted their popularity to depress him, heedless that it precipitated him to the tomb.

Landor. If I bore malice toward any man I should wish him to write against me: but poor Keats, sinking under the blow, perceived not the incurable ignominy it inflicted by its recoil on the executioner.

English Visiter. Such people as Gifford are to be acquitted: for how could they feel his poetry or estimate his virtues? Gifford is the Harriet Wilson of our literary world; the witherer of young names. With the exception of Matthias he is the dullest, as Byron is the sharpest, of our satirists.

Landor. I have no recollection of anything written by the couple you mentioned with Byron; but of him and of his sharpness we think alike. He has not exerted all his force, or he has not experienced all his felicity, on me. Rather than the world should have been a loser in this part of his poetry, I would have corrected and enlarged for him what he composed about me, and I would have furnished him with fresh materials. I only wish I could have diverted his pen from Southey. While he wrote or spoke against me alone, I said nothing of him in print or conversation: but the taciturnity of pride gave way immediately to my zeal in defence of my friend. What I write is not written on slate: and no finger, not of Time himself, who dips it in the clouds of years, can efface it. To condemn what is evil and to commend what is good is consistent. To soften an asperity, to speak all the good we can after worse than we wish, is *that*, and more. If I must understand the meaning of consistency as many do, I wish I may be inconsistent with all my enemies. There are many hearts which have risen higher and sunk lower at his tales, and yet have been shocked and sorrowed at his untimely death a great deal less than mine has been. Honour and glory to him for the extensive good he did! peace and forgiveness for the partial evil!

English Visiter. Good resolutions, like good wine, are the better the longer they are kept. Byron was irritable and selfish, restless and insincere: but what shall we say of his old enemies across the Border, descending on Keats as he entered the field, and bringing down the loyal militia and supplementary sharp-shooters of the Edinburgh press, until he had surrendered his pen and breathed his last?

Landor. Let us say that they have done, and hope that they will yet do, better things. They might, like the beneficent deity of old mythology, have fixed a new Delos, a Delos among the Cyclades of poetry. Fame often rests at first upon something accidental; and often too is swept away, or for a time removed: but neither genius nor glory is conferred at once; nor do they glimmer and fall, like drops in a grotto, at a shout. Their foundations in the beginning may be scooped away by the slow machinery of malicious labour; but after a season they increase with every surge that comes against them, and harden at every tempest to which they are exposed.

English Visiter. But certainly there are blemishes in Keats, which strike the most incurious and inobservant beholder.

Landor. If so, why expose them? why triumph over them? In Keats, I acknowledge, there are many wild thoughts, and there are expressions which even outstrip them in extravagance: but in none of our poets, with the sole exception of Shakspeare, do we find so many phrases so happy in their boldness.

English Visiter. There is a more vivid spirit, more genuine poetry, in him than in any of his contemporaries; in whom it has rarely its full swing; but the chords (excepting in Burns and Moore) are flattened, as it were, by leaves or feathers on them. The '*Connection*' has given *you* also some elbowings and shovings.

Landor. And how much more reasonably than they were given to such gentle creatures as Keats! He, like many other authors, young and aged, traversed in criticism both marsh and crag, to fill his bosom with every bitter and every thorny plant, that might pierce, blister, or inquiet it. I never look for them nor see them. The whole world might write against me, and leave me ignorant of it to the day of my death. A friend who announces to me such things, has performed the last act of his friendship. It is no more pardonable, than to lift up the gnat-net over my bed, on pretext of showing me there are gnats in the room. If I owed a man a grudge, I would get him to write against me: but if anybody owed me one, he would come and tell me of it.

English Visiter. You appear more interested about this youth than about Burns, whom I have known you extol to the skies.

Landor. I do not recollect what I wrote on Burns, for I seldom keep a copy of anything, but I know that I wrote it many years after his decease, which was hardly less deplorable than Keats's. One would imagine that those who, for the honour of our country, ought to have guarded and watched over this prodigy of genius, had considered only how they could soonest despatch him from the earth. They gave him a disreputable and sordid place, exactly of the kind in which he would indulge his only bad propensity.

English Visiter. And I now remember that you allude to this propensity, not without an acknowledgment that you yourself would have joined him in its excess.

Landor. How so? If you can recollect it, the critics will thank you for it.

English Visiter. These, I think, are the verses.

> Had we two met, blithe-hearted Burns,
> Tho' water is my daily drink,
> May God forgive me but I think
> We should have roared out toasts by turns.
>
> Inquisitive low whispering cares
> Had found no room in either pate,
> Until I asked thee, rather late,
> Is there a hand-rail to the stairs!

Landor. My Bacchus is, I protest, as innocent as Cowley's mistress: but, with a man like Burns, I do not know whether I should have cried out very anxiously

> Quò me Bacche rapis?

English Visiter. The Scotch, never delicate or dexterous in ridicule, bantered in their coarse manner the poetry of Keats. It is their practice, and a practice not confined to them, to hinder popularity in its first ascent; and, when they can not hinder it, to attend upon it obsequiously and overload it with incense. From their stiffness and awkwardness they do not appear at first sight an inconstant people; yet none is less ashamed of committing the most open and scandalous inconstancy.

A celebrated author, whose name will survive many centuries, wrote in favour of the Princess of Wales while the old king was living, against her when she had lost her protector. He flattered her husband, who had all the vices of all the Neros, without one virtue or semblance of virtue; who abandoned two contemporary wives, every mistress, every relative, every friend, and every supporter.

Landor. Can it be? Excuse my question: you know my utter ignorance of parties in the literary circles, and how little I am disposed to believe what they assert one of another.

English Visiter. The truth of this is notorious. The same writer composed and sang a triumphal song on the death of a minister whom in his lifetime he had flattered, and who was just in his coffin when the Minstrel sang "The fox is run to earth;" not among a few friends, but in the presence of many who neither loved nor esteemed, neither applauded nor countenanced him. Constable of Edinburgh heard him, and related the fact to Curran, who expressed his incredulity with great vehemence, and his abhorrence with greater than his incredulity.

Landor. I believe there has rarely been a less energetic or less consistent statesman than Mr. Fox: but he was friendly and affectionate; he was a gentleman and a scholar. When I heard of his decease, and how he had been abandoned at Chiswick by his colleagues in the ministry, one of whom he had raised to notice and distinction, I grieved that such indignity should have befallen him, even in the midst of the recollection that honester men had experienced as unworthy and as ungrateful friends. I detested his abandonment of right principles in a coalition with a minister he had just before denounced; and I deplored his habit of gaming; a vice which brings after it more misery than any other, and perhaps than all united; and which misery falls on wives, mothers, and children, who never shared in the indulgence of that selfish passion. In a parliamentary leader it is the most pernicious; because it alienates from him the most respectable and the most efficient supporters, and deprives a good cause of good men. For this reason, and indeed on this ground alone, I wrote a Latin epitaph, not in honour to him, but certainly not to gratify any

resentment, which was very far from me; nor with any desire to be countenanced by the wealthier of the aristocracy, which was equally so; and least of all to ingratiate myself with the most profligate prince that ever was tolerated by the English people; a wretch impure as Nero, and heartless as Caligula.

Tyrants and usurpers, or those who would become so, are the only persons whose death should be the subject of rejoicing over wine; and it is braver and more generous to compass it than to sing it. Fox too had sung over wine; perhaps in that very room where he was lying in his shroud; but never did he exult in the death of an adversary, or look through his brimming glass at another's tears. He was not always a patriotic or conscientious statesman, nor very strenuous at any time against corruptions and abuses: but many were then lamenting him; all who had ever known him personally. For in private life he was so amiable, that his political vices seemed to them but weaknesses, and oftentimes even as deep-laid schemes for some beneficent system: and he spoke with such warmth and confidence, that there appeared to be in his character, in despite of the importunity and pressure of numberless proofs against him, both energy and prudence.

English Visiter. To discover, or to recapitulate, or to report, what is disadvantageous to man or author, is little praiseworthy: but to find merit in others is itself a merit; unless it is found, as hares are found, only to be run down. To be assaulted by satire or undermined by criticism, is deplorable to those chiefly to whom authorship is a profession, and whose families must waste away with the poison thrown into the fountain-head of their subsistence. I wish you yourself had never cracked the whip over Byron, differently as he was situated.

Landor. I expressed the same wish the first moment it was right and lawful.

English Visiter. There was something in his mind not ungraceful nor inelegant, although from a deficiency of firmness, it wanted dignity. He issued forth against stronger and better men than himself, partly through wantonness and malignity, partly through ignorance of their powers and worth, and partly through impatience at their competition. He could comprehend nothing heroic, nothing disinterested. Shelley, at the gates of Pisa, threw himself between him and the dragoon, whose sword in his indignation was lifted and about to strike. Byron told a common friend, some time afterward, that he could not conceive how any man living should act so. "Do you know, he might have been killed! and there was every appearance that he would be!" The answer was, "Between you and Shelley there is but little similarity, and perhaps but little sympathy: yet what Shelley did then, he would do again, and always. There is not a human creature, not even the most hostile, that he would hesitate to protect from injury at the imminent hazard of life. And yet life, which he would throw forward so unguardedly, is somewhat more with him than with others: it is full of hopes and aspirations, it is teeming with warm feelings, it is rich and overrun with its own native simple enjoyments. In him everything that ever gave pleasure, gives it still, with the same freshness, the same exuberance, the same earnestness to communicate and share it."

"By God! I can not understand it!" cried Byron. "A man to run upon a naked sword for another!"

Landor. He had drawn largely from his imagination, penuriously from his heart. He distrusted it: what wonder then if he had little faith in another's! Had he lived among the best of the ancient Greeks, he would have satirised and reviled them: but their characters caught his eye softened by time and distance; nothing in them of opposition, nothing of rivalry; where they are, there they must stand; they can not come down nearer. Of all great poets, for such I consider him, Byron has borrowed most from others, not excepting Ariosto, of whose description he reminds me:

> Salta a cavallo, e per *diversa strada*
> Va discorrendo, e *molti pone a sacco.*

Not only in the dresses which he puts on expressly for the ladies, not only in the oriental train and puffy turban, but also in the tragic pall, his perfumery has somewhat too large a proportion of musk in it; which so hangs about those who are accustomed to spend many hours with him, that they seldom come forth again with satisfaction into what is fresher and purer. Yet Byron is, I think, the keenest and most imaginative of satirists.

English Visiter. Those who spoke the most malignantly of him in his lifetime, have panegyrized him since his decease with so little truth, discretion, and precision, that we may suspect it to have been done designedly; and the rather, as the same insincerity hath been displayed toward others, both where there might be and where there could not be a jealousy of rivalship. After his hot and stimulating spicery, we now are running to those sager poets who give us lemonade and ices; just by the same direction as dogs recur to grass. We rush out of the sudatory of Byron to roll in the snow of Wordsworth.

Landor. He suited the times. The rapid excitement and easy reading of novels, the only literature (if such it may be called) which interests the public, outrun the graver and measured steps of poetry. We have no longer decennial epics and labyrinthine tragedies. Our steeplechases are out of vogue: we canter up and down the narrow green lane with the ladies, and return with an appetite and small fatigue. Byron dealt chiefly in felt and furbelow, wavy Damascus daggers, and pocket pistols studded with paste. He threw out frequent and brilliant sparks; but his fire burnt to no purpose; it blazed furiously when it caught muslin, and it hurried many a pretty wearer into an untimely blanket.

English Visiter. They who were lately his most zealous admirers now disown him.

Landor. Dress, medicine, poetry, are subject to fashion and variation. The same people have extolled and reviled both Wordsworth and Byron. Public taste must first be vitiated, and then consulted. To praise immoderately the poet who before was immoderately depreciated, is the easiest way to knock out a gilt nail-head from the coffin.

English Visiter. An exploit not very glorious in itself, nor likely in the end to be very satisfactory.

Landor. In my opinion it would be better to carry our *thieves-vinegar* into the places of open corruption on each side of us, than to turn it back to its original use, of enabling us with safety to despoil the dead.

It has been my fortune to love, in general, those men most who have thought most differently from me, on subjects wherein others pardon no discordance. In my opinion, I have no more right to be angry with a man whose reason has followed up a process different from what mine has, and is satisfied with the result, than with one who has gone to Venice while I am at Florence, and who writes to me that he likes the place, and that, although he said once he should settle elsewhere, he shall reside in that city. My political opinions are my only ones, beyond square demonstration, that I am certain will never change. If my muscles have hardened in them and are fit for no other, I have not on this account the right or inclination to consider a friend untrue or insincere, who declares that he sees more of practical good in a quarter opposite to that where we agreed to fix the speculative; and that he abandons the dim astounding majesty of mountain scenery, for the refreshing greenness and easy paths of the plain. I have walked always where I must breathe hard, and where such breathing was my luxury: I now sit somewhat stiller and have fewer aspirations, but I inhale the same atmosphere yet.

Why should authors act like children? snatching at the coach and horses across the table, and breaking them and trampling them under foot; rejoicing at the wry faces and loud cries they occasion; and ready to hug and kiss, only at the moment when they are called away! For myself I neither ask nor deprecate; no compacts, no conventions, no confraternities, for me. Let them consider me as a cloud if they will; could they break and dissipate this cloud, which they can not, it would form again upon some other day. The breath of the universe, directed at once against me, could detach from me but some loose items, and such only as ought to fall of themselves. Literature is not the mother who should talk so frequently to her children about chastisement; the most favourite word with her ever since her re-appearance among us. If chastisement is to be inflicted, let it fall upon the felon who has no forbearance, no shame, no pity; who attacks the timid and modest, the partner once of his freshest and best assorted opinions, and, holding him by the throat, exults and laughs, and chants to young templars and benchers, in a loud clear voice, the ritual of apostacy as by law established. No; even him let us rather pass quietly; and with patience let us hear others recommend him, for his decorum to be a gentleman of the bedchamber, for his accuracy a lord of the treasury, for his dexterity a parliamentary leader, or for his equity a judge.

Placing him anywhere out of our way and out of our sight, we will now return to Shelley. Innocent and careless as a boy, he possessed all the delicate feelings of a gentleman, all the discrimination of a scholar, and united, in just degrees, the ardour of the poet with the patience and forbearance of the philosopher. His generosity and charity went far beyond those of any man (I believe) at present in existence. He was never known to speak evil of an enemy, unless that enemy had done some grievous injustice to another: and he divided his income of only one thousand pounds with the fallen and afflicted.

This is the man against whom such clamours have been raised by the religious and the loyal, and by those who live and lap under their tables: this is the man, whom from one false story about his former wife, related by Mackintosh, I had refused to visit at Pisa. I blush in anguish at my prejudice, and ought hardly to feel it as a blessing or a consolation, that I regret him less than I should have done if I had known him personally. As to what remains of him now life is over, he occupies if not the highest, almost the highest place among our poets of the present age; no humble station; and is among the most elegant, graceful, and harmonious of the prose-writers.

English Visiter. O that cracked bell of the Bargello! it will continue its tale and interrupt us.

If this is the gentleman from whom you promised me a brief account of the campaign in Russia, will you request of him that complaisance? It may throw light upon the character of Napoleon, of whom our English historians have written no less unfaithfully than inelegantly.

Florentine Visiter. Sir, I may be thought unfavourable to a man who forced me away from my studies, and incapacitated me for the profession to which I was brought up. Beside, it was only in the last campaign that I was present. Usually he who is about to describe the character of some remarkable man, considers first how much invention and acuteness he can display, and secondly how best he can bring into order and congruity, or what the painters call *keeping*, his observations and reflections. For which reason, it rarely has happened that we carry in our mind from these writers a resemblance that is not illusory or overcharged. In great men there are discordances, as there are inequalities in great substances. It is only from a collection of facts, generally too minute to be conveyed in the paniers from which public curiosity is fed, that we are enabled to judge fairly and fully.

There is little perfect truth in the most sagacious of historians, and little pure love of it in the best of men. We are as unwilling to exchange our thoughts for another's as our children, whatever more they may possess of strength or beauty; and the way to conciliate our suffrages is not by dictating and teaching, but by laying before us evidences and testimonies, by collecting what may corroborate them from circumstances, and by raising us to the dignity of judges. The ancients drew characters; we discourse on them; a much easier matter. Everything now is compendious and economical: we make soups from bones, and histories from metaphysics.

Bonaparte seems to me the most extraordinary of mortals; because I am persuaded that so much power was never acquired by another with so small an exertion of genius, and so little of anything that captivates the affections; or maintained so long unbroken in a succession of such enormous faults, such scandalous disgraces, such disastrous failures and defeats. I investigate him with the same dispassionate attention, as Lacépède would the spine of a serpent from Surinam, or Cuvier the jaws of a mammoth from the Ontario.

English Visiter. Persons who are elevated to high rank, however modest and virtuous, assume more or less of a fictitious character, but congenial and agnate, if I may say it, with the former. Bonaparte would be whatever he had last read or heard of; Brutus or Borgia, Frederick or Charlemagne. All appeared best that were most striking; no matter for what; and not only a book whenever it fell in his way, or a story when he had patience to listen to it, but even a new suit of clothes, changed him suddenly. If his hair had been clipt in the morning, he was at noon a Marius, at night a Sylla; no sooner had he put on a court-dress, than he took a lesson of dancing; for Louis XIV. danced; no sooner the uniform of a marshal, than he tried to sing; for Villars sang.

Landor. Whoever is an imitator, by nature, choice, or necessity, has nothing stabile: the flexibility which affords this aptitude, is inconsistent with strength.

Florentine Visiter. Bonaparte's knowledge of chorography, to which many attribute a certain part of his successes, was extremely limited. In a conversation with Count Giovio at Como,* a few days after the Austrians had first abandoned Milan, he inquired whether the Larius ran into the lagunes of Mantua. The memory of this excellent man is fresh in the gratitude of his fellow-citizens and friends: no one ever doubted his veracity. So long ago as the year 1796, in which his narrative was published, he stated that Bonaparte, in his first campaign, had permitted or ordered his sick and wounded, past service, not to be carried to the hospitals or entrusted to the care of the religious and beneficent, but to be left on the field, or killed, or thrown into the rivers. He informs us that many, on somewhat recovering from their lamentable state, went mad from thirst and hunger, and that among those who were first cast into the water, the hands of many, as they clung in agony to the barks, were broken.

Landor. Fortunate! not he who can restrain his indignation or his tears at this recital; but he who, turning his eyes upon a Sidney, as he waves away the water from his own parched lips to the wounded soldier near him, can say, "This was my country-man, that my enemy."

Florentine Visiter. Much hath been repeated of the studious and retired habits of his youth. I had inquired into these matters, long before I perused the narrative I have quoted; the inquiry would otherwise have been superfluous; for no very studious man was ever very cruel; no two things in nature have less affinity than violence and reflection.

Landor. M. St. Leger, lieutenant-colonel of the regiment in which he was ensign, told me that he never at that period had heard of his progress in any branch of the mathematics; that he was chiefly remarkable for the dirtiness of his hands and linen, his vulgar pronunciation and phrases, his aversion to the society of the officers, and his propensity toward the least respectable of the privates. This too would have been corrected by study. If Pompey had studied like Cæsar, he might not indeed have possessed the clemency and amenity of that accomplished man, nor have been in any respect worthy to be called his rival, but he would certainly have been less contracted and self-sufficient, less unsteady and impatient, less arrogant, vindictive, and ferocious.

English Visiter. I remember no general, worthy of the name, reviling the character of those military men who performed their duty against him: for Cæsar in his *Anti-Cato* did not attack the captain, but the senator and the patriot. Bonaparte left unuttered no term of ungovernable rage and vulgar contumely, when Sir Sydney Smith precluded him from the subjugation of Europe by his defence of Acre.

Florentine Visiter. Spannochi, governor of Livorno, refused to open the gates to him, then at peace with the Granduke. Intending a surprise, he had made a forced march, and, expecting no resistance, he had brought no cannon with him. He summoned the governor to surrender the town and citadel, who refused without orders from Florence. They arrived the next day; and the brave Spannochi was exiled to Siena, not before the ally of the Granduke had cursed him, called him by that appellation so familiar to the lower French, seized his epaulette, spit upon him, and kicked his shin.

Landor. History for her own sake must soften some characters and equivocate on some facts. She treads confidently and firmly upon blood; she follows her clue unhesitatingly through the labyrinths of mystery and of crime; she is embarrassed only by vulgarity and baseness. We

* Published by Ostinelli, Como, 1796.

feel a deep interest whenever great masses of mankind are moved, and seldom think or are altogether ignorant what trifling things are the movers.

Florentine Visiter. Bonaparte was invidious of the dead almost to the same degree as of the living. One time he asserted that Marlborough owed his successes to Eugene, another that Eugene owed his to Marlborough; and any officer would have been ruined who had suggested that Marlborough was not present at the battle of Belgrade. In a conversation at Varese, just before his visit to Como, he appears to have mistaken Gustavus Adolphus for Charles XII. On hearing that the army of Gustavus had penetrated into Italy by the lake of Como, of which a terrific account is given in the letters of Boldoni, he denied the fact, and added, "That madman never thought about Italy; he had other affairs, other interests; he was *sans tactique, sans calcul.*"

Landor. And yet Napoleon in his youth was a historian. He took his manuscript to Paoli: it was such as might have been expected from an admirer of Ossian. Paoli, not long before his death, mentioned the fact at Clifton, and said he believed the young man had never pardoned the freedom of his advice, in recommending that the work should be delayed a little, until the impetuosity of his genius had subsided. I should have imagined that the sentences were short, as from the tripod; the general said that on the contrary they were excessively verbose, strangely metaphorical, without any regard to punctuation, or rather to that upon which punctuation is founded; that, when you had come, as you believed, to the end of your march, you were to start again; and often, on setting out, you were suddenly stopped and countermanded. In the latter part of his life he wrote well.

Florentine Visiter. His discipline hath been extolled, and examples are cited of soldiers, in every campaign, shot for petty thefts. To avoid an examination into the wealth of his dukes and princes, such as Cambacérès, Fouché, Talleyrand, and several of his marshals and grand dignitaries: the General Mouton, when he dined at the Escurial, which he did every day with the King and Queen of Spain, took away the plate after dinner, until none was left.

Landor. This fact, reported in the country where it occurred, was confirmed to me at Florence by my friend Galiano, who was present.

English Visiter. Whatever in different men may have been the difference of punishment for the same offence, where society was interested; however it may have been permitted by special privilege that he who had renounced the deity might renounce the laws, that he who had abjured the bishop might supersede the citizen; all offences were equally unpardonable which were committed against Napoleon.

Landor. Another proof of a weak intellect: not that forgiveness is any proof of a strong one. Offences that can be pardoned should never be taken: Bonaparte took them indiscriminately and voraciously, as his food. There is no trouble or address in finding them, and in showing them there is no wisdom or content.

His ideas of a ruling star present a still more signal indication of a vacillating and ill-composed mind. He knew nothing of judicial astrology, which hath certain laws assigned to it, and fancied he could unite it with atheism, as easily as the iron crown with the lilies; not considering that ruling stars themselves must have a ruler, and must obey, far more certainly than they can indicate, his designs and will.

Florentine Visiter. Afterward he laid by the star, and took up the crucifix to play with; on which some sweeter recollections and more delightful hopes might have reposed, if ever he could have brought himself to the persuasion that either a man or a god would suffer pain, or disseminate good, gratuitously. In the same manner and degree as he was inconsistent in principle he was irresolute in action. He lost his presence of mind when he advanced to dissolve the representatives of the people; he lost it at the battle of Marengo; and when the allies were marching into Paris, he appeared to be deprived, not of his judgment only and his senses, but of locomotion.

English Visiter. In one thing he was singular, and altogether different from every other man: when he had accomplished his design, he was as fond of appearing dishonest as he was satisfied with having been so: he was the only pickpocket in the world that ever laid before the people the instruments of his trade, and showed ostentatiously how he had used them. Indeed he had few secrets to keep. He invaded the territory of nations to whom any possible change might reasonably appear a gainful speculation. Neither force nor fraud, nor bribery itself, however largely and judiciously administered, subverted the continental states: it was effected by the credulity of their hopes and the incapacity of their rulers. His attack was against the cabinet: those within cried for quarter, gave a province or two for a ransom, kept their places resolutely (who would abandon them in times so critical?), complimented their master, rang their church-bells, fired their jubilee-cannon, if one was left: for they had surrendered only their country! Austria and Prussia fell; they had kings and kings' servants within. Spain and Portugal, unsuspicious, unprepared, undisciplined, unarmed, resisted successfully; their kings and kings' servants stood without. Where there are interests, real or apparent, distinct from those of the community, that, whatever it be, wherein they lie, should be shovelled down and carried off; for there is the ground upon which the enemy will mount his first masked battery. Everywhere kings and oligarchies soon seconded Bonaparte; nations spurned and expelled him.

Florentine Visiter. If he had been contented to marry in a family no higher, or not much higher, than his own, the graft might have taken and the bark have healed over; but dashing to the earth the light of experience, he took a wife from a

stock uprooted and rejected from the land it had exhausted. The canker it bore inherently caused the blight and decay of a plant so recently sprung above-ground. The higher ranks, and the lower equally, turned away with disgust and indignation at the union of a French soldier with an Austrian arch-duchess. Of his fidelity or infidelity toward his allies I have nothing to remark, other than that, from whatever motive, he did greatly and incomparably more service to several who had fought against him, and after discomfiture and subjugation had become his friends, than some governments which boast loudly of their good faith and generosity did to the most faithful and persevering of their confederates. I have truly no leisure for discoursing, and could excite no interest if I did, on princes first degraded into crimp-sergeants, then caparisoned like cooks and ostlers for billets and relays, then running the gauntlet, and drummed from their dominions; on princes in short who felt, and whose conduct has made others feel, that even this was clemency. The description of tyrants is at least a stirring thing: it is like walking over red-hot ploughshares: and the vulgar are not the first in pressing on to an exhibition so strange and antiquated.

When I was at Naples, the Marchese Rodio, formerly a minister in the reign of Ferdinand, received the orders of that king to place himself at the head of some insurgents in Calabria. He surrendered by capitulation: in despite of which, he was ordered for trial under a military commission, and was acquitted.* He wrote an account of his happy escape to his wife and his friends. But, in the midst of this security and joy, an order came from the emperor that the same judges should bring him again to trial. Such an order could not be misinterpreted: they condemned him: and he was shot from behind, as a felon, a traitor, and a rebel to his *legitimate* prince. This was considered by the army as an assassination;† and it would have been so considered even if the emperor had committed it in his own dominions. Never was an atrocious crime perpetrated from a baser motive. He suspected (and it could only be suspicion) that Rodio, when minister, dissuaded the acceptance in marriage of a Bonaparte by the royal family. It has always been wonderful to me, what sympathy any well-educated Englishman can have with an ungenerous, ungentlemanly, unmanly Corsican.

Landor. Eccellino and Borgia lived in ages when religion glared and glimmered fitfully on a benighted world, rendering the darkness the more horrible, and when atheism sat predominant in the Vatican. No feature of crime was novel, no attitude or stroke of violence was unexpected. But Bonaparte lived when Europe was one large jury-box, and when even France, recovering from the leprosy she had bathed with blood, had placed a bench of judges before him. He committed deliberately and slowly the most cruel, cold-hearted murder of Toussaint L'Ouverture, while the eyes of a Sismondi, of a Courier, and of a De Stäel, were fixed upon him.

Florentine Visiter. Bonaparte had perhaps the fewest virtues and the faintest semblance of them, of any man that has risen by his own efforts to supreme power: and yet the services he rendered to society, incommensurate as they were with the prodigious means he possessed, were great, manifold, and extensive. Never had been such good laws so well administered over so large a portion of Europe; never was right obtained with so moderate a cost; never was injury so speedily redressed. Two of the bravest and most orderly nations of the Continent received the benefit of excellent kings at his hands. Bernadotte and Louis Bonaparte, the most upright men of their order, gave no signs, either by violence or rapacity, by insolence or falsehood, that they had been nurtured in the feverish bosom of the French Republic. But by Napoleon's insatiate love of change, by his impatience to *see* anything or to *be* anything long together, his mild, intelligent, and virtuous brother, was forced to abdicate a throne, which he mounted amid the curses of the people and descended amid their tears. That he might not be an oppressor he ceased to be a king; and his short unquiet reign is mentioned with gratitude, by the most republican and least sensitive member of the great European family.

English Visiter. Instead of scoring maps and shifting kings, Napoleon could have effected more than Henry IV. designed. The road was paved for him with well-broken materials and well rolled over. There was hardly a statesman in Europe of capacity enough to direct a workhouse, or write a fair copy of a washerwoman's bill. Energy was extinct upon the Continent: in England it was displayed by the crazy fanatics, who wandered from field to marketplace, from marketplace to field, roaring to the people that they were damned:

* The words of Courier are, "et, *chose étonnante*, acquitté." Vol. 1. *Mémoires et Correspondance.* He adds other assassinations, with this reflection. "Assurément, monsieur, ces choses-là ne sont ni du siècle où nous vivons, ni de ce pays-ci. Tout cela s'est passé quelque part au Japon ou bien à Tombouctoo." Even a Frenchman, and one accustomed to the judicial murders of Robespierre, cries out aloud in the midst of the army against these darker atrocities, as too inhuman for the age.

† "Sa mort passe ici pour un assassinat et pour une basse vengeance. On lui en voulait parce qu'étant contraire au mariage que l'on proposait d'un fils ou d'une fille de Naples avec quelqu'un de la famille. L'empereur a cette faiblesse de tous les parvenus; il s'expose à des refus. Il fut refusé là et ailleurs." Such are the expressions of Paul-Louis Courier, *chef d'escadron*, the deepest thinker in all the French armies, and certainly as honest, as calm, as unprejudiced a writer as ever commemorated the actions of Bonaparte. He adds, "Quand le général Vx. commandait à Livourne, il eut l'ordre (et l'exécuta) de faire arrêter deux riches négocians de la ville, dont l'un périt comme Rodio ... Nous avons vu ici (à Naples) un courier qui portait des lettres de la reine, *assassiné par ordre*, ses dépêches enlevées, envoyées à Paris. L'homme qui fit le coup, ou du moins l'ordonna, *je le vois tous les jours.*" Lettre à M. de Sainte-Croix à Paris; Naples, Juillet 1807.

a truth which indeed they might have discovered by themselves, if they had only put their hands into their pockets. While, as Kléber says in your Dialogue, "throughout the whole territory of France, throughout the range of all her new dominions, not a single man of abilities was neglected," in England son succeeded to father in the oligarchy, and expeditions were formed just weighty and durable enough to give fortunes to those who had squandered them. Of our generals, the most distinguished was one that rose from bed after midday; of which when orders were requested, the first answer was, "His lordship is at breakfast;" the second, "His lordship is at lunch;" the third, "His lordship is at dinner;" the fourth, "His lordship is dead-drunk." The armament had been directed, first against an island where fevers are as periodical as rains under the tropics, and ultimately against a fortified city: neither the climate of the one nor the strength of the other was known by the wisest of the ministers, although there is hardly a gin-shop in St. Giles, where some smuggler or smuggler's boy might not have been found who could have given the information. The want of it seemed so shameful, that one of the ministry, in that hurry and confusion of intellect which involve all his words and actions, said in parliament, "That he knew it; but that he wished to let his colleague have his own way;" forgetting that the difference cost the nation an army, and heedless that it cost her a disgrace. His colleague was angry, some say ashamed, and was determined to prove that, if he was unfit to direct a council, he was not unable to direct a pistol: a far higher qualification in his country. The choice of the commander was more easily defended: no member of the cabinet blushed at that.

I have dwelt the longer on these characters, from the same principle as the sight, after rocks, ruins, and precipices, reposes upon a flat surface, though fen or quagmire.

Florentine Visiter. And I have thrown together my materials on Bonaparte as I caught them from him, not wishing to represent a whole where no whole existed. He was courtier and postilion, sage and assassin, quicker than the pen could trace the words. Never was he observed in a moment of highly bad or highly good humour, without expressing it by some boisterous sally of ill-breeding. Even those who had seen him daily, and knew him well, stood in astonishment sometimes at the discrepancy between his language and his office, at the disparity between the action of his hands and his embroidered mantle. Be it remembered that, if I have represented him as a thing not luminous in itself, I have forborne to represent him as one in which all light is absorbed, or upon which none can fall. He did both greater evil and greater good than all the other potentates of his time united: the larger part of the evil he did, they perpetuate; and nearly the whole of the good they abolish. Priestcraft and oligarchy, the two worst of curses, are restored through Europe, and royalets are only plucked forth from under his coop to be encaged and hoodwinked by their old decoy-men.

Landor. You have taken up from one side and the other of this strange phenomenon the brighter parts and the darker, in just proportions:

Treis imbris torti radios, treis nubis aquosæ.

Florentine Visiter. In the retreat from Moscow he provided only for his own security: the famished and wounded were without protection. Those (to the amount of forty thousand) who supplied the army with occasional food by distant and desperate excursions, were uninformed of its retreat: they perished to a man, and caused to perish by their disappearance a far greater number of their former comrades. The road was excavated in the snow: the army seemed a phantasmagoria: no sound of horses' feet was heard, no wheel of waggon or artillery, no voice of man. Regiment followed regiment in long and broken lines, between two files of soldiers the whole way. Some stood erect, some reclined a little, some had laid their arms beside them, some clasped them; all were dead. Several of these had slept in that position, but the greater part had been placed so to leave the more room; and not a few from every troop and detachment took their voluntary station among them. The barbarians, who at other seasons rush into battle with loud cries, rarely did it. Skins covered not their bodies only, but their faces; and, such was the intensity of cold, they reluctantly gave vent, from amid the spoils they had taken, to this first and most natural expression of their vengeance. Their spears, although many of soft wood, as the beech, the birch, the pine, remained unbroken, while the sword and sabre of the adversary cracked like ice. Feeble from inanition, inert from weariness, and somnolent from the frost that enthralled them, they sank into forgetfulness, with the Cossacks in pursuit and coming down on them, and even while they could yet discern, for they looked more frequently to that quarter, the more fortunate of their comrades marching home. The gay and lively Frenchman, to whom war had been sport and pastime, was now reduced to such apathy, that, in the midst of some kind speech which a friend was to communicate to those he loved the most tenderly, he paused from rigid drowsiness, and bade the messenger adieu. Some, it is reported (and what is unnatural is in such extremity not incredible), closed their eyes and threw down their muskets, while they could use them still, not from hope nor from fear, but part from indignation at their general, whose retreats had always been followed by the total ruin of his army; and part, remembering with what brave nations they had once fought gloriously, from the impossibility of defeating or resisting so barbarous and obscure an enemy. Napoleon moved on, surrounded by what guards were left to him, thinking more of Paris than of Moscow, more of the conscripts he could enroll than of the veterans he had left behind him. Yet this man lives, and Ferdinand has departed.

POPE LEO XII. AND HIS VALET GIGI.

Gigi. Coughing and spitting, spitting and coughing, what loving and attentive sons will you make the whole sacred college! Again? nay upon my life, holy father, this sore throat of your Beatitude returns at an awkward season. An ugly thing at best; and ugliest of all at a jubilee; though many more will be caught at it than will be freed. Were I your Holiness, I would excommunicate that nasty Munich girl.

Leo. Gigi! her bones were in the grave twenty years ago.

Gigi. And rotten thirty. I wonder whether the worms would touch her: mayhap they might, having no palates or noses.

Leo. By our Lady! Gigi, few of those who did touch her had any a short time after. I escaped . . as you see me though! It being thè will of our heavenly Shepherd that I should succeed to the chief guidance of his numerous flocks on earth.

Have you seen the pilgrims?

Gigi. Yes, your Beatitude!

Leo. Are any fresh ones come in, this morning?

Gigi. No, by my faith, your Holiness! There is indeed old Gasparo-Simone, who was whipt after the last jubilee, as they report it, and his daughter Beatrice-Faustina, who is no more of a fresh one than he is.

Leo. I never heard of this Gasparo-Simone.

Gigi. I wonder at that, your Holiness! . . as celebrated a pimp as any in the city. He was a veterinary surgeon in the swine department, and used to perform to a marvel those operations on the juvenile objects of his studies, which being applied to new-made Christians, whom he also attended on the occasion, has rendered them the peculiar favourites of the Holy Allies in all the cities upon the Continent, and enables them, by the clearer undulation of their voices, to lift up our souls to our Creator in the Sistine Chapel. But the said Gasparo, having been detected in selling the selections of rams and goats, dogs and cats, among the more delicate ones deducted from the Circéan herds, and suspected of mingling the porcine and the Christian, was obliged to decline the practice of his profession. "I will now take my fee," he says, "to serve his Holiness, although," he adds archly, "I am only a licentiate." As for the Jew, he swears by Abraham he never will recant again, until fifty more ducats are paid him.

Leo. Who is he?

Gigi. The same who was to have recanted to the Queen of Etruria, by her royal command, and who had a hundred ducats for it. His late Holiness could not give her Majesty a bullfight, and was resolute against all flatteries and entreaties to order an *auto-da-fé:* a conversion was the least thing he could do for her, particularly as her children were with her, and she found both sponsor and banker. Gasparo-Simone Levi now protests on his conscience that a jubilee recantation is worth twice as much as a coronation one. We threatened him with imprisonment and cutting his tongue out. "I shall never recant the better for that," said he, "nor make the more converts;" and then, winking his black almond eye, "Ask his Beatitude who brought Serafina Dati to him, when he was made a cardinal."

Leo. Pimp and impostor! does he pretend it was he? Gigi! peace and respect! I desire to hear no more about these idle lusts of the flesh.

Gigi. Idle enough, God knows, at our time of life, your Holiness! They are ugly things to hear of; they cost us many a sigh and many a stockfish, when they are over.

Leo. There is a service good for the casting out of all other devils but these.

Gigi. Faith! and there is a service good for the casting out of these also, though none for the keeping out.

Leo. I know it not, at present.

Gigi. Nor I neither; but I did when I was younger; and so did your Holiness.

Leo. No trifling, Gigi, no trifling, I desire. The German Lutheran is more tractable, I trust, than that impure man Levi?

Gigi. Much more: he declares that if the pretty Princess of Lucca would but wash his feet for him, and hold upon her lap the calves of each leg while she is wiping them, he would turn Turk for it.

Leo. Unconscionable varlet! who would not? . . I mean catholic. But are there really only thirty-eight pilgrims on this occasion?

Gigi. Your Holiness must forget the four hundred you yourself ordered from your states.

Leo. I do not count those.

Gigi. They have feet that require as much washing, and bellies that want as much filling, as the rest. The fishing-boat that was appointed by his most christian Majesty, to convey the faithful of his kingdom to the patrimony of Saint Peter, arrived last evening. It contains five merry pilgrims from Provence; three nuns of some distinction, if one may believe their stories, for they assert that they come from the Palais-Royal; and a sturgeon; which the nuns, unbecoming their condition and consequence, were fighting for, until the crew separated them with little deference; the captain crying out jeeringly, "You have unction enough about you; and I have a cord of Saint Francis in the cabin, that, with two or three strokes across the buttocks, will bring you, I warrant, into as proper a state of *recueillement* as heart can wish."

Leo. Spouses of Christ! do you pull caps? My sheep! do you eat sturgeon?

Gigi. The heretics in Rome think it a singular kind of jubilee to taste nothing but macaroni, week after week.

Leo. Many of them would fain have milk in their tea, reprobates!

Gigi. They are not terrified by the death of the goat, your Holiness commanded to be killed for giving it. If they had seen it done they would have been: for her little kid ran after the soldier who slew her, sometimes licking his hand, at other times twinkling its ears and rubbing them between its legs, in order to clear itself of the blood that dropped on it from the mother, when it leaped up at her teat, and was driven off. The Corsican guard has been called out to repell another of these animals, that was seen crossing the Ponte Molle, and, if the male had not accompanied her, it is thought would have succeeded. The Swiss, coming up opportunely, acted with great vigour on the occasion: both male and female were surrounded and disabled, and are now before the police.

Leo. I will make an example of them. Take instantly my orders, that the male be reduced to that condition whereto the Society of Jesus reduced the statues of the Prince of Pimbino; and I will seclude the female, just as I secluded the Graces which my predecessor (now in purgatory for it) placed in the Vatican. After which holy function, go and prepare for the *pediluvials*.

Gigi. Anon, anon. Ages back the washings from the feet of pilgrims must have poisoned all the fish in the Tiber, from Castel Sant' Angelo to Fiumenica; so that the Holinesses your predecessors could have fed the poor devils at no cost: now your Holiness may wash them indeed with a pasty washball made yesterday, and sell it again to-morrow as though it were never handled; so little wear will there have been upon it; but the fish must be pulled up out of the taxes.

Leo. O unbelieving age! the number of pilgrims is smaller by half than of the choristers and assistants. All their staves put together would not make fiddlesticks enough for my chapel.

Gigi. The greater part have chronic rheumatisms and liver complaints, so cruel and desperate that your Holiness must beware of touching the shinbone; for the rheum and liver have their arches there whence the humours swell and flow out. The twelve pounds of quicksilver which his most catholic Majesty, King Ferdinand the purger, sent for the silvering of such saints as were by father's side or mother's side of Spanish extraction, and hidalgos, and had been duly purged, have been employed in pills and unctions for the brethren and sisterhood, labouring under these bodily infirmities.

Leo. Vile offering of his Majesty! Twelve pounds of mercury are hardly worth twelve crowns, unless the price has risen since . . . I forget when. These brethren and sisters must not kiss the Virgin: for she would infect the whole city after them. Where are they?

Gigi. They are in that ward of the hospital which the French made so neat and comfortable.

Leo. My commands were that the pilgrims should be seen together in their dormitory, to edify the infidel: and I ordered to be placed there four hundred and fifty beds for them.

Gigi. Only one was occupied: two were ready; but the two pilgrims the most obedient to the ordinances of your Holiness, were found on one pillow, communicating.

Leo. I understand you, Gigi . . and without a licence? What an age is this! the most licentious!

Gigi. Holiness! my master! I have heard it reported that the present age is a great deal less licentious than any former one since the establishment of the Popedom.

Leo. Ay truly, less licentious indeed in buying licenses.

Gigi. Licentiousness is not the word, I see, but luxury. Formerly, I have heard, a cardinal would have his dozen of pages: in our days hardly an Eminence has a couple, and one or other of them is sweaty as a running footman, or stiff and sedentary as a *maestro di casa*. This is, in comparison, as a sprig of syringa to a posy an ell round, fit for a Madonna in a new satin of Lyons.

Leo. I wish they would keep as many pages as formerly, to amuse them in their own palace-yards, with skittles and bowls, or any other game, and not be caught on the staircase of the Quirinal, like his Eminence the other day, sticking a petard into the skirt of my grenadier on duty, to the laughter of the rabble and the scandal of Holy Church. Such idleness and levity!

After all, what most afflicts me is the scarcity of my pilgrims.

Gigi. I think your Beatitude would have had three or four decently good-looking ones out of Tuscany, if the people could have remained in ignorance of your uncourteous answer to the Granduke.

Leo. God's liver! uncourteous! Gigi! what dost thou mean? Is the successor of Jesus Christ expected to be courteous?

Gigi. Pardon me, my master and Beatitude! but of all the men that ever lived upon earth, for man he was, the most courteous was he to whom your Beatitude is successor. He knew who he was as well as we do; yet he was so goodnatured and fairspoken both to high and low, that, God forgive me! but I think him as worthy as the best of the saints; nay, in my mind he is the very next to his sweet mother.

Leo. Do you mean Pius the Seventh?

Gigi. I thought your Holiness had said, by implication, that you were the successor of Jesus Christ?

Leo. Did I? I forgot it. I am so; but times are altered.

Gigi. Saint Peter himself could not improve upon him.

Leo. Much may be said on both sides; but, from the elevation on which it has pleased the Holy Ghost to place me, I can not listen to such subjects. I would remind the powers of Europe that I am their sovran; and that what I condescend to receive from them is my due, as from vassals.

Gigi. But the hundred candied citrons, which the young Granduke sent to your Beatitude, had always been sent as an act of mere courtesy. The custom, I have heard, originated with the Medici, who, according to the quaintness of an emblematic age, I imagine, would represent their armorial bearings of the golden balls by a present of citrons. It was customary for the Holiness of our Lord to write a letter of thanks for the politeness shown to him; your Sanctity did not write it, but ordered a secretary to say simply, "that your Sanctity had received the citrons, and appeared to be contented with them."

Leo. Well, so I was.

Gigi. Next year, if I may prophesy, your Beatitude must be contented without 'em.

Leo. I suspect as much. The last present I received from Tuscany, by the connivance (I doubt not) of some in power, prepares me for this affront.

Gigi. I should have thought the citrons would have been the last.

Leo. No; while you were on my business at Orvieto, the Archbishop of Pisa sent me three large salmons and three codfish, the latter only salted, the former both salted and smoked, informing me that, according to the directions he had received with 'em, they should not be opened, nor cut to pieces, nor washed, as it would be injurious to the flavour and would damage the flakes. One of each was served up at my table on the third day of Lent, and my appetite was sharper than usual. Maria-Fabrizio, on applying the knife, fell at my feet and kissed them, and asked me humbly, with his eyes closed, whether it was my pleasure that it should be a miracle or not. I wondered what the man meant. He brought before me the two fishes; a strong smell of turpentine invaded my nostrils; the two dainties were of pine-wood, a salmon-skin and cod-skin being drawn over them. For this insult, offered to me in the first instance, I understand, by one Ahab Rigworthy of Connecticut, I will forbid the Americans to visit Rome.

Gigi. My dear master, your Beatitude, if an American should ever wish to visit Rome, it would only be to try his wits against the Jews; or to speculate, in case Saint Peter's should come to the hammer, what may be the weight of lead sheeting and brass nails upon the roof, how many iron cramps in the walls, how much lime the pillars and statues would burn into, and what vent he could open for them. I will answer for it, there is more taste for the fine arts, and more knowledge of them, among the galley-slaves in Civita Vecchia, than in the most wealthy citizens of the United Provinces.

Leo. That I know; and I am surprised how they could carve a fish so like nature.

Gigi. An Indian carved it: the Indians both carve and paint: they are the Giottos and Cimabues of the Anglo-Americans. Your Holiness may exclude the new company of the pine-fishery, and not hurt them. But could not you have invited some of the Christian princes to be present at this solemnity?

Leo. I pressed the youngest, who are the most ductile, and the oldest, who are the most devout: neither age would yield to me.

Gigi. No! not a Bourbon!

Leo. The Bourbons are either curds or cream: we may lick up a little of them, but they close upon or slip under any impression we would make. Beside, they are never so pious as when they have eaten a good dinner and are going to sleep. The two Infantes of Spain proposed to attend me, on condition that I would lend them each three thousand dollars: this, by advice of my secretaries of the interior and of the finances, I agreed to do on their arrival at Rome. They replied, that at Madrid they could enforce credit, but that in the provinces the people would rather leave their houses than accommodate them with a supper or a night's lodging; and that without the money they and their mules would perish upon the road. The reflections were so extremely just, so notoriously true, that I had no suspicion of a latent fraud, until *one of the faith* informed me clandestinely, being in the king's confidence, that his Catholic Majesty had united with his brothers the Infantes in laying a trap for my money, and was, according to the legitimacy of primogeniture, to have above half to his own share. On renewing the negotiations, I proposed to accept a historical piece by Velasquez and another by Vandyk, as my security for the money. They, finding that the sum was below the value of the pictures, and fearing the reward of their perfidy, expressed the utmost sorrow that they could not attend me, assuring me that apprehensions were entertained, from certain symptoms, that they both had caught the gout, by a constant attendance on their beloved king and brother, and that their physicians had strongly recommended that they should continue in their native air, without which not one of the Faculty could answer for the consequences.

Gigi. If they were not Infantes of Spain, and brothers of Ferdinand the Seventh, one might call them the greatest liars and scoundrels upon earth. Your Holiness would then really have accommodated them, after the first proof-impression of their moral features.

Leo. There is nothing I should not rejoice to do for a Bourbon, unless it be to take his bill of exchange or his word. In other respects hardly one in the family would deceive you.

The two Infantes declare to me, that they would have come into Italy some time ago, while they had in their pockets some of the money they received for promising the pardon of sundry negros, but that they could not find in their hearts the resolution to leave behind them so fine a sight as that of Francesco della Torre, who had just been sentenced, as an acquaintance of Riego, to carry round his neck the portrait of that *traga-perro* to the place of execution, and there to behold it burnt by the hangman.

Gigi. His wife, I read in the gazette, is sen-

tenced to the galleys for ten years, as being her husband's accomplice.* I wish some lawyer could explain to me how this is. Accomplice in what? If she were not the accomplice of her husband, she would sin against Holy Church. If she refused to receive and entertain his acquaintance...

Leo. She might receive and entertain them: such was her duty: but she ought also to denounce them, together with the husband, before the police or the confessor.

Gigi. Ay, ay! now I understand the meaning of reception and entertainment. Without such explanations, from time to time, we should forget our duties and become heretics.

Curse this pin upon my shirt! I needed not to have crossed myself, fool as I was, in talking about these hell-fagots. By Bacchus, it has drawn blood!

Would no prince or princess of Portugal step forward, and lend a hand at the suds?

Leo. Prince Michael would perhaps have favoured me with his presence, if it had not been required at Paris, whither he is gone in order to protect his country from the horrors of a constitution, after valiantly fighting against his father, in defence of legitimacy, under the commands of the Holy Alliance. My regard for the House of Braganza is little less than for the Capets; and I myself advised the king to delay no longer the wishes of his people, and proposed two constitutions. The first and preferable consisted of *one estate*, namely the king, but subject to the advice of his privy council, removable by him at pleasure, with the sole exception of the archbishop of the realm, perpetual president thereof. The second was of *four estates;* the king, the clergy, the nobility, the populace. The king, as in other free countries, should at his option lay down or reject any law; and every one should originate with him, excepting the ecclesiastical, which are written in heaven from the beginning, and are thence delivered down to me, and from me to the faithful, as occasion may require. The taxes were to be decreed by the king, the clergy, and the nobility; and their impartiality was certain and unavoidable, since they were not parties concerned. A more extensive power was left to the populace; namely, that of paying them. This plan however was considered as affording a bad example; and I was called a *liberal* at the court of Vienna. Hence I was afraid of pressing more urgently a prince or princess of Portugal, lest I should be suspected of an inclination to shake the continental system, which has been declared by all the sovrans the same for the whole body of them, whatever game they may be playing, in one chamber or two chambers, for the amusement of their idle and unthinking vassals. Constitution-houses and card-built houses serve the same purpose, and are erected on the same foundations.

Gigi. Kings sympathise with kings, not with nations. A field of battle, strown with twenty thousand slain, is only a ticket to their ball-rooms: show them a scaffold with one (lately) crowned head upon it, and the bass-viol stands alone in the orchestra.

Leo. This is as it should be, as it always was, and, by the blessing of our Lady, always shall be. I declare to you, Gigi, I am no liberal, doubt me as they may; and that I proposed a constitution, on the firm conviction that, without it, the royal authority can never reach its utmost height in safety.

Gigi. Yet your Beatitude stands alone.

Leo. I am the ruler of kings, the vicegerent of God; I read no other name in his commission.

Gigi. Master, my Holiness, let me look at it.

Leo. Gigi, Gigi! thine are eyes of the flesh.

Gigi. They can read commissions.

Leo. Not such as ours are.

Gigi. There is nothing that your Beatitude can not see and do: yet I now recollect what I heard the other day: which is, that you and the monarchs your friends and allies, striving to throw back the world upon the remains of Chaos in the bosom of Vacuity, are like the little figures round Greek vases, which strain at one thing and stand in one place for ages, and have no more to do in the supporting or moving of the vases than the worms have.

Leo. This language is not yours, is not an Italian's, is not a continental's: it breathes the bluff air of England. If I had the speaker here, I would cast him into a dungeon.

Gigi. O for God's sake, your Holiness, do not think of it! The first boat's crew that landed upon the coast would lay Rome in ashes.

Leo. I would remove the money and snuff from the custom-house; and the heretics could not keep possession of the country; no, not if there were a hundred of 'em.

Gigi. Alas! sir, a hundred of them would hold all Italy against the devil. On their landing, the *carbonari* would not want fuel: there is nowhere a hill from Como to Taranto that would not have a fire upon it. The old Bucentaur would be alert as Argo. Every soul that is not cowled and cassocked, and two-thirds of these, would make swords out of soup-ladles, encrusted with boiling-hot *menestra*, and bayonets out of spits, though the roast were still in the centre of 'em, phizzing.

Leo. Gigi, it is high time to put down these bad humours, when they prevail in ninety-nine out of a hundred; and yet the princes would not give ear unto me, nor come to my jubilee. A fat boar, weltering in his blood, squeezed an *ave-maria* from my late son of Naples. My late son of France thought of Christ and Paradise after a salmi of ten woodcocks, and would then tell M. Blacas, the Gascon, to feel his heart, how it was beating for the service of the faith. My son of Modena is never so devout as when he thanks the Lord in his mercy, after having taken up and imprisoned a carbonaro, who had lost a brother and who himself had bled in fighting for the restoration of his most Serene Highness. Other princes boast that they have larger armies in pro-

* These are facts.

portion to the extent of their territory than they: my son of Modena boasts that he has imprisoned, or denounced to the emperor for imprisonment, more suspected subjects than all the heretical kings on the whole Continent, although he of Prussia is a half-catholic in this heroism. He in his vigilance keeps up such a well-directed fire against the philosophical and learned, both within his dominions and without, that I suspect in another year I shall have to illuminate Saint Peter's for him, as a convert to the truth.

Gigi. God forbid! He has not the heart to hold out a single flask of oil toward it. When his wife learned English, he came every day into the room and caught the lessons by stealth, paying only for one scholar, and that meanly. He and his heir apparent have the two poorest purses, in their way, of any two gentlemen living. Were I your Holiness, I would dally with his doubts, until my successor should have the cost of his baptism: or I would demand half a dozen pieces of brass cannon from him, apprehensive that the payment of such a sum in coined money would break his heart at the font. I myself would not undertake to teach him his catechism, until I had made him count out upon this palm three dollars of his Majesty's, trying them with my nail whether they were all unclipt. Otherwise I might be disappointed, as your Holiness is.

Leo. The money spent in the city by strangers, throughout the whole time of the jubilee, will not pay for the three conversions, although the Jew should grow reasonable; and people are so little occupied or concerned in it, that the affair of the Englishman and Irishman, on Ash Wednesday, has excited a good deal of idle conversation, I hear. Do you know the particulars, Gigi? I am afraid they have been misrepresented to me; for although this is the seat of Sanctity, it is not invariably the seat of Truth.

Gigi. If it is, her rump has left no mark on the cushion. The story, as I heard it, is this. An Irishman, of somewhat loose habits, had declared his intention to father Matthew-Roderick O'Rian, of scourging himself in the church among the penitents. Another acquaintance of father Matthew-Roderick said jocosely, "What will our friend Emmanuel-Roger O'Gorman do? If he lays whip to his body, it must have been knotted by some fair hand; and no hair will touch his skin but what he knows how to smoothen." "Sir," replied father O'Rian, "though Mr. O'Gorman loves wine and women, and quarrels and swears occasionally, he is an excellent Christian at bottom, and has declared to me his intention to scourge himself."

On this, M. Tatterel, the Englishman, watched and followed his friend O'Gorman through the crowd, and contrived to place himself just behind him in the church. The candles being extinguished, he heard distinctly the sobs of O'Gorman, for none sobbed louder, and guttural interjections following the most fanciful recommendations (some very pressing and some very fondling) of his sinful soul, to the Virgin and her crucified Son. After which, M. Tatterel heard the scourge; but it sounded like the ripple of lake Agnano on the softest of its sands;* and he applied a stout leather, which he had taken down on purpose from behind his carriage, to the shoulders of the Hibernian supplicant. At first O'Gorman thought it was the devil who did it, and cried, "O Christ save me! Lord have mercy upon me!" A laugh ill suppressed, and another smart stroke across the shoulders, undeceived him, and, starting from his liturgical trance, he exclaimed indignantly, "Damn your blood! what are you at?" Seizing at the same moment the offender, he held him, and blasted him every now and then with flashes of oaths, while he repeated the remainder of the litany and lauds. I was not very near, and could only catch a few of his fulminations, as the priests were chanting *Dominus vobiscum; et cum spiritu tuo:* and *Oremus.* These words, your Holiness may remember, are so long in chanting, that Signor Emmanuel would not let slip so fair and tempting an opportunity of pouring out his choler and comminations. Nor did he suffer the irreligious assailant to escape from his grasp, either in the confusion of the service or at the close of it. At the door he recognised the features of M. Tatterel, who whether from apprehension or from decorum had been silent and hid his face, and there Signor Emmanuel challenged him to pistols the next morning. Some of the young Irish, who were present, told of the abomination, and by order of the police, M. Tatterel, having first been fined three hundred crowns, is sent away from the Roman states. M. Emmanuel-Roger O'Gorman has been persuaded by father Matthew-Roderick to forego his vengeance, as likely to become a stumbling-block and a scandal. "Why, father Matthew-Roderick, be easy and contented now," said Signor Emmanuel-Roger. "In my own country I must take notice of him, as you know, or there 's no living; but I do faithfully swear and promise, as a Christian and man of honour, to let him alone while I am in the Holy City, and the mean fellow keeps his distance." The good father praised his resolution, and was quite satisfied, saying, in the voice of an angel, "If all Christians did so!"

* Scioppius would have given the pious Irishman a capital piece of information, if he had ever read the *Infamia Famiani.*

"Flagellum ego in monasterio Laurentiano manibus tractavi, et Caroli V sanguine (ut aiebant) adhuc oblitum vidi. Romæ tamen quotannis quinctâ majoris hebdomadæ feriâ complures inveniuntur, flagriones et plagipatidæ, sive plagigera hominum genera, ut Plautus loquitur, qui *tribus solis denariis* conduci possunt, ut in supplicatione publicâ seu processione, longe fortiores Carolo viros se præbeant in tergo flagris concidendo," &c. p. 18.

Perhaps he would have been of opinion that in the year of jubilee one is bound to scourge himself, although in other years this duty, like all the rest, is vicarious.

EPICTETUS AND SENECA.

Seneca. Epictetus! I desired your master Epaphroditus to send you hither, having been much pleased with his report of your conduct, and much surprised at the ingenuity of your writings.

Epictetus. Then I am afraid, my friend! . . .

Seneca. My friend! are these the expressions . . Well, let it pass. Philosophers must bear bravely. The people expect it.

Epictetus. Are philosophers then only philosophers for the people? and, instead of instructing them, must they play tricks before them! Give me rather the gravity of dancing dogs. Their motions are for the rabble; their reverential eyes and pendent paws are under the pressure of awe at a master; but they are dogs, and not below their destinies.

Seneca. Epictetus! I will give you three talents to let me take that sentiment for my own.

Epictetus. I would give thee twenty, if I had them, to make it thine.

Seneca. You mean, by lending to it the graces of my language.

Epictetus. I mean, by lending it to thy conduct. And now let me console and comfort thee, under the calamity I brought on thee by calling thee *my friend.* If thou art not my friend, why send for me? Enemy I can have none: being a slave, Fortune has now done with me.

Seneca. Continue then your former observations. What were you saying?

Epictetus. That which thou interruptedst.

Seneca. What was it?

Epictetus. I should have remarked that, if thou foundest ingenuity in my writings, thou must have discovered in them some deviation from the plain homely truths of Zeno and Cleanthes.

Seneca. We all swerve a little from them.

Epictetus. In practice too!

Seneca. Yes, even in practice, I am afraid.

Epictetus. Often?

Seneca. Too often.

Epictetus. Strange! I have been attentive, and yet have remarked but one difference among you great personages at Rome.

Seneca. What difference fell under your observation?

Epictetus. Crates and Zeno and Cleanthes taught us, that our desires were to be subdued by philosophy alone. In this city, their acute and inventive scholars take us aside, and show us that there is not only one way, but two.

Seneca. Two ways!

Epictetus. They whisper in our ear. "These two ways are philosophy and enjoyment: the wiser man will take the readier, or, not finding it, the alternative." Thou reddenest.

Seneca. Monstrous degeneracy!

Epictetus. What magnificent rings! I did not notice them until thou liftedst up thy hands to heaven, in detestation of such effeminacy and impudence.

Seneca. The rings are not amiss: my rank rivets them upon my fingers: I am forced to wear them. Our emperor gave me one, Epaphroditus another, Tigellinus the third. I cannot lay them aside a single day, for fear of offending the gods, and those whom they love the most worthily.

Epictetus. Although they make thee stretch out thy fingers, like the arms and legs of one of us slaves upon a cross.

Seneca. O horrible! Find some other resemblance.

Epictetus. The extremities of a fig-leaf.

Seneca. Ignoble!

Epictetus. The claws of a toad, trodden on or stoned.

Seneca. You have great need, Epictetus, of an instructor in eloquence and rhetoric: you want topics and tropes and figures.

Epictetus. I have no room for them. They make such a buzz in the house, a man's own wife can not understand what he says to her.

Seneca. Let us reason a little upon style. I would set you right, and remove from before you the prejudices of a somewhat rustic education. We may adorn the simplicity of the wisest.

Epictetus. Thou canst not adorn simplicity. What is naked or defective is susceptible of decoration: what is decorated is simplicity no longer. Thou mayest give another thing in exchange for it; but if thou wert master of it, thou wouldst preserve it inviolate. It is no wonder that we mortals, little able as we are to see truth, should be less able to express it.

Seneca. You have formed at present no idea of style.

Epictetus. I never think about it. First I consider whether what I am about to say is true; then whether I can say it with brevity, in such a manner as that others shall see it as clearly as I do in the light of truth; for if they survey it as an ingenuity, my desire is ungratified, my duty unfulfilled. I go not with those who dance round the image of Truth, less out of honour to her than to display their agility and address.

Seneca. We must attract the attention of readers by novelty and force and grandeur of expression.

Epictetus. We must. Nothing is so grand as truth, nothing so forcible, nothing so novel.

Seneca. Sonorous sentences are wanted, to awaken the lethargy of indolence.

Epictetus. Awaken it to what! Here lies the question; and a weighty one it is. If thou awakenest men where they can see nothing and do no work, it is better to let them rest: but will not they, thinkest thou, look up at a rainbow, unless they are called to it by a clap of thunder?

Seneca. Your early youth, Epictetus, has been I will not say neglected, but cultivated with rude instruments and unskilful hands.

Epictetus. I thank God for it. Those rude in-

struments have left the turf lying yet toward the sun; and those unskilful hands have plucked out the docks.

Seneca. We hope and believe that we have attained a vein of eloquence, brighter and more varied than has been hitherto laid open to the world.

Epictetus. Than any in the Greek?

Seneca. We trust so.

Epictetus. Than your Cicero's?

Seneca. If the declaration may be made without an offence to modesty. Surely you cannot estimate or value the eloquence of that noble pleader.

Epictetus. Imperfectly; not being born in Italy; and the noble pleader is a much less man with me than the noble philosopher. I regret that having farms and villas, he would not keep his distance from the pumping up of foul words, against thieves, cut-throats, and other rogues: and that he lied, sweated, and thumped his head and thighs, in behalf of those who were no better.

Seneca. Senators must have clients, and must protect them.

Epictetus. Innocent or guilty?

Seneca. Doubtless.

Epictetus. If it becomes a philosopher to regret at all, and if I regret what is, and might not be, I may regret more what both is and must be. However it is an amiable thing, and no small merit in the wealthy, even to trifle and play at their leisure hours with philosophy. It can not be expected that such a personage should espouse her, or should recommend her as an inseparable mate to his heir.

Seneca. I would.

Epictetus. Yes, Seneca, but thou hast no son to make the match for; and thy recommendation, I suspect, would be given him before he could consummate the marriage. Every man wishes his sons to be philosophers while they are young; but takes especial care, as they grow older, to teach them its insufficiency and unfitness for their intercourse with mankind. The paternal voice says, "You must not be particular: you are about to have a profession to live by: follow those who have thriven the best in it." Now among these, whatever be the profession, canst thou point out to me one single philosopher?

Seneca. Not just now. Nor, upon reflection, do I think it feasible.

Epictetus. Thou indeed mayest live much to thy ease and satisfaction with philosophy, having (they say) two thousand talents.

Seneca. And a trifle to spare . . pressed upon me by that godlike youth, my pupil Nero.

Epictetus. Seneca! where God hath placed a mine, he hath placed the materials of an earthquake.

Seneca. A true philosopher is beyond the reach of Fortune.

Epictetus. The false one thinks himself so. Fortune cares little about philosophers; but she remembers where she hath set a rich man, and she laughs to see the Destinies at his door.

PETER THE GREAT AND ALEXIS.

Peter. And so, after flying from thy father's house, thou hast returned again from Vienna. After this affront in the face of Europe, thou darest to appear before me?

Alexis. My emperor and father! I am brought before your majesty, not at my own desire.

Peter. I believe it well.

Alexis. I would not anger you.

Peter. What hope hadst thou, rebel, in thy flight to Vienna?

Alexis. The hope of peace and privacy; the hope of security; and above all things, of never more offending you.

Peter. That hope thou hast accomplished.

Thou imaginedst then that my brother of Austria would maintain thee at his court . . speak!

Alexis. No, sir'! I imagined that he would have afforded me a place of refuge.

Peter. Didst thou then take money with thee?

Alexis. A few gold pieces.

Peter. How many?

Alexis. About sixty.

Peter. He would have given thee promises for half the money; but the double of it does not purchase a house: ignorant wretch!

Alexis. I knew as much as that; although my birth did not appear to destine me to purchase a house anywhere; and hitherto your liberality, my father, hath supplied my wants of every kind.

Peter. Not of wisdom, not of duty, not of spirit, not of courage, not of ambition. I have educated thee among my guards and horses, among my drums and trumpets, among my flags and masts. When thou wert a child, and couldst hardly walk, I have taken thee into the arsenal, though children should not enter, according to regulations; I have there rolled cannon-balls before thee over iron plates; and I have shown thee bright new arms, bayonets and sabres; and I have pricked the back of my hands until the blood came out in many places; and I have made thee lick it; and I have then done the same to thine. Afterward, from thy tenth year, I have mixed gunpowder in thy grog; I have peppered thy peaches; I have poured bilge-water (with a little good wholesome tar in it) upon thy melons; I have brought out girls to mock thee and cocker thee, and talk like mariners, to make thee braver. Nothing would do. Nay, recollect thee! I have myself led thee forth to the window when fellows were hanged and shot; and I have shown thee every day the halves and quarters of bodies; and I have sent an orderly or chamberlain for the heads; and I have pulled the cap up from over the eyes; and I have made thee, in spite of

thee. look stedfastly upon them; incorrigible coward!

And now another word with thee about thy scandalous flight from the palace; in time of quiet too! To the point! did my brother of Austria invite thee? Did he, or did he not?

Alexis. May I answer without doing an injury or disservice to his Imperial Majesty!

Peter. Thou mayest. What injury canst thou or anyone do, by the tongue, to such as he is!

Alexis. At the moment, no; he did not. Nor indeed can I assert that he at any time invited me: but he said he pitied me.

Peter. About what? hold thy tongue: let that pass. Princes never pity but when they would make traitors: then their hearts grow tenderer than tripe. He pitied thee, kind soul, when he would throw thee at thy father's head; but finding thy father too strong for him, he now commiserates the parent, laments the son's rashness and disobedience, and would not make God angry for the world. At first, however, there must have been some overture on his part; otherwise thou art too shame-faced for intrusion. Come . . thou hast never had wit enough to lie . . tell me the truth, the whole truth.

Alexis. He said that, if ever I wanted an asylum, his court was open to me.

Peter. Open! so is the tavern; but folks pay for what they get there. Open truly! and didst thou find it so?

Alexis. He received me kindly.

Peter. I see he did.

Alexis. Derision, O my father, is not the fate I merit.

Peter. True, true! it was not intended.

Alexis. Kind father! punish me then as you will.

Peter. Villain! wouldst thou kiss my hand too! Art thou ignorant that the Austrian threw thee away from him, with the same indifference as he would the outermost leaf of a sandy sunburnt lettuce!

Alexis. Alas! I am not ignorant of this.

Peter. He dismissed thee at my order. If I had demanded from him his daughter, to be the bedfellow of a Kalmuc, he would have given her, and praised God.

Alexis. O father! is his baseness my crime!

Peter. No: thine is greater. Thy intention, I know, is to subvert the institutions it has been the labour of my lifetime to establish. Thou hast never rejoiced at my victories.

Alexis. I have rejoiced at your happiness and your safety.

Peter. Liar! coward! traitor! when the Polanders and Swedes fell before me, didst thou from thy soul congratulate me? Didst thou get drunk at home or abroad, or praise the Lord of Hosts and saint Nicolas? Wert thou not silent and civil and low-spirited?

Alexis. I lamented the irretrievable loss of human life; I lamented that the bravest and noblest were swept away the first: that the gentlest and most domestic were the earliest mourners; that frugality was supplanted by intemperance; that order was succeeded by confusion; and that your majesty was destroying the glorious plans you alone were capable of devising.

Peter. I destroy them! how? Of what plans art thou speaking?

Alexis. Of civilising the Muscovites. The Polanders in part were civilised: the Swedes more than any other nation on the continent; and so excellently versed were they in military science, and so courageous, that every man you killed cost you seven or eight.

Peter. Thou liest; nor six. And civilised forsooth! Why, the robes of the metropolitan, him at Upsal, are not worth three ducats, between Jew and Livornese. I have no notion that Poland and Sweden shall be the only countries that produce great princes. What right have they to such as Gustavus and Sobieski? Europe ought to look to this, before discontent becomes general and the people does to us what we have the privilege of doing to the people. I am wasting my words: there is no arguing with positive fools like thee. So thou wouldst have desired me to let the Polanders and Swedes lie still and quiet! Two such powerful nations!

Alexis. For that reason and others I would have gladly seen them rest, until our own people had increased in numbers and prosperity.

Peter. And thus thou disputest my right, before my face, to the exercise of the supreme power.

Alexis. Sir! God forbid!

Peter. God forbid indeed! What care such villains as thou art what God forbids! He forbids the son to be disobedient to the father: he forbids . . he forbids . . twenty things. I do not wish, and will not have, a successor who dreams of dead people.

Alexis. My father! I have dreamt of none such.

Peter. Thou hast; and hast talked about them . . Scythians I think they call 'em. Now who told thee, Mr. Professor, that the Scythians were a happier people than we are; that they were inoffensive; that they were free; that they wandered with their carts from pasture to pasture, from river to river; that they traded with good faith; that they fought with good courage; that they injured none, invaded none, and feared none! At this rate I have effected nothing. The great founder of Rome, I heard in Holland, slew his brother for despiting the weakness of his walls: and shall the founder of this better place spare a degenerate son, who prefers a vagabond life to a civilised one, a cart to a city, a Scythian to a Muscovite! Have I not shaved my people, and breeched them! Have I not formed them into regular armies, with bands of music and havresacs! Are bows better than cannon! shepherds than dragoons, mare's milk than brandy, raw steaks than broiled! Thine are tenets that strike at the root of politeness and sound government. Every prince in Europe is interested in rooting them out by fire and sword. There is no other way with false doctrines: breath against breath does little.

Alexis. Sire, I never have attempted to disseminate my opinions.

Peter. How couldst thou? the seed would fall only upon granite. Those, however, who caught it brought it to me.

Alexis. Never have I undervalued civilisation: on the contrary, I regretted whatever impeded it. In my opinion, the evils that have been attributed to it, sprang from its imperfections and voids; and no nation has yet acquired it more than very scantily.

Peter. How so? give me thy reasons; thy fancies rather; for reason thou hast none.

Alexis. When I find the first of men, in rank and genius, hating one another, and becoming slanderers and liars in order to lower and vilify an opponent; when I hear the God of mercy invoked to massacres, and thanked for furthering what he reprobates and condemns; I look back in vain on any barbarous people for worse barbarism. I have expressed my admiration of our forefathers, who, not being Christians, were yet more virtuous than those who are; more temperate, more just, more sincere, more chaste, more peaceable.

Peter. Malignant atheist!

Alexis. Indeed, my father, were I malignant I must be an atheist; for malignity is contrary to the command, and inconsistent with the belief, of God.

Peter. Am I Czar of Muscovy, and hear discourses on reason and religion! from my own son too! No, by the Holy Trinity! thou art no son of mine. If thou touchest my knee again, I crack thy knuckles with this tobacco-stopper: I wish it were a sledge-hammer for thy sake. Off, sycophant! Off, run-away slave!

Alexis. Father! father! my heart is broken! If I have offended, forgive me!

Peter. The state requires thy signal punishment.

Alexis. If the state requires it, be it so: but let my father's anger cease!

Peter. The world shall judge between us. I will brand thee with infamy.

Alexis. Until now, O father! I never had a proper sense of glory. Hear me, O Czar! let not a thing so vile as I am stand between you and the world! Let none accuse you!

Peter. Accuse me! rebel! Accuse me! traitor!

Alexis. Let none speak ill of you, O my father! The public voice shakes the palace; the public voice penetrates the grave; it precedes the chariot of Almighty God, and is heard at the judgment-seat.

Peter. Let it go to the devil! I will have none of it here in Petersburgh. Our church says nothing about it; our laws forbid it. As for thee, unnatural brute, I have no more to do with thee neither!

Ho there! chancellor! What! come at last! Wert napping, or counting thy ducats?

Chancellor. Your majesty's will and pleasure!

Peter. Is the senate assembled in that room?

Chancellor. Every member, sire.

Peter. Conduct this youth with thee, them judge him: thou understandest me

Chancellor. Your majesty's commands breath of our nostrils.

Peter. If these rascals are remiss, I wil new cargo of Livonian hemp upon 'em.

Chancellor (returning). Sire! sire!

Peter. Speak, fellow! Surely they h condemned him to death, without givin selves time to read the accusation, th comest back so quickly.

Chancellor. No, sire! Nor has either be

Peter. Then thy head quits thy should

Chancellor. O sire!

Peter. Curse thy silly *sires!* what a about?

Chancellor. Alas! he fell.

Peter. Tie him up to thy chair then. C beast! what made him fall?

Chancellor. The hand of Death; the father.

Peter. Thou puzzlest me; prythee plainlier.

Chancellor. We told him that his cri proven and manifest; that his life was fo

Peter. So far, well enough.

Chancellor. He smiled.

Peter. He did! did he! Impudence him little good. Who could have exp from that smock-face! Go on: what th

Chancellor. He said calmly, but not sighing twice or thrice, "Lead me to the I am weary of life: nobody loves me." doled with him, and wept upon his hand, the paper against my bosom. He t corner of it between his fingers, and said me this paper: read my death-warrant silence and tears have signified it; yet has its forms. Do not keep me in s My father says, too truly, I am not cou but the death that leads me to my G never terrify me."

Peter. I have seen these white-livered die resolutely: I have seen them quiet like white ferrets, with their watery eyes teeth. You read it?

Chancellor. In part, sire! When h your majesty's name, accusing him of tre attempts at rebellion and parricide, he fel less. We raised him up: he was motion was dead!

Peter. Inconsiderate and barbarous thou art, dost thou recite this ill accid father! And to one who has not dined! me a glass of brandy.

Chancellor. And it please your majest I call a . . a . .

Peter. Away, and bring it: scampe equally and alike shall obey and serve m

Hearkye! bring the bottle with it: cool myself . . and . . hearkye! a rasher on thy life! and some pickled sturgeon, a krout and caviar, and good strong cheese

SOLIMAN AND MUFTI

Soliman. Mufti, my teacher and slave, I say unto thee welcome.

Mufti. Welcome I say unto thee, my master and disciple.

Soliman. God, he is merciful: God, he is God. Good fortune follow that pious eructation of thine, O leader of true believers, under me the prince of the Faithful!

Mufti. O son of Selim! may the Almighty deliver into thy hands those thou lovest and those thou hatest. Thy servant here awaits thy commands.

Soliman. My commands are, O Mufti! fountain of truth and wisdom to the preachers of the word! that praises be offered up in every mosk, for our victory over the infidel.

Mufti. If thy slave might request, unblameably, a farther illumination from thy countenance, O mediterranean of light! he would presume to inquire of thy pure intelligence, *what* victory? For verily the Merciful hath bestowed on thee such a series of them, that if anything, after the miracles of our Prophet, were wanting to demonstrate God's reprobation of the unbeliever, the years of thy reign, like successive lightnings that open the heavens and strike the earth, would severally declare it. First, the strongest and most beautiful of European cities, Belgrade, abased her towers and threw open her gates before thy scimetar. The following year ran the swifter its celestial course, that it might behold the sunny Rhodes adorn her brow with the crescent, and the flower of Christian chivalry lie dishonoured in the dust. Hungary, the richest portion of the unbeliever's heritage, hath cast her fortresses at thy feet, and hath left her king extinct in the midst of them. Barbarossa, at thy order, hath shaken the principalities of Africa, and hath fixed his flag immovably on the citadel of Tunis. The incestuous Charles hath now lost his navy and army on that coast: hardly a vessel, hardly a soldier, escaping from the wreck.

Soliman. My intention is, to enlighten the dim-sighted, by ordering the Koran to be translated into the languages of all nations.

Why dost thou raise thine eyes, Mufti?

Mufti. God is God; and Mahomet is his prophet!

Soliman. Very true: that is what I wish to teach the world universally.

Mufti. God is great! God is merciful! God is just!

Soliman. Who the devil doubts it?

Mufti. God loveth his people! God abases the proud! God exalts the humble!

Soliman. Let him, let him. What is that to the purpose? Are we at prayers? are we in the mosk! that thou utterest these idle fancies . . truths I mean . . making thy lips quiver like a pointer's at a partridge. Get the Koran translated well and thoroughly: I have given orders already for the commencement. Let those who believe, believe now the better; and those who never believed, begin.

Mufti. O son of Selim! if every man reads, one or two in every province will think.

Soliman. Let them, let them: few shall have leisure for that. What harm would it do among the old and lame; the only people left out of the soldiery, in wise and good governments!

Mufti. The lame and the old grow stronger in the tongue; as the deaf grow stronger in the sense of feeling, the blind in that of hearing. They will chatter about things holy.

Soliman. Why not?

Mufti. Alas! O son of Selim! the miracles of our prophet, those gems of our religion, would lose their lustre, handled and turned over by the ungodly.

Soliman. No doubt they would: therefore I will make them godly, and teach them the true word.

Mufti. Serene highness! let us of the mosk do that. The Clement hath appointed us to his ministry.

Soliman. My resolution is, to scatter the good seed in all lands, having now well ploughed and harrowed them.

Mufti. Suppose, O my master and lord, we turn the plough and harrow over them another time or two.

Soliman. God is merciful! we cannot do that, if they embrace the faith.

Mufti. The Koran would lose much of its beauty if we attempted to translate it from the language in which it was delivered to us by our Prophet.

Soliman. Swine do not look for sightly food, but for plentiful. The Koran would bestow on the dogs (dogs indeed no longer when once circumcised) everlasting life, taken in what manner and in what words it may be.

Mufti. Think, O magnificent! . .

Soliman. I will think no more about the matter: it shall be done: I see no other way of making good subjects.

Mufti. The waters of Damascus have not lost their virtues in tempering the sabre. Books never made men believers. We must, under that benign influence which Heaven showers upon the son of Selim, preserve the Koran, preserve the book of life, from the vulgar.

Soliman. What! shall we, acknowledged even by our enemies as the most honest and just of men, descend from that high station, and imitate the impostures of popes! Shall we say at one moment, "This is the book of life;" and at the next, "It is death to touch it!" Answer me: no evasion!

Mufti. Prince of the faithful! it behoveth not us to follow or to countenance the errors of the

unbellever, against whom God hath so sharply set his face at all times, and lately most portentously; yet surely that policy must be excellent and admirable which uniteth so many, in other respects not foolish nor unwary, under such camel-loads of absurdities, lies, and blasphemies.

Soliman. No proof whatever; no evidence, no sign, no indication. Sesostris, Semiramis, Alexander, Gengis-kan, thought differently and acted alike. Human life is hardly modified in the least degree by articles of faith, excepting when they are first promulgated. Heaven is the place for them. There we shall know at last what are the fruits of each tree: on earth rarely a blossom hath expanded. We only know that the leaves of them all are bitterish, some rather more acrid, some rather less, and that every man makes a wry face when he tastes his neighbour's, though habit teaches him to chew his own complacently. Equally learned men, equally acute men, equally virtuous men, have followed various religions: philosophers have been idolaters: idiots (may the Righteous one forgive me if I speak amiss of those whom His grace hath sanctified!) have followed our holy standard: and madmen (the Prophet help and comfort them!) have covered their cracked brains with green turbans. He whose name is the Wonderful hath willed it. Marvellous as this is, no less marvellous is the certainty that all mankind are, sooner or later, to embrace our religion, and enter with us into Paradise. It is our duty to convert the obstinate; not with fire and sword, like those who farm out faith, the slaves of sin, the dust of idolatry; but, like equitable men, by fairer means and gentler.

Mufti. My advice, if advice may be offered by the worm to the goss-hawk, is, that the Koran be kept inviolate in the hands of the judge and of the preacher; that nevertheless it be expounded to the people in as many tongues as it can tether; that it be served out to them decorously and ceremoniously, like sherbet; and that they do not hastily and promiscuously put their hands into it, as into a pilau. Hast thou not seen thy soldiers, O conqueror of Christianity, hurry, after a victory, to slake their thirst at the fountain, and thus render that turbid which was pure and limpid, and which if distributed by the few, dispassionate and patient, would have sufficed for all, without any contention or animosity? Even so is it with the living stream of our faith.

Soliman. Its miracles are manifold, its virtues infinite: the corrupt heart alone sickens over it, the froward spirit alone avoids it. Every other is deserted by myriads yearly: none beside hath seen within the same period so many converts, so few deserters. If we wanted proof of its superiority and divinity, here are they: here Reason and Faith join hands.

Mufti. Surely no rational creature can ever doubt in future of our holy doctrine, when he hears recited the victories of thy right hand, O prince of the strong and faithful! If his evil genius shall have drawn him into the shadow of death, by confounding him with doubts and delusions, let his father or his preacher come forward and stop him on the declivity, by relating to him how the navies of the Christian powers were twice united against us in thy glorious reign; how the last was overwhelmed on the Afric shores, by the finger of God directing his storms against it. In this manner did the Almighty punish the pride and obstinacy of the infidel, ignorant or regardless of his warning so short a time before, when a more powerful fleet, united from all Christendom against the true believers, was dissipated in the port of Zealand, without a tempest, without a burst of thunder, without a breath of air from any quarter of the heavens. Let him be taught how the Merciful hath rendered the unbelieving princes the readiest and best instruments of our power and greatness. The firmest ally of Islamism hath been always the most Christian king: the eldest son of the church is the adopted one of Mahomet. We may employ him hereafter to sweep off and annihilate the multiplying sects of his religion: as our chamberlains put hedge-hogs on the ground-floor, to kill and consume the cock-roaches. A little filth must be suffered quietly, in order to preserve us from the encroachments of vermin, more troublesome and more disgusting. While, to pass over the most Christian king, the rest around him couch, and watch one another, like tigers; while in their most loving mood they grumble and whine internally, like enamoured cats; we whip them away from before us, or kick them out of our path amid the riotous writhing of their accouplements, and evince the purity of our faith from the effects of their infidelity. No belief, how coarse and sordid soever, will not rather be swallowed by the people under them, than one bartered and retailed so scandalously as theirs, after all the scourges, axes, and faggots, the wretched fools and their fathers have undergone for it; to say nothing of the hay-stacks and corn-stacks they have been transferring every year for its enjoyment. What then, when our true religion is displayed to them in her purity and freshness and effulgence, by the side of their old cripple, caught in thievery, blotched with sores, procuress to her elder daughter, famisher of all her younger; brawling, riotous, calumnious, drunken; maintaining no decency in her own house, and leaving no peace in her neighbour's! O son of Selim, do we want books for proofs? Must the people take the Koran into their hands, to inquire if a toad is a toad, if a viper is a viper? We will give them the bread of life, in due portions, as they need it; but we will not permit that the whole mass of it be contaminated by the rancidity of their touch. Let those who possess the holy volume as an inheritance, hold it, and muse upon it. But the tree newly planted may be loosened by the wind; the rigour of winter may kill it; even the genial sun may be its death.

Soliman. Tell the linguists and interpreters to stop. Mufti, we meet again at prayers. I am

going to the bath and to the harem. Seest thou that vessel, whose sails, although now in the mid-channel, appear as if they were about to be entangled in the cypresses of Scutereh?

Mufti. Sublime serenity! thy slave descries it.

Soliman. By that vessel, which at one moment seems as if it danced to music, at another as if it reeled with the inebriety of delight, I expect some thirty young Georgians.

Mufti. The Holy One guide thee, O son of Selim, and make thee flourish!

DEMOSTHENES AND EUBULIDES.

SECOND CONVERSATION.

Eubulides. It was nearly in this place that we met once before; but not so early in the day; for then the western sun had withdrawn from the plain, and was throwing its last rays among the columns of the Parthenon.

Demosthenes. I think it was about the time when the question was agitated of war or peace with the king of Macedon.

Eubulides. It was. Why do you look so cheerful on a sudden? Soon afterward followed the disastrous battle at Cheronsea.

Demosthenes. Certainly, I derive no cheerfulness out of that.

Eubulides. Well, I believe there is little reason at the present hour why we should be melancholy.

Demosthenes. If there is, I hope it lies not on the side of the Agora.

Eubulides. You have composed your features again, and seem to be listening: but rather (I suspect) at your own internal thoughts than in the expectation of mine.

Demosthenes. Let us avoid, I intreat you, my dear Eubulides, those thorny questions which we can not so well avoid within the walls. Our opinions in matters of state are different. Let us walk together where our pursuits are similar or the same.

Eubulides. Demosthenes! it is seldom that we have conversed on politics, sad refuge of restless minds, averse from business and from study.

Demosthenes. Say worse against them, Eubulides! and I, who am tossed on the summit of the wave, will cry out to you to curse them deeplier. There are few men who have not been witnesses, that, on some slight divergence of incondite and unsound opinions, they have rolled away the stone from the cavern-mouth of the worst passions, and have evoked them up between two friends. I, of all men, am the least inclined to make them the subject of conversation; and particularly when I meet a literary man as you are, from whom I can receive, and often have received, some useful information, some philosophical thought, some generous sentiment, or some pleasant image. Beside, wishing to make an impression on the public mind, I must not let my ideas run off in every channel that lies before me: I must not hear the words, "Demosthenes will say this or this to-day." People ought to come toward me in expectation, and not carrying my sentiments, crude and broken, walleted before them.

Eubulides. There however are occasions when even politics are delightful; when they rejoice and exult as a stripling, or breathe softly as an infant.

Demosthenes. Then we cannot do better than sit quiet and regard them in silence: for it is such a silence as the good citizen and good father of a family would be unwilling to disturb. Why do you smile and shake your head, Eubulides?

Eubulides. Answer me first; had you no morning dream, Demosthenes, a few hours ago; which dreams (they tell us) are sure to be accomplished, or show us things that are already so?

Demosthenes. I dream seldom.

Eubulides. Were you awakened by no voices?

Demosthenes. I sleep soundly. Come, do not fall from philosophy to divination. We usually have conversed on eloquence. I am not reminding you of this, from the recollection that you once, and indeed more than once, have commended me. I took many lessons in the art from you; and will take more, if you please, as we walk along.

Eubulides. Be contented: none surpasses you.

Demosthenes. Many speak differently upon that subject, lying to the public, and to their own hearts, which I agitate as violently as those incited by me to bleed in the service of our country. If among our literary men I have an enemy so rash and impudent as to decry my writings, or to compare them with the evanescences of the day, I desire for him no severer punishment than the record of his sentence. The cross will be more durable than the malefactor.

Eubulides. In proportion as men approach you, they applaud you. To those far distant and far below, you seem as little as they seem to you. Fellows who can not come near enough to reverence you, think they are only a stone's throw distant; and they throw it. Unfortunate men! Choked by their criticisms! which others expectorate so easily!

Demosthenes. Commiserate them more still: ignorant or regardless, as they are, that they have indented and incorporated a mark of ignominy in their names. Ay, by the *dog!* (as Socrates used to swear) and such too as no anger of mine could have heated for them, no ability of mine impressed.

Eubulides. There are few among the ignorant, and especially if they are pompous and inflated, who, if we attend to them patiently, may not amuse us by the clumsy display of some rash opinion. I was present a few nights ago at a company where you were mentioned . . .

Demosthenes. My master in rhetoric! dear Eubulides! do we correctly say "present *at* a company?"

Eubulides. You and I do. We are present at many companies; we form a part of few.

Demosthenes. Continue the narrative: the objection is overcome.

Eubulides. Willingly do I continue it, for it reminds me of an evening in which your spirits had all their play, and soared above the city-walls, and beyond the confines of Attica. Men whose brains are like eggs boiled hard, thought your ideas or your speech exuberant; and very different was indeed your diction from its usual economy and frugality. This conversation of yours was repeated, the reciter employing the many metaphors you had used. Halmurus sat next me, kicking my legs now and then, in his impatience to express that ill-humour which urges him on all occasions to querulousness and contradiction. At last he sprang up, and, wiping the corners of his mouth, declared that your mind was not rich enough for all those metaphors which an injudicious friend had quoted as yours. I replied to him calmly, that it was natural he should be ignorant of the fact, and certain that he must remain so; since Demosthenes only used such language when it was excited by the wit or the wisdom or the geniality of his friends; and I consoled him with the assurance that a warier man might have fallen into the same pit, without the same help of extrication. Although he saw how friendly I had been to him, he was not pacified, but protested that many doubts remained upon his mind. He appealed to Cliniades who sate opposite. "I have been present," said Cliniades, "at my father's and in other places, when Demosthenes hath scattered among us all the ornaments of diction; it would puzzle me to recount, and you to remember, the names of them." "That is a modest youth," said Halmurus in my ear, "but rather too zealous in partisanship."

Demosthenes. Is it necessary to display the strength of my muscles when I have no assailant to vanquish or intimidate? When we are wrestling we do not display the same attitudes as when we are dancing. On the sand and in the circle we contend for the crown: amid the modulations of flute and lyre, of tabor and symbal, we wear it. And it is there, among our friends and favourites, among the elegant and refined, we draw attention to the brightness and the copiousness and the pliancy of its constituent parts. It is permitted me, I trust, O Eubulides, to indulge in a flowery and flowing robe when I descend from the bema, and relax my limbs in the cool retirement at home. If I did it in public I should be powerless; for there is paralysis in derision. Plainness and somewhat of austerity ought to be habitual with the orator. If he relinquishes them rarely, when he *does* relinquish them he gains the affections of his audience by his heartiness, warmth, and condescension. But sentences well measured and well moulded are never thrown away on the meanest of the Athenians: and many of them perhaps are as sensible of the variety I give to mine as the most delicate of the critics, and are readier to do me justice.

Eubulides. It appears to be among the laws of Nature that the mighty of intellect should be pursued and carped by the little, as the solitary flight of great birds is followed by the twittering petulance of many smaller.

Demosthenes. The higher and richer bank is corroded by the stream, which is gentle to the flat and barren sand: and philosophers tell us that mountains are shaken by the vilest of the minerals below them.

Eubulides. Here, O Demosthenes, let the parallel be broken. And now, can not I draw from you the avowal, that you have heard the news from Pella, brought by the messager at sun-rise? Your derision has not deterred the people from asking "Is Philip dead?"

Demosthenes. The messager came first to my house, knowing my habitude of early rising. My order as magistrate was, that he keep secret this visit of his to me, threatening him with the displeasure and censure of the more ancient, if ever they should discover that the intelligence reached them after. My thoughts crowded upon me so fast and turbulently, that, no sooner had I reached the monument of Antiope, than I stopped from exhaustion, and sate down beneath it. Happy as I always am to meet you, my good Eubulides, I acknowledge I never was less so than on this occasion. For it is my practice, and ever has been, to walk quite alone. In my walks I collect my arguments, arrange my sentences, and utter them aloud. Eloquence with me can do little else in the city, than put on her bracelets, tighten her sandals, and show herself to the people. Her health, and vigour, and beauty, if she has any, are the fruits of the open fields. The slowness or celerity of my steps is now regulated and impelled by the gravity and precision, now by the enthusiasm and agitation of my mind: and the presence of anyone, however dear and intimate, is a check and impediment to the free agency of these emotions. Thousands, I know, had I remained in the city, would have come running up to me with congratulations and embraces; as if danger could befall us only from the hand of Philip! another Jove, who alone upon earth can vibrate the thunder.

Eubulides. One hour afterward I passed through them hastily, and saw and heard them wandering and buzzing along the streets in every direction.

Demosthenes. Leaving to us the country and fresh air, and, what itself is the least tranquil thing in nature, but is the most potent tranquillizer of an excited soul, the sea. To-day I avoid the swarm: to-morrow I strike my brass and collect it.

How soon, O Eubulides, may this ancient hive be subverted, and these busy creatures lie under it extinct!

Eubulides. That greatest and most fortunate event, the death of Philip, seems at one moment in the course of our conversation to have given

you more than your ordinary vigour, and at another (as now again) to have almost torpefied you.

Demosthenes. Inattention and taciturnity are not always proofs of incivility and disrespect. I was revolving in my mind what I might utter as we went along, less unworthy of your approbation than many things I have spoken in public, and with great anxiety that they should be well received.

There is then one truth, O Eubulides, far more important than every other; far more conducive to the duration of states, to the glory of citizens, to the adornment of social life, to the encouragement of arts and sciences, to the extension of the commerce and intercourse of nations, to the foundation and growth of colonies, to the exaltation and dominion of genius, and indeed to whatever is desirable to the well-educated and the free.

Eubulides. Enounce it.

Demosthenes. There is, I repeat it, one truth above all the rest; above all promulgated by the wisdom of legislators, the zeal of orators, the enthusiasm of poets, or the revelation of gods: a truth whose brightness and magnitude are almost lost to view by its stupendous heighth. If I never have pointed it out, knowing it as I do, let the forbearance be assigned not to timidity but to prudence.

Eubulides. May I hope at last to hear it?

Demosthenes. I must conduct you circuitously, and interrogate you beforehand, as those do who lead us to the mysteries.

You have many sheep and goats upon the mountain, which were lately bequeathed to you by your nephew Timocles. Do you think it the most advantageous to let some mastiff, with nobody's chain or collar about his neck, run among them and devour them one after another, or to prepare a halter and lay poison and a trap for him?

Eubulides. Certainly here, O Demosthenes, you are not leading me into any mysteries. The answer is plain: the poison, trap, and halter, are ready.

Demosthenes. Well spoken. You have several children and grandchildren: you study economy in their behalf: would you rather spend twenty drachmas for fuel, than three for the same quantity of the same material?

Eubulides. Nay, nay, Demosthenes, if this is not mystery, it is worse. You are like a teacher to whom a studious man goes to learn the meaning of a sentence, and who, instead of opening the volume that contains it, asks him gravely whether he has learnt his alphabet. Prythee do not banter me.

Demosthenes. Tell me, then, which you would rather: make one drunken man sober for ever, or ten thousand men drunk for many years?

Eubulides. By all the gods! abstain from such idle questions.

Demosthenes. The solution of this, idle as you call it, may save you much more than the twenty drachmas. O Eubulides! we have seen, to our sorrow and ignominy, the plain of Cheronæa bestrewn with the bodies of our bravest citizens; had one barbarian fallen, they had not. Rapine and licentiousness are the precursors and the followers of even the most righteous war. A single blow against the worst of mortals may prevent them. Many years and much treasure are usually required for an uncertain issue, beside the stagnation of traffic, the prostration of industry, and innumerable maladies arising from towns besieged and regions depopulated. A moment is sufficient to avert all these calamities. No usurper, no invader, should be permitted to exist on earth. And on whom can the vengeance of the gods be expected to descend, if it descend not on that guilty wretch, who would rather that ten thousand innocent, ten thousand virtuous citizens should perish, than that one iniquitous and atrocious despot should be without his daily bath of blood. A single brave man might have followed the late tyrant into Scythia and have given his carcass to the vulture: by which heroic deed we should have been spared the spectacle of Greece in mourning. What columns, what processions, would have been decreed to this deliverer, out of the treasure we may soon be condemned to pay, whether as tribute or subsidy, to our enslaver.

Eubulides. No, no. Praises to the Immortals! he is dead.

Demosthenes. Philip has left the world. But regard not, O my friend, the mutual congratulations, the intemperate and intempestive joy of the Athenians, with any other sentiment than pity; for while Alexander lives, or Alexander's successor, while any king whatever breathes on any of our confines, Philip is not dead.

Eubulides. Raise up thy brow, O Demosthenes! raise up again that arm, hanging down before thee as if a flame from heaven had blasted it. Have we not seen it in its godlike strength, terrible even in beneficence, like Neptune's, when the horse sprang from under his trident? Take courage! give it! Inspire it in a breath from the inner and outer Keramicus to the Parthenon, from the temple of the Eumenides to the gates of the Piræus. What is the successor of Philip? a mad youth.

Demosthenes. Does much mischief require much wisdom? Is a firebrand sensible; is a tempest prudent? It is a very indifferent rat or weazel that hath not as much courage as Alexander, and more prudence: I say nothing of temperance, in which even inferior beasts, if there be any such, are his betters. We know this: the knowledge of it does not ensure our quiet, but rather is a reason, at least the latter part of it, why we can trust in him for none.

If men considered the happiness of others, or their own; in fewer words, if they were rational or provident, no state would be depopulated, no city pillaged, not a village would be laid in ashes, not a farm deserted. But there always have been, and always will be, men about the despot, who persuade him that terror is better than esteem;

that no one knows whether he is reverenced or not, but that he who is dreaded has indubitable proofs of it, and is regarded by mortals as a God. By pampering this foible in the prince, they are admitted to come closer and closer to him; and from the indulgence of his corrupted humours they derive their wealth and influence. Every man in the world would be a republican, if he did not hope from fortune and favour more than from industry and desert; in short, if he did not expect to carry off sooner or later, from under another system, what never could belong to him rightfully, and what cannot (he thinks) accrue to him from this. To suppose the contrary, would be the same as to suppose that he would rather have a master in his house, than friend, brother, or son; and that he has both more confidence and more pleasure in an alien's management of it, than in his own, or in any person's selected by his experience and deputed by his choice.

Eubulides. Insanity to imagine it!

Demosthenes. In religions and governments, O Eubulides, there are things on which few men reason, and at which those who do reason, shrink and shudder. The worthless cling upon these lofty follies, and use them as the watchtowers of Ambition. We too are reproved by them in turn for like propensities: and truly I wish it could be said that every human motive were ingenuous and pure. We can not say anything similar. Come, let us own the worst; we are ambitious. But is it not evident of us orators in a republic, that our ambition and the scope of it must drop together when we no longer can benefit or forewarn our citizens? In kingdoms the men are most commended and most elevated who serve the fewest, and who, serving the fewest, injure the most; in republics, those who serve the many, and injure none. The loss of this privilege is the greatest loss humanity can sustain. To you, because I ponder and meditate, I appear dejected. Clearly do I see indeed how much may soon cease to be within my power; but I possess the confidence of strength within me, and the consciousness of having exerted it for the glory of my country and the utility of mankind. Look at that olive before us. Seasons and iron have searched deeply into its heart; yet it shakes its berries in the air, promising you sustenance and light. In olives it is common to see remaining just enough of the body to support the bark; and this is often so perforated, that, if near the ground, a dog or sheep may pass through. Neither the vitality nor the fecundity of the tree appears in the least to suffer by it. While I remember what I have been, I never can be less. External power affects those only who have none intrinsically. I have seen the day, Eubulides, when the most august of cities had but one voice within her walls; and when the stranger on entering them stopped at the silence of the gateway, and said, "Demosthenes is speaking in the assembly of the people."

This is an ambition which no other can supplant or reach. The image of it stands eternally between me and kings, and separates me by an immeasurable interval from their courts and satraps. I swear against them, in the name of our country, in the name of Pallas Athenè and of all the gods, amid the victims that have fallen by them and are about to fall, everlasting hatred.

Go now to the city, Eubulides, and report my oath. Add, that you left me contemplating in solitude the posture of our affairs, reluctant to lay before the Athenians any plan or project until I have viewed it long and measured it correctly; and to deliver any words to them, whether of counsel or comfort or congratulation, unworthy of so sedate and circumspect a people.

Eubulides. How gravely and seriously you speak! do you think of them so highly?

Demosthenes. I have said it; go; repeat it.

BOCCACCIO AND PETRARCA.

Boccaccio. Remaining among us, I doubt not that you would soon receive the same distinctions in your native country as others have conferred upon you: indeed in confidence I may promise it. For greatly are the Florentines ashamed, that the most elegant of their writers and the most independent of their citizens lives in exile, by the injustice he had suffered in the detriment done to his property, through the intemperate administration of their laws.

Petrarca. Let them recall me soon and honourably: then perhaps I may assist them to remove their ignominy, which I carry about with me wherever I go, and which is pointed out by my exotic laurel.

Boccaccio. There is, and ever will be, in all countries and under all governments, an ostracism for their greatest men.

Petrarca. At present we will talk no more about it. To-morrow I pursue my journey toward Padua, where I am expected; where some few value and esteem me, honest and learned and ingenious men; although neither those Transpadane regions, nor whatever extends beyond them, have yet produced an equal to Boccaccio.

Boccaccio. Then, in the name of friendship! do not go thither: form such rather from your fellow citizens. I love my equals heartily; and shall love them the better when I see them raised up here, from our own mother earth, by you.

Petrarca. Let us continue our walk.

Boccaccio. If you have been delighted (and you say you have been), at seeing again, after so long an absence, the house and garden wherein I have placed the relaters of my stories, as reported in the *Decameron*, come a little way further up the ascent, and we will pass through the vineyard on the west of the villa. You will see presently an-

other on the right, lying in its warm little garden close to the roadside, the scene lately of somewhat that would have looked well, as illustration, in the midst of your Latin reflections. It shows us that people the most serious and determined may act at last contrariwise to the line of conduct they have laid down.

Petrarca. Relate it to me, Messer Giovanni; for you are able to give reality the merits and charms of fiction, just as easily as you give fiction the semblance, the stature, and the movement of reality.

Boccaccio. I must here forego such powers, if in good truth I possess them.

Petrarca. This long green alley, defended by box and cypresses, is very pleasant. The smell of box, although not sweet, is more agreeable to me than many that are: I can not say from what resuscitation of early and tender feeling. The cypress too seems to strengthen the nerves of the brain. Indeed, I delight in the odour of most trees and plants.

Will not that dog hurt us? he comes closer.

Boccaccio. Dog! thou hast the colours of a magpie and the tongue of one: prythee be quiet: art thou not ashamed!

Petrarca. Verily he trots off, comforting his angry belly with his plenteous tail, flattened and bestrewn under it. He looks back, going on, and puffs out his upper lip without a bark.

Boccaccio. These creatures are more accessible to temperate and just rebuke than the creatures of our species, usually angry with less reason, and from no sense, as dogs are, of duty. Look into that white arcade! Surely it was white the other day: and now I perceive it is still so: the setting sun tinges it with yellow.

Petrarca. The house has nothing of either the rustic or the magnificent about it; nothing quite regular, nothing much varied. If there is anything at all affecting, as I fear there is, in the story you are about to tell me, I could wish the edifice itself bore externally some little of the interesting, that I might hereafter turn my mind toward it, looking out of the catastrophe, though not away from it. But I do not even find the peculiar and uncostly decoration of our Tuscan villas: the central turret, round which the kite perpetually circles, in search of pigeons or smaller prey, borne onward, like the Flemish skaiter, by effortless will in motionless progression. The view of Fiesole must be lovely from that window; but I fancy to myself it loses the cascade under the single high arch of the Mugnone.

Boccaccio. I think so. In this villa . . come rather further off: the inhabitants of it may hear us, if they should happen to be in the arbour, as most people are at the present hour of day . . in this villa, Messer Francesco, lives Monna Tita Monalda, who tenderly loved Amadeo degli Oricellari. She however was reserved and coy; and father Pietro de' Pucci, an enemy to the family of Amadeo, told her never more to think of him; for that just before he knew her, he had thrown his arm round the neck of Nunciata Righi, his mother's maid, calling her most immodestly a sweet creature, and of a whiteness that marble would split with envy at.

Monna Tita trembled and turned pale, "Father, is the girl really so very fair?" said she anxiously.

"Madonna," replied the father, "after confession she is not much amiss: white she is, with a certain tint of pink, not belonging to her, but coming over her, as through the wing of an angel pleased at the holy function: and her breath is such, the very ear smells it: poor innocent sinful soul! Hei! The wretch, Amadeo, would have endangered her salvation."

"She must be a wicked girl to let him," said Monna Tita. "A young man of good parentage and education would not dare to do such a thing, of his own accord. I will see him no more however. But it was before he knew me: and it may not be true. I can not think any young woman would let a young man do so, even in the last hour before Lent. Now in what month was it supposed to be?"

"Supposed to be!" cried the father indignantly: "in June; I say in June."

"O! that now is quite impossible: for on the second of July, forty-one days from this, and at this very hour of it, he swore to me eternal love and constancy. I will inquire of him whether it is true: I will charge him with it."

She did. Amadeo confessed his fault, and, thinking it a venial one, would have taken and kissed her hand as he asked forgiveness.

Petrarca. Children! children! I will go into the house, and if their relatives, as I suppose, have approved of the marriage, I will endeavour to persuade the young lady that a fault like this, on the repentance of her lover, is not unpardonable. But first, is Amadeo a young man of loose habits!

Boccaccio. Less than our others: in fact, I never heard of any deviation, excepting this.

Petrarca. Come then with me.

Boccaccio. Wait a little.

Petrarca. I hope the modest Tita, after a trial, will not be too severe with him.

Boccaccio. Severity is far from her nature; but, such is her purity and innocence, she shed many and bitter tears at his confession, and declared her unalterable determination of taking the veil among the nuns of Fiesole. Amadeo fell at her feet, and wept upon them. She pushed him from her gently, and told him she would still love him, if he would follow her example, leave the world, and become a friar of San Marco. Amadeo was speechless: and, if he had not been so, he never would have made a promise he intended to violate. She retired from him: after a time he arose, less wounded than benumbed by the sharp uncovered stones in the garden walk: and, as a man who fears to fall from a precipice goes farther from it than is necessary, so did Amadeo shun the quarter where the gate is, and, oppressed by his agony and despair, throw his arms across the sun-dial and rest his brow upon it, hot as it must have been on a cloudless day in August. When the evening

was about to close, he was aroused by the cries of rooks over-head: they flew toward Florence, and beyond: he too went back into the city.

Tita fell sick from her inquietude. Every morning ere sunrise did Amadeo return, but could hear only from the labourers in the field that Monna Tita was ill, because she had promised to take the veil and had not taken it, knowing, as she must do, that the heavenly bridegroom is a bridegroom never to be trifled with, let the spouse be young and beautiful as she may be. Amadeo had often conversed with the peasant of the farm, who much pitied so worthy and loving a gentleman, and finding him one evening fixing some thick and high stakes in the ground, offered to help him. After due thanks, "It is time," said the peasant, "to rebuild the hovel and watch the grapes."

He went into the stable, collected the old pillars of his autumnal observatory, drove them into the ground, and threw the matting over them.

"This is my house," cried he. "Could I never, in my stupidity, think about rebuilding it before? Bring me another mat or two: I will sleep here to-night, to-morrow night, every night, all autumn, all winter."

He slept there, and was consoled at last by hearing that Monna Tita was out of danger, and recovering from her illness by spiritual means. His heart grew lighter day after day. Every evening did he observe the rooks, in the same order, pass along the same track in the heavens, just over San Marco: and it now occurred to him, after three weeks indeed, that Monna Tita had perhaps some strange idea, in choosing his monastery, not unconnected with the passage of these birds. He grew calmer upon it, until he asked himself whether he might hope. In the midst of this half-meditation, half-dream, his whole frame was shaken by the voices, however low and gentle, of two monks, coming from the villa and approaching him. He would have concealed himself under this bank whereon we are standing; but they saw him and called him by name. He now perceived that the younger of them was Guiberto Oddi, with whom he had been at school about six or seven years ago, and who admired him for his courage and frankness when he was almost a child.

"Do not let us mortify poor Amadeo," said Guiberto to his companion. "Return to the road: I will speak a few words to him, and engage him (I trust) to comply with reason and yield to necessity." The elder monk, who saw he should have to climb the hill again, assented to the proposal, and went into the road. After the first embraces and few words, "Amadeo! Amadeo!" said Guiberto, "it was love that made me a friar; let anything else make you one."

"Kind heart!" replied Amadeo. "If death or religion, or hatred of me, deprives me of Tita Monalda, I will die, where she commanded me, in the cowl. It is you who prepare her then to throw away her life and mine!"

"Hold! Amadeo!" said Guiberto, "I officiate together with good father Fontesecco, who invariably falls asleep amid our holy function."

Now, Messer Francesco, I must inform you that father Fontesecco has the heart of a flower. It feels nothing, it wants nothing; it is pure and simple, and full of its own little light. Innocent as a child, as an angel, nothing ever troubled him, but how to devise what he should confess. A confession costs him more trouble to invent than any Giornata in my *Decameron* cost me. He was once overheard to say on this occasion, "God forgive me in his infinite mercy, for making it appear that I am a little worse than he has chosen I should be!" He is temperate; for he never drinks more than exactly half the wine and water set before him. In fact, he drinks the wine and leaves the water, saying, "We have the same water up at San Domenico: we send it hither: it would be uncivil to take back our own gift, and still more to leave a suspicion that we thought other people's wine poor beverage." Being afflicted by the gravel, the physician of his convent advised him, as he never was fond of wine, to leave it off entirely: on which he said, "I know few things; but this I know well: in water there is often gravel, in wine never. It hath pleased God to afflict me, and even to go a little out of his way in order to do it, for the greater warning to other sinners. I will drink wine, brother Anselmini, and help his work."

I have led you away from the younger monk.

"While father Fontesecco is in the first stage of beatitude, chanting through his nose the benedicite, I will attempt," said Guiberto, "to comfort Monna Tita."

"Good blessed Guiberto!" exclaimed Amadeo in a transport of gratitude, at which Guiberto smiled with his usual grace and suavity. "O Guiberto! Guiberto! my heart is breaking. Why should she want you to comfort her . . but . . comfort her then!" and he covered his face within his hands.

"Remember," said Guiberto placidly, "her uncle is bedridden: her aunt never leaves him: the servants are old and sullen, and will stir for nobody. Finding her resolved, as they believe, to become a nun, they are little assiduous in their services. Humour her, if none else does, Amadeo; let her fancy that you intend to be a friar; and, for the present, walk not on these grounds."

"Are you true, or are you traitorous?" cried Amadeo, grasping his friend's hand most fiercely.

"Follow your own counsel, if you think mine insincere," said the young friar, not withdrawing his hand, but placing the other on Amadeo's. "Let me however advise you to conceal yourself: and I will direct Silvestrina to bring you such accounts of her mistress as may at least make you easy in regard to her health. Adieu."

Amadeo was now rather tranquil; more than he had ever been, not only since the displeasure of Monna Tita, but since the first sight of her. Profuse at all times in his gratitude to Silvestrina, whenever she brought him good news, news better

than usual, he pressed her to his bosom. Silvestrina Pioppi is about fifteen; slender, fresh, intelligent, lively, good-humoured, sensitive; and anyone but Amadeo might call her very pretty.

Petrarca. Ah Giovanni! here I find your heart obtaining the mastery over your vivid and volatile imagination. Well have you said, the maiden being really pretty, anyone but Amadeo might think her so. On the banks of the Sorga there are beautiful maids: the woods and the rocks have a thousand times repeated it: I heard but one echo: I heard but one name: I would have fled from them for ever at another.

Boccaccio. Francesco, do not beat your breast just now: wait a little. Monna Tita would take the veil. The fatal certainty was announced to Amadeo by his true Guiberto, who had earnestly and repeatedly prayed her to consider the thing a few months longer.

"I will see her first! By all the saints of heaven I will see her!" cried the desperate Amadeo, and ran into the house, toward the still apartment of his beloved. Fortunately Guiberto was neither less active nor less strong than he, and overtaking him at the moment, drew him into the room opposite. "If you will be quiet and reasonable, there is yet a possibility left you," said Guiberto in his ear, although perhaps he did not think it. "But if you utter a voice or are seen by anyone, you ruin the fame of her you love, and obstruct your own prospects for ever. It being known that you have not slept in Florence these several nights, it will be suspected by the malicious that you have slept in the villa with the connivance of Monna Tita. Compose yourself: answer nothing: rest where you are: do not add a worse imprudence to a very bad one: I promise you my assistance, my speedy return and best counsel: you shall be released at daybreak." He ordered Silvestrina to supply the unfortunate youth with the cordials usually administered to the uncle, or with the rich old wine they were made of; and she performed the order with such promptitude and attention, that he was soon in some sort refreshed.

Petrarca. I pity him from my soul, poor young man! Alas, we are none of us, by original sin, free from infirmities or from vices.

Boccaccio. If we could find a man exempt by nature from vices and infirmities, we should find one not worth knowing: he would also be void of tenderness and compassion. What allowances then could his best friends expect from him in their frailties! What help, consolation, and assistance, in their misfortunes! We are in the midst of a workship well stored with sharp instruments: we may do ill with many, unless we take heed; and good with all, if we will but learn how to employ them.

Petrarca. There is somewhat of reason in this. You strengthen me to proceed with you: I can bear the rest.

Boccaccio. Guiberto had taken leave of his friend, and had advanced a quarter of a mile, which (as you perceive) is nearly the whole way, on his return to the monastery, when he was overtaken by some peasants, who were hastening homeward from Florence. The information he collected from them made him determine to retrace his steps. He entered the room again, and, from the intelligence he had just acquired, gave Amadeo the assurance that Monna Tita must delay her entrance into the convent; for that the abbess had that moment gone down the hill on her way toward Siena, to venerate some holy relics, carrying with her three candles, each five feet long, to burn before them; which candles contained many particles of the myrrh presented at the nativity of our Saviour by the wise men of the East. Amadeo breathed freely, and was persuaded by Guiberto to take another cup of old wine, and to eat with him some cold roast kid, which had been offered him for *merenda*.* After the agitation of his mind a heavy sleep fell upon the lover, coming almost before Guiberto departed; so heavy indeed that Silvestrina was alarmed. It was her apartment; and she performed the honours of it as well as any lady in Florence could have done.

Petrarca. I easily believe it: the poor are more attentive than the rich, and the young are more compassionate than the old.

Boccaccio. Oh Francesco! what inconsistent creatures are we!

Petrarca. True, indeed! I now foresee the end. He might have done worse.

Boccaccio. I think so.

Petrarca. He almost deserved it.

Boccaccio. I think that too.

Petrarca. Wretched mortals! our passions for ever lead us into this, or worse.

Boccaccio. Ay, truly: much worse generally.

Petrarca. The very twig on which the flowers grew lately, scourges us to the bone in its maturity.

Boccaccio. Incredible will it be to you, and, by my faith! to me it was hardly credible. Certain however is it, that Guiberto on his return by sunrise found Amadeo in the arms of sleep.

Petrarca. Not at all, not at all incredible: the truest lover would have done the same, exhausted by suffering.

Boccaccio. He was truly in the arms of sleep; but, Francesco, there was another pair of arms about him, worth twenty such, divinity as he is. A loud burst of laughter from Guiberto did not arouse either of the parties: but Monna Tita heard it, and rushed into the room, tearing her hair, and invoking the saints of heaven against the perfidy of man. She seized Silvestrina by that arm which appeared the most offending: the girl opened her eyes, turned on her face, rolled out of bed, and threw herself at the feet of her mistress, shedding tears, and wiping them away with the only piece of linen about her. Monna Tita too shed tears. Amadeo still slept profoundly; a flush, almost of crimson, overspreading his cheeks. Monna Tita led away, after some pause, poor Silvestrina, and made her confess the whole. She then wept more

* *Merenda* is luncheon, *merendare*, eaten by the wealthier at the hour when the peasants dine.

and more, and made the girl confess it again, and explain her confession. "I cannot believe such wickedness," she cried: "he could not be so hardened. O sinful Silvestrina! how will you ever tell Father Doni one half! one quarter! He never can absolve you."

Petrarca. Giovanni! I am glad I did not enter the house; you were prudent in restraining me. I have no pity for the youth at all: never did one so deserve to lose a mistress.

Boccaccio. Say, rather, to gain a wife.

Petrarca. Absurdity! impossibility!

Boccaccio. He won her fairly; strangely, and on a strange table, as he played his game. Listen! that guitar is Monna Tita's. Listen! what a fine voice (do not you think it?) is Amadeo's.

Amadeo (Singing).

Oh! I have err'd!
I laid my hand upon the nest
(Tita, I sigh to sing the rest)
Of the wrong bird.

Petrarca. She laughs too at it! Ah! Monna Tita was made by nature to live on this side of Fiesole.

LUCULLUS AND CÆSAR.

Cæsar. Lucius Lucullus, I come to you privately and unattended, for reasons which you will know; confiding, I dare not say in your friendship, since no service of mine toward you has deserved it, but in your generous and disinterested love of peace. Hear me on. Cneius Pompeius, according to the report of my connexions in the city, had, on the instant of my leaving it for the province, begun to solicit his dependants to strip me ignominiously of authority. Neither vows nor affinities can bind him. He would degrade the father of his wife; he would humiliate his own children, the unoffending, the unborn; he would poison his own ardent love, at the suggestion of Ambition. Matters are now brought so far, that either he or I must submit to a reverse of fortune; since no concession can assuage his malice, divert his envy, or gratify his cupidity. No sooner could I raise myself up, from the consternation and stupefaction into which the certainty of these reports had thrown me, than I began to consider in what manner my own private afflictions might become the least noxious to the republic. Into whose arms then could I throw myself more naturally and more securely, to whose bosom could I commit and consign more sacredly the hopes and destinies of our beloved country, than his who laid down power in the midst of its enjoyments, in the vigour of youth, in the pride of triumph: when Dignity solicited, when Friendship urged, entreated, supplicated, and when Liberty herself invited and beckoned to him, from the senatorial order and from the curule chair? Betrayed and abandoned by those we had confided in, our next friendship, if ever our hearts receive any, or if any will venture in those places of desolation, flies forward instinctively to what is most contrary and dissimilar. Cæsar is hence the visitant of Lucullus.

Lucullus. I had always thought Pompeius more moderate and more reserved than you represent him, Caius Julius! and yet I am considered in general, and surely you also will consider me, but little liable to be prepossessed by him.

Cæsar. Unless he may have ingratiated himself with you recently, by the administration of that worthy whom last winter his partisans dragged before the senate, and forced to assert publicly that you and Cato had instigated a party to circumvent and murder him; and whose carcase, a few days afterward, when it had been announced that he had died by a natural death, was found covered with bruises, stabs, and dislocations.

Lucullus. You bring much to my memory which had quite slipped out of it, and I wonder that it could make such an impression on yours. A proof to me that the interest you take in my behalf began earlier than your delicacy will permit you to acknowledge. You are fatigued, which I ought to have perceived before.

Cæsar. Not at all: the fresh air has given me life and alertness: I feel it upon my cheek even in the room.

Lucullus. After our dinner and sleep, we will spend the remainder of the day on the subject of your visit.

Cæsar. Those Ethiopian slaves of yours shiver with cold upon the mountain here; and truly I myself was not insensible to the change of climate, in the way from Mutina.

What white bread! I never found such even at Naples or Capua. This Formian wine (which I prefer to the Chian) how exquisite!

Lucullus. Such is the urbanity of Cæsar, even while he bites his lip with displeasure. How! surely it bleeds! Permit me to examine the cup.

Cæsar. I believe a jewel has fallen out of the rim in the carriage: the gold is rough there.

Lucullus. Marcipor! let me never see that cup again. No answer, I desire. My guest pardons heavier faults. Mind that dinner be prepared for us shortly.

Cæsar. In the meantime, Lucullus, if your health permits it, shall we walk a few paces round the villa? for I have not seen anything of the kind before.

Lucullus. The walls are double: the space between them two feet: the materials for the most-part earth and stubble. Two hundred slaves, and about as many mules and oxen, brought the beams and rafters up the mountain: my architects fixed them at once in their places: every part was ready, even the wooden nails. The roof is thatched, you see.

Cæsar. Is there no danger that so light a material should be carried off by the winds, on such an eminence?

Lucullus. None resists them equally well.

Cæsar. On this immensely high mountain I should be apprehensive of the lightning, which the poets, and I think the philosophers too, have told us, strikes the highest.

Lucullus. The poets are right; for whatever is received as truth, is truth in poetry; and a fable may illustrate like a fact. But the philosophers are wrong; as they generally are, even in the commonest things; because they seldom look beyond their own tenets, unless through captiousness; and because they argue more than they meditate, and display more than they examine. Archimedes and Euclid are, in my opinion, the worthiest of the name; they alone having kept apart to the demonstrable, the practical, and the useful. Many of the rest are good writers and good disputants; but unfaithful suitors of simple Science; boasters of their acquaintance with gods and goddesses, plagiaries and impostors. I had forgotten my roof, although it is composed of much the same materials as the philosophers. Let the lightning fall: one handful of silver, or less, repairs the damage.

Cæsar. Impossible! nor indeed one thousand; nor twenty, if those tapestries* and pictures are consumed.

Lucullus. True; but only the thatch would burn. For before the baths were tessellated, I filled the area with alum and water, and soaked the timbers and laths for many months, and covered them afterward with alum in powder, by means of liquid glue. Mithridates taught me this. Having in vain attacked with combustibles a wooden tower, I took it by stratagem, and found within it a mass of alum, which, if a great hurry had not been observed by us among the enemy in the attempt to conceal it, would have escaped our notice. I never scrupled to extort the truth from my prisoners: but my instruments were purple robes and plate, and the only wheel in my armoury, destined to such purposes, was the wheel of Fortune.

Cæsar. I wish, in my campaigns, I could have equalled your clemency and humanity: but the Gauls are more uncertain, fierce, and perfidious, than the wildest tribes of Caucasus: and our policy can not be carried with us; it must be formed upon the spot. They love you, not for abstaining from hurting them, but for ceasing: and they embrace you only at two seasons; when stripes are fresh or when stripes are imminent. Elsewhere I hope to become the rival of Lucullus in this admirable part of virtue.

I shall never build villas, because . . but what are your proportions! Surely the edifice is extremely low.

Lucullus. There is only one floor: the heighth of the apartments is twenty feet to the cornice, five above it: the breadth is twenty-five; the length forty. The building, as you perceive, is quadrangular: three sides contain four rooms each: the other has many partitions and two stories, for domestics and offices. Here is my salt-bath.

Cæsar. A bath indeed for all the Nereids named by Hesiod, with room enough for the Tritons and their herds and horses.

Lucullus. Next to it, where yonder boys are carrying the myrrhine vases, is a tepid one of fresh water, ready for your reception.

Cæsar. I resign the higher pleasure for the inferior, as we all are apt to do: and I will return to the enjoyment of your conversation when I have indulged a quarter of an hour in this refreshment.

Lucullus. Meanwhile I will take refuge with some less elegant philosopher, whose society I shall quit again with less regret. (*Cæsar returning.*) It is useless, O Caius Julius, to inquire if there has been any negligence or any omission in the service of the bath: for these are secrets which you never impart to the most favoured of your friends.

Cæsar. I have often enjoyed the luxury much longer, but never more highly. Pardon my impatience to see the remainder of your Apennine villa.

Lucullus. Here stand my two cows. Their milk is brought to me with its warmth and froth: for it loses its salubrity both by repose and by motion. Pardon me, Cæsar: I shall appear to you to have forgotten that I am not conducting Marcus Varro.

Cæsar. You would convert him into Cæus: he would drive them off. What beautiful beasts! how sleek and white and cleanly! I never saw any like them, excepting when we sacrifice to Jupiter the stately leader from the pastures of the Clitumnus.

Lucullus. Often do I make a visit to these quiet creatures, and with no less pleasure than in former days to my horses. Nor indeed can I much wonder that whole nations have been consentaneous in treating them as objects of devotion: the only thing wonderful is, that gratitude seems to have acted as powerfully and extensively as fear; indeed more extensively: for no object of worship whatever has attracted so many worshippers. Where Jupiter has one, the cow has ten: she was venerated before he was born, and will be when even the carvers have forgotten him.

Cæsar. Unwillingly should I see it: for the character of our gods has formed the character of our nation. Serapis and Isis have stolen in among them within our memory, and others will follow, until at last Saturn will not be the only one emasculated by his successor. What can be more august than our rites! The first dignitaries of the republic are emulous to administer them: nothing of low or venal has any place in them, nothing pusillanimous, nothing unsocial and austere. I speak of them as they were; before Superstition woke up again from her slumber.

* Cæsar would regard such things attentively. "In *expeditionibus* tessellata et sectilia pavimenta circumtulisse; signa, tabulas, operis antiqui, semper animosissime *comparasse*," says Suetonius.

and caught to her bosom with maternal love the alluvial monsters of the Nile. Philosophy, never fit for the people, had entered the best houses, and the image of Epicurus had taken the place of the Lemures. But men can not bear to be deprived long together of anything they are used to; not even of their fears; and, by a reaction of the mind appertaining to our nature, new stimulants were looked for, not on the side of pleasure, where nothing new could be expected or imagined, but on the opposite. Irreligion is followed by fanaticism, and fanaticism by irreligion, alternately and perpetually.

Lucullus. The religion of our country, as you observe, is well adapted to its inhabitants. Our progenitor Mars hath Venus recumbent on his breast, and looking up to him, teaching us that pleasure is to be sought in the bosom of valour and by the means of war. No great alteration, I think, will ever be made in our rites and ceremonies; the best and most imposing that could be collected from all nations, and uniting them to us by our complaisance in adopting them. The gods themselves may change names, to flatter new power: and indeed, as we degenerate, Religion will accommodate herself to our propensities and desires. Our heaven is now popular: it will become monarchal: not without a crowded court, as befits it, of apparitors, and satellites and minions of both sexes, paid and caressed for carrying to their stern dark-bearded master prayers and supplications. Altars must be strown with broken minds, and incense rise amid abject aspirations. Gods will be found unfit for their places; and it is not impossible that, in the ruin imminent from our contentions for power, and in the necessary extinction both of ancient families and of generous sentiments, our consular fasces may become the water-sprinklers of some upstart priesthood, and that my son may apply for lustration to the son of my groom. The interest of such men requires that the spirit of arms and of arts be extinguished. They will predicate peace, that the people may be tractable to them: but a religion altogether pacific is the fomenter of wars and the nurse of crimes, alluring Sloth from within and Violence from afar. If ever it should prevail among the Romans, it must prevail alone: for nations more vigorous and energetic will invade them, close upon them, trample them under foot; and the name of Roman, which is now the most glorious, will become the most opprobrious upon earth.

Cæsar. The time I hope may be distant; for next to my own name I hold my country's.

Lucullus. Mine, not coming from Troy or Ida, is lower in my estimation: I place my country's first.

You are surveying the little lake beside us. It contains no fish: birds never alight on it: the water is extremely pure and cold: the walk round is pleasant: not only because there is always a gentle breeze from it, but because the turf is fine, and the surface of the mountain on this summit is perfectly on a level, to a great extent in length; not a trifling advantage to me, who walk often, and am weak. I have no alley, no garden, no inclosure: the park is in the vale below, where a brook supplies the ponds, and where my servants are lodged; for here I have only twelve in attendance.

Cæsar. What is that so white, toward the Adriatic?

Lucullus. The Adriatic itself. Turn round, and you may descry the Tuscan Sea. Our situation is reported to be among the highest of the Apennines . . . Marcipor has made the sign to me that dinner is ready. Pass this way.

Cæsar. What a library is here! Ah Marcus Tullius! I salute thy image. Why frownest thou upon me? collecting the consular robe and uplifting the right-arm, as when Rome stood firm again, and Catiline fled before thee.

Lucullus. Just so; such was the action the statuary chose, as adding a new endearment to the memory of my absent friend.

Cæsar. Sylla, who honoured you above all men, is not here.

Lucullus. I have his *Commentaries:* he inscribed them, as you know, to me. Something even of our benefactors may be forgotten, and gratitude be unreproved.

Cæsar. The impression on that couch, and the two fresh honeysuckles in the leaves of those two books, would show, even to a stranger, that this room is peculiarly the master's. Are they sacred?

Lucullus. To me and Cæsar.

Cæsar. I would have asked permission . .

Lucullus. Caius Julius, you have nothing to ask of Polybius and Thucydides; nor of Xenophon, the next to them on the table.

Cæsar. Thucydides! the most generous, the most unprejudiced, the most sagacious, of historians. Now, Lucullus, you whose judgment in style is more accurate than any other Roman's, do tell me whether a commander, desirous of writing his *Commentaries*, could take to himself a more perfect model than Thucydides.

Lucullus. Nothing is more perfect, nor ever will be: the scholar of Pericles, the master of Demosthenes! the equal of the one in military science, and of the other not the inferior in civil and forensic; the calm dispassionate judge of the general by whom he was defeated; his defender, his encomiast. To talk of such men is conducive not only to virtue but to health.

Cæsar. We have no writer who could keep up long together his severity and strength. I would follow him; but I shall be contented with my genius, if (Thucydides in sight) I come many paces behind, and attain by study and attention the graceful and secure mediocrity of Xenophon.

Lucullus. You will avoid, I think, Cæsar, one of his peculiarities; his tendency to superstition.

Cæsar. I dare promise this; and even to write nothing so flat and idle as his introduction to the *Cyropædia.* The first sentence that follows it, I perceive, repeats the same word, with its substantive, four times. This is a trifle: but great

writers and great painters do miracles or mischief by a single touch. Our authors are so addicted of late to imitate the Grecian, that a bad introduction is more classical than a good one. Not to mention any friend of yours, Crispus Sallustius, who is mine, brought me one recently of this description; together with some detached pieces of a history, which nothing in our prose or poetry hath surpassed in animation.

Lucullus. We ought to talk of these things by ourselves: not before the vulgar; by which expression I mean the unlearned and irreverent, in forum and in senate. Our Cicero has indeed avoided such inelegance as that of Xenophon: one perhaps less pardonable may be found repeatedly in his works: I would say an inelegance not arising from neglect, or obtusity of ear, but coming forth in the absence of reflection. He often says, "*mirari adeo.*" Now surely a wise man soon ceases to wonder at anything, and, instead of indulging in the habitude of wonder at one object, brings it closer to him, makes it familiar, discusses, and dismisses it. He told me in his last letter of an incredible love and affection for me. Pardon me, Cæsar! pardon me, Genius of Rome! and Mercury! I exclaimed, "*the clown!*" laughing heartily. He would not that I should really have thought his regard *incredible*; on the contrary, that I should believe it and confide in it to its full extent, and that I should flatter myself it was not only possible but reasonable. In vain will any one remark to me, "*such phrases are common.*" In our ordinary language there are many beauties, more or less visible according to their place and season, which a judicious writer and forcible orator will subject to his arbitration and service: there are also many things which, if used at all, must be used cautiously. I may be much at my ease, without being in tatters, and without treading on the feet of those I come forward to salute. I arrogate to myself no superiority, in detecting a peculiar and latent mark upon that exalted luminary: his own effulgence showed me it. From Cicero down to me the distance is as great, as between the prince of the senate and the lowest voter. I influenced the friends of order: he fulminated and exterminated the enemies. I have served my country: he hath saved it.

This other is my dining-room. You expect the dishes.

Cæsar. I misunderstood . . I fancied . .

Lucullus. Repose yourself, and touch with the ebony wand, beside you, the sphynx on either of those obelisks, right or left.

Cæsar. Let me look at them first.

Lucullus. The contrivance was intended for one person, or two at most, desirous of privacy and quiet. The blocks of jasper in my pair, and of porphyry in yours, easily yield in their grooves, each forming one partition. There are four, containing four platforms. The lower holds four dishes, such as sucking forest-boars, venison, hares, tunnies, sturgeons, which you will find within: the upper three, eight each, but diminutive. The confectionary is brought separately; for the steam would spoil it, if any should escape. The melons are in the snow thirty feet under us: they came early this morning from a place in the vicinity of Luni, so that I hope they may be crisp, independently of their coolness.

Cæsar. I wonder not at anything of refined elegance in Lucullus: but really here Antiochia and Alexandria seem to have cooked for us, and magicians to be our attendants.

Lucullus. The absence of slaves from our repast is the luxury: for Marcipor alone enters, and he only when I press a spring with my foot or wand. When you desire his appearance, touch that chalcedony, just before you.

Cæsar. I eat quick, and rather plentifully: yet the valetudinarian (excuse my rusticity, for I rejoice at seeing it) appears to equal the traveller in appetite, and to be contented with one dish.

Lucullus. It is milk: such, with strawberries, which ripen on the Apennines many months in continuance, and some other berries of sharp and grateful flavour, has been my only diet since my first residence here. The state of my health requires it; and the habitude of nearly three months renders this food not only more commodious to my studies and more conducive to my sleep, but also more agreeable to my palate, than any other.

Cæsar. Returning to Rome or Baiæ, you must domesticate and tame them. The cherries you introduced from Pontus are now growing in Cisalpine and Transalpine Gaul, and the largest and best in the world perhaps are upon the more sterile side of Lake Larius.

Lucullus. There are some fruits, and some virtues, which require a harsh soil and bleak exposure for their perfection.

Cæsar. In such a profusion of viands, and so savoury, I perceive no odour.

Lucullus. A flue conducts heat through the compartments of the obelisks: and if you look up, you may observe that those gilt roses, between the astragals in the cornice, are prominent from it half a span. Here is an aperture in the wall, between which and the outer is a perpetual current of air. We are now in the dog-days: and I have never felt in the whole summer more heat than at Rome in many days of March.

Cæsar. Usually you are attended by troops of domesties and of dinner-friends, not to mention the learned and scientific, nor your own family, your attachment to which, from youth upward, is one of the higher graces in your character. Your brother was seldom absent from you.

Lucullus. Marcus was coming: but the vehement heats along the Arno, in which valley he has a property he never saw before, inflamed his blood: and he now is resting for a few days at Fesulæ, a little town destroyed by Sylla within our memory, who left it only air and water, the best in Tuscany. The health of Marcus, like mine, has been declining for several months: we are running our last race against each other: and

never was I, in youth along the Tiber, so anxious of first reaching the goal. I would not outlive him: I should reflect too painfully on earlier days, and look forward too despondently on future. As for friends, lampreys and turbots beget them, and they spawn not amid the solitude of the Apennines. To dine in company with more than two, is a Gaulish and German thing. I can hardly bring myself to believe that I have eaten in concert with twenty; so barbarous and herdlike a practice does it now appear to me; such an incentive to drink much and talk loosely; not to add, such a necessity to speak loud; which is clownish and odious in the extreme. On this mountain-summit I hear no noises, no voices, not even of salutation: we have no flies about us, and scarcely an insect or reptile.

Cæsar. Your amiable son is probably with his uncle: is he well?

Lucullus. Perfectly: he was indeed with my brother in his intended visit to me: but Marcus, unable to accompany him hither, or superintend his studies in the present state of his health, sent him directly to his uncle Cato at Tusculum, a man fitter than either of us to direct his education, and preferable to any, excepting yourself and Marcus Tullius, in eloquence and urbanity.

Cæsar. Cato is so great, that whoever is greater must be the happiest and first of men.

Lucullus. That any such be still existing, O Julius, ought to excite no groan from the breast of a Roman citizen. But perhaps I wrong you: perhaps your mind was forced reluctantly back again, on your past animosities and contests in the senate.

Cæsar. I revere him, but can not love him.

Lucullus. Then, Caius Julius, you groaned with reason; and I would pity rather than reprove you.

On the ceiling, at which you are looking, there is no gilding, and little painting . . a mere trellis of vines bearing grapes, and the heads, shoulders, and arms, rising from the cornice only, of boys and girls climbing up to steal them, and scrambling for them: nothing over-head: no giants tumbling down, no Jupiter thundering, no Mars and Venus caught at mid-day, no river-gods pouring out their urns upon us: for, as I think nothing so insipid as a flat ceiling, I think nothing so absurd as a storied one. Before I was aware, and without my participation, the painter had adorned that of my bedchamber with a golden shower, bursting from varied and irradiated clouds. On my expostulation, his excuse was, that he knew the Danaë of Scopas, in a recumbent posture, was to occupy the centre of the room. The walls, behind the tapestry and pictures, are quite rough. In forty-three days the whole fabric was put together and habitable.

The wine has probably lost its freshness: will you try some other?

Cæsar. Its temperature is exact; its flavour exquisite. Latterly I have never sat long after dinner, and am curious to pass through the other apartments, if you will trust me.

Lucullus. I attend you.

Cæsar. Lucullus! who is here? what figure is that on the poop of the vessel? can it be . . .

Lucullus. The subject was dictated by myself; you gave it.

Cæsar. Oh how beautifully is the water painted! how vividly the sun strikes against the snows on Taurus! the grey temples and pier-head of Tarsus catch it differently, and the monumental mount on the left is half in shade. In the countenance of those pirates I did not observe such diversity, nor that any boy pulled his father back: I did not indeed mark them or notice them at all.

Lucullus. The painter, in this fresco, the last work finished, had dissatisfied me in one particular. "That beautiful young face," said I, "appears not to threaten death."

"Lucius," he replied, "if one muscle were moved, it were not Cæsar's: beside, he said it jokingly, though resolved."

"I am contented with your apology, Antipho: but what are you doing now? for you never lay down or suspend your pencil, let who will talk and argue. The lines of that smaller face in the distance are the same."

"Not the same," replied he, "nor very different: it smiles; as surely the goddess must have done, at the first heroic act of her descendant."

Cæsar. In her exultation and impatience to press forward, she seems to forget that she is standing at the extremity of the shell, which rises up behind out of the water; and she takes no notice of the terror on the countenance of this Cupid who would detain her, nor of this who is flying off and looking back, The reflection of the shell has given a warmer hue below the knee: a long streak of yellow light in the horizon is on the level of her bosom; some of her hair is almost lost in it: above her head on every side is the pure azure of the heavens.

Oh! and you would not have led me up to this? You, among whose primary studies is the most perfect satisfaction of your guests!

Lucullus. In the next apartment are seven or eight other pictures from our history.

There are no more: what do you look for?

Cæsar. I find not among the rest any descriptive of your own exploits. Ah Lucullus! there is no surer way of making them remembered.

This, I presume by the harps in the two corners, is the music-room.

Lucullus. No indeed; nor can I be said to have one here: for I love best the music of a single instrument, and listen to it willingly at all times, but most willingly while I am reading. At such seasons a voice or even a whisper disturbs me: but music refreshes my brain when I have read long, and strengthens it from the beginning. I find also that if I write anything in poetry (a youthful propensity still remaining) it gives rapidity and variety and brightness to my ideas. On ceasing, I command a fresh measure and instrument, or another voice; which is to the mind like a change of posture or of air to the body. My

health is benefited by the gentle play thus opened to the most delicate of the fibres.

Cæsar. Let me augur that a disorder so tractable may be soon removed. What is it thought to be?

Lucullus. There are they who would surmise and signify, and my physician did not long attempt to persuade me of the contrary, that the ancient realms of Æætes have supplied me with some other plants than the cherry, and such as I should be sorry to see domesticated here in Italy.

Cæsar. The Gods forbid! Anticipate better things. The reason of Lucullus is stronger than the medicaments of Mithridates; but why not use them too? Let nothing be neglected. You may reasonably hope for many years of life: your mother still enjoys it.*

Lucullus. To stand upon one's guard against Death, exasperates her malice and protracts our sufferings.

Cæsar. Rightly and gravely said: but your country at this time can not do well without you.

Lucullus. The bowl of milk which to-day is presented to me, will shortly be presented to my Manes.

Cæsar. Do you suspect the hand?

Lucullus. I will not suspect a Roman: let us converse no more about it.

Cæsar. It is the only subject on which I am resolved never to think, as relates to myself. Life may concern us, death not; for in death we neither can act nor reason, we neither can persuade nor command; and our statues are worth more than we are, let them be but wax. Lucius, I will not divine your thoughts: I will not penetrate into your suspicions, nor suggest mine. I am lost in admiration of your magnanimity and forbearance; that your only dissimulation should be upon the guilt of your assassin; that you should leave him power, and create him virtues.

Lucullus. Caius Julius, if I can assist you in anything you meditate, needful or advantageous to our country, speak it unreservedly.

Cæsar. I really am ashamed of my association with Crassus and Pompeius: I would not have anything in common with them, not even power itself. Unworthy and ignominious must it appear to you, as it does to me, to compromise with an auctioneer and a rope-dancer; for the meanness and venality of Crassus, the levity and tergiversation of Pompeius, leave them no better names. The bestiality of the one, the infidelity of the other, urge and inflame me with an inextinguishable desire of uniting my authority to yours for the salvation of the republic.

Lucullus. I foretold to Cicero, in the words of Lucretius on the dissolution of the world,

> Tria talia texta
> Una dies dabit exitio.

Cæsar. Assist me in accomplishing your prophecy: or rather, accept my assistance: for I would more willingly hear a proposal from you than offer one. Reflections must strike you, Lucullus, no less forcibly than me, and perhaps more justly; you are calmer. Consider all the late actions of Cneius, and tell me who has ever committed any so indecorous with so grave a face? He abstained in great measure from the follies of youth, only to reserve them accumulated for maturer age. Human life, if I may venture to speak fancifully in your presence, hath its equinoxes. In the vernal its flowers open under violent tempests: in the autumnal it is more exempt from gusts and storms, more regular, serene, and temperate, looks complacently on the fruits it has gathered, on the harvests it has reaped, and is not averse to the graces of order, to the avocations of literature, to the genial warmth of honest conviviality, and to the mild necessity of repose. Thrown out from the course of Nature, this man stood aside and solitary, and found everything around him unattractive. And now, in the decline of life, he has recourse to those associates, of whom the best that can be said is, that they would have less disgraced its outset. Repulsing you and Cicero and Cato, the leaders of his party and the propagators of his power, Pompeius the Great takes the arm of Clodius, and walks publicly with him in the forum; who nevertheless the other day headed a chorus (I am informed) of the most profligate and opprobrious youths in Rome, and sang responsively worse than Fescennine songs to his dishonour. Where was he? Before them? in court? defending a client? He came indeed with that intention; but sat mortified, speechless, and despondent. The senate connived at the indignity. Even Gabinius, his flatterer and dependent, shuns him. The other consul is alienated from him totally, and favours me through Calpurnia, who watches over my security and interests at home. Julia, my daughter, was given in marriage to Pompeius for this purpose only: she fails to accomplish it: politically then and morally, the marriage loses its validity by losing its intent. I go into Gaul, commander for five years: Crassus is preparing for an expedition against the Parthians: the senate and people bend before Pompeius, but reluctantly and indignantly. Everything would be more tolerable to me, if I could permit him to boast that he had duped me: but my glory requires that, letting him choose his own encampment, square the declivities, clear the ground about the eminence, foss and pale it, I should storm and keep it. Whatever he may boast of his eloquence and military skill, I fear nothing from the orator who tells us what he would have spoken, nor from the general who sees what he should have done. My first proposal for accommodation and concord shall be submitted to you (if indeed you will not frame it for me), and, should you deem it unfair, shall be suppressed. No successive step shall be made by me without your concurrence: in short, I am inclined to take up any line of conduct, in conjunction with you, for the settling of the commonwealth. Does the proposal

* Cicero relates that he went from his villa to attend her funeral a few years afterward.

seem to you so unimportant on the one hand, or so impracticable and unreasonable on the other, that you smile and shake your head?

Lucullus. Cæsar! Cæsar! you write upon language and analogy; no man better. Tell me then whether mud is not said to be settled when it sinks to the bottom? and whether those who are about to sink a state, do not in like manner talk of settling it?

Cæsar. I wish I had time to converse with you on language, or skill to parry your reproofs with equal wit; for serious you can not be. At present let us remove what is bad; which must always be done before good of any kind can spring up.

The designs of Cneius are suspected by many in the senate, and his pride is obnoxious to all. Your party would prevail against him; for he has enriched fewer adherents than you have; and even his best friends are for the most part in a greater degree yours.

Lucullus. I have enriched no adherents, Caius Julius. Many of my officers, it is true, are easy in their circumstances: they however gained their wealth, not from the plunder of our confederates, not from those who should enjoy with security their municipal rights and paternal farms in Italy, but from the enemy's camps and cities.

Cæsar. We two might appease the public mind, preparing the leaders of the senate for our labours, and intimidating the factious.

Lucullus. Hilarity never forsakes you, Cæsar! and you are the happiest man upon earth in the facility with which you communicate it. Hear me, and believe me. I am about to mount higher than triumviral tribunal or than triumphal car. They who are under me will turn their faces from me; such are the rites: but not a voice of reproach or of petulance shall be heard, when the trumpets tell our city that the funereal flames are surmounting the mortal spoils of Lucullus.

Cæsar. Mildest and most equitable of men! I have been much wronged; would you also wrong me? Lucius, you have forced from me a tear before the time. I weep at magnanimity; which no man does who wants it.

Lucullus. Why can not you enjoy the command of your province, and the glory of having quelled so many nations?

Cæsar. I can not bear the superiority of another.

Lucullus. The weakest of women feel so: but even the weakest of them are ashamed to acknowledge it: who hath ever heard any one? Have *you*, who know them widely and well? Poetasters and mimes, labouring under such infirmity, put the mask on. You pursue glory: the pursuit is just and rational: but reflect that statuaries and painters have represented heroes calm and quiescent, not straining and panting like pugilists and gladiators.

From being for ever in action, for ever in contention, and from excelling in them all other mortals, what advantage derive we? I would not ask what satisfaction? what glory? The insects have more activity than ourselves, the beasts more strength, even inert matter more firmness and stability; the gods alone more goodness. To the exercise of this every country lies open; and neither I eastward nor you westward have found any exhausted by contests for it.

Must we give men blows because they will not look at us? or chain them to make them hold the balance evener?

Do not expect to be acknowledged for what you are, much less for what you would be; since no one can well measure a great man but upon the bier. There was a time when the most ardent friend to Alexander of Macedon, would have embraced the partisan for his enthusiasm, who should have compared him with Alexander of Pherse. It must have been at a splendid feast, and late at it, when Scipio should have been raised to an equality with Romulus, or Cato with Curius. It has been whispered in my ear, after a speech of Cicero, "If he goes on so, he will tread down the sandal of Marcus Antonius in the long run, and perhaps leave Hortensius behind." Officers of mine, speaking about you, have exclaimed with admiration, "He fights like Cinna." Think, Caius Julius! (for you have been instructed to think both as a poet and as a philosopher) that among the hundred hands of Ambition, to whom we may attribute them more properly than to Briareus, there is not one which holds anything firmly. In the precipitancy of her course, what appears great is small, and what appears small is great. Our estimate of men is apt to be as inaccurate and inexact as that of things, or more. Wishing to have all on our side, we often leave those we should keep by us, run after those we should avoid, and call importunately on others who sit quiet and will not come. We can not at once catch the applauses of the vulgar and expect the approbation of the wise. What are parties? Do men really great ever enter into them? Are they not ball-courts, where ragged adventurers strip and strive, and where dissolute youths abuse one another, and challenge, and game, and wager! If you and I can not quite divest ourselves of infirmities and passions, let us think however that there is enough in us to be divided into two portions, and let us keep the upper undisturbed and pure. A part of Olympus itself lies in dreariness and in clouds, variable and stormy; but it is not the highest: there the gods govern. Your soul is large enough to embrace your country: all other affection is for less objects, and less men are capable of it. Abandon, O Cæsar! such thoughts and wishes as now agitate and propel you: leave them to mere men of the marsh, to fat hearts and miry intellects. Fortunate may we call ourselves to have been born in an age so productive of eloquence, so rich in erudition. Neither of us would be excluded, or hooted at, on canvassing for these honours. He who can think dispassionately and deeply as I do, is great as I am; none other: but his opinions are at freedom to diverge from mine, as mine are from his; and indeed, on recollection, I never loved those most who thought with me,

but those rather who deemed my sentiments worth discussion, and who corrected me with frankness and affability.

Cæsar. Lucullus! you perhaps have taken the wiser and better part, certainly the pleasanter. I can not argue with you: I would gladly hear one who could, but you again more gladly. I should think unworthily of you if I thought you capable of yielding or receding. I do not even ask you to keep our conversation long a secret; so greatly does it preponderate in your favour; so much more of gentleness, of eloquence, and of argument. I came hither with one soldier, avoiding the cities, and sleeping at the villa of a confidential friend. To-night I sleep in yours, and, if your dinner does not disturb me, shall sleep soundly. You go early to rest, I know.

Lucullus. Not however by daylight. Be assured, Caius Julius, that greatly as your discourse afflicts me, no part of it shall escape my lips. If you approach the city with arms, with arms I meet you; then your denouncer and enemy, at present your host and confidant.

Cæsar. I shall conquer you.

Lucullus. That smile would cease upon it: you sigh already.

Cæsar. Yes, Lucullus, if I am oppressed I shall overcome my oppressor: I know my army and myself. A sigh escaped me; and many more will follow: but one transport will rise amid them, when, vanquisher of my enemies and avenger of my dignity, I press again the hand of Lucullus, mindful of this day.

MR. PITT AND MR. CANNING.

Pitt. Dear Canning, my constitution is falling to pieces, as fast as your old friend Sheridan would tell you, the constitution of the country is, under my management. Of all men living, you are the person I am most desirous to appoint my successor. My ambition is unsatisfied, while any doubt of my ability to accomplish it remains upon my mind. Nature has withholden from me the faculty of propagating my species: nor do I at all repine at it, as many would do: since every great man must have some imbecile one very near him, if not next to him, in descent.

Canning. I am much flattered, sir, by your choice of me, there being so many among your relatives who might expect it for themselves. However, this is only another instance of your great disinterestedness.

Pitt. You may consider it in that light if you will: but you must remember that those who have exercised power long together and without control, seldom care much about affinities. The Mamelukes do not look out for brothers and cousins: they have favourite slaves who leap into their saddles when vacant.

Canning. Among the rich families, or the ancient aristocracy of the kingdom . . .

Pitt. Hold your tongue! prythee hold your tongue! I hate and always hated these. I do not mean the rich: they served me. I mean the old houses: they overshadowed me. There is hardly one however that I have not disgraced or degraded: and I have filled them with smoke and sore eyes by raising a vassal's hut above them.

I desire to be remembered as the founder of a new system in England: I desire to bequeath my office by will, a verbal one: and I intend that you, and those who come after you, shall do the same!

As you are rather more rash than I could wish, and allow your words to betray your intentions; and as sometimes you run counter to them in your hurry to escape from them, having thrown them out foolishly where there was no occasion nor room; I would advise you never to speak until you have thoroughly learnt your sentences. Do not imagine that, because I have the gift of extemporary eloquence, you have the same. No man ever possessed it in the same degree, excepting the two fanatics, Wesley and Whitfield.

Canning. In the same degree certainly not; but many in some measure.

Pitt. Some measure is not enough.

Canning. Excuse me: Mr. Fox possessed it greatly, though not equally with you, and found it enough for his purpose.

Pitt. Fox foresaw, as any man of acuteness may do, the weaker parts of the argument that would be opposed to him, and he always learnt his replies: I had not time for it. I owe everything to the facility and fluency of my speech, excepting the name bequeathed me by my father: and, although I have failed in everything I undertook, and have cast in solid gold the clay colossus of France, people will consider me after my death as the most extraordinary man of my age.

Canning. Do you groan at this? or does the pain in your bowels grow worse? Shall I lift up the cushion of your other chair yonder?

Pitt. Oh! oh!

Canning. I will make haste, and then soften by manipulation those two or three letters of condolence.

Pitt. Oh! oh! . . . next to that cursed fellow who foiled me with his broken weapon, and befooled me with his half-wit, Bonaparte.

Canning. Be calmer, sir! be calmer.

Pitt. The gout and stone be in him! Port wine and Cheltenham-water! An Austrian wife, Italian jealousy, his country's ingratitude, and his own ambition, dwell with him everlastingly.

Canning. Amen! let us pray!

Pitt. Upon my soul, we have little else to do. I hardly know where we can turn ourselves.

Canning. Hard indeed! when we can not do that!

Be comforted, sir! The worse the condition of

the country, the greater is the want of us; the more power we shall possess, the more places we shall occupy and distribute.

Pitt. Statesmanlike reflection.

Canning. Those who have brought us into danger can alone bring us out, has become a maxim of the English people.

Pitt. If they should ever be strong again, they would crush us.

Canning. We have lightened them; and, having less ballast, they sail before the wind at the good pleasure of the pilot.

Pitt. A little while ago I would have made you chancellor or speaker, for composing and singing that capital song of the *Pilot:* so I thought it: at present I never hear the word but it gives me the sea-sickness, as surely as would a fishing-boat in the Channel. It sounds like ridicule.

Canning. We have weathered the storm.

Pitt. I have not. I never believed in any future state; but I have made a very damnable one of the present, both for myself and others. We never were in such danger from without or from within. Money-lenders and money-voters are satisfied: the devil must be in them if they are not: but we have taken the younger children's fortunes from every private gentleman in Great Britain.

Canning. Never think about it.

Pitt. I have formerly been in their houses: I have relatives and connections among them: if you had, you would sympathise. I feel as little as any man can feel for others, you excepted. And this utter indifference, this concentration, which inelegant men call selfishness, is among the reasons why I am disposed to appoint you my successor. You are aware that, should the people recover their senses, they would drive us in a dungcart to the scaffold: *me* they can not: I shall be gone.

Canning. We must prevent the possibility: we must go on weakening them. The viper that has bitten escapes: the viper that lies quiet in the road, is cut asunder.

Pitt. Why! Canning! I find in you both more reasoning and more poetry than I ever found before. Go on in this manner, and your glory as a poet will not rest on *pilots* and *pebbles*, nor on a ditch-side nettle or two of neglected satire. If you exhibit too much reflection, I may change my mind. You will do for my successor: you must not more than do.

Canning. On the contrary, sir, I feel in your presence my deep inferiority.

Pitt. That of course.

Canning. Condescend to give me some precepts, which, if your disease should continue, it might be painfuller to deliver at any other time. Do not, however, think that your life is at all in danger, or that the supreme power can remain long together in any hands but yours.

Pitt. Attempt not to flatter me, Canning, with the prospect of much longer life. The doctors of physic have hinted that it is time I should divert my attention from the affairs of Europe to my own: and the doctors of divinity drive oftener to the chancellor's door than to mine. The flight of these sable birds portends a change of season and a fall of bones.

I have warned you against some imprudences of yours: now let me warn you against some of mine. You are soberer than I am: but when you are rather warm over claret, you prattle childishly. For a successful minister three things are requisite on occasion; to speak like an honest man, to act like a dishonest one, and to be indifferent which you are called. Talk of God as gravely as if you believed in him. Unless you do this, I will not say what our Church does, you will be damned; but, what indeed is a politician's true damnation, you will be dismissed. Most very good men are stout partisans of some religion, and nearly all very bad ones. The old women about the prince are as notorious for praying as for prostitution; and if you lose the old women, you lose him. He is their prophet, he is their champion, and they are his Houris.

Canning. I shall experience no difficulty in observing this commandment. In our days, only men who have some unsoundness of conscience and some latent fear, reason against religion; and those only scoff at it who are pushed back and hurt by it.

Pitt. Canning! you must have brought this with you from Oxford: the sentiment is not yours even by adoption: it is too profound for you, and too well expressed. You are brilliant by the multitude of flaws, and not by the clearness or the quantity of light.

Canning. On second thoughts, I am not quite sure, not perfectly satisfied, that it is, as one may say, altogether mine.

Pitt. This avowal suggests another counsel.

Prevaricate as often as you can defend the prevarication, being close pressed: but, my dear Canning! never . . I would say . . . come, come, let me speak it plainly: my dear fellow, never lie.

Canning. How, sir! what, sir! pardon me, sir! But, sir! do you imagine I ever lied in my lifetime?

Pitt. The certainty that you never did, makes me apprehensive that you would do it awkwardly, if the salvation of the country (the only case in question) should require it.

Canning. I ought to be satisfied: and yet my feelings . . . If you profess that you believe me incapable . . .

Pitt. What is my profession? what is my belief? If a man believes a thing of me, how can I prevent or alter his belief? or what right have I to be angry at it? Do not play the fool before me. I sent for you to give you good advice. If you apprehend any danger of being thought, what it is impossible any man alive should ever think you, I am ready to swear in your favour as solemnly as I swore at Tooke's trial. I am presuming that

ill become prime minister; you will then lenty of folks ready to lie for you; and it be as ungentlemanly to lie yourself as to r your own hair or tie your own shoe-string. lly had Dundas at my elbow, who never lied on his honour, or supported the lie but is God. As for the more delicate duty of ication, take up those letters of inquiry and ence, whether you have rubbed the seals not in your promptitude to serve me, and em carefully by; and some years hence, anyone exclaims, "What would Mr. Pitt aid!" bring out one from your pocket, and This is the last letter his hand, stricken by could trace." Another time you may open om Burke, some thirty years after the sup- receipt of it, and say modestly, "Never but momentous occasion did that great man o me. He foretold, in the true spirit of cy, all our difficulties." But remember; quote him upon finance; else the House ugh at you. For Burke was as unable to a tailor's bill, as Sheridan is to pay it.

s about to give you another piece of advice, on recollection I find to be superfluous. my head sympathises very powerfully with omach, which the physicians tell me is the case, though not so much with us in s with the honourable gentlemen out. I the point of advising you never to neglect ivery of long speeches: the minister who short speeches enjoys short power. Now, gh I have constantly been in the habit of a great deal more than was requisite to the tion of my subject, for the same reason as when pursued, run over more ground than bring them into their thickets, I would voided it with you, principally to save my . You can no more stop when you are ag, than a ball can stop on an inclined You bounce at every impediment, and run ten with the very thing in your mouth e most malicious of your adversaries would ainst you; and showing what you would l, and concealing what you would show. s of no ill consequence to a minister: it r sincerity and plain dealing. It would have done at Christ-church or Eton: for lare detect anything, and laugh with all earts. I think it was my father who told it was not my father I forget who it was) minister must have two gifts: the gift of and the gift of the gab. Perfectly well do mber his defence of this last expression, somebody at table, on another occasion, vulgarism. At the end of the debate on asked the gentleman whether all things ot to have names; whether there was any for this; and whether the learning and ity of the company could invent one. portance of the faculty was admirably ed, he remarked, by the word *gift*: he lded, with a smile, "The alliteration itself merit: these short sayings are always the better for it: a pop-gun must have a pellet at both ends."

Ah, Canning! why have I not remembered my father as perfectly in better things? I have none of his wit, little of his wisdom: but all his experience, all his conduct, were before me and within my reach. I will not think about him now, when it would vex and plague me.

Canning. It is better to think of ourselves than of others; to consider the present as everything, the past and future as nothing.

Pitt. In fact, they are nothing: they do not exist: what does not exist, is nothing.

Canning. Supposing me to be prime minister . . . I am delighted at finding that the very idea has given a fresh serenity to your countenance.

Pitt. Because it makes me feel my power more intensely than ever; or at least makes me fancy I feel it. By my means, by my authority, you are to become the successor of a Shelburne, of a Rockingham, and a Chatham.

Canning. Sir, I request you to consider . . .

Pitt. Whether I have the right of alluding to what all have the right of recollecting, and which right all will exercise. I wish you as well as if, by some miracle in my favour, I had been enabled to beget you: that which I hope to do is hardly less miraculous; and, if I did not bring to my mind what you are, I should not feel what I am. Do not you partake of the sentiment? Would it be any great marvel or great matter, if the descendant of some ancient family stepped up to the summit of power; even with clean boots on? You must take many steps, and some very indirect ones; all which will only raise you in your own esteem, if you think like a politician.

You are prone to be confident and overweening. Be cautious not to treat parliament as you may fancy it deserves, and not to believe that you have bought votes when you have paid the money for them.

Canning. Why, sir?

Pitt. Because it will be expected of you in addition to speak for a given space of time. The people must be made to believe that their representatives are *persuaded*: and a few plain words are never thought capable of effecting this. Your zeal and anxiety to leave no scruple on the mind of any reasonable man, must be demonstrated by protestations and explanations; and your hatred of those who obscure the glory of England, in their attempts to throw impediments in your way, must burst forth vehemently, and stalk abroad, and now and then put on a suit that smells of gunpowder.

Canning. I have no objection to that.

Pitt. It saves many arguments, and stops more; and in short is the only comprehensible kind of *political economy*.

Whenever the liberty or restriction of the press is in debate, you will do wisely to sport a few touches of wit, or to draw out a few sentences of declamation on blasphemy and blasphemers. I have observed by the countenances of country

gentlemen, that there is something horrifying in the sound of the word, something that commands silence.

Canning. I do not well understand the meaning of it.

Pitt. Why should you? Are you to understand the meaning of everything you talk about? If you do, you will not be thought deep. Be fluent, and your audience will be over head and ears in love with you. Never stop short, and you will never be doubted. To be out of breath is the only sign of weakness that is generally understood in a chancellor of the exchequer. The bets, in that case, are instantly against him, and the sounder in wind carries off the king's plate.

Canning. I am aware that to talk solemnly of blasphemy, gives a man great weight at the time, and leaves it with him. But if a dissenter or a lawyer should ask me for a definition of a blasphemer?

Pitt. Wish the lawyer more prudence, and the dissenter more grace. Appeal to our forefathers.

Canning. To which of them? The elder would call the younger so, and the younger the elder.

Pitt. Idiots! but go on.

Canning. In our own days the Lutheran denounces the Unitarian for it: *he* retorts the denunciation. The Catholic comes between, to reconcile and reclaim them. At first he simmers; then he bubbles and boils; at last, inflamed with charity, he damns them both. "To you, adopted heir of the Devil and Perdition," says he to the believer in God's unity, "it would be folly and impiety to listen a moment longer. And you, idle hair-splitter, are ignorant, or pretend to be, that transubstantiation rests upon the same authority as trinitarianism. The one doctrine shocks the senses, the other shocks the reason: both require to be shocked, that faith may be settled."

"Very like your Saint Augustin," interposes the Unitarian: "he should have written this. When Faith enters the school-room, Reason must not whisper: if she might, she would say perhaps, the question is, whether the senses or arithmetic be the most liable to error."

"Sir! sir!" cries again the catholic, "you have no right to bring any question into the house of God without his leave, nor to push your sharp stick against the bellies of his sheep, making them shove one another and break the fold."

Pitt. Do not run wild in this way, retailing the merriment of your Oxford doctors in their snug parties. Such, I am sure, it must be: for you have not had time to read anything since you left Eton: you think but little, and that little but upon youself: nor has indeed the wing of your wit either such a strength of bone in it or such a vividness of plumage.

Canning. I don't know that. I must confess, however, I drew a good deal both of my wit and my divinity from our doctors, when they had risen twice or thrice from the bottle, and turned their backs on us from the corner of the room.

Pitt. I hope you will be rather more retentive; and remember at what time you are to lament, as well as at what time you are to joke and banter. On these occasions, lower your voice, assume an air of disdain or pity, bless God that such is the peculiar happiness of our most favoured country, every man may enjoy his opinion in security and peace.

Canning. But some, I shall be reminded, have been forced to enjoy it in solitude and prison.

Pitt. Never push an argument or a remark too far: and take care to have a fellow behind you who knows when to cry *question! question!* As for reminding, those only whom you forget, will remind you of anything. Others will give you full credit for the wisdom of all your plans, the aptness of all your replies, the vivacity of all your witticisms, and the rectitude of all your intentions.

Canning. Unless it should fatigue you, sir, will you open your views of domestic polity a little wider before me?

Pitt. Willingly. Never choose colleagues for friendship or wisdom. If friends, they will be importunate: if wise, they may be rivals. Choose them for two other things quite different; for tractability and connections. A few men of business, quite enough for you, may be picked up anywhere on the road-side. Be particular in selecting for all places and employments the handsomest young men, and those who have the handsomest wives, mothers, and sisters. Every one of these brings a large party with him; and it rarely happens that any such is formidable for mental prowess. The man who can bring you three votes, is preferable to him who can bring you thrice your own quantity of wisdom. For, although in private life we may profit much by the acquisition of so much more of it than we had ourselves, yet in public we know not what to do with it. Often it stands in our way; often it hides us; sometimes we are oppressed by it. Oppose in all elections the man, whatever may be his party or principles, who is superior to yourself in attainments, particularly in ratiocination and eloquence. Bring forward, when places are found for all the men of rank who present themselves, those who believe they resemble you; young declaimers, young poets, young critics, young satirists, young journalists, young magazine-men, and young lampooners and libellers: that is, those among them who have never been more than ducked and cudgelled. Every soul of them will hope to succeed you by adoption.

My father made this remark *, in his florid way. When an insect dips into the surface of a stream, it forms a circle round it, which catches a quick radiance from the sun or moon, while the stiller water on every side flows without any; in like manner a small politician may attract the notice of the king or people, by putting into

* Pitt's father never made it: but it was necessary to attribute it to some other person than Pitt himself.

motion the pliant element about him; while quieter men pass utterly away, leaving not even this weak impression, this momentary sparkle. On which principle Dundas used to say, "Keep shoving, keep shoving!" I do not know whether the injunction was taken by all his acquaintance in the manner and in the direction he intended.

A great deal has been spoken, in the House and out of the House, on parliamentary reform.

Canning. I have repeatedly said that without it there is no salvation for the country: this is embarrassing.

Pitt. Not at all: oppose it: say you have changed your mind: let that serve for your reason; and do not stumble upon worse by running against an adversary. You will find the country going on just as it has gone on.

Canning. Bad enough; God knows!

Pitt. But only for the country. People will see that the fields and the cattle, the streets and the inhabitants, look as usual. The houses stand, the chimneys smoke, the pavements hold together: this will make them wonder at your genius in keeping them up, after all the prophecies they have heard about their going down. Men draw their ideas from sight and hearing. They do not know that the ruin of a nation is in its probity, its confidence, its comforts. While they see every day the magnificent equipages of contractors and brokers, read of sumptuous dinners given by cabinet-ministers and army agents, and are invited to golden speculations in the East and in the West, they fancy there is an abundance of prosperity and wealth; whereas, in fact, it is in these very places that wealth and prosperity are shut up, accumulated, and devoured.

I deferred from session to session a reform in parliament; because, having sworn to promote it by all the means in my power, I did not wish to seem perjured to the people. In the affair of Maidstone nobody could prove me so: I only swore I had forgotten what nobody but myself could swear that I remembered. It was evident to the whole world that I was a perjured man; it was equally that I was a powerful one: and the same nation which would have sent another to the pillory, sent me to the Privy Council. It is inconceivable to you what pleasure I felt in committing it, when I reflected on the difference it proved between me and people in general. But beware of fancying you resemble me. My father's crutch was my sceptre, and it will fall into the grave with me. There is no bequeathing or devising this part of the inheritance. I improved it not a little. My adherents at Maidstone thought my father would have hesitated to forget so bravely. Appearances were against me. The main object of my early life, what I had repeated every day, what brought me into credit and into power, was unlikely to escape my memory in an instant; and in the midst of those who at that time had surrounded me, applauded me, and followed me. Yet bishops and chancellors will drink to me after my death, as the most honest man that ever lived.

Canning. What! even when they can get nothing and want nothing from you?

Pitt. They want from me more than you are aware of: they want my example to stand upon. They will take their aim against our country from behind my statue.

Canning. She has fleshier parts about her than the heel, and their old snags will stick tight in them till they rattle in the coffin.

Pitt. Do not disturb them. You may give over your dalliance with reform whenever you are tired of it. You did not begin as a states-*man* but as a states-*boy*: you were under me: and you can not act more wisely than by telling folks that I had seen my error in the latter part of my life.

Canning. Perhaps they will not believe me.

Pitt. Likely enough! but courtesy and interest will require their acquiescence, and they will act as if they did. The noisiest of the opposition are the lawyers; partly from rudeness, partly from rapacity. Lay it down as a rule for your conduct, that the most honest one in parliament is as indifferent about his party as about his brief: whoever offers him his fee has him. Of these there is hardly an individual who had any more of a qualification than you or I had: yet they assume it, as well as we. Is there in this no fallacy, no fraud? Some of them were so wretchedly poor, that a borrowed watch-key hung from a broken shoestring at their tattered fob; and when they could obtain on credit a yard of damaged muslin for their noses, they begged a pinch of snuff at the next box they saw open, and sneezed that they might reasonably display their acquisition.

Canning. I wonder that these people should cry out so loudly for a fairer representation.

Pitt. Some have really the vanity to believe that they would be chosen, and might choose their colleagues; others follow orders; the greater part wish no such thing; and, if they thought it likely to succeed, would never call for it. The fact is this: the most honest and independent members of parliament are elected by the rotten boroughs. They pay down their own money, and give their own votes: they are not subservient to the aristocracy nor to the treasury. The same can not be said on any other description of members. I never ventured to make such a remark in parliament. The people would be alarmed and struck with horror, if you clearly showed that the very best part of their representation is founded on nothing sounder than on rank corruption. Perhaps I am imprudent in suggesting the fact to you, knowing your *diabetes* of mind, and having found that your tongue is as easily set in motion, and as unconsciously, as the head of a mandarin on the chimney-piece at an inn.

Cease to be speculative.

Canning. We cease to be speculative when we touch the object.

Pitt. It is then unnecessary to remind you that you want only a numerical majority. Talents

count for talents; respectability for respectability. The veriest fag that Dundas ever breeched for the South gives as efficient a vote as a Romilly or a Newport.

In the beginning of my career as minister, I sometimes wished that I could have become so and have been consistent. I have since found that inconsistency is taken for a proof of greatness in a politician. "He knows how to manage men; he sees what the times require: his great mind bends majestically to the impulse of the world." These things are said, or will be. Certain it is, when a robe is blown out by the wind, showing now the outer side, now the inner, then one colour, then another, it seems the more capacious, and the richer.

If at any time you are induced by policy, or impelled by nature, to commit an action more ungenerous or more dishonest than usual; if at anytime you shall have brought the country into worse disgrace or under more imminent danger; talk and look bravely: swear, threaten, bluster: be witty, be pious: sneer, scoff: look infirm, look gouty: appeal to immortal God that you desire to remain in office so long only as you can be beneficial to your king and country: that however, at such a time as the present, you should be reluctant to leave the most flourishing of nations a prey to the wild passions of insatiate demagogues: and that nothing but the commands of your venerable sovran, and the unequivocal voice of the people that recommended you to his notice, shall ever make you desert the station to which the hand of Providence conducted you. They have keen eyes who can see through all these words: I have never found any such, and have tried thousands. The man who possesses them may read Swedenborg and Kant while he is being tossed in a blanket.

Above all things keep your friends and dependents in good humour and good condition. If they lose flesh, you lose people's confidence. My cook, two summers ago, led me to this reflection at Walmer. Finding him in the court-yard, and observing that, however round and rosy, he looked melancholy, and struck his hips with his fist very frequently as he walked along, I called to him, and when he turned round, inquired of him what had happened to discompose him. He answered that Sam Spack the butcher had failed.

"Well, what then?" said I, "unless you mean that his creditors may come upon me for the last two years' bill." He shook his head, and told me that he had lent Sam Spack all he was worth, a good five hundred pounds. "The greater fool you!" replied I. "Why, sir!" said he, opening his hand to show the clearness of his demonstration, "who would not have lent him anything? when he swore and ate like the devil, and drank as if he was in hell, and his dog was fatter than the best calf in Kent."

It occurs to me that I owe this unfortunate cook several years' wages. Write down his name, William Ruffhead. You must do something to help him: a diversion on the coast of France would be sufficient: order one for him: in six months he may fairly pocket his quiet twenty thousands, and have his paltry three guineas aday for life. Write above the name, "deputy commissary." Ruffhead is so honest a creature, he will only be a dogfish in a shoal of sharks.

Never consent to any reduction in the national expenditure. Consider what is voted by parliament for public services as your own property. The largest estate in England would go but a little way in procuring you partisans and adherents: these loosely counted millions purchase them. I have smiled when people in the simplicity of their hearts applauded me for neglecting the aggrandisement of my fortune. Every rood of land in the British dominions has a mine beneath it, out of which, by a vote of parliament, I oblige the proprietor to extract as much as I want, as often as I will. From every tobacco-pipe in England a dependent of mine takes a whiff; from every salt-vase a spoonful. I have given more to my family than is possessed by those of Tamerlane and Aurungzebe; and I distribute to the amount of fifty millions a-year in the manner I deem convenient. What is any man's private purse other than that into which he can put his hand at his option? Neither my pocket nor my house, neither the bank nor the treasury, neither London nor Westminster, neither England nor Europe, are capacious enough for mine: it swings between the Indies, and sweeps the whole ocean.

Canning. I am aware of it. You spend only what you have time and opportunity for spending. No man gives better dinners: few better wine . .

Pitt. Canning! Canning! Canning! always blundering into some coarse compliment!

Reminding me of wine, you remind me of my death, and the cause of it. To spite the French and Bonaparte, I would not drink claret: Madeira was too heating: hock was too light and acid for me.

Canning. Seltzer water takes off this effect; the Dean of Christchurch tells me.

Pitt. It might have made my speeches windier than was expedient; and I declined to bring into action a steam-engine of such power, with Mr. Speaker in front and the treasury-bench in rear of me. The detestable beverage of Oporto is now burning my entrails.

Canning. Beverage fit for the condemned.

Pitt. If condemned for poisoning.

As you must return to London in the morning, and as I may not be disposed or able to talk much at another time, what remains to be said I will say now.

Never be persuaded to compose a mixed administration of whigs and tories: for, as you can not please them equally, each will plot eternally to supplant you by some leader of its party.

Employ men of less knowledge and perspicacity

than yourself, if you can find them. Do not let any stand too close or too much above; because in both positions they may look down into your shallows and see the weeds at the bottom. Authors may be engaged by you; but never pamper them; keep them in wind and tractability by hard work. Many of them are trusty while they are needy: enrich them only with promised lands, enjoying the most extensive prospect and most favourable exposure. For my part, I little respect any living author. The only one, ancient or modern, I ever read with attention, is Bolingbroke, who was recommended to me for a model. His principles, his heart, his style, have formed mine exclusively: everything sits easy upon him: mostly I like him because he supersedes inquiry: the thing best to do and to inculcate. We should have been exterminated long ago, if the House of Commons had not thought so, and had not voted us a Bill of Indemnity: which I was certain I could obtain as often as I should find it necessary, be the occasion what it might. Neither free governments nor arbitrary have such security: ours is constituted for evasion. I hope nobody may ever call me the *Pilot of the Escape-boat*. In Turkey I should have been strangled; in Algiers I should have been impaled; in America I should have mounted the gallows in the market-place; in Sweden I should have been pistoled at a public dinner or court-ball: in England I am extolled above my father.

Ah Canning! how delighted, how exultant was I, when I first heard this acclamation! When I last heard it, how sorrowful! how depressed! He was always thwarted, and always succeeded: I was always seconded, and always failed. He left the country flourishing; I leave it impoverished, exhausted, ruined. He left many able statesmen; I leave *you*.

Excuse me: dying men are destined to feel and privileged to say unpleasant things.

Good night! I retire to rest.

ARCHBISHOP BOULTER AND PHILIP SAVAGE.*

Boulter. Heartily glad am I to see you, my brother, if, in these times of calamity and desolation, such a sentiment may be expressed or felt. My wife is impatient to embrace her sister.

Savage. My lord primate, I did not venture to bring her with me from Dublin, wishing to wait until I had explored the road, and had experienced the temper of the people.

Boulter. I much regret her absence, and yet more the cause of it: let me hope however that nothing unexpectedly unpleasant has occurred to you in your journey hither.

Savage. I came on horseback, attended by one servant. Had I been prudent, he would not have worn his livery; for hardly any object is more offensive to the poor, in seasons of distress, than a servant in livery, spruce and at his ease. They attach to it the idea of idleness and comfort, which they contrast with their own hard labour and its ill requital.

Two miles from Armagh, we were met by a multitude of work-people; they asked my groom who I was; he told them my name, and, perhaps in the pride of his heart, my office. Happily they never had heard of the one or the other. They then inclosed me, and insisted on knowing whether I came with orders from the castle, to fire upon them; as had been threatened some days before.

"For what? my honest friends!" cried I.

"For wanting bread and asking it," was the answer that ran from mouth to mouth, frequently repeated, and deepening at every repetition, till hoarseness and weakness made it drop and cease. I then assured them that no such orders were given, or would ever be; and that the king and government were deeply afflicted at their condition, which however was only temporary.

Upon this there came forward one from among them; and laying his hand upon the mane of my horse, he laughed till he staggered. I looked at him in amaze. When he had recovered himself a little from his transport, he said, "I hope you are honest, my friend! for you talk like a fool, which in people of your sort is a token of it, though sometimes one no weightier than Will Wood's for a halfpenny. But prythee now, my jewel, how can you in your conscience take upon yourself to say, that the king and his ministers care a flea's rotten tooth, whether or not we crack with emptiness and thirst, so long as our arms fill their bellies, and drive away troublesome neighbours while they are napping afterward! Deeply afflicted! is it deeply afflicted! O' my soul, one would think there was as much pleasure in deep affliction as in deep drinking, or even more: for many have

* Boulter, primate of Ireland, and president of the council, saved that kingdom from pestilence and famine in the year 1729, by supplying the poor with bread, medicines, attendance, and every possible comfort and accommodation. Again in 1740 and 1741 two hundred and fifty thousands were fed, twice a day, *principally at his expense*, as we find in *La Biographie Universelle*; an authority the least liable to suspicion. He built hospitals at Drogheda and Armagh, and endowed them richly. No private man, in any age or country, has contributed so largely to relieve the sufferings of his fellow-creatures; to which object he and his wife devoted their ample fortunes, both during their lives and after their decease.

Boulter was certainly the most disinterested, the most humane, the most beneficent man that ever guided the councils of Ireland. I am not certain that I should have thought of offering this tribute to his memory, if his connexion with my family by his marriage had not often reminded me of him: for we do not always bear in mind what is due to others unless there is something at home to stimulate the recollection.

Philip Savage, Chancellor of the Exchequer, was likewise so irreproachable, that even Swift, the reviler of Somers, could find in him no motive for satire and no room for discontent.

washed away their lands with claret, and have then given over drinking; but where is the good fellow who has done anything in this quarter by way of raising his head above such a deep affliction? Has the king or his lord-lieutenant sent us the value of a mangy sow's bristle? I may be mistaken, but I am apt to think that, shallow as we are bound to believe we are in other things, our affliction is as deep as theirs, or near upon it; and yet we never said a word about the matter. We only said we were naked and starving, and quitted our cabins that we may leave to our fathers and mothers our own beds to die on, and that we may hear no longer the cries of our wives and little ones, which, let me tell you, are very different in those who are famishing from any we ever heard before. Deeply afflicted! Now afore God! what miseries have they suffered, or have they seen? I hear of rich people in Dublin with such a relish for deep affliction, they will give eighteen pence for a book to read of it."

Partly in hopes of proceeding, and partly in commiseration, I slipped a guinea into the fellow's hand. He took it, and did not thank me, but continuing to hold it together with my horse's mane, he said, "Come along with me." I thought it prudent to comply. At the distance of about a mile, on the right hand, is the cabin to which I was conducted. A wretched horse was standing half within it and half without, and exhibiting in his belly and ribs the clearest signs of famine and weariness. "Let us hear," said my guide, "what is going on."

I dismounted and stood with him. Looking round about the tenement, I found no article of furniture; for the inhabitant was lying on the floor, covered with his clothes only. Against the wall of the doorway was hanging from a nail a broken tin tobacco-box, kept open by a ring, which had formerly been the ornament of a pig's snout. Its more recent service was to make a hole in a piece of paper, on which I read, "Notice to quit."

There was a priest in the cabin, who spoke, as nearly as I can recollect, these words: "You are the only catholic in the parish, and ought to set an example to the rest of them about you."

"Father!" said a weak voice, "you told me I might go to the archbishop's when I grew stouter, and get what I could; it being the spoil of an enemy. Such was my hunger on first recovering from the fever, and the worse perhaps from having had nothing to eat for a couple of days, that, when the servants gave me a basin of broth, I swallowed it. None of them had the charity to warn me that it was a piece of beef which was lying at the bottom, or to tell me that (for what they knew) it might be a turnip; so, without thinking at all about it, I just let it take its own way! There was no more of it than the size of a good potato: a healthy man would have made but four bites of it: I had a bitch that would have swallowed it at one, when she had whelps. I have seen a man who would make so little of it, he would let his wife eat it all, at a meal or two: it was next to nothing. In my mind, I have a doubt whether, as there might be some fever left upon me, it was not rather the show of beef rising out of the broth, than real beef. For sure enough I might mistake, as I might in thinking I was well again, when I had still the fever; which could scarcely come back upon me for eating, when it had come upon me the week before for not eating. Howsoever, I went home and laid myself down and slept, and dreamt of angels with ladles of soup in their hands, some looking ugly enough, and others laughing, and one of them led that very horse of yours into the cabin: I should know him again anywhere: we looked in each other's face for ten minutes.. then down he threw himself on me, as though I were no better than ling and fern. There he would have staid, I warrant, till sunrise, if it had not been Sunday morning."

"How!" cried the priest. "What then! all this iniquity was committed upon the Saturday!" "This day week," answered the sick man, humbled as much, I suspect, by blundering into the confession, as he was by the reproof.

"And now, by my soul! our Lady calls you to an account, sinner!" said the priest angrily. "I would not wonder if the arch-heretic, you call archbishop, gave out so many thousand bowls of soup a day, for the sake of drowning that soul of yours, swiller and swine! Hither have I been riding a matter of thirteen miles, to see that every thing is going on as it ought, and not an ounce of oatmeal or a potato in the house."

The poor inhabitant of the cabin sighed aloud. My conductor strode softly toward the priest, and, twitching him by the sleeve, asked him softly what he thought of the man's health. The poor creature heard the question, and much more distinctly the answer, which was, that he could not live out another day. He requested the holy man to hear his confession: the most grievous part of it had been made already: but now the piece of beef had its real size and weight given to it: he had eaten it with pleasure, with knowledge: he had gone to bed upon it: he had tried to sleep: he had slept: he had said no more *ave-maries* than ordinarily. A soul labouring under such a mountain of sin required (God knows how many) masses for its purgation and acquittance.

"Be aisy!" said my conductor. "He shall sup with our blessed Lord in Paradise by seven o'clock to-morrow night, if masses can mash potatoes, or there is buttermilk above."

On saying this, he pulled open the priest's hand, slapped it with some violence, left the guinea in it, and wished me a pleasant ride. I could not bear to let him quit me so abruptly, glad as I should have been before at his departure. I asked him whether the dying man was his relative. He said, "No." I wished to replace his generosity somewhat more largely.

"Sir!" said he, "I have enough for several days yet: when it is gone, the archbishop will give me what he gives the rest. As for that mass-monger, he shall eat this rasher of bacon with me

this blessed night, or I'll be damned." So saying, he drew a thin slice from his pocket, neither wrapt in paper nor in bread.

Boulter. I hope soon to find out this worthy man, the warmth of whose heart may well atone for that of his expressions: but, lest he should be too urgent in his invitation, I will immediately send one to my brother clergyman, entreating him to dine with us. We have always fish on Fridays and Saturdays from the lake near us, in case we may be favoured by any Roman Catholic visiter.

This slight displeasure is, I hope, the only one you have met with.

Philip Savage. I must confess it grieved me to see the sheriff's officers erecting the gallows at the entrance of the city: it must exasperate the populace. Men in the extremity of suffering lose sooner the sense of fear than the excitability to indignation: the people of Ireland have endured enough already.

Boulter. Indeed have they. It was thought the excess of hard-heartedness, when men asked for bread, to give a stone; but better a stone than a halter.

Philip Savage. As our country-gentlemen, in this part of Ireland particularly, are rather worse than semi-barbarous, and hear nothing from their cradles but threats and defiance, they may deem it requisite and becoming to erect this formidable signal of regular government against the advances of insurrection.

Boulter. More are made insurgents by firing on them than by feeding them; and men are more dangerous in the field than in the kitchen.

Philip Savage. In critical times, such as these, some coercion and some intimidation may be necessary. We must be vigilant and resolute against the ill-intentioned.

Boulter. My dear brother! would it not be wiser to give other intentions to the ill-intentioned? Cruelty is no more the cure of crimes than it is the cure of sufferings: compassion, in the first instance, is good for both: I have known it bring compunction when nothing else would. I forbear to enlarge on the enormous inhumanity of inflicting the punishment of death for small offences: yet I must remind you to ask yourself, whether, in your belief, ten years ever elapsed in Ireland, or even in England, without some capital sentence wrongfully pronounced. If this be the case, and most men think it is, does it not occur to you that such a penalty should for ever be expunged from our statute-book? Severe as another may be, reparation of some kind may be made, on the detection of its injustice. But what reparation can reach the dead from the living? What reparation can even reach the judge who condemned him? for he too must be almost as much a sufferer. In vain will the jurymen split and subdivide the responsibility: in vain will they lament that nothing now can mitigate the verdict. Release then the innocent from this long suffering, if you will not release the guilty from a shorter. What can be expected from the humanity of men, habituated to see death inflicted on their fellow-men, for offences which scarcely bring an inconvenience on the prosecutor? And what can be expected from the judgment of those above them, who denounce vengeance to preserve peace, and take away life to show respect for property? More ferocity hath issued from under English scarlet than from under American ochre. Violent resentments are the natural propensities of untamed man: the protection of our property does not require them.

Philip Savage. The legislator and judge feel none.

Boulter. Why then imitate them in voice and action? Is there anything lovely or dignified in such an imitation?

Philip Savage. Our judges in these days are not often guilty of the like unseemliness, which was common fifty years ago.

Boulter. Certainly they are less boisterous and blustering than under the first James and the first Charles, and have wiped away much of that rudeness and effrontery which is chastened in other professions by civiler company and more salutary awe: nevertheless, at the commencement of the disturbances which this famine brought about, many poor wretches were condemned to death, after much intemperate language from the judges, who declined to present petitions on their behalf to the lord-lieutenant, as I told you in my letter. Probably they are little pleased that his flexibility of temper hath yielded to our remonstrances and authority. Painful would be my situation as president of the council, and yours as chancellor of the exchequer, if such people as are usually sent hither for lords-lieutenants were as refractory as they are remiss. I trust it will ever be found convenient to appoint men of clemency to the first station, and that I shall never be forced to exercise on them the powers entrusted to me of coercion and control.

It is well when people can believe that their misfortunes are temporary. How can we apply such a term to pestilence and famine?

Philip Savage. Surely the violence of the evil eats away the substance of it speedily. Pestilence and famine are, and always have been, temporary and brief.

Boulter. Temporary they are, indeed: brief are they, very brief. But why? because life is so under them. To the world they are extremely short: but can we say they are short to him who bears them? And of such there are thousands, tens of thousands, in this most afflicted, most neglected country. The whole of a life, be it what it may be, is not inconsiderable to him who leaves it; any more than the whole of a property, be it but an acre, is inconsiderable to him who possesses it. Whether want and wretchedness last for a month or for half a century, if they last as long as the sufferer, they are to him of very long duration. Let us try then rather to remove the evils of Ireland, than to persuade those who undergo them

that there are none. For, if they could be thus persuaded, we should have brutalised them first to such a degree, as would render them more dangerous than they were in the reigns of Elizabeth or Charles.

There will never be a want of money, or a want of confidence, in any well-governed state that has been long at peace, and without the danger of its interruption. But a want of the necessaries of life, in peasants or artisans, when the seasons have been favourable, is a certain sign of defect in the constitution, or of criminality in the administration. It may not be advisable or safe to tell every one this truth: yet it is needful to inculcate it on the minds of governors, and to repeat it until they find the remedy: else the people, one day or other, will send those out to look for it who may trample down more in the search than suits good husbandry.

God be praised! we have no such exclamation to make as that of Ecclesiastes. "Woe to thee, O land! whose king is a child:" An evil that may afflict a land under the same king, for years indefinite. Our gracious sovran, ever mindful of his humble origin, and ever grateful to the people who raised him from it to the most exalted throne in the universe, a throne hung round with the trophies of Cressy, Agincourt, Poictiers, and Blenheim, has little inclination to imitate the ruinous pride of Louis the Fourteenth: to expend his revenues, much less those of his people, in the excavation of rivers, the elevation of mountains, and the transplantation of Asia, with all her gauds and vanities, under the gilded domes of faery palaces.

Philip Savage. Versailles is a monument, raised by the king of one country for the benefit of kings in all others, warning each in successive generations, not to exhaust the labour and patience of his people, by the indulgence of his profusion and sensuality.

Boulter. Let us hope, my brother, that the poverty this structure has entailed on the French, may not hereafter serve for the foundation of more extensive evils, and exacerbate a heartless race, ever disposed to wanton cruelties, until they at last strike down the virtuous for standing too near, and for warning them where their blows should fall. In which case they will become even worse slaves than they are, from the beating they must, sooner or later, undergo.

If I could leave the country in its present state, and if I possessed the same advantage of daily access to the king, as when I attended him from Germany, I should take the liberty of representing to him, that his own moderation of expenditure might well be copied in the public, and that some offices and some pensions in this country might be lopped off, without national dishonour or popular discontent.

Philip Savage. There has always been an outcry against places and pensions, whether the country was flourishing or otherwise. We may lop until we cut our fingers and disable ourselves for harder work. Surely a man of your grace's discernment would look well to it first, and remember that, where the sun is let in, the wind too may let in itself.

Boulter. A want of caution is not among my defects; nor is an unsteady deference to the clamours of the multitude. It is necessary to ask sometimes even well-dressed men, have not the judges places? is not every office of trust a place? and can any government be conducted without its functionaries? I do not follow the public cry, nor run before it. Pensions too, occasionally, are just and requisite. What man of either party will deny, that a Marlborough and a Peterborough deserved such a token of esteem, from the country they served so gloriously? or that the payment of even a large annuity, to such illustrious men, is not in the end the best economy? These rewards stimulate exertion and create merit. They likewise display to other nations our justice, our generosity, our power, our wealth; and are the best monuments we can erect to Victory. Do not be alarmed lest the people should insist on too rigorous a defalcation. The British people, and still more the Irish, would resent, as a private wrong, the tearing one leaf from the brow of a brave defender. On the contrary, to say nothing of clerks and commissaries, the grant of pensions to ambassadors and envoys, who can not act from their own judgment, and who only execute the orders of others, without the necessity of genius, of learning, of discernment, or of courage, is superfluous to a nation in its prosperity, and insulting to one in its distress. They are always chosen out of private friendship; and their stipends, while they act, are only presents made to them by their patrons. To pay them afterward for having taken the trouble to receive these presents, is less needful than to send a Christmas-box to my wigmaker, because I had preferred him already, and had paid him handsomely for making me a wig at Midsummer. Should we not think him a foolish man if he expected it, and an impudent one if he asked it?

We are so fortunate as to have few pensions to discharge, and little debt: nevertheless, in times disastrous like these, when many thousands, I might say millions, are starving, and when persons once in affluence have neither bread nor work, it behoves us, who wish security and respectability to the government, to deduct from waste and riot that which was not given originally for distinguished merit, and which may now save the lives of generations, and scarcely take the garnish off one dish in the second courses of a few.

At my table you will find only ordinary fare; and I hardly know whether I am not sinning while I thank my God that it is plentiful.

JOHN OF GAUNT AND JOANNA OF KENT.

Joanna. How is this, my cousin,* that you are besieged in your own house, by the citizens of London? I thought you were their idol.

Gaunt. If their idol, madam, I am one which they may tread on as they list when down; but which, by my soul and knighthood! the ten best battle-axes among them shall find it hard work to unshrine.

Pardon me . . I have no right perhaps to take or touch this hand . . yet, my sister, bricks and stones and arrows are not presents fit for you: let me conduct you some paces hence.

Joanna. I will speak to those below in the street: quit my hand: they shall obey me.

Gaunt. If you intend to order my death, madam, your guards who have entered my court, and whose spurs and halberts I hear upon the staircase, may overpower my domestics; and, seeing no such escape as becomes my dignity, I submit to you. Behold my sword at your feet! Some formalities, I trust, will be used in the proceedings against me. Entitle me, in my attainder, not John of Gaunt, not Duke of Lancaster, not King of Castile; nor commemorate my father, the most glorious of princes, the vanquisher and pardoner of the most powerful; nor style me, what those who loved or who flattered me did when I was happier, cousin to the Fair Maid of Kent. Joanna! those days are over! But no enemy, no law, no eternity can take away from me, or move farther off, my affinity in blood to the conqueror in the field of Cressy, of Poictiers, and Najora. Edward was my brother when he was but your cousin; and the edge of my shield has clinked on his in many a battle. Yes, we were ever near, if not in worth, in danger.

Joanna. Attainder! God avert it! Duke of Lancaster, what dark thought . . . Alas! that the Regency should have known it! I came hither, sir, for no such purpose as to ensnare or incriminate or alarm you.

These weeds might surely have protected me from the fresh tears you have drawn forth.

Gaunt. Sister, be comforted! this visor too has felt them.

Joanna. O my Edward! my own so lately! Thy memory . . thy beloved image . . which never hath abandoned me . . makes me bold; I dare not say generous; for in saying it I should cease to be so . . and who could be called generous by the side of thee! I will rescue from perdition the enemy of my son.

Cousin, you loved your brother: love then what was dearer to him than his life: protect what he, valiant as you have seen him, can not! The father, who foiled so many, hath left no enemies: the innocent child, who can injure no one, finds them!

Why have you unlaced and laid aside your visor? Do not expose your body to those missiles. Hold your shield before yourself, and step aside. I need it not. I am resolved . .

Gaunt. On what, my cousin? Speak, and by the Lord! it shall be done. This breast is your shield; this arm is mine.

Joanna. Heavens! who could have hurled those masses of stone from below! they stunned me. Did they descend all of them together? or did they split into fragments on hitting the pavement?

Gaunt. Truly I was not looking that way: they came, I must believe, while you were speaking.

Joanna. Aside! aside! further back! disregard *me!* Look! that last arrow sticks half its head deep in the wainscot. It shook so violently, I did not see the feather at first.

No, no, Lancaster! I will not permit it. Take your shield up again; and keep it all before you. Now step aside . . I am resolved to prove whether the people will hear me.

Gaunt. Then, madam, by your leave . . .

Joanna. Hold! forbear! Come hither! hither . . not forward.

Gaunt. Villains! take back to your kitchens those spits and skewers that you forsooth would fain call swords and arrows; and keep your bricks and stones for your graves!

Joanna. Imprudent man! who can save you? I shall be frightened: I must speak at once.

O good kind people! ye who so greatly loved me, when I am sure I had done nothing to deserve it, have I (unhappy me!) no merit with you now, when I would assuage your anger, protect your fair fame, and send you home contented with yourselves and me! Who is he, worthy citizens, whom ye would drag to slaughter?

True indeed he did revile some one; neither I nor you can say whom; some feaster and rioter, it seems, who had little right (he thought) to carry sword or bow, and who, to show it, hath slunk away. And then another raised his anger; he was indignant that, under his roof, a woman should be exposed to stoning. Which of you would not be as choleric in a like affront! In the house of which among you, should I not be protected as resolutely!

No, no: I never can believe those angry cries. Let none ever tell me again he is the enemy of my son, of his king, your darling child Richard. Are your fears more lively than a poor weak female's? than a mother's? yours, whom he hath so often led to victory, and praised to his father, naming each . . He, John of Gaunt, the defender

* Joanna, called the fair maid of Kent, was cousin of the Black Prince, whom she married. John of Gaunt was suspected of aiming at the crown in the beginning of Richard's minority, which, increasing the hatred of the people against him for favouring the sect of Wicliffe, excited them to demolish his house and to demand his impeachment.

of the helpless, the comforter of the desolate, the rallying signal of the desperately brave!

Retire, Duke of Lancaster! This is no time . .

Gaunt. Madam, I obey: but not through terror of that puddle at the house-door, which my handful of dust would dry up. Deign to command me!

Joanna. In the name of my son then, retire!

Gaunt. Angelic goodness! I must fairly win it.

Joanna. I think I know his voice that crieth out, "Who will answer for him?" An honest and loyal man's, one who would counsel and save me in any difficulty and danger. With what pleasure and satisfaction, with what perfect joy and confidence, do I answer our right-trusty and well-judging friend!

"Let Lancaster bring his sureties," say you, "and we separate." A moment yet before we separate; if I might delay you so long, to receive your sanction of those sureties; for in such grave matters it would ill become us to be over-hasty. I could bring fifty, I could bring a hundred, not from among soldiers, not from among courtiers, but selected from yourselves, were it equitable and fair to show such partialities, or decorous in the parent and guardian of a king to offer any other than herself.

Raised by the hand of the Almighty from amidst you, but still one of you, if the mother of a family is a part of it, here I stand, surety for John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, for his loyalty and allegiance.

Gaunt (*running toward Joanna*). Are the rioters then bursting into the chamber through the windows?

Joanna. The windows and doors of this solid edifice rattled and shook at the people's acclamation. My word is given for you: this was theirs in return. Lancaster! what a voice have the people when they speak out! It shakes me with astonishment, almost with consternation, while it establishes the throne: what must it be when it is lifted up in vengeance!

Gaunt. Wind; vapour . .

Joanna. . . Which none can wield nor hold. Need I say this to my cousin of Lancaster?

Gaunt. Rather say, madam, that there is always one star above which can tranquillise and control them.

Joanna. Go, cousin! another time more sincerity!

Gaunt. You have this day saved my life from the people: for I now see my danger better, when it is no longer close before me. My Christ! if ever I forget . .

Joanna. Swear not: every man in England hath sworn what you would swear. But if you abandon my Richard, my brave and beautiful child, may . . Oh! I could never curse, nor wish an evil: but, if you desert him in the hour of need, you will think of those who have not deserted you, and your own great heart will lie heavy on you, Lancaster!

Am I graver than I ought to be, that you look dejected? Come then, gentle cousin, lead me to my horse, and accompany me home. Richard will embrace us tenderly. Every one is dear to every other upon rising out fresh from peril: affectionately then will he look, sweet boy, upon his mother and his uncle! Never mind how many questions he may ask you, nor how strange ones. His only displeasure, if he has any, will be, that he stood not against the rioters; or among them.

Gaunt. Older than he have been as fond of mischief, and as fickle in the choice of a party.

I shall tell him that, coming to blows, the assailant is often in the right; that the assailed is always.

M. VILLELE AND M. CORBIERE.

Villèle. We are safe: God defends the monarchy. The Giraffe is arrived.

Corbière. The Giraffe!

Villèle. The Giraffe, the Giraffe.

Corbière. I pay little attention to these barbarians: they enter not within my department. In what canton of India are his dominions?

Villèle. Whose dominions? You are absent, my dear Corbière.

Corbière. No, not at all. I suspected he would be troublesome to Pondicherry. I know very well he has agents at Madagascar. A schooner off Cape Verde might . . . Let us think of it. We never can trust the English near us. We ought not to have ceded to them so much at the late peace, when we made them come to us in Paris and had them under our thumb. Our trade languishes extremely in those colonies.

Villèle. Pardon me: I spoke of the Giraffe, that the Pasha of Egypt has sent over, in homage to his ally and friend, our most august master.

Corbière. Oh! I did not recollect at first that the Egyptians call by that name their old mummies and obelisks . .

Villèle. It is no mummy, no obelisk, but a return for the fine frigate . .

Corbière. Very true! very true! these nautical terms always escape me. Why can not we speak of them in French? Why recur to Dutch, English, Egyptian, and what not?

Villèle. The Giraffe is a beast . .

Corbière. I know it: who does not know that! So is the unicorn: yet we call a ship the *Unicorn*, and on the same principle the *Giraffe*. Have I explained my meaning?

The pasha, I understand, has given us another frigate, in compensation for that which we equipped in his service. I hope he has remembered that we two sent him our best sailors, sent him powder, artillery, gunners, and as many officers as the jesuits could persuade to abjure the christian faith, pro tempore, cum reservatione

mentis. et ad certum finem, nempe gloriam Dei et ...a ecclesiæ.

Villèle. You speak excellent Latin.

Corbière. Ciceronian, Ciceronian: you may find the very words in that great man's commentary, *De Gloria in excelsis.*

Well, well, we must not always be scholars: now to business. The pasha, I trust, has notified his gratitude, that we ordered the frigate to sail exactly in readiness to sink M. Cochrane.

Villèle. We are unlucky in our sinking of Englishmen. Several thousands of them were sunk by us in the late war, as we read in the Moniteur; but they rose up again, being amphibious, and fought like devils. The most imprudent thing that Napoleon ever did, was, to drive them into the sea. He did it fifty times at the least, and they always came out again the stronger for it, and finally dragged him in after them, and gave him such a ducking that he died.

Corbière. You used the word *amphibious.* In my literary recreations, which a close attention to politics renders necessary, I have entered into several discussions upon that word. Originally it is not French, and must be used cautiously, and only in a particular acceptation. It signifies a very fierce animal; such as a crocodile, a dromedary, an ostrich, or a certain serpent of the desert. It may comprehend also, by the figure we call *meta* ... that is, *meta*, &c., &c., ... a stout man, or strong-minded one. I was formerly at table in company with the Duke de la Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, and wished him to support my definition, which, as I was not then in the ministry, no one else would. Although he declined to lend me all the assistance I could have desired, he silenced my opponents, or rather he conciliated all parties, by saying that a man was justly called amphibious who could live equally well and happily in office or out. Upon which I turned to M. Gregoire, and said intelligibly enough, "Let faction be silent: let quibbling cease! Democracy herself has no longer the effrontery to deny that amphibious means strong-minded." Overcome by authority, he bowed assent, and declared that neither he nor anyone could follow a surer guide, in thought or action, than M. de la Rochefoucauld. The whole party rose up, bending first to M. Gregoire, then to the duke, who, returning the salute, took the old man by the elbow and conducted him to the ladies. I never was less witty with them in my life.

Villèle. Be contented: we have stripped of their authority, we have deprived of consideration, the two persons that twenty-five millions call the two best in France. As for the word *amphibious*, we will drop it: it is an ugly word, and I should not like it to be applied to me.

Corbière. But these English; I do not discover that they come under the designation more than other people.

Villèle. Not indeed in your sense. I was observing that by sea they usually give us some trouble. Having more money than we, and oaks that are all heart, and copper and iron upon the surface of the ground, they can construct more ships; and, before the war is over, we always teach them how to fight. Beside, they take twenty while we build one.

Corbière. We may laugh at that: it can only last for a time.

Now the giraffe you were talking of. There are some difficulties, some considerations . . I would know more about it.

Villèle. The giraffe is . . .

Corbière. I know perfectly well what giraffes are in general: but this one, being sent by our friend the pasha, may differ, not perhaps essentially, but in a leg or two and in colour.

Villèle. The giraffe is a quadruped, that, according to Buffon and Tite-Live . . .

Corbière. O parbleu! now you explain the thing completely. It is the very creature put down in the list with *hippopotamus, rhinoceros, lynx, zebra,* and that other. How considerate and attentive is our friend, Mohammed-Ali! Who could have expected that a brute of a pasha would have followed our directions so precisely!

Villèle. He sees his interests as clearly as we see ours, and knows them to be the same. M. Appony told you truly that Athens would fall about this time; that England, as we desired of her minister, would refuse to ratify the convention with Russia and us; and that the people of Paris would be frantic at the extinction of the Greeks, unless there came over some odd beast to look at. The cause of kings triumphs: long live the pasha and the giraffe!

Corbière. Let us order a thanksgiving in the churches, on this signal intervention of divine Providence.

Villèle. Much obliged as we are to the saints of heaven, for such a declaration of their goodwill in our behalf, we may abstain at present from promulgating a royal ordinance, particularly as the archbishop of Paris, though a good Frenchman, had a sort of objection to offer up any, for all the hailstorms and all the inundations we have been favoured with lately to the same effect. He was of opinion that there are people who would carp at it, observing that even the discharge of the national guard had made a bustle, in some quarters of Paris, for almost a week. In vain I promised him that I would restore the censorship on printing: I did it: he still was timid, and recommended that the thanksgiving should be private. He told me that the utmost he could do, was, on his word of honour, as archbishop and peer of France, to assure God and his father and mother that we are quite sincere, and would thank him more openly, more loudly, and more munificently, if the king and clergy thought it expedient.

Corbière. That affair of the censorship was opportune. Every nation is restored to tranquillity and independence, yet is open-mouthed for *Lives of Napoleon.*

Villèle. Too true: I have seen one, compiled from old gazettes, that made the author's fortune:

yet the style is low and ungrammatical wherever it is his own, and the materials are coarse and undigested. You would not trust a valet with an odd glove, who possesses so little discernment of the truth, or feels so little desire of it. The author had the effrontery to ask Madame Hortense for documents; and, because she refused them, he blackens the whole house from top to bottom, running first among the gazetteers, and boasting publicly that she complied with his wishes.

Corbière. Cannot we employ him?

Villèle. Peace, peace! He serves us, and is paid by others. The best arrangement possible.

Corbière. We may indirectly guide him to waylay our enemies. All popular writers must have many assistants at the press: without it, who can be popular? Let him call out as many as he wants of these: let them join him at the first whistle, and push down the precipice any one we may point out to him, walking alone and unconcernedly in the narrower paths of literature, where few people come, and none help.

Villèle. The thought is a good one: we will follow it.

Unless we had erected the censorship, fifty hired writers would not have sufficed. Those who hated and detested Napoleon, while he was living and in authority, began to think his death a calamity to the world. We were told of his victories, of his institutions, of his rewards to valour, to agriculture, to manufactures, to letters, to all the fine arts, to worth of every kind. We were asked what genius languished under him, what industry was discouraged, what invention was reprimanded, what science was proscribed. We were reminded of public festivals to honour the obscurer fathers of general officers, and of public grief at their funerals. He did great evil: how much greater must that be (people cry) which covers and conceals it, and which lets our France, bending in sadness over the abyss, see now but the titles of her triumphs, and one bright name below them.

Corbière. Galimatias! galimatias!

Villèle. So it is. There is no danger of his rising up from the dead before his time. Only one thief ever did that.

Corbière. And it was not to filch or fight, but to eat a good supper in Paradise.

Villèle. Which he must have wanted after the work of the day.

Corbière. He died a catholic; he confessed *in articulo;* he prayed.

Villèle. Well; we may think at some other time of the worthy thief. Thank God, we have nothing left to apprehend from liberalism or letters.

Corbière. I doubt whether the censorship would not have saved us, even without the giraffe.

Villèle. There never was a question, in ancient days or modern, in which every people of Europe was perfectly agreed, until the Greek cause was agitated. Now what every people wishes, every king must forbid; or where would be distinction? where prerogative? M. Canning by our advice has assumed the tone and air of a liberal, in order to make the liberals of England keep the peace, and to torpefy and paralyze the efforts of the rebels. Two or three years ago an idle visionary, an obscure and ignorant writer, in a work entitled *Imaginary Conversations,* was hired by some low bookseller to vilify all the great men of the present age, to magnify all the philosophers and republicans of the past, and to propose the means of erecting Greece into an independent state. Unhappily we find ourselves reduced to adopt the plan of this contemptible author, who writes with as much freedom and as little care for consequences as if he could claim the right of entering the cabinet, and held a place under government of three thousand pounds a-year. We have however inserted one paragraph of our own, which totally neutralizes the remainder.

Corbière. I am glad to hear it: what is that?

Villèle. Turkey shall admit only whom she chooses for chief magistrate of Greece. This will reduce the nation to the same condition as Wallachia and Moldavia.

Corbière. But will it not render the Greeks as ready to admit the Russians?

Villèle. Do not look forward. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. Looking forward makes philosophers: looking backward makes dissidents: the good catholic and sound royalist do neither.

Corbière. There never was anything so wonderful in policy, as that Russia should have abstained so long from hostilities with Turkey, when every nation in Europe called on her against the oppressor of Greece, the violator of treaties, the persecutor of that religion of which her emperor is head, the murderer of those patriarchs whom she venerates as martyrs; and when the most ingenious of her enemies could not deny the justice of her cause. The British minister would not have dared to ask from Parliament one shilling to oppose it: and in France both royalist and republican have entered into a conspiracy for Greece. The king and his ministers alone are out of it: in all other countries of Europe the minority consists of the same number and the same persons.

Villèle. Never were three millions of francs so wisely spent as the last of ours at Petersburg. How the child Nicolas will stamp and stare! Chateaubriand says of us, in his poetical mood, "Children of Charlemagne and St. Louis, you have broken the spear of Pallas, and plucked her owlet." Come along, my dear Corbiere! we shall sleep soundly after dinner on the cushion stuffed with her feathers.

Corbière. Russia may give us some trouble yet: not indeed our colleagues his ministers; but Nicolas. He must find them out at last.

Villèle. Why did the booby wait to play his rubber till the lights were out? I suspect he will wake in the morning with a cramp in the calf, for having stood so long cross-legged behind our

chairs. M. Canning may ratify now, if he will; *our* king will not take it amiss in him; nor *his* neither.

Corbière. We will compliment him in the name of our royal master and in our own. We will speak magnificently of his firmness, his perseverance, his timing of things well.

Villèle. He understands jokes and jeers: he himself is a joker and jeerer.

Corbière. Is he? How he will laugh then at the dupes he has made!

Villèle. Ah! my dear Corbière! his dupes never shut their eyes but upon full pockets: they are whigs and Scotchmen: cheat them if you can: be not cheated by them if you can help it. They are lawyers, literators, metaphysicians; but whose metaphysics have always a nucleus of attractive arithmetic in the centre. Scotland is the country where everyone draws advantage from every wind that springs up, from every van that turns, and catches his grist from under it. They are fierce with empty stomachs, and confident with full ones. Their tune is always the same; the words alone are different; and even these are thrown backward and forward and shuttled with such dexterity, they would persuade you they are of the same substance, tendency, and import; and that, if you cannot perceive it, the fault is entirely in your apprehension. Edinburgh is the city where a youth practises best the gymnastic exercises of patriotism. Time never fails to render his eye-sight clearer, to knit his joints with sounder logic, to force away in due season the shrivelling blossom from the swelling fruit, and to substitute the real and weighty for the speculative and vain. Somebody of this description, I know not whether Scotch or English, or partaking of both, but whig unequivocally, was called a liar in the House of Commons by his worthy friend M. Canning; and you would really have thought him angry; so admirably did he manage it. Now he swears that M. Canning is the most consistent of men, though (between ourselves) he has deserted his party, supplanted his patrons, and abandoned every principle he protested he would uphold.

Corbière. Do you call that inconsistency? I thought you a better casuist. We have him where we wanted him: could not we make the other his successor, if still living? He was merely called in the chamber of representatives what we are called every-where else. Such men should divide the world.

Villèle. Keep the world before the fire awhile longer, and its flesh and bones will separate more easily. Let it cool a little in the dish before we touch it with our fingers: others have harder ones and more enterprising, but will never lift so much to the mouth. The pulpit is ours, the pen is ours, the bayonet is ours: we have quashed everything that was not: we have only to make England do the same, now she has a liberal for a minister. In that country, if you wrote *dwarf* on the back of a giant he would go for a dwarf.

Corbière. Then the best thing you can do, is, to let people there write for ever. Here indeed they have lost all decency: persons who do not pay fifty francs a-year in taxes, were setting us right perpetually.

Villèle. Always to set one right is very wrong: patience wears out under it. The indexes of a watch may be turned by key after key, and finger after finger, until at last they are so loose that everything moves them but the works.

Corbière. My dear Villèle, you grow dull; you reflect; you reason; you make observations. In fine, the Greeks are past hope; the good cause is safe.

Villèle. Down comes the Parthenon: down comes the temple of Theseus: down comes the study of Demosthenes.

Corbière. Away with paganism and republicanism! Vive le roi!

Villèle. Vive le roi!

THE LADY LISLE AND ELIZABETH GAUNT.*

Lady Lisle. Madam, I am confident you will pardon me; for affliction teaches forgiveness.

Elizabeth Gaunt. From the cell of the condemned we are going, unless my hopes mislead me, where alone we can receive it.

Tell me, I beseech you, lady! in what matter or manner do you think you can have offended a poor sinner such as I am. Surely we come into this dismal place for our offences; and it is not here that any can be given or taken.

Lady Lisle. Just now, when I entered the prison, I saw your countenance serene and cheerful; you looked upon me for a time with an unaltered eye: you turned away from me, as I fancied, only to utter some expressions of devotion; and again you looked upon me: and tears rolled down your face. Alas! that I should, by any circumstance, any action or recollection, make another unhappy. Alas! that I should deepen the gloom in the very shadow of death.

Elizabeth Gaunt. Be comforted: you have not done it. Grief softens and melts and flows away with tears.

I wept because another was greatly more wretched than I myself. I wept at that black* attire: at that attire of modesty and of widowhood.

Lady Lisle. It covers a wounded, almost a broken heart: an unworthy offering to our blessed Redeemer.

Elizabeth Gaunt. In his name let us now rejoice! Let us offer our prayers and our thanks at once

* Burnet relates from William Penn, who was present, that Elizabeth Gaunt placed the faggots round her body with her own hands. Lady Lisle was not burnt alive, though sentenced to it, but hanged and beheaded.

together! We may yield up our souls perhaps at the same hour.

Lady Lisle. Is mine so pure? Have I bemoaned, as I should have done, the faults I have committed? Have my sighs arisen for the unmerited mercies of my God? and not rather for him, the beloved of my heart, the adviser and sustainer I have lost!

Open, O gates of Death!

Smile on me, approve my last action in this world, O virtuous husband! O saint and martyr! my brave, compassionate, and loving Lisle!

Elizabeth Gaunt. And can not you too smile, sweet lady? are not you with him even now? Doth body, doth clay, doth air, separate and estrange free spirits? Bethink you of his gladness, of his glory; and begin to partake them.

O! how could an Englishman, how could twelve, condemn to death, condemn to so great an evil as they thought it and may find it, this innocent and helpless widow!

Lady Lisle. Blame not *that* jury! blame not the jury which brought against me the verdict of guilty. I was so: I received in my house a wanderer who had fought under the rash and giddy Monmouth. He was hungry and thirsty, and I took him in. My Saviour had commanded, my king had forbidden it.

Yet the twelve would not have delivered me over to death, unless the judge had threatened them with an accusation of treason in default of it. Terror made them unanimous: they redeemed their properties and lives at the stated price.

Elizabeth Gaunt. I hope at least the unfortunate man, whom you received in the hour of danger, may avoid his penalty.

Lady Lisle. Let us hope it.

Elizabeth Gaunt. I too am imprisoned for the same offence; and I have little expectation that he who was concealed by me hath any chance of happiness, although he hath escaped. Could I find the means of conveying to him a small pittance, I should leave the world the more comfortably.

Lady Lisle. Trust in God; not in one thing or another, but in all. Resign the care of this wanderer to *his* guidance.

Elizabeth Gaunt. He abandoned that guidance.

Lady Lisle. Unfortunate! how can money then avail him!

Elizabeth Gaunt. It might save him from distress and from despair, from the taunts of the hard-hearted and from the inclemency of the godly.

Lady Lisle. In godliness, O my friend! there can not be inclemency.

Elizabeth Gaunt. You are thinking of perfection, my dear lady; and I marvel not at it; for what else hath ever occupied your thoughts! But godliness, in almost the best of us, often is a often uncompliant and rigid, proner to r than to pardon, to drag back or thrust asid to invite and help onward.

Poor man! I never knew him before: not tell how he shall endure his self-repro whether it will bring him to calmer th hereafter.

Lady Lisle. I am not a busy idler in cur nor, if I were, is there time enough left indulging in it; yet gladly would I learn t tory of events, at the first appearance so reser those in mine.

Elizabeth Gaunt. The person's name I may disclose; which would be the worst t could betray of the trust he placed in m took refuge in my humble dwelling, implori in the name of Christ to harbour him for a Food and raiment were afforded him unspa yet his fears made him shiver through Whatever I could urge of prayer and exho was not wanting: still, although he pra was disquieted. Soon came to my ears t claration of the king, that his majesty would pardon a rebel than the concealer of a rebe hope was a faint one: but it *was* a hope; gave it him. His thanksgivings were no ardent, his prayers more humble, and ofte peated. They did not strengthen his he was unpurified and unprepared for them. creature! he consented with it to betray m I am condemned to be burnt alive. Can lieve, can we encourage the hope, that in hi way through life he will find those only w conceal from him the knowledge of this exe Heavily, too heavily, must it weigh on so lute and infirm a breast.

Let it not move you to weeping.

Lady Lisle. It does not: oh! it does nc

Elizabeth Gaunt. What then?

Lady Lisle. Your saintly tenderness heavenly tranquillity.

Elizabeth Gaunt. No, no: abstain! absta was I who grieved: it was I who doubtec us now be firmer: we have both the same rest upon. See! I shed no tears.

I saved his life, an unprofitable and (I joyless one: he, by God's grace, has throw to me, and at an earlier hour than ever I ve to expect it, the avenue to eternal bliss.

Lady Lisle. O my good angel! that bes with fresh flowers a path already smoo pleasant to me, may those timorous me have betrayed, and those misguided on have prosecuted us, be conscious on their beds that we have entered it! And they t at last find rest.

ODYSSEUS, TERSITZA, ACRIVE, AND TRELAWNY.

Tersitza. Brother! what have I done that the stranger should liken me to the idols of antiquity? And he looks so earnest and generous all the while! He must in his heart be very spiteful and deceitful.

Odysseus. Child! strangers do not talk as we do: be not offended or surprised: he wished to please thee, as young men have desired to please from time immemorial, by calling thee like a goddess.

Tersitza. That is the thing so strange and rude in him. Forgive me, O Englishman! these expressions: we Greeks begin to talk Greek again, and speak our minds.

How have I offended you?

Trelawny. In no way, lady!

Tersitza. O yes, I have: and now I can tell in what.

Odysseus. Speak it then; and I will obtain my friend's pardon for it.

Tersitza. He ought to know well enough that it was not my duty to look at him on the road; and that it became me to turn away my face from him when he looked at me. I did, and always will.

Odysseus. Thou art more in the wrong then, my dear Tersitza, than he was. Girls should accustom themselves to be looked at, that the faces of men may not terrify them like ghosts, nor draw them forward like magicians; and that by degrees they may observe with calmness the diversity of our natures, and discern at leisure where to place their trust.

Tersitza. He has nothing at all about him like a ghost or a magician; though indeed ghosts whisper and magicians rhyme.

Trelawny. For the love of God!...

Tersitza. Ghosts never say that, nor magicians neither.

Odysseus. What was it?

Tersitza. He repeated a Kleptic song.

Trelawny. Tell anything rather than that!

Tersitza. That is the very thing my brother asked of me.

Odysseus. Canst thou remember it?

Tersitza. Every line. What nonsense! what childish babble! Half the expressions quite wrong.

Odysseus. Ho! ho! thou didst then listen to them!

Tersitza. I was obliged to listen, he spoke so low.. and.. and..

Odysseus. Try to repeat them.

Tersitza. Oh, nothing is easier.

> Say but you do not hate me as you flee;
> One word bears up the heartless to his lot.
> I speak but to the winds! she answers not..
> Not to the winds gives she one word for me!

Odysseus. I can not say much for his composition, nor for thy recital, my Tersitza!

Tersitza. Are you punished now, vain man?

Trelawny. I should be, if I could acknowledge the justice of the last remark.

Odysseus. No mutiny! Now upon thy honour, Trelawny, didst not thou notice how she began with something of derision; and how blank this derision grew at '*heartless;*' and how '*the winds*' seemed to have puffed it away; and into what fragments fell the final verse, and how difficult to put together in any good marching time!

Again to thyself. Candidly I declare it, Klepts sometimes are better poets.

Trelawny. And poets usually better Klepts, although I had a thousand times more to steal from than ever Parnassus gave before.

Odysseus. Trelawny! if in generous hearts these sentiments did not excite to higher and firmer, I should discountenance and reprove them.

Tersitza. Pray, do, brother! for I am sure I can not. But perhaps it would be better not to do it, if you think they will make him firmer. As for higher: O the proud creature!.. he knows it.. the old men seem to have no other son since he has been among us; and, instead of a jingle and clatter such as we used to hear, the earth every day shakes under us with the grounding of arms when he passes. Stop him! stop him! I will not hear him.

Odysseus. I must then reply for him, it seems.

On thy representation of the matter, which I can bring no witness to disprove, a look from him would, with other young persons, be somewhat more than pardonable.

Tersitza. Perhaps the custom is different in his country.

Trelawny. Different indeed it is, O ingenuous Tersitza! and you reprove me, it seems, for a fault I committed, and may happen to commit again; but never without checking myself if it displeases you; never without remembering that I am the guest, and you the sister, of the bravest among men.

Odysseus. And dost thou take me too for a goddess or a girl! If there are none others as brave, we are lost.

Trelawny. If there were many, not Greece alone, but the whole world, were safe.

Tersitza. Brother! let me come up closer to you.. not on this side.. on the other.

I could kiss the two eyes of that brave and just young man.

Odysseus. Hush! silly girl!

Tersitza. He did not hear me: I never in my whole life took such pains to speak low.

Odysseus. Take some to say nothing.

Tersitza. Oh! oh! what is it? I can not think. I have only a few words more to say; but then they are so requisite, I could not sleep until they passed my lips.

Odysseus. Has anything been confided to thee by the shepherdesses and wanderers on the road, about what they may have noticed or heard in remoter parts as they fled, or in the vicinity as they tarried.

Tersitza. Nothing of that: but I am so desirous not to be thought like an idol.

Trelawny. I said "a goddess," full of life and spirit and grace and loveliness.

Tersitza. Gods and goddesses, in all times and places, have been excessively bad people for the most-part, so far as ever I could hear or read of them; and the goddess of beauty, the same you mentioned, who ought to be better than the rest, was one of the worst, I think; although I am told I have never yet learnt the thousandth part of what she did.

Odysseus. O thou little prattler! the beautiful may often be unwise.

Tersitza. Yes, but not bad.

Odysseus. Why not that too?

Tersitza. Because they know their beauty.

White doves are always very white indeed: and those great water-birds, to which the angels by God's order have given the same pure appearance, feel a pleasure in possessing it, look at it upon them, curve their necks over it, and lay their heads now along it and now under it, as if it solaced and supported and refreshed them.

Odysseus. Hast thou lived fourteen years and knowest not yet these birds?

Tersitza. I know them very well; though I never saw but two; and you remember where.

Odysseus. Not I indeed, child!

Tersitza. Have you, who are so many years older, so bad a memory? It is strange you should have forgotten those tall noble beautiful creatures: particularly one of them: think again.

Odysseus. Where was it? and when?

Tersitza. Oh, that now, dear brother, that is quite impossible: all pretence and dissembling! You might perhaps not know exactly *where:* but *when* . . Indeed, indeed now, that is quite impossible.

Odysseus. Remind me a little; give me an idea of it; a circumstance belonging to it.

Tersitza. It was in the beginning of spring, only five months ago, while we were sitting, several of us together, on a stone engraven round with goats'-heads, in the ruins of Cheronea.

Now can not you recollect.

Odysseus. Not perfectly.

Tersitza. You must be very tired with the ride, or heavy with the sunshine, or thinking of other things, or uncommonly dull and fit to think of nothing. Why! it was only four days before our guest joined us. Ho! now you begin to come to yourself again. Well may you smile at having so short a memory. I recollect it the better, because you were angry with me for being sorry I could not go to church, there being none to go to; and for saying it was a pity to waste so sweet a morning in the open air, instead of thanking God for it, and singing to him, and adoring him.

Odysseus. I never am angry with thee, my sweet little sister, and I am sure I could not be for that expression.

Tersitza. No, you never are angry with me; but when I am sorry, you sometimes say you shall be. Well; did not the stranger go to church with us the next Sunday, at Athens? And did not I tell you I was quite as happy as if I had been there the Sunday before?

Odysseus. Nonsense! nonsense! what has that to do with two swans!

Tersitza. Now then you can think about them, can you! I knew it was only deceit in you: I have found you out.

Odysseus. The swans appear to have made a deep impression on your imagination.

Tersitza. The nobler one came sailing up from the lake as swiftly and steadily as if some wind had blown him, though there was not a breath upon the water, and looked as if the place were his own far and wide, and we were there by his gracious permission. It was only when he rowed among the grass and flowers, covered with cups white and yellow, as though a feast had been prepared for his reception, that I perceived he had anything underneath to move with. We then heard some low and hoarse voices; and presently came out his mate, slenderer and less beautiful, arranged her plumage, went down a little way, returned again, sate motionless opposite us, and seemed courting us not to hurt or disturb him. Agatha said they had their nest there, under the bank: that their voices are not always low and hoarse: that when they are about to die they sing delightfully. I was glad the poor creatures had many years to live, for they certainly had made no progress in their singing. But there are birds perhaps as bad as we are; birds that will learn nothing from those they do not like.

Odysseus. Come on, come on, my beloved little Tersitza! thou too hast some things to learn; haply some painful ones; and we are near the school-room.

Tersitza. The cavern?

Odysseus. Ay, there are caverns where the water itself ceases to drop, and is liquid no longer. Thou also must grow somewhat harder in this solitary and inaccessible one of ours, my sister!

Tersitza. I am sure I can not; everything is so beautiful about it; and my dear brother too will be always nigh me. The waters that petrify must meet (as old men tell us) with something hard in their way: I find nothing but pleasure.

Odysseus. Pleasure itself hardens some hearts.

Tersitza. How is that? I think I can guess: I think I have discovered it. Greyhounds are very good, and look gentler than lambs; no animal upon earth is more beautiful; yet they always grow obdurate by the pleasure they take in coursing the hare and antelope. If they would run after nothing, and be contented to stand quiet and be caressed, they would be much better. I am certain they must be happier when they have no other creatures to pursue; and I wish it pleased God to give them sense enough to know it. Have you never seen how they pant? how their hearts beat in their deep breasts? how indifferent and insensible they appear to their best friends, who love them most and who would call

them away? They forget their own nature, and even their own names, their cruelty so deafens them.

Odysseus. Now, Tersitza, stop! Now, Trelawny, look before thee! Dost thou discern the cleft there?

Trelawny. Distinctly.

Odysseus. There is the mansion of thy entertainment!

Trelawny. There is no path to it.

Odysseus. For enemies none; for friends one rough and dangerous.

Tersitza. How shall I ever reach it?

Odysseus. Dismount.

Tersitza. Alas! would you leave me behind? would you send me back? The road grows evener just now: we have passed the worst of it.

Trelawny. Sir! although I discover not yet by what way above ground or below to enter the cavern, still, if you will pardon the request of so high and unearned a favour, may my first service be, under your direction, to conduct your sister into it?

Odysseus. One alone can pass at a time.

Trelawny. Point out to me but the path: let me explore and clear it.

Tersitza. May I follow?

Odysseus. I must go first.

Tersitza. Are there no murderers? Do not go first, my brother! you have many enemies. They would not hurt me, nor a stranger so youthful and so . . so disposed to say something kind and obliging to them.

O Heaven! who are all those other people that laughed when you did?

Odysseus. To those who laugh heartily the echo alone returns a laugh as hearty.

Now, silence! be grave, be steady: follow me, but mind yourselves.

Do not trust the bark upon the two larches: for, though sufficiently rough in appearance to secure the footing, the rain and sun and wind may have loosened it. Step rather on the bars and hurdles nailed across. Well done! bravely done!

Tersitza. I can go now by myself.

Odysseus. Better hold the sash yet. Is it quite tight around thee, Trelawny?

Trelawny. It should be; for it holds two lives.

Odysseus. Trelawny! do not glance back! She marches firmly: she looks upon the trees, and chooses her steps. Gently! gently! gently!

Come to me! come to me! let me clasp thee! let me hug thee, and lift thee up, and nestle thee in my beard and on my head, my young daring eaglet!

These few paces have given thee more colour than all the ride.

Tersitza. I was not frightened in the least. I will directly walk back, just in the same manner I came, and then return hither, if you think I was.

Odysseus. I did not say it.

Tersitza. You seem to think it though: you looked doubtingly.

Odysseus. Welcome and thanks, Trelawny!

Tersitza. I said *thanks* too: but he did not hear me. How could he, when you caught me and threw me up into the air?

Trelawny. Thanks to the generous Odysseus, to the gracious Tersitza! Health and respect, joy and long life, to both!

Odysseus. Ho! Leonidas! what art thou about? Why didst not thou wait on the other side until thy sister had passed, and until some one could have led thee?

Leonidas. For fear some one *should* have led me, or what is worse, and what they wanted to do, should have carried me in their arms.*

Odysseus. And at last thou mindest thy antelope more than these dangerous rocks and precipices.

Leonidas. I love my antelope: I do not care about rocks and precipices. Look, brother Odysseus! how she twinkles her large beautiful eyes at the brightness of the snow, catching it through the tops of the trees, and knowing it is not the sky as well as we do. She was never so near it before: she can never have seen any till now.

I wish I might pick for her a few berries of that mountain-ash: it is only a little way from the larches we crossed, the two over the chasm: would it bear me? I should stop its waving if I leaped on it.

Odysseus. Leonidas! thou art so brave a boy, from this hour forward thou art a soldier. And now, being a soldier, thou canst do nothing without orders or leave.

Leonidas. Not gather berries?

Odysseus. No, not even that.

Leonidas. But am I really a soldier?

Odysseus. Really and truly.

Leonidas. Ah! this is worth an antelope. I could let her be hungry an hour together and hardly mind it.

Tersitza. For shame, Leonidas!

Leonidas. That is, if she did not cry after me, letting me know she expected something at my hands.

Odysseus. Give her to me, and I will hold her up while she browzes a little on the birch.

Leonidas. Where is there one?

Odysseus. There; that old stump, from which so many slender boughs are waving over the cavern.

Leonidas. I had turned my back upon it. At first sight it seems a part of the rock, it has such deep crevices and chinks in it, and so much gray moss, hard as itself, about it. With all its twistings and writhings it can not keep its ragged coat right around it; but one patch gapes here, another there, and much has fallen in tatters at its feet. Wonderful then it should have the prettiest leaves and branches in the world, with a motion as graceful as a peacock's.

Odysseus. We must never judge of powers and

* Leonidas was some years younger than Tersitza. He lost his life a short time afterward, by pursuing an antelope in company with his sister: he fell over a precipice on Parnassus.

capacities from appearances and situations. There are men who would make thee wonder more, if thou couldst ever see and know them. There are those who are not worth a twentieth part of that old stump, those whose brains and whose hearts are dryer than the bark of it, and yet on whose breath there may be healing or there may be pestilence for Greece.

Acrive. Where is Argyropylos? where may the man be sought? Can he have run away? It was hardly worth his while.

Odysseus. Whither should he run, and how? He was lamed for life by the last shot he received. Wouldst thou anything with him, my dear grandmother?

Acrive. I gave into his keeping the two dogs for our best fire. A cruel keen winter it will be, child Odysseus! What a sight of berries, high and low, all the way up, red, yellow, green, orange, black, purple, every sort and size.

Tersitza. Grandmama, shall I run and look for Argyropylos?

Acrive. Good girl! let me kiss thee first. Prythee of what use are these frightful pines and beeches, and the elders and hollies we left below, without the two dogs! The larches indeed, when their long sprays are dry and yellow, will look like matting upon the floor, and keep the feet warm.

What art waiting for, wench! why art loitering? what art looking for?

Tersitza. A kiss, grandmama.

Acrive. Life of me! I had clean forgotten it. Couldst not thou have had that another time, when the dogs are found? Such trifling! These are no times for idleness . . well! there then . . and with it my best blessing; my morning blessing. And fasting, God knows! Now, speed thee, sweet soul!

Hark-ye! See thou dost not come back to me without the dogs and Argyropylos, or some tidings of the same, or I may be fain to whip thee till the blood comes.

(*Tersitza goes out.*)

I would not hurt her, Christ love her! but things must be in their places, and girls must learn to put 'em there. Son guest! they have no heads now-a-days: we must set ours upon 'em to make 'em worth anything. Alas! she is one of the best, I do believe.

Trelawny. To me, the lady Tersitza, child as she is, or nearly so, appears the most amiable and the most prudent of her sex.

Acrive. Yea, yea, son guest! I will make her prudent and amiable: leave her to me. I must say it, I have never seen any young thing like her. But prythee forbear to tell her such a tale: she might believe thee, and all would go wrong again. One breath of a stranger makes a dimple, where a whole day's breeze of a familiar makes none. Even grandmothers ere now have been unminded by their own grandchildren, or postponed to another.

Trelawny. Prodigious!

Acrive. True, as I live!

Trelawny. Then the world must have grown very bad.

Acrive. In these parts, and God knows how much further, it has not been as it should be for a number of seasons.

Trelawny. Too surely! everyone complains of it.

Acrive. Ay, son guest! thou art wise I see beyond thy few years, and hast listened all thy lifetime (no doubt) to those who could look back on many.

A Klept sang to me one day what I would sing again to thee . . .

Trelawny. How delightful it will be to hear it in the long winter nights!

Acrive. Just now . . .

Trelawny. The lady Tersitza would run back immediately on hearing it, and would forget her dogs and Argyropylos.

Acrive. Just now indeed I could not sing it in perfection; for, although my voice is as good as ever, my teeth do not second it, being that some twenty of the principal ones have failed me, at the time I want 'em most. But the substance of the song is: that the Seasons used formerly to follow one another in right order; that one day they took it into their heads to dance together; that Jupiter and Juno (thou hast heard of them probably) were angry at their doing it without their permission, and forced them to dance together ever since, whether they will or no. This has a meaning in it which my child Odysseus can explain to thee. The chief signification is, that we are colder now than formerly. What a power of snow hath been lying these seventy last summers, or more may-hap, on the top of our Parnassus! We have songs written by old Klepts in my youth, or rather before, about men and women by the dozen, that dwelt upon the highest parts of it, singing and harping day and night, without a faggot of furze here or there, or brazier or earthen pot between the legs of the daintiest.

Trelawny. How could they stand it?

Acrive. They did however.

Trelawny. Is the fact quite certain?

Acrive. Sure as gospel. All poets and songsters agree upon it, even the young ones. Now if anyone of this gentry could pick a hole in the coat of another, he would make it large enough to put his head and grin through.

Trelawny. But what has become of the singers and harpers?

Acrive. Our people call them Muses. These harpers and singers, pipers and trumpeters, have been called upon by name, and have never answered. I believe the hard seasons have carried them all off; and there was nobody who cared to tend them, while any good could be done.

Trelawny. I am of the same opinion.

Acrive. Let us hope to fare better in the cavern.

Trelawny. Our enemies can not so easily assail us.

Acrive. Grandson Odysseus then hath chosen prudently.

Trelawny. No man ever excelled him in prudence or in courage.

Acrive. Ah son guest! hadst thou seen my husband, the father of Andritzo, but for the twinkling of an eye, thou wouldst never have said this. Odysseus is a dutiful child, and hath slain many circumcised dogs, and thrown many more off their scent when they thirsted for our blood and treasure: he doth not want valour nor circumspection: few have more: none in Greece, I uphold it: none upon earth, I will be sworn for it . . . . . Here he comes. Tush! These are the very things he can not bear to hear; the only ones that anger or offend him.

Odysseus. Well, Trelawny! whenever my fair grandmother shall have ceased to whisper soft sayings in thy ear, and the conversation shall have begun to grow a little less interesting, look above and athwart and along! This spacious and airy cavern, dry in all seasons, warm in winter, cool in summer, well supplied with water, well stored with provisions and munition, free from insects and reptiles, inaccessible to traitors, and easily and by few to be defended against aggressors, hath been heretofore the refuge of half-extinguished nations. Here art thou my guest and comrade, here art thou my only confidant and friend. I will treat thee now and evermore with the confidence a brave man deserves. Be not offended! The gold of England hath corrupted no few among the most courageous of my countrymen: the gold of England enchases the dagger-hilt that aims at my life.

Trelawny. Incredible! Certainly this, however, is not among the crimes of our late minister. The only life he ever personally aimed at, was the vilest in existence, and none complains that he succeeded in his attempt. I forgot: he aimed at another so like it, that it is a pity it did not form a part of it.

Odysseus. The present time is the first thou hast ever heard me complain of thy country: if this be complaint. I meant it only as a reason for my sojourn here, and for conducting thee so far away from amusements and from action. Those who direct your councils are themselves no longer free. I will not say they are slaves; but they are bound to such, and must follow them, straight or crookedly. On this condition they are allowed what *they* call freedom and what *they* call power: the liberty of seizing from others whatever suits their purposes, and the power of stopping inquiry and of punishing complaint.

Tersitza. O stranger! is there no prince in Europe who holds it glorious to stand by the cross of his Redeemer?

Trelawny. In the darkest of former days never was there one such wanting. Nobody now, in the whole confederacy of despots, will trust his neighbour. They act toward one another as if they were mutually known to be the most dishonest men in the world. All of them have seized what is not theirs, and are resolved that none shall recover or retain what is. Liberality is a scoff, a byeword: utility is the phrase in vogue: a *linsey-woolsy* phrase, picked out from the pack of some Scotchman: some adept in that science which among *them* is called economy, among *us* starvation.

Odysseus. Glory is utility to kings: it adorns the throne and establishes it. But in the sight of politicians, reference to the virtuous and valiant of ancient days is pedantic, admiration of heroism is puerile, an enthusiastic expression is an insurmountable hindrance to preferment.

Trelawny. Nevertheless I walk straight across the stubble-field, whatever may stick to me, burr or brier, keeping in view the distant scenery that always has captivated and delighted me.

Odysseus. Well sayest thou, never was there wanting, in the worst and most barbarous ages, some generous warlike enthusiastic prince, to be excited by a love of fame and a spirit of enterprise: now for the first time on record such a character is nowhere in Europe.

Trelawny, One well-sustained note of a public singer is able to stir and scatter those accumulations of exaction, which would lie motionless and inert as in the mine, at the cries of all Greece, all Christendom, all Nature. The taskmasters for whom we labor, press forward and combine together for no other object than the support of lawless authority.

Odysseus. All perhaps may not anathematize and persecute us alike: but all alike would crush us. Nations of free men and nations of slaves are equally friendly to us: the rulers of slaves and the rulers of free men are equally our adversaries.

Tersitza. Then which are the free! which the slaves?

Odysseus. Ask those who see better: my vision blends them.

Trelawny. We can hope nothing from the desire of reputation in our princes, which they cared little for keeping while they had it: any speculation to recover it, is the last idleness and folly they are likely to fall into.

Odysseus. Alas! too true is it, my friend! and not only in princes, though in them chiefly, the desire of reputation, which ought to be the steadiest of desires, is the most erring. Beneficence is nowhere, as she should be and would be, the guide of Glory. In every part of Europe, the name *slave* hath ceased to be associated with pity or with ignominy: and yet the condition of one class of slaves is more pitiable than it ever was, and of the other more ignominious. The appellation is however too honorable for *us: we* are rebels! And England is as much our enemy as if we were rebels to *her*. First she brought about a peace between our murderers and Persia, that they might come against us undivided and unimpeded. She now is desirous of continuing one between them and the Emperor of Russia, bound by duties and treaties to protect the ministers of our religion. He hath suffered the ignominy of seeing the most exalted of them, of seeing a patriarch who approached his hundredth year, slaughtered on the most solemn

of our festivals, descending from the altar, attired in the vestments of the church. Eternal shame! inexpiable treason to the cause of holiness and of humanity!

Are we rebels? no. The conditions, hard as they were, that held us to the Ottoman, were violated, cast asunder, trampled on, by himself, for centuries. There is no rebellion against lust and rapine: it is our duty, the first of duties, the most sacred. After this great truth, need I remark that many districts never owned the legitimacy, or the existence, of Turkish authority; made no alliance or compact with the invader; nor did any such live within them! Need I remark that not only was the despot unable to protect us from an enemy, without which ability there neither is allegiance nor subjection, but that he was unable to defend us from his own people, the Albanians! The bond was cancelled before; and now his slave tore it and burned it.

A certain force by sea is requisite to constitute the blockade of a single port: and surely a certain force, moral or physical, is requisite to constitute the possession of a whole country. If any nation claim an island in the South Sea, and never colonised it for many centuries, but only plundered it at longer or shorter intervals, would such an exercise of power be considered by jurists as a right over it?

Trelawny. Probably: by those jurists who pointed cannon against you for defending your families from apostacy and violation: by those jurists who sold as slaves the first of you that resisted: by those jurists who carried in their transports barbarians from the deserts of Arabia, of Libya, of Nubia, to exterminate the rest, to inhabit your country, to render it as happy, free, and fertile, as their own: by those jurists who intimidated a weak wavering autocrat from aiding you, from driving off the vultures that devoured you: by those jurists who pretended to the right of interference when your oppressor would have lost the means of oppression, and who disclaimed the right when you appealed to them to exercise it, in the cause of religion, of justice, of mercy, and when you would have rested from war under their flag.

Great God! by what calamity, by what crimes, have we, who gained so much glory in war, lost so much more in peace! Why are we, who could render all Europe free and prosperous, at no expense, by no exertion, without lifting the arm, without raising the voice, why are we hated, scorned, insulted, universally? It is because we ought to do it, can do it, and will not.

Odysseus. No, Trelawny! It is because you neither will remove the grievances you promised to remove, and openly and repeatedly, as Sicily and Italy bear witness, nor will permit others to abolish or diminish them, or even to provide against their future accumulation. We required only your neutrality: your national honour had other wants. Be comforted; be calm! The English by degrees are growing insensible to them.

Believe me, that country will become the most powerful which does the most extensive good. Nations live and remember, when princes have fallen asleep by the side of their fathers, and dynasties have past away. No princely house was ever grateful long together: a people has a capacious heart, a full one, a sound one, and one that may beat for ages. O! who would empoison and paralyze, who would contract and harden, who would estrange and alienate it!

Tersitza. Sad perverseness! Why are not other men like you, my dear brother?

Trelawny. We see nothing, O fair Tersitza! but traces of evil in the world. The sunshine leaves no mark, the lightning leaves it.

Yet, even the devastators of nations, not only among the ancients, but in all modern times until ours, have felt something of anxiety for fame and reputation.

Catharine and Frederic sought the friendship and correspondence of every man in Europe who stood eminent in merit and remarkable for genius and attainments. They established societies for the encouragement and furtherance of arts, sciences, and literature in general; and if they made any distinction between the abettors of despotism and the opponents, the distinction was in favour of the latter. For what and to whom are the acknowledgments and rewards of England? She sends the *Order of the Garter* to the king of Portugal, on the subversion of the Constitution he had sworn to establish and defend: Russia, the *Order of Saint Andrew* to the king of France, on the violation of the Charter he had bestowed upon his people. Knighthood is now conferred for that very action (I am loth to name it) for which anciently it was taken away with every demonstration of ignominy and disgrace. I know not what term designates it among kings, who undoubtedly, like the Gods of Homer, have a language of their own; but, among us private men in England, a very coarse monosyllable serves the purpose. Reading such incredible stories, posterity will surely place our age in a second series of the fabulous: but neither sage nor schoolman will ever confound it with the heroic.

Odysseus. Let *us* look to that. The only country in which anything is reported of the heroic ages, is ours. There may be heroes out of bullhides and brazen chariots: and there may also be heroes crushed by the inert.

Trelawny. It was easy to foresee that, when republics were subverted, constitutions and the defenders of constitutions would be insulted and assailed: but who could ever have imagined that the body of Christian princes should conspire against Christianity! That England should mediate for Russia, and take on herself the whole negotiation, only that Turkey might have both hands at liberty, to rivet her chains on Greece! Every indignity that could be offered the patriots, has been wantonly and prodigally cast against them: even commercial relations have been foregone and interdicted, even the course of money

checked and interrupted. When the supplies which you obtained by a loan in England had reached Corfu, it was discovered that to deposit them there was a violation of neutrality: a law never promulgated in Europe, never in Asia, and now enforced by a grave sagacious governor, aspiring (no doubt) to display in his diplomatic life the energy and lustre of his military.

Odysseus. Let such men flourish; it is their season. Bad weather does not shake down the hip and haw, when every better fruit, and every leaf that protected it, has fallen.

Trelawny. What those among us who are affected by a sense of national honour, most lament, is, that England, whose generosity would cost her nothing, and whose courage would be unexposed to fatality, stands aloof. What could the united power (suppose it can ever be united) of Austria, Turkey, Russia, do against England! What would they attempt? Have they not already imposed as many and as great restrictions on our trade as their own can suffer? and would not a war with us dethrone whichever of their emperors should proclaim it? The popular power is displayed the most vigorously where only one blow is requisite; and the guards of despots are oftentimes the tutelaries of justice. As the generous and domestic of the beasts avoid and fly from the anger of their master, while the ferocious are impelled to violence by the activity of fear, so the civilised and liberal of men elude the shock of royal discontent, while the barbarous rush against it, and strangle it at a grasp.

An alliance, offensive and defensive, with Greece, would render us invulnerable in the only part of the world where we have lately shown our feebleness. We should unite to us a maritime power, which within half a century would of itself be equipollent on the sea with France; and we should attract to our merchants those advantages of commerce in the Levant which at present lean toward her. Chatham, if he had lived in our days, would have cast on every side around him the seeds of maritime and constitutional states. We may extend our dominions in many ways; we can extend our power in this only. None of our late ministers have had clear views or steady aims. We have been hovering on the shores of Greece until the season is going by for aiding her; and another power will soon have acquired the glory and the benefit of becoming her first protectress.

Odysseus. If a new world were to burst forth suddenly in the midst of the heavens, and we were instructed by angelic voices, or whatever kind of revelation the Creator might appoint, that its inhabitants were brave, generous, happy, and warm with all our sympathies, would not pious men fall prostrate before him, for such a manifestation of his power and goodness? What then! shall these very people, these religious, be the first to stifle the expression of our praise and wonder, at a marvel far more astonishing, at a manifestation of power and goodness far more glorious and magnificent! The weak vanquish the strong: the oppressed stand over the oppressor; we see happy, not them who never were otherwise, not them who have made no effort, no movement of their own to earn their happiness, like the creatures of our imaginary new world, but those who were the most wretched, and the most undeservedly, and who now, arising as from the tomb, move the incumbrances of ages and of nations from before them, and, although at present but half erect, lower the stature of the greatest heroes.

Trelawny. Two islets, neither of them greater than a gentleman's estate in England, defied the vengeance of the Turkish government and the malignity of the English, devoting the fortunes and lives of the inhabitants, raising troops, fitting out armaments, erecting fortresses, filling them with munition, fighting under and upon them, setting fire to them, and expiring with their enemy amid the ruins.

Odysseus. In more than one place was this done. Do you carry provisions of patience enough for a long story?

Trelawny. I am ready to start with you.

Odysseus. Santa Veneranda is a fortified monastery, to which Ali Pasha, some years before, had penetrated with an army of fifteen thousand men, driving back the Suliots, in number one thousand three hundred. At the sight of their women, led thither by Mosko and Kaido, they again gave the shout of battle, and became in turn the assailants. Many of the females fought by their sides: whoever saw a sabre drop, or a musket, seized it. Others stayed upon the rocks, rolling down stones on the young ardent Mussulmans, who had fancied them an easier prey, and better worth conquering than their husbands and their brothers. Seven hundred and forty heads were piled up into a trophy by the Suliots; and Ali Pasha fled away in disguise . . and halted at Yannina. This battle was fought on the 20th of July, in the year 1791.

Photo Zavellas and his sister Kaido, in the year 1802, were received into Santa Veneranda, when he had set fire to his house that no Turk should ever profane it, and when he had asked as the only reward of his obedience that the archons would watch over their country, and never let the name of their ancestors be dishonoured.

Samuel, who from the austerity of his life, from the confidence and awe he had inspired by announcing the prodigies he would undertake, and by performing them to the hour, had obtained the appellation of the *Last Judgment*, defended Santa Veneranda with three hundred Suliots, rejecting the offers and retorting the threats of the Mahometans. He gave that reception to Photo and Kaido which their courage, their perseverance, and their virtue merited. Few covet the glory, eminent as it is, of being the first to acknowledge in anyone true greatness. He added this large sum of it to what he had acquired by his prudence, his fortitude, his devotion, and his integrity.

The Suliots now began to value him whom Samuel loved and cherished, expressed their

repentance at exacting the sacrifice he had made, a sacrifice to him so costly and to them so profitless, implored him to return among them, and offered to rebuild his house, and to place in his hands the supreme authority.

"If you hope," replied he, "that the enmity of Ali can be turned aside from you by negotiation, I will undertake it: if on the contrary you believe, as I do, that open war is better, let me bear that part in it, whatever it may be, of which you may deem me capable. Leave not, however, to me the invidious duty of punishing those who were my friends and fellow-soldiers, and now are traitors."

The adherents of the men he thus designated and denounced, at last prevailed in the council; and it was resolved that he should go embassador to the court of Yannina. He soon discovered, what he never had doubted, the perfidy of Ali, no less evident on this occasion than on former ones, and was not sorry to carry back the conditions of peace proposed by him to the Suliots. Having then returned home, and having given his advice both to reject them and to resist the tyrant that would impose them, in vain did his friends and followers adjure him to remain in the city.

"Formerly" said he "when our archons commanded me to assist him with seventy men against his enemies in Argyro-Castro, and he fell upon and disarmed us and led us off captives, I watched my opportunity of escaping, that Suli might not be taken by surprise, although my son was yet left with him, and grievous (I confess it) were my fears for a life so dear to me: I have now given my promise to return."

There was silence: but, among those who knew Zavellas, there could no longer be suspense or expectation. He had spoken; and was soon in a dungeon of the fortress on the lake.

Samuel was not inactive: he and Photo had watched with no less curiosity than inquietude the construction of a redoubt at Vilia. It was flanked by four towers, mounted with twelve brass cannon, and manned with a hundred and eighteen chosen Arnauts. Against this post Samuel demanded two hundred men and a barrel of powder. A workman had brought him information of its weaker parts; and leading forth in the silence of night the troop entrusted to him, followed by several of the women and many of the stouter boys, he gave them his benediction, took up a pickaxe, ordered a few to follow and work beside him, fixed the barrel of powder in the cavity they had opened, laid the train, descended, and raised a loud shout, which his followers filled up courageously. The Turks rushed forward to the tower, and disappeared with it. Ali, more indignant at a loss than a disgrace, vowed vengeance; marched through the plain of Yannina with fourteen thousand men, and nothing lived behind him. The Suliots, emboldened by success, and remembering that for ten whole years they had resisted the best soldiers of the Ottoman empire, and armies equally numerous, took the field against the invader. While they encountered death for their country, Pilio Gusi, a Suliot, introduced the enemy into Suli. Photo Zavellas escaped. He and Kaido and Samuel were blockaded in Santa Veneranda by nine thousand Turks, of whom they slew seven hundred. Means of defence and of sustenance were failing: a favourable capitulation, with the honours of war, was proposed to them: none ventured to express the wish or the necessity of accepting it. Samuel now spoke. "My children" said he "the terms offered to us include the unfortunate of Suli, who wander on the mountains or hold out from insulated towers: we have no time to hesitate, no choice to make: accept them." This voice had always been heard as a father's, as a prophet's: the terms were ratified. "And now" cried he aloud and solemnly "let us for the last time in this holy place render thanks to God for our preservation and deliverance." The service was performed: the soldiers went forth armed: the wounded were supported by the women. Samuel, who told them he should give up possession of the fortress when he saw them safe on the road, waited until six hundred Turks had entered. They rushed into the church, partly through fanaticism to pollute it, and partly through avarice to plunder it. He stood in the vault below: his hour was come: he threw a lighted torch on the powder, and left but his name on earth. Detachments had already set out to despoil and exterminate the last Suliots. It was impossible to protect the women in any other way than by defending their own lives against the multitudes that encompassed them. Sixty mothers, those who had become so the latest, too feeble to contend or to fly, and unable to join their husbands, or even to find them in the conflict, far as they had penetrated into the main body of the enemy, hurled their infants in desperation against their merciless pursuers, seized one another's hands and necks, raised the hymn of death, and rushed down a precipice together. Unfortunate! (for humanity must call them so even in their eternal glory) not to have lived to see how their elder sons now avenge their younger and them. Despo, widow of Bozzi, yet possessed a tower in the territory of Suli, into which she had carried her daughters, her little grandaughters, and their nearer relatives. Defence and escape with honour were alike impossible: surrender was unthought of. She exhorted them to die with her: they were passive and silent, placed themselves on some chests of cartouches at her side, and shared with her the death of Samuel.

Noti and Kitzo Bozzaris had withdrawn in good time from Suli to Vurgarelli, had opened to themselves the pass of Athanasia, forced the gorge of Theodosia, and, after fighting two days incessantly, pressed forward to the bridge of Coracos, the termination (as they imagined) of their march. It was however commanded by a Turkish battery. No hope was left to them, but of occupying the rock and monastery of Veternizza. This they

accomplished; and many were the Turks who fell in striving to dislodge them from it. As, however, there were no provisions, nor means of obtaining any, another attack was made against the bridge. In the attempt to force the barricade, nearly the whole troop was slain. The women saw nothing now between them and the Turks: husbands and brothers were called upon in vain: no voice of pity, none of encouragement, none of acknowledgment, was heard. Not all even of the children were surviving; for some had been slain while held up that the fathers might see them. Two hundred mothers ran with their infants and little boys to where the river was deeper, just above, and commanding their daughters to cling to them inseparably, if they ever loved them, and if that which distinguishes the Suliot women above all others, is dear and sacred. Never were they more obedient. The traveller who may see hereafter the whirlpools of the Achelous, will shudder: they did not.

Noti Bozzaris had fainted after his fifth wound, and was dragged into the dungeon of Yannina: Kitzo and ten more escaped: Photo Zavellas and Kaido, with Dimo Draco and Zima Zervas, forced their way through the defiles, retreated to Parga, and afterward were received with the compassion, and the honours due to them, in the Ionian Isles. But Parga and they were doomed to be no longer the refuge of the free or the unfortunate. The first time a whole Christian people was ever sold openly by another Christian people to the Mahometan, was by England, on the thirteenth of March, 1817. On the ninth of May, at sunset, the British flag was struck from the walls of Parga.

Trelawny. The worst harm ever done to Greece, even more atrocious than that inflicted on Parga, was by prevailing on the king of Persia to suspend hostilities against the Turks, and finally to accept conditions of peace in the hour of victory. Had our ministry abstained from this interference, your freedom had been secured in the second year of the contest. The least we can do now is to save the remainder of your women and children from slavery: since, without our active co-operation against you, these would not, for the most part, have been fatherless and widows. If you had been our enemies for centuries, we could never have proved ourselves more persevering, more systematical, or more destructive, in our hostility. Among the innumerable acts of partiality shown by our ministers to the enemies of Greece, it was with grief and indignation that we saw the *Zenobia* guide the Ottoman fleet into the harbour of Galaxendi, and the commander place a mortar against men fighting for the most sacred rights of humanity, fighting to escape from a slavery not endured in any other portion of Europe.

On every ingenuous and well-educated mind antiquity lays a spell, of which they never afterward are dispossessed: yet, where judgment has grown up in its due proportions, there can exist no doubt that the Greeks in the last five years have equalled the glories of their ancestors at any like period, although the number that could come forward was formerly much greater. With all the advantages of education and example, Greece never saw at once so many disinterested patriots and devoted chieftains. Has the whole world, in two thousand years, beheld so many who effected so much with means so slender! Foremost of them are Miaoulis and Canaris, and Zavellas and Samuel, and he at whose side I stand.

Odysseus. The politicians of England seem afraid that Russia may benefit by the separation of Greece from Turkey; and Russia is afraid of the principles which operate the separation. She wishes the exhaustion of both nations; and, with or without the absolute conquest of the Ottoman empire, she may threaten or endanger your dominions in Hindostan.

Trelawny. She would not be able in half a century to send an army into India, even if she possessed the dominions of the Turk. Indeed, they would be far from affording her any great facility. In less than half a century it is probable we shall lose that empire; but we shall lose it, like every other we have lost and are about to lose, by alienating the affections of the people. God grant that Russia may invade and conquer Turkey! Not that the Russians, or any other people on the Continent, are a better, a braver, an honester race than the Turks, but because the policy of the government is adverse to the progress of civilisation, and bears with brutal heaviness on its cradle. God grant that Russia may possess her! Not because it will increase her strength, but because it will enable, and perhaps induce her, to liberate from bondage more than one brave nation. She cannot hold Turkey at the extremity of such a lever: and those who now run to help her, will slip from under her. It is only by a war on the Continent, a war however in which England has no business or right to take a part, that what ought to have been done long ago, can be at last effected. If our ministers should enter into hostilities, the nation will certainly refuse the succours, even though a majority in Parliament should vote them. Here another great question starts before us, not at present to be discussed. One thing is certain: if we cannot stand under our debt we can not fight under it. Orders to march may be given to him who has lost a leg; but what drum or what cane shall make him go! If ever we have another war within the next thirty years, it must be a war of speculation, a subscription-war, in which the holders of shares shall pay all the expenses and take all the profit. Do you suppose we could not, without a war, have kept the army of Louis out of Spain! An appeal to the French troops and the French people would have shaken that drowsy enslaver from his throne: a glance of approbation would have encouraged the Constitutionalists to fix the House of Braganza in Madrid, and to inflict on a perjurer the punishment of his crimes.

It is idle to ask what was the object, for that was varying from the first day to the last: let us

only think what have been the consequences of a war, that precipitated into death and oblivion the better part of two generations, through nearly the whole of Europe. It has reduced to poverty ten millions of ourselves: it has consigned to slavery sixty millions, partly of our neighbours, partly of our allies: it has enabled the French ministers to recall the Jesuits, the Spanish to restore the Inquisition, the English to appoint their colleagues and successors: it has abolished republics and republicanism: it has cast the dregs of democracy on and over the loftiest thrones, constitutional and monarchal: it has multiplied and widened the cracks and crevices of the church: it has sustained and sanctified the mosk: it has proscribed the traffic of those who dealt in Africans: it has legitimated the practices of such as carry off the Greeks: indulgent to the gambler, generous to the robber, honorific to the poisoner and assassin, indifferent to the improver of his country, inimical to the enlightener, and rancorous to the defender.

Do I think it little, you may ask me, to have abolished the slave-trade? Do I speak heedlessly of the blacks? No. Much would it have been if this accursed trade were really abolished: if we had united with America to treat as pirates all concerned in it, French or Portuguese. We withdraw from the redress of wrongs, we enforce no stipulation of treaties, we act dastardly with every despot, and perfidiously with every people. Nothing can suffer from aggression without paining me when I know it: but other nations do not interest me like the Greeks, to whom I owe every exalted, every generous, every just sentiment. I never can be induced to imagine, that the extinction of all the tribes in Africa, and all in Asia, with half of the dwellers in Europe, would be so lamentable as the destruction of Missolonghi, or even as the death of Bozzaris. Animal life in itself is little: animal life, however, is nearly all that belongs to the greater part of mankind, unless some glorious recollection, some mighty aim and intent, shall raise them above the level of trodden and trite humanity. No such feeling can belong to the generality of nations. England and Sweden, always contending against greater numbers, and almost always signally victorious, may be justly proud of military glory; Italy of the arts: but which of them in either has outrivalled Greece? Her old heroic age was less heroic than the present: grant her another, and your children may see a Phidias and a Sophocles.

Should I have wronged our ministers in doubting their sincerity, and in underrating their exertions to suppress the slave-trade, let me retract or soften the expression: let me say, if truth will bear it, we are zealous in protecting from slavery the remotest nations of Africa, who have always for thousands of years been subject to that visitation, and who never have expected, or even heard tidings of, our generous interference. We take them away by righteous force from under the proudest flag: we convey them to our own settlements; we give them food, clothing, ground, instruction, morals, religion. Humanity cries out, "O tell them they are men!" and we hear her. Is she silent for the Greeks? have their voices no echo in her breast? do we treat them cruelly because they have not the advantage of being barbarous? do we spurn them because they cling to us? is it because they trust only in us, that we reject and repulse them, them only of all mankind?

Odysseus. The ships of Ismael Bey repass the Mediterranean and Archipelago, laden with the sons and daughters of a half-extinguished race; half-extinguished under our eyes. Their terrors are not at death; their tears are not for captivity; their loss, though their country is Greece, is not of country. God alone can avenge it: God alone must hear it. Something may surely be done to alleviate the sufferings of the few survivors, wandering among naked rocks, or lifting up their heads from the rushes in the pestilential marsh. They require of you no land to cultivate, no sustenance, no raiment: they implore of you permission to live under the safeguard of laws, and to partake with the most ignorant and ferocious tribes, with murderers and cannibals, a spare moment of your attention and concern.

Surely, surely this is not too much; if you consider that the finest eloquence ever heard in your Parliament was admirable only in proportion as it resembled the eloquence of our ancestors; and that gods were bowed down to and worshipped, by the wisest and most powerful nations, for being in form and dignity like them.

His Imperial Majesty was taught from his youth upward to contemplate the glories of antiquity, nearly all of which are crowded in one people; has he never felt that there is something more and better than ambition? Has he never thought that he may now enjoy by uniting, as his people calls upon him to do, the scattered members of the Greek nation and the Greek church? If not, yet no king or emperor on earth has the right or the power to hinder your co-operation with us; no people has the wish; excepting that which at this instant is leading thousands into slavery, thousands of women and children, from famished cities, from the cinders of villages, from defiled altars; thousands who cry in the agony of despair, "O God! is there none to save us!"

No monarch could ever by any exertion render so great a service to humanity as the emperor can without an effort. The effervescence and discontent of his subjects would subside at one word. And what word? Not *enslave*, not *depopulate*, not *conquer:* but a voice that would be heard with transport from every quarter of the world: a voice indeed of glad tidings: "Save! save!" It depends on his determination, which nothing in the universe should set aside or shake or alter or delay, whether he will be the most glorious, the most potent, the most beloved, the most secure of princes, or whether he will pass his anxious days among suspicions and murmurs and seditions and

treasons; whether he will suffer those who have prayed with him and for him, to bend under lust and cruelty, to be driven from their country, to expire in tortures, and to leave a progeny, not of Greeks in religion, name, or habitation, to fight in future wars against him, and to burn the remainder of the churches to which their mothers bore them as the last refuge.

Let one voice more inform him then, the voice of England, that any prince in Europe would be abandoned by his subjects, military and civil, who should venture to draw the sword against him, while his is protecting Greece.

If the appeal be ineffectual, let us believe that Providence will bring about by means of folly and perversity, what wisdom and rectitude were not permitted to accomplish.

Trelawny. The world is shaken off its axis, and the highest nations are gasping for existence, crushed by the superincumbence of the lowest. If the sufferings of others are any alleviation to yours, turn toward them. Undoubtedly Greece hath suffered much, Odysseus! but sufferings are never extreme while there remains a consciousness of power to resist. Spain has lost it. Every man in Spain who has laid before his fellow-citizens the riper and richer fruits of education, every man who has made a sacrifice to the public good, is marked out for priestly and for royal vengeance. Fewer families in the same period were reduced to misery in France by the tyranny of Robespierre, than in Spain by the aggression of Louis. Restoring his relative to despotic power, he might at least have stipulated against his inordinate and wanton love of bloodshed, and have placed some barrier, some boundary, some imaginary line at least and visible horizon, to the insensate fury of his bigotry and revenge. It is known that upward of one hundred and seventy thousand persons have been imprisoned, driven from their houses, placed under the power of the police, or deprived of their occupations and livelihood, since the departure of Ferdinand from Cadiz. So much of wretchedness hath never been occasioned by any one man within so short a time, to so many of the brave, the industrious, and the virtuous. The nineteenth century is now thrown back upon the sixteenth.

Odysseus. By the help of England!

Trelawny. Where there is the same oppression, there will be the same resistance: where there is the same cruelty, there will be exerted the same energy to extinguish it.

Deplorable! that Virtue must assume the attitude of Despair; that bad actions must remove bad men; that Justice must use in her defence the weapon she hath wrested from the criminal.

Odysseus. Shall Spain abjure her first friends? her earliest defenders? Never be it said of her: never may she lose our sympathies.

Trelawny. But where art thou, Riego! abandoning, to preserve the honour of thy country, the most beloved and tender of women, in the first hour of union. Upon what mountain-crag rests thy devoted head? upon what parental breast can hers repose, O blessed avenger of insulted Freedom? And thou, Quiroga! where is the region of thy wanderings? Must thou ponder and pore over the vestiges of gratitude in lands across the Atlantic? Shall not Spaniards bear toward thee eternally the love and veneration that the rudest once of Columbian tribes bear still toward their father Vasco?* In the islet of Pascuaro rest his bones; art thou among those who weep over them? Envying his repose, art thou doubtful of participating his glory? Such are the first names for children to gather up, the last for men to drop into oblivion.

Despots are now the revolutionists, and the learned and liberal are become more than ever their aversion and scorn. The present race of princes, throughout the continent of Europe, are the most ignorant and gross barbarians that have appeared contemporaneously since the revival of letters.

Odysseus. Nevertheless the autocrat of Russia, if he continued to be master of the Ionian Islands, would from policy found a college in them, at which the youth of Greece should receive on easy terms the instruction necessary for the learned professions. At present they study chiefly at Pisa, and are under no obligation to any power that can protect them. The French are solicitous to draw them to Paris; with what intentions we may easily conceive. Nearly all of them are favourable to France, and averse to England: a bias which might have been reversed.

Trelawny. We fancy that everything is to be done by money and force; and we use no other means. Much indeed may be effected by them: but the same means must continue in exercise, or the effect ceases: while means less expensive are equally efficacious and more durable.

On my way hither I visited the Ionian University, projected, founded, and principally endowed, by the most public-spirited and the most literary of our nobility. He was unseconded by the ministry, and thwarted by the governor of the islands. His lodgings were less habitable than would be furnished to a journeyman tailor for eighteen pence a week, at the worst alehouse of any country town in England. I will venture to assert that every county-jail furnishes a fraudulent debtor with more convenient accommodation than the English ministry, in the prodigality of its grants, allowed to the Chancellor of the Ionian University. And this was not the treatment of a single year; although a single one occupies no undefinable or scanty space in a life too far on its wane, a life of energy and of study. At the same time enormous sums were voted for the barracks and government-house. So preferable are guards to friends! so greatly more important and necessary are soldiers than citizens, force than humanity, subjection than improvement!

Do not hope for any aid or intervention from the ministers of kings. They abandon you from

* Vasco de Quiroga, first bishop of Michuacan, was justly called so.

the first moment they sit comfortably in their places. Chateaubriand, who wrote *The Spirit of Christianity*, and chatters about freedom, no sooner was admitted to office, than he demanded the punishment of death on the publishers of sedition: by which term all ministers mean the exposure of their abuses or their incapacity. When people suffer most they complain loudest; and the same hand that has made them suffer most, will punish most severely their complaints. The clearer the truth is, the more partisans will it collect; and the more partisans it collects, the more dangerous must it be to the proprietors of power. Chateaubriand will never be seditious against any exercise of tyranny but that which excludes him from the participation of it; and although he may go far enough to get whipped, he will lift up one ear and scurry off when the bloodhound takes the turn of the beagle. He throws into his *Spirit of Christianity* the spirits he secreted from the hall of the jacobins: they were too strong for the baptisers at Nantes and the regenerators at Lyons.

Chateaubriand is called the most liberal of the French privy councillors, and Canning of the English. Yet, when Chateaubriand was in power, we found the African slave-trade in full vigour under his protection, as we find the European under Canning's. Who would have believed that England should permit the Egyptians to carry on the slave-trade against Greece, and should remonstrate with Portugal and France for carrying on theirs against Guinea! There is no earnestness, no sincerity, no truth whatever, in this remonstrance. We know that our minister must tickle all the humours of his master; and that none was ever readier to do it, with every joint of every finger. If any proof were wanting of the man's duplicity, after his conduct toward Lord Castlereagh, and indeed toward every one with whom he ever acted, we might adduce his countenance of that A'Court who betrayed the Neapolitans, by furthering a secret correspondence between the king and his son, and who was the main instrument in undermining the Spanish constitution. Wherever he is sent or maintained, it is for some such purpose as at Madrid and Naples. Be assured that, if the English government should pretend to espouse your cause, it will be only to relax your efforts, to unman your navy, and to deliver you up to worse servitude than the past.

Odysseus. Your minister did revive our hopes by his speeches.

Trelawny. He would be an imitator of Chateaubriand; but he has not a tithe of the Frenchman's abilities, as a writer or a politician. The English nation was never so abased in the eyes of Europe, as when this adventurer, for the sake of support from abroad, sat down quietly and silently at his post, and saw the French army pass the Pyrenees. The French were not recently vanquished, were not bound hand and foot in their metropolis, when England in the reign of Louis the Fourteenth made war against them to break a family alliance. After a war undertaken not for power but principles, so we are told it was, no sooner are the Spaniards become an independent and free people, than the envoy of the King of England aids the King of Spain to break his oath with them; and they look down together from the royal palace, with equal complacency, on the murder and banishment of how much better men. With Bonaparte, when every government and every chance was against us, we contended year after year, that the power of the French might not prevail in Spain. Yet the laws and institutions they introduced were calculated to reform and civilise a generous and aspiring, but a degraded and ferocious people. We destroy the usurpation of Napoleon; we restore a Bourbon; we promise a free constitution. Everything is in our power: what is it we do? We allow a beaten enemy to supplant us: we allow a Bourbon to exert an authority which a Bonaparte did not arrogate or attempt. We give up Spain to France: we give up those who had fought bravely at our sides, to imprisonment and exile, to tortures and death! We permit our commerce to be excluded, our merchants to be pillaged, our capitalists to be defrauded, and our allies, or rather our ally, for we have only one left in the universe, to be invaded by the arms of Spain under the eyes and under the flag of France. Are the Bourbons then a preferable race to the Bonapartes, that we should be so tolerant, so long-suffering, so supine? Are they more honourable, more just, more wise, more conciliatory? They reign: we have strapped and cross-barred them in their thrones, and must not ask questions about them: let us ask then a few about the dynasty that is passed. Were the Bonapartes the most slothful, were the Bonapartes the most bigoted, were the Bonapartes the most unprincipled, the most ungrateful of mankind? Were they persecutors, were they perjurers, were they parricidal?

Odysseus. Do not wait for an answer from me. I wish we had them again at the head of nations, with less power and more experience. Kings, taught to walk by priests and to ride by plunderers, will wantonly lay waste all the cultivation that lies before them: and since there are no others, we will try to keep them out of Greece, where a robber the more or the less is no grave matter. And indeed there is a likelihood of above one the more and above one the worse where this fur is hung out to cover them.

We have heard occasionally fine things read to us from newspapers about the person thou hast been describing.

Trelawny. Part of our money goes to pay the people who mislead us, and another part to pay those who enable them to do it, by newspapers, reviews, and magazines.

Odysseus. Has the sun hurt thy head, Trelawny?

Trelawny. Not at all: why do you ask me?

Odysseus. I feared it. Thou saidst, "by newspapers, reviews, and magazines." What, in the name of God, have military evolutions and stores

in common with political writers! Why dost thou laugh, my son!

Trelawny. We never should laugh at a mistake; and yet it is almost the only thing we do laugh at. Faith! the reviews and magazines I was speaking of, have nearly as little to do with literature as with war. They are printed sheets, pretending to give an account of new publications: the writers of them are paid to traduce the character and vilify the productions of those who think differently from their employers. They are likewise the eulogists of the ministry or the opposition, and are among us what the Albanians are among you; faithful and trusty while you pay them well, but ready at any hour to go over to your enemy, and to be as trusty and faithful to him, if he will pay them better.

Odysseus. Ho! these I find are the public criers who extol your minister for his liberality and wisdom. What can we Greeks expect from him! promises, delays, deception, destitution!

Trelawny. Let those uphold the cabinet conspirator who have places or promises or expectations: but let them obtain no more credit for their rectitude, than when they swear to you they believe he expended fourteen thousand pounds at Lisbon, for three months' board and lodging.

Odysseus. I do not understand how this can be.

Trelawny. Nor does any man. However, the House of Commons, at that time composed in great part of stockjobbers, contractors, commissioners, together with some six-fingered patriots, who have since robbed the poor Greeks through their rags, instituted no inquiry into the impudent and incredible declaration, that, although he had received fourteen thousand pounds of the public money, he had spent somewhat of his own beside. The wonder is, nobody had the spirit to propose that so disinterested a patriot should at least be indemnified by the nation, for the few remaining thousands he had generously disbursed in her service. He accepted the office from Castlereagh, whom he had attempted by clandestine means to prove unworthy of the king's confidence, and Castlereagh was rejoiced to cover him with contempt by acceding to his solicitation.

Odysseus. I care little what your public men are doing one against another: but it concerns me nearly if they quail at Russia.

Trelawny. If they apprehend any danger from her, they should connive at the accumulation of her territory. She is weakened by every people she enslaves, because the extremities are weightier than the centre. Europe, far from being threatened by her with future irruption of barbarians, is preserved from it. She will civilise her tribes; she can not amalgamate nor unite them. Were she mistress of Turkey, she would soon lose Poland: and the Turks, being a nobler and more dignified race than the Muscovites, would, under Muscovite discipline, expel them.

Tersitza. O those horrid creatures! what makes them noble? what makes them dignified!

Odysseus. Tersitza! we see few, excepting soldiers and robbers and (what are worse than the one, and no better than the other) merchants. I have lived among those who, although not the most virtuous of the Turks, are much superior in gravity and decorousness of deportment to the principal men in Russia or Austria, in Italy or France. Wary and unconfiding, they behave toward all with the winning courtesy of pliant grandeur. Never does a word escape them within the possibility of offending. To those who by their services have merited their favour, they are the most grateful and the most generous of mankind. These are their virtues. We already know too well their vices; of which in our eyes the most grievous and intolerable, is, the desire of holding us in subjection. So long as this is unquenched in them, we are their enemies: but if justice or exhaustion should subdue it, rather would I confide in them as allies and friends than in any other nation under heaven.

Trelawny. Let us try whether we can not bring about, by force of arms, this desirable consummation.

I have little respect for the autocrat of Russia: little regard or commiseration for his hordes of slaves: and I confess that I regret none of his conquests, excepting Finland. The others are happier than they were before, and will render more service to freedom and humanity, than they could have done without a temporary subjugation. If Alexander does not succour you, there are two reasons: first, the *secret-service-money* given by England, France, and Austria, to his mistresses and confidants: secondly, what naturally flows from it, the allurements of pleasure that have lately been thrown into his way by them, in order to counteract the impressions of policy, to stifle the voice of conscience, to efface the last vestige of honour, and to deaden any fibre in his breast that may respond to the throbbings of his country.

Odysseus. If, as thou seemedst to say, the empire of the Czars being already incompact and vast, a little more added to the extremity of this enormous lever would render it so cumbrous that no human arm could support it, policy would not urge the Autocrat to extend his dominions any farther.

Trelawny. It surely is a rational and just desire, and countenanced by the soundest policy, to annex whatever is within the Greek communion, with the sole exception of the land of Greece, which is too far off, and would be too restless, too vulnerable, and greatly more serviceable and much less invidious as an ally. Nothing can exceed the levity and impudence of French politicians, who reprehend and condemn this imaginary project, while their court interferes in behalf of the Catholic Greeks, and presumes even to threaten the majority of the nation, if these are compelled to perform the duties of citizens. While they were compelled by Turkey to perform the offices of slaves, no threat was heard, no complaint. Russia, having a right by treaty to interfere in behalf of her communion, exhibits more discretion and moderation. She appears to have read in the astrological section of

her almanack, compiled in London and revised in Paris, that conquest will ruin her, and she shrinks back in vacancy with her sword unsheathed.

Odysseus. Luxury is more likely to enfeeble her; for, barbarous as she is, she is no less dissolute.

Trelawny. I believe it was never contradicted nor doubted, that every great empire has decayed through luxury: this theory I suspect to be unfounded. Luxury, if confined to few, can do little mischief to the people at large, particularly where the population lies scattered; if general, there can be no better proof of the state's flourishing condition; no surer exposition of its tutelary laws. It is only when great interests clash, only when great properties are torn away and insulated from the mass, only when one portion of the citizens has something to compensate it for the loss of country, and the other can sustain no loss whatever, that nations are enslaved and ruined.

We must regulate the index of luxury by the places we are in, and calculate its effects by what it acts on. The Babylonians, the Persians, the Macedonians, the Tartars, were ruined by their conquests. Rome was not subdued on the trichlinia of Apicius or Petronius. Her citizens fell away and yielded to the enemy, when no common bond of interest held them together; when they possessed large estates in the provinces, and their money was put out to interest in them. By degrees the chief property of the Roman senators and gentleman lay out of Italy; which country therefore was deserted by the Genius of Agriculture. Innumerable slaves were employed about their villas and gardens, while their tables were supplied from Syria, Pamphylia, Egypt, and Numidia. They were never so respectable, never so formidable, as when they spent many months of the year on their patrimonial estates; small ones, and thence near enough one to another both for conviviality and for checks.

A man is not the weaker in mind or body for eating a turbot in preference to a roach, or a peacock in preference to a raven: in his social state he is the weaker, and deplorably indeed, when his interests and affections lie beyond his country, which soon pines away at his indifference.

Odysseus. Now, Trelawny, turn thy attention a little to thyself.

Thou camest hither with an ardent and intense desire of doing good: activity is requisite to thee. While the goats are being milked, and such other refreshments are preparing for us as the place affords, let me again exhort thee to consider well, I do not say the danger of remaining with me (for that would only fix thee), but the probability of long inaction. I know my enemies: I am aware of their machinations: I shall defeat them in my own manner, at my own season.

Trelawny. He by whose courage and conduct more Turks have fallen than by any other chieftain's, may defy them still. Dismiss me, Odysseus, when I am found unworthy of fighting at your side, or unable to execute the most arduous of your commands.

Odysseus. Of ability and of zeal thou hast given me many proofs. The memory of thy courage and of thy friendship lies deep within my heart; but without witnesses, without reward: for those who have fought with me may die with me before another year; and England, in the prodigality of her honours, hath none in reserve for the champions of Greece.

Beside . . I am slow to mention it in thy presence . . English officers are accustomed to some conveniences.

Trelawny. I am no longer one of them. Lieutenants and ensigns all expect to find here, on the morning of their arrival, a new colonel's uniform hanging over the back of the sofa, with a pair of shining boots on the carpet in the centre of it, reflecting their equally smooth countenances.

Odysseus. We have nothing of this: we have only reeds and rushes; for they grow in moist places, where the enemy can not burn them: and when we lay down our bodies on the field, we press a couch strown over with such spoils as they perhaps would not go into battle for, but the best in my opinion that any one can win . . sound sleep from sound consciences, and, more refreshing than soundest sleep, dreams of victory from hard fighting.

Do not fancy me ungrateful or invidious: it is true, I expected more from the reputation of England for public spirit and enlightened counsels.

Trelawny. We were dealers and chapmen when we were at the best: we are now gamblers and sharpers: purse-bearers to Ali-Pasha, purveyors to Ibrahim-Bey, slave-importers and pandars to Turk, Algerine, and Egyptian. Even those who press forward to offer you their gold, filch from you while they offer it; and you will find among these liberal men more roguery and robbery than among the vilest slaves of the harem. The spirit of speculation possesses them; of all spirits the most unclean, and the last to be exorcised.

Odysseus. When I hear an Englishman speak thus of his country, I am only the more inclined to believe in his ardent love for her. He remembers what she has been, he feels what she ought to be, he anticipates what she may be, and he misrepresents what she is. Such is the effect of passion, which has been the purest and tenderest on torn and ulcerated hearts: indifference is free from it. Be thou, O Trelawny! what the insensible can be without an effort, the generous on some occasions not . . be just.

Tersitza. Do I disturb you grave men by coming back so soon to you? Brother, I know you choose milk; drink this while it is warm and frothy. It hums and buzzes as if there were flies upon it; but there are none in the cavern; so you may take a large draught freely.

You, being an Englishman, will prefer wine: here is some, very sweet.

Trelawny. If Tersitza has proved it.

Tersitza. I have indeed: I would not have given to you if I had not tasted it: we are never quite fe from our enemies.

Odysseus. My dear Tersitza! it was not very olite in you to offer me the milk before you had resented the wine to our guest.

Tersitza (aside to *Odysseus*). Alas! I know it. can not be polite to him, though I wish it above l things, and think of nothing but of my failure it. What an effect has a stranger in making e rude and unseemly! You never told me I as so before.

Odysseus. I never remarked it but in this one stance.

Tersitza. Oh! how badly do you see, my bro- er! or how kind you are!

Odysseus. Come along with me, child!

Trelawny! I return to thee when I find that e women have taken their proper places of rest, d want nothing.

Tersitza. Brother!

Odysseus. What wouldst thou have?

Tersitza. I would ask something.

Odysseus. Be discreet, Tersitza! Discreet! ou art always. Speak at once: I grant it.

Tersitza. Grant what?

Odysseus. What you would ask.

Tersitza. Do you really now command that ble youth?

Odysseus. Is that all?

Tersitza. Tell me, tell me! Do tell me!

Odysseus. Yes, my love! He has declared his solution to obey my orders.

Tersitza. Oh! do command him then never ore to ride between me and the edge of a pre- pice . . so terribly high, a brook seems only a ng vine-tendril from it, and a fountain a glossy af: where the path is not level enough for any at the flattest stones to lie upon it (rounder would ll off), nor broad enough for the surest-footed east to walk safely, though quite alone.

Odysseus. Thoughtless young man! why did e ride there?

Tersitza. I asked him myself the same ques- on: he said he rode there to admire the magni- cence of the view.

Surely to look down on the peaks of rocks and he summits of pines, is not so pleasant as to lie ack and see them one above another, from a fted knoll of solid serpolet, where the lavender ound about it does not prick our legs, because he roe has lain down and slept on it and broken is brittle stalks.

Tell him this: remind him the very first time ou ride or walk together: and before you have one far. He is seven years older than I am, or ix at the least, and is not half so considerate and ise in many things.

Odysseus. I will speak to him now . .

Tersitza. Aside then . . for he would be angry f he thought I said anything about him.

Odysseus. I will call him then aside.

Tersitza. Let me go quite away first.

Odysseus. Trelawny! my presence is requisite on the eastern coast. The Pasha of Negropont has threatened that, unless I lay down my arms he will bring such a force against me as shall crush me instantly.

Trelawny. Threats are useful only to the threatened: the wise man has no will for them, and the strong man no occasion.

Odysseus. Rightly spoken. Our enemy is only our sentinel when he challenges as the pasha does. I depart this night.

To thy science I commit the fortification of the cavern, to thy courage its defence. Whatever else is dear to me in the world I entrust to thee with the same confidence. Not last in the precious charge is thy own good name.

Andritzo, the father of Odysseus, was the chief of a village called Maleno, in Roumely, on the channel of Talanda. His property consisted of sheep and goats, and he led a wandering life, on the plains in winter, on the mountains in summer, principally those of Ptoon and Parnassus. When he was about twenty years of age, a party of Turks having insulted the females of his family, a fray ensued: he drove them from his house with slaughter, set it on fire, and took refuge in the mountains. From that moment he became an outlaw, and joined a body of Klepts, then on Parnassus. He was distinguished for sagacity, courage, strength, and activity: qualities which his son Odysseus inherited without diminution. Tradition and Kleptic songs have preserved many extraordinary tales of his prowess. Certain it is, he soon became chieftain of all the Klepts in Roumely, and raised a regular tribute, on the whole territory that extends from the gates of Athens to those of Yannina.

The power of the most ancient sovran families had a similar beginning.

His troops amounted to two thousand, scattered in small parties, and occupying a chain of well-fortified posts. For fifteen or sixteen years he repelled all attempts to subdue him; and after Ali Pasha had in vain tried every stratagem for his destruction, he entered into treaty with him, ceding to him the government of Livadia, together with a part of Roumely. But his hatred of the Turks was too profound to be erased: security, power, dominion, vanished before it: and on the declaration of war by Russia, he and his friend Lambro joined their forces with the Russian, who conferred on Andritzo the rank of general, and that of admiral on Lambro. The admiral had the means of escaping to Russia, when the empress lost sight of power and glory in the lowest sensualities; and the general, after many difficulties and dangers, reached Santa Maura, then in possession of the Venetians, who, after pledging him their protection, gave him up to the Turk. The Russian court, with its usual indifference to human suffering, its usual insensibility to honour, national and personal, and its usual neglect of services no longer necessary to the accomplishment of its projects, forbore to interfere; and this brave man, who had resigned a principality in the hopes of delivering his country, died a slave in the bagnio at Constantinople. His son however has lived to see the most infamous of men, the Venetian senate, reduced to the same condition. May they never emerge from it! neither they nor their descendants!

Andritzo left a beautiful widow, then only fifteen years of age, with an only son, Odysseus, born at Previsa. Ali Pasha did not visit the offences of the father on his family. On the contrary, he took them instantly under his protection; and when Odysseus was twelve years old, made him his pipe-bearer, an office of trust, confidence, and distinction. He rose rapidly in preferment, by his fidelity and courage, by his skill and enterprise; and at eighteen, Ali conferred on him the government which his father had holden, and which he himself retained till his death, excepting the short interval between the fall of Ali and the Greek revolution. Odysseus never deserted in any

extremity his early friend and patron, nor relaxed in his efforts to extricate him from the perils of his situation, but boldly broke through the blockade, and entered the fortress in person, with provisions and reinforcements. On its capitulation, he retired to Ithaca. Here a deputation was sent to him, hailing him as the descendant of their ancient king, and proposing to him in their enthusiasm the means of recovering his inheritance. Early intimation was given him, in this island, of the meditated insurrection of the Greeks. He landed in the gulf of Corinth, and, hastening to the mountains of Parnassus, raised the largest force that appeared in one body on any part of Greece, amounting to five thousand men, most of whom had fought under him for Ali Pasha. To quiet their consciences for acting against Mahometans, they were encouraged in the belief that he came to avenge the death of their old master; which among the Roumeliots and Albanians is considered a sacred duty. These, the first raised and the best disciplined troops in Greece, were slain for the most-part in the several hard and unequal battles of the first two campaigns; and it had become expedient to prepare some certain place of refuge for those who were remaining. Odysseus then fortified the great cavern in Parnassus. To this place he removed his wife Helena, his mother Acrivè, his sister Tersitsa, and her little brother, committing to the courage and honour of Trelawny this sacred charge. Those who dreaded the establishment of a firm and orderly government, poured gold into the hands of Gouras. This leader had been pipe-bearer ten years to Odysseus, had been entrusted by him with the government of Athens, had been saved by him from the death-warrant of Ali; and now he hired ruffians and traitors to strangle him in his sleep. Odysseus perished in the Acropolis. One Whitcombe, an Englishman, aimed likewise at the life of Trelawny, and wounded him with a pistol from behind. After two months of excruciating pain, his wounds growing daily worse, he left the cavern, appointing a Hungarian, by name Camerone, to the chief command. Second to him was a Turk: so that, if he were removed by assassination, the crime would be fruitless to the perpetrator. After seven months Camerone was murdered; and the Turk, as was intended, admitted into the fortress his own men, rather than the perfidious Gouras, who had seized on the government of his benefactor.

Odysseus left one son, named Leonidas, born in Pi a short time before his father's death.

By those who knew and lived with this chiefta represented as a man incomparably good in all tions of social and private life. He was ardent, patient: he was confident in himself, yet modes everyone; venturing on such enterprises as see possible to accomplish, and accomplishing them b wonder at the undertaking had subsided. Appe different parts of Greece at nearly the same ins spreading the report by his emissaries that he was ing the positions he perhaps had left behind t intentions and movements were unknown and uns Hence with five thousand men he slew twenty th the enemy, and allowed them no leisure to fortify throw up entrenchments.

Enthusiastic and devoted in friendship, he thou men sincere as himself, if they ever had sworn it, that these alone are dangerous. He had inde reason to expect, that ten years of kindness an fidence, ten years laden with benefits, that rank power, wealth, conferred by him on Gouras, wo ensured his fidelity to the last. Ali Tebelen, vigilant, acute, intuitive, intelligent, among the men of our age (excepting the Ali of Egypt), wa in vain against this villain, after he had pleaded f and had obtained his suit. '*The day will come, O when thou wilt wish thy plea had been rejected. as he is to kindness and impatient of benefits, ho bear to owe his life to thee? Never trust him aft*

By the machinations of Gouras fell the greates of his country, at a time when Eubœa was listen counsels, and about to rise from her subjection. by which he fell paralysed the arm of Freedom, a off the head from the body of Greece, leaving o places in the Peloponnese, inhabited by a people c courage and doubtful faith.

CHAUCER, BOCCACCIO, AND PETRARCA.

Petrarca. You have kept your promise like an Englishman, Ser* Geoffreddo: welcome to Arezzo. This gentleman is Messer Giovanni Boccaccio, of whose unfinished *Decameron*, which I opened to you in manuscript, you expressed your admiration when we met at Florence in the spring.

Boccaccio. I was then at Certaldo, my native place, filling up my stories, and have only to regret that my acquaintance with one so friendly and partial to me has been formed so late.

How did Rome answer your expectation, sir?

Chaucer. I had passed through Pisa; of which city the Campo Santo, now nearly finished, after half a century from its foundation, and the noble street along the Arno,† are incomparably more beautiful than anything in Rome.

Petrarca. That is true. I have heard, however, some of your countrymen declare that Oxford is equal to Pisa, in the solidity, extent, and costliness of its structures.

* *Ser* is commonly used by Boccaccio and others for *Messer*.

† The Corso in Rome is now much finer. P. Leopold dismantled the walls of Pisa, and demolished more than fifty towers and turrets. Every year castellated mansions are modernised in Italy.

Chaucer. Oxford is the most beautifu cities: it would be a very fine one if there houses in it.

Petrarca. How is that?

Chaucer. The lath-and-plaster white houses look despicably mean under the cc

Boccaccio. Few see anything in the san of view. It would gratify me highly, if yo tell me with all the frankness of your c and your country, what struck you most *capital of the world,'* as the vilest slaves i their great open cloaca.

Chaucer. After the remains of antiquity not whether anything struck me more than the superiority of our English churc monasteries.

Boccaccio. I do not wonder that yours be richer and better built, although I nev before that they are: for the money tha lected in Rome or elsewhere, by the po employed for the most part in the aggrand of their families. Messer Francesco, alth wears the habit of a churchman, speaks on these subjects than a simple secular, dares to do.

Petrarca. We may however, I trust, pi

beauty and variety of our scenery to that of most in the world. Tuscany is less diversified, and, excepting the mountains above Camaldoli and Laverna, less sublime, than many other parts of Italy: yet where does Nature smile with more contented gaiety than in the vicinity of Florence? Great part of our sea-coast along the Mediterranean is uninteresting; yet it is beautiful in its whole extent from France to Massa. Afterward there is not a single point of attraction till you arrive at Terracina. The greater part of the way round the peninsula, from Terracina to Pesaro, has its changes of charms: thenceforward all is flat again.

Boccaccio. We can not travel in the most picturesque and romantic regions of our Italy, from the deficiency of civilisation in the people.

Chaucer. Yet, Messer Giovanni, I never journeyed so far through so enchanting a scenery as there is almost the whole of the way from Arezzo to Rome, particularly round Terni and Narni and Perugia.

Our master Virgil speaks of dreams that swarm upon the branches of one solitary elm. In this country more than dreams swarm upon every spray and leaf; and every murmur of wood or water comes from and brings with it inspiration. Never shall I forget the hour when my whole soul was carried away from me by the cataract of Terni, and when all things existing were lost to me in its stupendous waters. The majestic woods that bowed their heads before it; the sun that was veiling his glory in mild translucent clouds over the furthest course of the river; the moon, that suspended her orb in the very centre of it; seemed ministering Powers, themselves in undiminished admiration of the marvel they had been looking on through unnumbered ages. What are the works of man in comparison with this! What indeed, are the other works of Nature!

Petrarca. Ser Giovanni! this, which appears too great even for Nature, was not too great for man. Our ancestors achieved it. Curius Dentatus, in his consulate, forbade the waters of the Velinus to inundate so beautiful a valley, and threw them down this precipice into the Nar. When the traces of all their other victories, all their other labours, shall have disappeared, this work of the earlier and the better Romans shall continue to perform its office, shall produce its full effect, and shall astonish the beholder as it astonished him at its first completion.

Chaucer. I was not forgetful that we heard the story from our guide: but I thought him a boaster: and now for the first time I learn that any great power hath been exerted for any great good. Roads were levelled for aggression, and vast edifices were constructed either for pride or policy, to commemorate some victory, to reward the Gods for giving it, or to keep them in the same temper. There is nothing of which men appear to have been in such perpetual apprehension, as the inconstancy of the deities they worship.

Many thanks, Ser Francesco, for reminding me of what the guide asserted, and for teaching me the truth. I thought the fall of the Velinus not only the work of Nature, but the most beautiful she had ever made on earth. My prevention, in regard to the country about Rome, was almost as great, and almost as unjust to Nature, from what I had heard of it both at home and abroad. In the approach to the eternal city, she seems to have surrendered much of her wildness, and to have assumed all her stateliness and sedateness, all her awfulness and severity. The vast plain toward the sea abases the soul together with it; while the hills on the left, chiefly those of Tusculum and of Tibur, overshadow and almost overwhelm it with obscure remembrances, some of them descending from the heroic ages, others from an age more miraculous than the heroic, the Herculean infancy of immortal Rome. Soracte comes boldly forward, and stands alone. Round about, on every side, we behold an infinity of baronial castles, many moated and flanked with towers and bastions; many following the direction of the precipitous hills, of which they cover the whole summit. Tracts of land, where formerly stood entire nations, are now the property of some rude baron, descendant of a murderer too formidable for punishment, or of a robber too rich for it: and the ruins of cities, which had sunk in luxury when England was one wide forest, are carted off by a herd of slaves and buffaloes, to patch up the crevices of a fort or dungeon.

Boccaccio. Messer Francesco groans upon this, and wipes his brow.

Petrarca. Indeed I do.

Three years ago my fancy and hopes were inflamed by what I believed to be the proximity of regeneration. Cola Rienzi might have established good and equitable laws: even the Papacy, from hatred of the barons, would have countenanced the enaction of them, hoping at some future time to pervert and subjugate the people as before. The vanity of this tribune, who corresponded with kings and emperors, and found them pliable and ductile, was not only the ruin of himself and of the government he had founded, but threw down, beyond the chance of retrieving it, the Roman name.

Let us converse no more about it. I did my duty; yet our failure afflicts me, and will afflict me until my death. Jubilees, and other such mummeries, are deemed abundant compensation for lost dignity, lost power and empire, lost freedom and independence. We who had any hand in raising up our country from her abject state, are looked on with jealousy by those wretches to whom cowardice and flight alone give the titles and rewards of loyalty: with sneers and scorn by those who share among themselves the emoluments of office; and, lest consolation be altogether wanting, with somewhat of well-meaning compassion, as weak misguided visionaries, by quiet good creatures who would have beslavered and adored us if we had succeeded.

The nation that loses her liberty is not aware

of her misfortune at the time, any more than the patient is who receives a paralytic stroke. He who first tells either of them what has happened, is repulsed as a simpleton or a churl.

Boccaccio. When Messer Francesco talks about liberty, he talks loud. Let us walk away from the green,* into the cathedral, which the congregation is leaving.

Petrarca. Come now, Giovanni, tell us some affecting story, suitable to the gloominess of the place.

Boccaccio. If Ser Geoffreddo felt in honest truth any pleasure at reading my *Decameron*, he owes me a tithe at least of the stories it contains: for I shall not be so courteous as to tell him that one of his invention is worth ten of mine, until I have had all his ten from him: if not now, another day.

Chaucer. Let life be spared to me, and I will carry the tithe in triumph through my country, much as may be shed of the heavier and riper grain by the conveyance and the handling of it. And I will attempt to show Englishmen what Italians are; how much deeper in thought, intenser in feeling, and richer in imagination, than ever formerly: and I will try whether we can not raise poetry under our fogs, and merriment among our marshes. We must at first throw some litter about it, which those who come after us may remove.

Petrarca. Do not threaten, Ser Geoffreddo! Englishmen act.

Boccaccio. Messer Francesco is grown melancholy at the spectre of the tribune. Relate to us some amusing tale, either of court or war.

Chaucer. It would ill become me, signors, to refuse what I can offer: and truly I am loth to be silent, when a fair occasion is before me of adverting to those of my countrymen who fought in the battle of Cressy, as did one or two or more of the persons that are the subjects of my narrative.

Boccaccio. Enormous and horrible as was the slaughter of the French in that fight, and hateful as is war altogether to you and me, Francesco! I do expect from the countenance of Ser Geoffreddo, that he will rather make us merry than sad.

Chaucer. I hope I may, the story not wholly nor principally relating to the battle.

Sir Magnus Lucy is a knight of ample possessions, and of no obscure family, in the shire of Warwick, one of our inland provinces. He was left in his childhood under the guardianship of a mother, who loved him more fondly than discreetly. Beside which disadvantage, there was always wanting in his family the nerve or fluid, or whatever else it may be, on which the intellectual powers are nourished and put in motion. The good lady Joan would never let him enter the lists at jousts and tournaments, to which indeed he showed small inclination, nor would she encourage him to practise or learn any martial exercise. He was excused from the wars under the plea that he was subject to epilepsy; somewhat of which fit or another had befallen him in his adolescence, from having eaten too freely of a cold swan, after dinner. To render him justice, he had given once an indication of courage. A farmer's son upon his estate, a few years younger than himself, had become a good player at quarter-staff, and was invited to Charlecote, the residence of the Lucys, to exhibit his address in this useful and manly sport. The lad was then about sixteen years old, or rather more; and another of the same parish, and about the same standing, was appointed his antagonist. The sight animated Sir Magnus; who, seeing the game over and both combatants out of breath, called out to Peter Crosby the conqueror, and declared his readiness to engage with him, on these conditions. First, that he should have a helmet on his head with a cushion over it, both of which he sent for ere he made the proposal, and both of which were already brought to him, the one from a buck's horn in the hall, the other from his mother's chair in the parlour: secondly, that his visor should be down: thirdly, that Peter should never aim at his body or arms: fourthly and lastly, for he would not be too particular, that, instead of a cudgel, he should use a bulrush, enwrapt in the under-coat he had taken off, lest anything venomous should be sticking to it, as his mother said there might be, from the spittle or spawn of toads, evets, water-snakes, and adders.

Peter scraped back his right foot, leaned forward, and laid his hooked fingers on his brow, not without scratching it . . the multiform signification of humble compliance in our country. John Crosby, the father of Peter, was a merry jocose old man, not a little propense to the mischievous. He had about him a powder of a sternutatory quality, whether in preparation for some trick among his boon companions, or useful in the catching of chub and bream, as many suspected, is indifferent to my story. This powder he inserted in the head of the bulrush, which he pretended to soften and to cleanse by rubbing, while he instructed his lad in the use and application of it. Peter learned the lesson so well, and delivered it so skilfully, that at the very first blow the powder went into the aperture of the visor, and not only operated on the nostrils, but equally on the two spherical, horny, fish-like eyes above it. Sir Magnus wailed aloud, dropped his cudgel, tore with great effort (for it was well fastened) the pillow from his helmet, and implored the attendants to unbrace him, crying, "O Jesu! Jesu! I am in the agonies of death: receive my spirit!" John Crosby kicked the ancle of the farmer who sat next him on the turf, and whispered, "He must find it first."

The mischief was attributed to the light and downy particles of the bulrush, detached by the unlucky blow; and John, springing up when he had spoken the words, and seizing it from the hand of his son, laid it lustily about his shoulders, until it fell in dust on every side, crying, "Scapegrace! scape-grace! born to break thy father's heart in splinters! Is it thus thou beginnest thy

* The cathedral of Arezzo stands on a green, in which are pleasant walks commanding an extensive view.

service to so brave and generous a master? Out of my sight!"

Never was the trick divulged by the friends of Peter until after his death, which happened lately at the battle of Cressy. While Peter was fighting for his king and country, Sir Magnus resolved to display his wealth and splendour in his native land. He had heard of princes and other great men travelling in disguise, and under names not belonging to them. This is easy of imitation: he resolved to try it: although at first a qualm of conscience came over him on the part of the Christian name which his godfathers and godmothers had given him, but which however was so distinguishing, that he determined to lay it aside, first asking leave of three saints, paying three groats into the alms-box, saying twelve paternosters within the hour, and making the priest of the parish drunk at supper. He now gave it out by sound of horn, that he should leave Charlecote, and travel *incognito* through several parts of England. For this purpose he locked up the liveries of his valets, and borrowed for them from his tenants the dress of yeomanry. Three grooms rode forward in buff habiliments, with three led horses well caparisoned. Before noon he reached a small town called Henley in Arden, as his host at the inn-door told him, adding, when the knight dismounted, that there were scholars who had argued in his hearing, whether the name of Arden were derived from another forest so called in Germany, or from a puissant family which bore it, being earls of Warwick in the reign of Edward the Confessor. "It is the opinion of the abbot of Tewkesbury, and likewise of my very good master, him of Evesham," said the host, "that the Saxon earls brought over the name with them from their own country, and gave it to the wilder part of their dominions in this of ours."

"No such family now," cried the knight. "We have driven them out, bag and baggage, long ago, being braver men than they were."

A thought however struck him, that the vacant name might cover and befit him in this expedition: and he ordered his servants to call him Sir Nigel de Arden.

Continuing his march northward, he protested that nothing short of the Trent (if indeed that river were not a fabulous one) should stop him; nay, by the rood, not even the Trent itself, if there were any bridge over it strong enough to bear a horse caparisoned, or any ford which he could see a herd of oxen, or a score of sheep fit for the butcher, pass across. Early on the second morning he was nigh upon twenty miles from home, at a hamlet we call Bromwicham, where be two or three furnaces, and sundry smiths, able to make a horse-shoe in time of need, allowing them drink and leisure. He commanded his steward to disburse unto the elder of them one penny of lawful coin, advising the cunning man to look well and soberly at his steed's hoofs, and at those of the other steeds in his company; which being done, and no repairs being necessary, Sir Magnus then proceeded to the vicinity of another hamlet called Sutton Colefield, in which country is a well-wooded and well-stocked chase, belonging to my dread master the duke of Lancaster, who often taketh his sport therein. Here, unhappily for the knight, were the keepers of the said chase hunting the red and fallow deer. The horse of the worshipful knight, having a great affection for dogs, and inspirited by the prancing and neighing of his fellow-creatures about him, sprang forward, and relaxed not any great matter of his mettle before he reached the next forest of Cannock, where the buck that was pursued pierced the thickets and escaped his enemies. In the village of Cannock was the knight, at his extremity, fain to look for other farriery than that which is exercised by the craft in Bromwicham, and upon other flesh than horseflesh, and about parts less horny than hoofs, however hardened be the same parts by untoward bumps and contusions. This farriery was applied by a skilful and discreet leech, while Sir Magnus opened his missal on his bed in the posture of devotion, and while a priest, who had been called in to comfort him, was looking for the penitential psalms of good king David, the only service (he assured Sir Magnus) that had any effect in the removal or alleviation of such sufferings.

When the host at Cannock heard the name of his guest, "'Sblood!" cried he to his son, "ride over, Emanuel, to Longcroft, and inform the worshipful youths, Humphrey and Henry, that one of their kinsmen is come over from the other side of Warwickshire to visit them, and has lost his way in the forest through a love of sport."

On his road into Rugeley, Emanuel met them together, and told them his errand. They had heard the horn as they were riding out, had joined the hunt, and were now returning home. Indignant at first that anyone should take the name of their family, they went on asking more and more questions, and their anger abated as their curiosity increased. Having an abundance of good-humour and of joviality in their nature, they agreed to act courteously, and turn the adventure into glee and joyousness. So they went back with Emanuel to his father's at Cannock, and were received by the townspeople with much deference and respect. The attendants of Sir Magnus observed it, and were earnest to see in what manner the adventure would terminate.

"Go," said Humphrey, "and tell your master Sir Nigel that his kinsmen are come to pay their duty to him." The clergyman who had been reading the penitential psalms, and had afterward said mass, opened the chamber-door for them, and conducted them to Sir Magnus. They began their compliments by telling him that, although the house at Longcroft was unworthy of their kinsman's reception, in the absence of their father ... when they were interrupted by the knight, who cried aloud in a clear quaver, "Young gentlemen! I have no relative in these parts: I come from the very end of Warwickshire. Reverend

sir priest! I do protest and vow I have no cognisance of these two young gentlemen."

As he spoke the sweat hung upon his brow: the cause of which neither the brothers nor the priest could interpret; but it really was lest they should have come to dine with him, and perhaps have moreover some retinue in the yard. Disclaimed so unceremoniously, Humphrey de Arden opened a leathern purse, and carefully took out his father's letter. Whereat the alarm of Sir Magnus increased beyond measure, from the uncertainty of its contents, and from the certainty of being discovered as the usurper of a noble name. His terrors however were groundless: the letter was this.

"Son Humphrey, I grieve that the varlet who promised me those three strong geldings, and took monies thereupon, hath mortally disappointed me; for verily we have hard work here, being one against seven or eight;* and, if matters go on in this guise, I must e'en fight afoot ere it be long; they having killed among them my brave old Black Jack, who had often winnowed them with his broken wind, which was not broken till they broke it. The drunken fat rogue that now fails me, would rather hunt on Colefield or (if he dare come so near to you) on Cannock, than lead the three good steeds in a halter up Yoxall Lane. Whenever ye find him, stand within law with him, and use whit-leather rather than Needwood holly, which might provoke the judge; and take the three hale nags, coming hither with them yourselves, and paying him forthwith three angels, due unto him on the feast of Saint Barnabas and that other (Saint Jude, as I am now reminded), if ye have so many; if not, mortgage a meadow. And let this serve as a warrant from your loving father.† † †"

"What is that to me?" cried in agony Sir Magnus. The priest took the letter and shook his head. "Sir priest! you see how it stands with us;" said the knight. "Do deliver me from the lion's den and from the young lions!"

"Friend!" said the priest gravely and sternly, "I know the mark of Sir Humphrey: and the handwriting is my own brother's, who, taking with him in his saddle-bag a goose-pie and twelve strings of black pudding for Sir Humphrey, left his cure at Tamworth but four months ago, and joined the army in France, in order to shrive the wounded. It is my duty to make known unto the sheriff whatever is irregular in my parish. "O! for the love of Christ! say nothing to the sheriff! I will confess all," exclaimed the knight.

The attendants and many of the customers and countryfolks had listened at the door, which was indeed wide-open; and the priest being now confirmed in his suspicion by the knight's offer to "confess all," walked slowly through them, mounted his palfrey, and rode over to the sheriff at Penkridge. The two young gentlemen were delighted on seeing the consternation of Sir Magnus and his company, and encouraged by the familiarity of one among them, led him aside and said, "It will be well and happy for you if you persuade the others of your party to return home speedily. The sheriff is a shrewd severe man, and will surely send every soul of you into Picardy, excepting such as he may gibbet on the common for an ensample."

"Masters!" replied the Warwickshire wag, "I will return among them and frighten them into the road: but you two brave lads shall have your horses, and your father his, together with such attendants as you little reckon on. Are ye for the wars?"

"We were going," said they gaily, "whenever we could raise enough monies from our father's tenantry; for he, much as he desires to have us with him, is very loth to be badly equipped; and would peradventure see us rather slain in battle, or (what he thinks worse) not in it at all, than villanously mounted."

"Will ye take me?" cried the gallant yeoman.

"Gladly," answered they both together.

Ralph Roebuck was the name of this brave youngster; and, without another word, he ran among his fellows, and putting his hand above his ear, as our hunters are wont, shouted aloud, "Who's for hanging this fine morning?" "Ralph!" chimed they together, somewhat languidly, "what dost mean?"

"I mean," whispered he slowly and distinctly to the nearest, "that the country will be up in half an hour; that the priest is gone for the sheriff; and that if he went for the devil he could fetch him. I never knew a priest at a fault, whatever he winded. Whosoe'er has a horse able to carry him is in luck. In my mind there will be some heels without a stirrup under them, before to-morrow, kick as they may to find it. I must not however be unfaithful to my master, for whom I have spoken a fair word, and worn a smiling face, in my perils and tribulations, with these stout young gallants. Each to his own bit and bridle: the three led chargers let no man touch, on his life. For the rest, I will be spokesman, in lack of a better. May we meet again in Charlecote, at least half the number we set out!"

Away they ran, saddled their horses, and rode off. Ralph, who had lately been put in the stocks by his master, for drinking a cup too much and for singing a song by no means dissuasive of incontinence, now for the first time began to think of it again, and expected a like repose after less baiting. Presently came up a swart, thin, fierce little man, with four others bearing arms. He, observing Ralph, ordered him to "stand," in the king's name. Ralph had been standing, and stood, with his arms before him, hanging as if they were broken.

* Such soon afterward was the disproportion of numbers at the battle of Cressy.

† The mark of a knight, instead of his name, is not to be wondered at. Out of the thirty-six barons who subscribed the Magna Charta, three only signed with their names.

"Varlet and villain!" cried the under-sheriff, for such was the little man, "who art thou?"

"May it please your honour," answered he submissively, "my name is a real one and my own, such as it is."

"And what may it be, sirrah!"

"Ralph Roebuck."

"Egad!" cried the little man, starting at it, "that too sounds like a feigned one. Ye are all rogues and vagrants. Where are thy fellows?"

"I can answer only for myself, may it please your worship!" said Ralph.

"Where is thy leader, vagabond!" cried the magistrate, more and more indignant.

"God knows," answered Ralph, dolorously.

"Has he fled with the rest of his gang?"

"God grant he may," ejaculated Roebuck, "rather than hang upon the cursed tree."

The under-sheriff then ordered his people to hold Ralph in custody, and went and saluted the two De Ardens, who requested that clemency might be shown to everyone implicated in an offence so slight.

"We must consider of that," answered the under-sheriff. "Edward à Brocton, the priest of Cannock here, has given me this letter, which he swears is written by his brother William, priest of Tamworth, and marked by your worshipful father." The young men bowed. "Who is the rogue that defrauded him," resumed the under-sheriff, "in the three horses, to our lord the king's great detriment and discomfort?"

It was not for them, they replied, to incriminate anyone: nor indeed would they knowingly bring any man's blood on their heads if they could help it.

"The impostor in the house shall be examined," cried the little man, drawing his forefinger along his lips, for they were foamy. He went into the room, and found the knight in a shower of tears.

"Call my varlets! call my rogues!" cried Sir Magnus, wringing his hands and turning away his face.

"Rogues!" said the under-sheriff. "They are gone off, and in another county, or near upon it: else would I hang them all speedily, as I will thee, by God's pleasure. How many horses hast thou in the stable?"

"Sir! good sir! gentle sir! patience a little! let me think awhile!" said the knight.

"Ay, ay, ay! let thee think forsooth!" scornfully and canorously in well-sustained tenor hymned the son of Themis. "This paper hath told me."

"Worthy sir!" said the knight, "hear reason! Hear truth and righteousness and justification by faith! Hear a sinner in tribulation, in the shadow of death!"

"Faith! sirrah! thou art very near the substance, if there be any," interposed the under-sheriff.

"Nay, nay! hold! I beseech you! as I have a soul to be saved"...

"Pack it up then! pack it up! I will give it a lift when it is ready."

"O sir sheriff, sir sheriff! I am disposed to swear on the rood, I am not, and never was, Sir Nigel de Arden."

At these words the under-sheriff laughed bitterly, and said, "Nor I neither;" and, going out of the room, ordered a guard to stand at the door.

Henry then took him by the arm and said softly, "Gildart! do not be severe with the poor young man below. It is true he is in the secret, which he swears he will not betray if he dies for it; but he promises us the three horses without trial or suit or trouble or delay, and hopes you will allow his master to leave the kingdom in peace and safety under his conduct, promising to serve the king, together with us, faithfully in his wars."

"We could not do better," answered the under-sheriff, "if we were certain the fellow and his gang would not waylay and murder you on the road."

"Never fear!" cried Henry. "As we shall have other attendants, and are neither less strong nor (I trust) less courageous than he, we will venture, with your leave and permission."

This was given in writing. The under-sheriff ordered his guards to bring down the culprit, who came limping and very slow.

"Pity he can not feign and counterfeit a little better on the spur of the occasion!" said the under-sheriff. "He well answers the description of fat and lazy: as for drunken, it shall not be to-day, on Cannock ale or Burton beer."

When the knight had descended the stairs, and saw Ralph Roebuck, he shrieked aloud with surprise and gladness, "O thou good and faithful servant! enter into the joy of thy lord!"

"God's blood!" cried Ralph. "I must enter then into a thing narrower than a weasel's or a wasp's hole. To what evil have you led us?"

"Now you can speak for me!" said the knight.

Ralph shook his head and sighed, "It will not do, master! I am resolved to keep my promise, which you commanded upon first setting out, though it may cost me limb or life. Master! one word in your ear."

"No whisperings! no connivances! no plans or projects of escape!" cried the guard. They helped Sir Magnus into his saddle with more than their hands and arms; which, instead of officiousness, he thought an indignity, though it might be the practice of those parts. The two De Ardens mounted two of the richly caparisoned steeds; the third was led by their servant, who went homeward with those also which they had ridden, for what was necessary, being ordered to rejoin them at Lichfield. Ralph Roebuck sat alert on his own sorrel palfrey, a quick and active one, with open transparent nostrils. He would, as became him, have kept behind his master, if the knight had not called him to his side, complaining that the length and roughness of the roads had shaken his saddle so as to make it uneven and uneasy. Many and pressing were the offers of Ralph to set

it right: Sir Magnus shook his head and answered that "man is born to suffering as the sparks fly upward."

"I could wish, sir," said Ralph, "if it did not interfere with higher dispensations" . . .

"The very word! Ralph! the very word! thou rememberest it! I could not bring it nicely to mind. Several Sundays have passed since we heard it. Well! what couldst thou wish?"

"That your worship had under you at this juncture the cushion of our late good lady Joan, which might serve you now somewhat better than it did at the battle of the bulrush. We all serve best in our places."

"By our lady! Ralph! I never saw a man so much improved by his travels as thou art. What shall we both be ere we reach home again?"

Ralph persuaded his master how much better it were that his worship did not return too speedily among the cravens and recreants who had deserted him, and who probably would be pursued; and then what a shame and scandal it would be, if such a powerful knight as Sir Magnus should see them dragged from his own hall, and from under his own eyes to prison. If by any means it could be contrived to prolong the journey a few days, it would be a blessing; and the De Ardens, it might be hoped, would say nothing of the matter to the sheriff. Sir Magnus felt that his importance would be lowered by the seizure of his servants, in his presence, and under his roof; and he had other reasons for wishing to ride leisurely, in which his more active companions little participated. On their urging him to push forward, he complained that his horse had been neglected, and had neither tasted oat nor bean, nor even sweet meadow-hay, at Cannock. His company expressed the utmost solicitude that this neglect should be promptly remedied, and grieving that the next stage was still several miles distant, offered, and at the same time exerted, their best services, in bringing the hungry and loitering steed to a trot. Sir Magnus now had his shrewd suspicions, he said, that the saddle had been ill looked to, and doubted whether a nail from behind might not somehow have dropped lower. When he would have cleared up his doubts by the agency of his hand, again the whip, applied to his flinching steed, disturbed the elucidation; and his knuckles, instead of solving the knotty point, only added to its nodosity. At last he cried, "Roebuck! Roebuck! gently, softly! If we go on at this rate, in another half-hour I shall be black and bloody, as ever rook was that dropped ill-fledged from the rookery."

"The Lord hath well speeded our flight," said Ralph relenting: "he hath delivered us from our enemies. What miles and miles have we travelled, to all appearance in a few hours!"

"Not many hours indeed," answered the knight, still pondering. "What is yon red spire?" added he.

"The tower of Babel," replied Ralph composedly.

"I can not well think it," muttered Sir Magnus in suspense. "They would never have dared to rebuild it, after God's anger thereupon."

It was the spire of Lichfield cathedral.

When they entered the city they found there some hundreds of French prisoners, taken in the late skirmishes, who were chattering and laughing and boasting of their invincibility. Their sunburnt faces, their meagre bodies, their loud cries, and the violence our surly countrymen expressed at not being understood by them, although as natives of Lichfield they spoke such good English, removed in part the doubts of Sir Magnus, even before he heard our host cry, "By God! a very Babel!" Later in the evening came some Welshmen, having passed through Shropshire and Cheshire with mountain sheep, for the fair the next morning. These too were unintelligible in their language, and different from the others. They quarrelled with the French for mocking them, as they thought. Sir Magnus expressed his wonder that an Englishman, which the host was, should be found in such a far country, among the heathen; albeit some of them spoke English, not being able for their hearts and souls to do otherwise, since all the languages in the world were spoken there as a judgment on the ungodly. He confessed he had always thought Babel was in another place, though he could not put his finger upon it exactly. Nothing, he added, so clearly proved the real fact, as that the sheep themselves were misbegotten and blackfaced, and several of them altogether tawny, like a Moor's head he had seen, he told them, in the chancel-window of Saint Mary's at Warwick. "Which reminds me," said the pious knight, "that the hour of Angelus must be at hand, and, beside the usual service, I have several forms of thanksgiving to run through before I break bread again."

It was allowed him to go alone upstairs for his devotions, in which, ye will have observed, he was very regular. Meanwhile the landlord and his two daughters, two buxom wenches, were admitted into the secret; and it was agreed that at supper all should speak a jargon, by degrees more and more confused, and that at last every imaginable mistake should be made, in executing the orders of the company. The girls entered heartily into the device, and the rosy-faced father gave them hints and directions while the supper was being cooked. Sir Magnus came down, after a time, covered with sweat. He protested that the heat of the climate in these countries was intolerable, particularly in his bedroom: that indeed he had felt it before, in the open air, but only on certain portions of the body, which certain stars have an influence upon, and not at all in the face.

The oven had been heated just under the knight's bed, in order to supply loaves for the farmers and drovers the following day.

Supper was now served: bread however was wanting. The knight desired one of the young women to give him some. She looked at him in astonishment, shrank back, blushed, and hid her

face in her apron. The father came forward furiously, and said many words, or rather uttered many sounds, which Sir Magnus could not understand. He requested his attendant Ralph to explain. Ralph made a few attempts at English, and, failing in it, spoke very fluently another tongue. The father and his daughters stared one at another, and brought a bucket of hot water, with a square of soap; then a goose's wing; then a sack of grey peas; then a blackbird in a cage; then a mustard-pot; then a handful of brown paper; then a pair of white rabbits, hanging by the ears. Sir Magnus now addressed the other girl. She appeared more willing to comply, and, making a sign at her father, whose back was turned in his anxiety to find what was called for, as if she would be kinder still when he was out of the way, laid her arm across the neck of the knight, and withdrew it hesitatingly and timidly. At this instant a great dog entered, allured by the smell of the meat. The knight's lips quivered, and the first accents he uttered audibly and distinctly were . . "Seeking whom he may devour." Then falling on his knees he cried aloud, "O Lord! thy mercies are manifold! I am a sinner."

The girl trembled from head to foot, ready to burst with the laughter she was suppressing, and kissed her father, and appeared to implore his pardon. He pushed her back and cried, "Away! I saw thee! I saw thee with these very eyes!" clenching his fist and striking his brow frantically. "I saw thy shadow upon the wall. No wickedness is hidden."

"The hand-writing! the hand-writing! that was upon the wall too! perhaps upon this very one," exclaimed the conscience-stricken and aghast Sir Magnus. He fell on his knees, and praised the Lord for allowing to the host again the use of his mother-tongue; for the salvation of him a sinner: if indeed it were not the Lord himself who spake by the lips of his servant in the words, "No wickedness is hidden." After a prayer, he protested that, although indeed his heart was corrupt, as all hearts were, the devil had failed to infame him universally. Not one knew what he said. Humphrey laughed and nodded assent; Henry offered him baked apples; Ralph brushed his doublet-sleeve.

Before it was light in the morning, the horses were at the door: nobody appeared: no money had been paid or demanded: nevertheless it seemed an inn. They mounted; they mused; they feared to meet each other's eyes: at last Ralph addressed one of the De Ardens in a low voice, but so as to be heard by his master. The two brothers tried each a monosyllable: Ralph shook his head, and they looked despondently. Attempts were renewed at intervals for several miles; when suddenly a distant bell was heard, probably from the cathedral, and Humphrey cried, "Matins! matins!" At this moment all spoke English perfectly, and the knight uttered many fervent ejaculations. The others related their sufferings and visions; and when they had ended, Sir Magnus said, he seemed to hear throughout the night the roaring of a fiery furnace, for all the world like King Nebuchadnezzar's; only that sinful bodies, and not righteous ones, were moved and shoved backward and forward in it, until their bones grated like iron, and until his own teeth chattered so in his head he could hear them no longer.

His conductor was careful to avoid the county of Warwick, lest any one should recognise the knight, little as was the chance of it; for he never had been further from home than at Warwick, and there but twice, the distance being five good miles. On his way toward the coast, he wondered to find the stars so very like those at Charlecote; and some of them seemed to know him and wink at him. He thought indeed here were a good many more of them awake and stirring; because he had been longer out of doors than he had ever been before, at night. Slowly as he would have travelled, if he had been allowed his own way, on the sixth morning from his adventure at Cannock he had come within sight of the coast. To his questions no other answer was returned, than that the times were unquiet; that the roads were infested with robbers; and that the orders of a sheriff were as a king's. In the afternoon, the travellers descended the narrow holloway that leads into the seaport town of Hastings. Ralph pointed at some sailors who were stepping into a boat, and cried, "Master! what do you think of these?"

"I think, Roebuck," answered he, after pondering some moments, "that they are like unto those who go down into the great waters."

The De Ardens were conveying their stores and horses aboard, to lose no time, when Ralph whispered in the ear of the knight, "Sir Knight! do not, for the love of Christ! do not venture with those two dare-devils any further. Let us take only a small boat, just large enough to enter the Avon. There is a short cut hereabout, if we could find it. For six pieces of gold we may hire as many sailors to hazard their liberties and lives for us, and see us safe at home again."

"Six pieces of gold!" repeated Sir Magnus very slowly and distinctly: "six pieces of gold, in these hard times, go well-nigh to purchase an acre of pasture-land."

"True," replied Roebuck, "with a hundred of sand and a thousand of sea thrown in, as hoof and shank to a buttock of beef."

"Indeed!" interjected Sir Magnus. "Why, then, would not it be better to look out for some such investment of said monies, and to get the indentures fairly engrossed forthwith!"

"Investment! indentures!" cried Ralph. "Master! it is well for those who can carry by land and sea such fine learned words about with 'em, which are enough to show a man's gentility all the world over."

It is uncertain whether Sir Magnus heard him, for he continued to utter and repeat the substance of his reflections.

"What a quantity of fishes there must be in a thousand acres of deep salt water, being well looked to! Rats and otters might sneeze their hearts out before they could catch a fin, with the brine and foam bobbing up everlastingly and buffeting their whiskers: and the poachers must buy lime-kilns, and forests, and mines of pure poison, if they would make the fish drunk at the bottom. Furthermore, there never could be a lack of sand at Charlecote these twenty years to come, for kitchen or scullery or walk before the hall-windows, or repairs of cow-house or dove-cote: and many a cart-load would be lying in store for sale."

"There is great foresight and cleverness in all this," said Ralph: "and if your worship had only six gold pieces in the world, no time ought to be lost in running with 'em seaward. But to my foolishness, three for life and three for liberty seem reasonable enough. Pirates, and even fair-fighting enemies, such as those gentlemen over the way, demand for a knight's ransom as many hundreds."

The knight drew back and hesitated.

"Well, Sir!" said Ralph, "the business is none of mine. I have been let go ere now for an old song when I had angered my man: here I have angered nobody: I am safe anywhere, and welcome in most places."

"I am fain to learn that old song of his," said the knight inaudibly.

Roebuck continued, "I have no hall with antlers in it; I would rather eat a sucking pig than a swan, and a griskin than a heron; and I can do either with good-will about noon any day in seven, bating Friday, and without mounting up three long steps that run across the room, or resting my feet on a dainty mat of rushes. A good blazing kitchen fire is enough for me. I care neither for bucks nor partridges. As for spiced ale at christenings and weddings, I may catch a draught of it when it passes. Sack I have heard of: poor tipple, I doubt, that wants sweetening. But a horn of home-brewed beer, frothing leisurely, and humming lowly its contented tune, is suitable to my taste and condition; and I envy not the great and glorious who have a goose with a capon in his belly on the table, or even a peacock, his head as good as alive, and the proudest of his feathers to crown him."

The knight answered, "Somehow I do not like to part with my gold; I never saw any in coinage till last Easter;* and it seems so fresh and sunshiny and pleasant, I would keep it to look at in damp weather. Pay the varlets in groats."

"Sir Knight!" replied Ralph, "do not let them see your store of groats, which are very handy, and sundry of these likewise are quite new."

"Nobody would pay away new groats that could help it," sighed Sir Magnus.

"The gold must go, and make room for more," said Roebuck. The knight answered nothing; but turning round, lest anybody should notice his capacious and well-stored scrip, he drew forth the six pieces, and, after a doubt and a trial with his thumb and finger, whether by reason of their roughness two peradventure might not stick together and make seven, he placed them in the palm of Roebuck, who took them with equal silence and less uncertainty. Great contentment was manifested by the worshipful knight that the two De Ardens had left him; and he ate a good dinner, and drank a glass of Rhenish, which he said was "pure sour;" and presently was anxious to go aboard the boat, if it was ready. Ralph conducted him to it and helped him in. The rowers for some time played their parts lustily, and then hoisted sail. Roebuck asked the oldest of them whether the wind was fair. "Passably," said he; "but unless we look sharp we may be carried into the Low Countries."

"I do not see anywhere that short cut, nor that brook which runs into the Avon," said Sir Magnus. "As for the Low Countries, no fear of them: the water rises before us, and we mount higher and higher every moment, insomuch that I begin to feel as if I were going up in a swing, like that between the elms."

Presently old Ocean exacted from him his tribute, which the powerfullest not of knights only and barons, but of princes and kings must pay him in his own dominions, bending their heads and stretching out their arms and acknowledging his supremacy with tears and groans. He now fancied he had been poisoned on shore; and was confirmed in his belief, when Roebuck hummed a tune without any words to it, prodigal and profuse as he was of them on ordinary occasions; and when neither he nor any of the sailors would bring him such a trifle as water-gruel sweetened with clary wine, or camomile flowers picked with the dew upon them and simmered in fair spring water and in an earthen pan, or viper-broth with a spoonful of Venice-treacle in it, stirred with the tusk of a wild boar in the first quarter of the moon: the only things he asked them for. Soon however his pains abated; yet he complained that his eyesight was so affected, he seemed to see nothing but greenish water, like leek-porridge, albeit by his reckoning they must now be near the brook.

"Methinks," said he, "we are running after that great white ship yonder."

"Methinks so too," answered Ralph; crying, "How is this?" with apparent anger, to the sailors.

"It cannot be otherwise," said one of them: "the boat is the brig's own daughter: what mortal can keep them asunder? You might as well hope to hold tight by your teeth a two months' calf from its dam."

"Why didst not thou see to that, Ralph?" cried the knight in the bitterness of his soul. "Always rash and imprudent!"

* The first gold coined in England came out rather more than a year before this time, that is in 1344; the quantity was small, and probably the circulation not rapid nor extensive.

Roebuck attempted to console his master with the display of the honours that would be shown him aboard the brig, when his quality should be discovered. Then, taking advantage of a shoal of porpoises, that rolled and darted in every direction round the boat, he showed them to Sir Magnus, who turned pale at seeing them so near him. "Never be frightened at a parcel of bots!" cried Roebuck.

"Bots! what, those vast creatures!"

"Ay, surely," said one of the sailors. "The seahorses void them by millions in a moment: you may sometimes see a thousand of them sticking on a single hair of their tails."

"Do those horses come within sight then?" said Sir Magnus tremulously.

"Only when they are itchy," answered the mariner: "and then they contrive to slip between a boat and a brig, and crack a couple or three at a time of these troublesome little insects."

Sir Magnus said something to himself about the wonders of the great deep, and praised God for having kept hitherto such a breed of bots out of his stables. He began to see clearly how fitted everything is to the place it occupies: and how certainly these creatures were created to be killed between brigs and boats.

Meditations must have their end, though they reach to Heaven.

Great as had been the consternation of Sir Magnus at the sight of the porpoises, and at the probability that a hair of some stray marine horse, covered over with them, might lie between him and the river: greater still was it, if possible, at approaching the brig, and discerning the two De Arlens. "What can they want with me?" cried he. "I am resolved not to go home with them."

Roebuck raised his spirits, by swearing that nothing of the kind should happen, while he had a drop of blood in his veins. "Hark! Sir Knight!" said he. "Observe how the two young gentlemen are behaving."

Gaily indeed did they accost him, and imperiously cried they to the crew, "Make way for Sir Magnus Lucy."

"Behold, sir, your glorious name hath already manifested itself," said Ralph.

A rope-ladder was let down; and the brothers knelt, and inclined their bodies, and offered their hands to aid him in mounting. "Here are honours paid to my master!" said Roebuck exultingly. Sir Magnus himself was highly gratified with his reception, and resolved to defer his interrogatory on the course they seemed to be taking. He was startled at dinner-time when the captain with strange familiarity entitled him "Sir Mag." The following words were even more offensive; for when the ship rolled somewhat, though moderately, the trencher of Sir Magnus fell into his lap; and the captain cried, "Nay, nay, Sir Mag! as much into gullet as gullet will hold, but clap nothing below the girdle." He protested he had no design to secrete anything. The sailors played and punned, as low men are wont, on his family name: and on his asking what the fellows meant by their impudence, a scholar from Oxford, of whom he inquired it, one who liked the logic of princes better than that of pedants, told him they wished to express by their words and gestures that he was, in the phrase of Horace, *ad unguem factus*.

"I do not approve of any phrases," answered he, somewhat proudly, "and pray, sir, tell them so."

"Sir!" said Roebuck in his ear, "although you may be somewhat disappointed in the measure of respect paid to you aboard, you will be compensated on landing."

Sir Magnus thought hereby that his tenants would surely bring him pullets and chines. As they approached the coast, "I told you, sir!" exclaimed he. "Look at the bonfire on the very edge of the sands! they could not make it nearer you." A fire was blazing, and there were loud *huzzas* as the ship entered the port.

"I would still be incog. if possible," said Sir Magnus, hollowing his cheeks and voice, and recovering to himself a great part of his own estimation. "Give the good men this money; and tell them in future not to burn a serviceable boat for me, in want of brushwood. I will send them a cart-load of it another time, on due application."

The people were caulking a fishing-smack: they took the money, hooted at Sir Magnus, and turned again to their labour.

After the service of the day, the king of England was always pleased to watch the ships coming over, to observe the soldiers debarking, and to learn the names of the knights and esquires who successively crossed the channel. He happened to be riding at no great distance; and ordered one of his attendants to go and bring him information of the ship and her passengers, particularly as he had seen some stout horses put ashore. This knight was an intimate friend of De Arlen the father, and laughed heartily at the adventure, as related by Humphrey. He repeated it to the king, word for word, as nearly as he could. "Marry!" said the king. "Three fat horses, with a bean-field (I warrant) in each, are but an inadequate price for such a name. I doubt whether we have another among us that was in any degree noble before the Norman conquest. We ourselves might have afforded three decent ones, in recompense for the dominion and property of nearly one whole county, and that county the fairest in England. Let the boys make the knight show his prowess, as some of his family have done. I observe they ride well, and have the prudence to exercise their horses on their first debarking, lest they grow stiff and lose their appetite. Tell them I shall be glad to hear of them, and then to see them."

Sir Magnus, the moment he set foot on shore, was welcomed to land by Roebuck. "No, no! rogue Ralph!" said he, nodding. "I know the Avon when I see it. Here we are . . . None of your mummery, good people," cried he, somewhat angrily, when several ragged French men, women,

and children, asked him for charity. "We will have no Babel here, by God's blessing."

Soon came forward two young knights, and told him it was the king's pleasure he should pitch his tent above *Eu*, on the right of this same river *Brete*.

"Youngsters!" cried he arrogantly, "I shall pitch nothing; neither tent (whatever it may be) nor quoit nor bar. Know ye, I am Sir Magnus Lucy of Charlecote."

The young knights, unceremoniously as he had treated them, bowed profoundly, and said they bore the king's command, leaving the execution of it to his discretion.

"The king's," repeated he. "What have I done? Has that skipping squirrel of an under-sheriff been at the king's ear about me?"

They could not understand him; and, telling him that it would be unbecoming in them to investigate his secrets, made again their obeisance, and left him. He then turned toward Ralph; the polar star in every ambiguity of his courses.

"Honoured master, Sir Magnus!" answered Ralph, "let no strife be between us, nor ill blood, that alway maketh ill counsels boil uppermost in the pot."

"Roebuck!" said the knight, surveying him with silent admiration, "now speakest thou soundly and calmly; for thou hast taken time in the delivery thereof, and communed with thyself, before thou didst trust the least trustworthy of thy members. But I do surmise from thy manner, and from the thing spoken, that thou hast somewhat within thee which thou wouldst utter yet."

"Worshipful sir!" subjoined Ralph, "although I do not boast of my services, as who would? yet, truth is truth; I have saved your noble neck from the gallows; forasmuch as you took a name, worshipful sir! which neither king nor father ever gave you, and which belongeth to others rightfully. Now if both the name and the horses had been found at once upon you, a miracle only could have saved you from that bloody-minded under-sheriff. Providential was it for you, sir knight, that those two young gentlemen, whether in mercy they counterfeited the letter". . .

"No, no, no! the priest's own brother wrote it: the priest deposed to the handwriting."

"Then," said Ralph calmly, lifting up the palms of his hands toward Sir Magnus, "let us praise the Lord!"

"Hei-day? Ralph! why! art even thou grown devout? Verily this is a great mercy; a great deliverance. I doubt whether the best part of it (praised be the Lord nevertheless!) be not rather for thee, than for such a sinner as I am. For thou hast lost no horse; and yet art touched as if thou hadst lost a stud: thou hast not suffered in the flesh; and yet thy spirit is very contrite."

"Master!" said Ralph, "only one thing is quite plain to me; which is, that Almighty God decrees we should render our best services to our country. Your three horses followed you for idle pomp; vanity prompted you to appear what you are not."

"Very wrong, Ralph!"

"And yet, Sir Magnus, if you had not committed this action, which in your pious and reasonable humility you call very wrong, perhaps three gallant youths (for Sir Magnus Lucy by God's grace shall be the third) had remained at home in that sad idleness, which leads to an unprivileged and tongue-tied old-age. We are now in France" . .

"Ralph! Ralph!" said Sir Magnus, "be serious still. Faith! I can hardly tell when thou art and when thou art not, being so unsteady a creature."

"Sir Magnus, I repeat it, we are now in Normandy or Picardy, I know not rightly which, where the king also is, and where it would be unseemly if any English knight were not. The eyes of England and of France are fixed upon us. Here we must all obey, the lofty as well as the humble."

"Obey? ay, to be sure, Ralph! Thou wilt obey me: thou art not great enough to obey the king: therefore set not thy heart upon it."

Ralph smiled and replied, "I offered my service to the young De Ardens, which they graciously accepted. As however they have their own servants with 'em, if you, my honoured master, can trust me, who have more than once deceived you, but never to your injury, I will with their permission continue to serve you, and that right faithfully. Whatever is wanting to the dignity of your appearance is readily purchased in this country, from the many traffickers who follow the camp, and from the great abundance of Normandy. So numerous too are the servants who have lost their masters, you may find as many as your rank requires, or your fortune can maintain. There are handier men among them than I am; and I do not ask of you any place of trust above my betters. Such as I am, either take me, Sir Magnus, or leave me with the two brave lads."

"Ralph!" answered the knight, "I can not do without thee; since I am here; as it seems I am!" and he sighed. "About those servants that have lost their masters . . I wish thou couldst have held thy peace. I would not fain have such unlucky varlets. But some of these masters, let us hope, may be found. Thou dost not mean they are dead; that is, killed!"

"Missing," said Ralph, consolatorily.

"I thought so: I corrected thee at the time. Now my three horses, the king being here, if thou speakest truth, I can have them up by certiorari at his Bench."

"They would be apt to leap it, I trow," replied Ralph, "with such riders upon their backs. Master, be easy about them!"

"Ismael is very powerful: he could carry me anywhere in reason," said Sir Magnus.

"Do not let the story get wind," answered his counsellor, "lest we never hear the end of it. I

promise you, my worthy master, you shall have Ismael again after the wars."

"He will have longer teeth, and fewer marks in his mouth, before that time," said sorrowfully Sir Magnus.

"No bridle can hold him, when he is wilful," replied Ralph; "and although peradventure he might carry your Worship clean through the enemy, once or twice, yet Ismael is not the horse to be pricked and goaded by pikes and arrows, without rearing and plunging, and kicking off helmets by the dozen, nine ells from the ground. Let those Staffordshire lads break him in and bring him home."

"Tell them so! tell them so!" said Sir Magnus, rubbing his hands. "And find me one very strong and fleet, and very tractable, and that will do anything rather than plunge and rear at being pricked; if such bloody times should ever come over again in the world: for, as I never yet gave any man cause to mock at me, I will do my utmost to make all reverent of me, now I am near the king." Thus he spoke, being at last well aware that he was indeed in France; although he was yet perplexed in spirit in regard to his having been at Babel.

However, some time afterward he was likewise cured of this scepticism; as by degrees men will be on such points, if they seek the truth in humility of spirit. Conversing one day with Roebuck on past occurrences, he said, after a pause, "Ralph! I have confessed unto thee many things, as thou likewise hast confessed many unto me; the which manner of living and communing was very pleasant to the gentle saints Paul and Timothy. And now I do indeed own that I have seen men in these parts beyond sea, and doubt not that there be likewise such in others, who in sundry matters have more of worldly knowledge than I have . . knowledge I speak of, not of understanding. In the vanity of my heart, having at that time seen little, I did imagine and surmise that Babel lay wider of us; albeit I could not upon oath or upon honour say where or whereabout. It pleased the Lord to enlighten me by signs and tokens, and not to leave me for the scorn of the heathen and the derision of the ungodly. Had I minded his word somewhat more, when in my self-sufficiency I thought I had minded little else and knew it off-hand, I should have remembered that we pray every sabbath for the peace of Jerusalem, and of Sion, and of Israel; meaning thereby (as the priest admonishes the simpler of the congregation) our own country, albeit other names have been given in these latter days to divers parts thereof. By the same token I might have apprehended that Babel lay at no vast distance."

Roebuck listened demurely, smacking his lips at intervals like a carp out of pond, and looking grave and edified. Tired however with this geographical discursion, burred and briared and braked with homilies, he reminded his master that no time was to be lost in looking for a gallant steed, worthy to bear a knight of distinction. "My father," said he, "made a song for himself, in readiness at fair or market, when he had a sorry jade to dispose of:—

> 'Who sells a good nag
> On his legs may fag
> Until his heart be weary.
> Who buys a good nag,
> And hath groats in his bag,
> May ride the world over full cheery.'"

"Comfortable thoughts, both of 'em!" said Sir Magnus. "I never sold my nags: and I have groats enow . . if nobody do touch the same. Not knowing well the farms about this country, and the day being more windy than I could wish it, and proposing still to remain for a while incognito, and being somewhat soiled in my apparel by the accidents of the voyage, and furthermore my eyes having been strained thereby a slight matter, it would please me, Roebuck, if thou wentest in search of the charger: the troublesome part of looking at his quarters, and handling him, and disbursing the moneys, I myself may, by God's providence, bring unto good issue."

Ralph accepted the commission, and performed it faithfully and amply. He returned with two powerful chargers, magnificently caparisoned, and told his master that he would grieve to the day of his death if he let either of them slip through his fingers. Sir Magnus first asked the prices, and then the names of them. He was informed that one was called Rufus, and the other Beauclerc, after two great English kings. Inquiring of Ralph the history of these English kings, and whether he had ever heard of them, and on the confession of Ralph in the negative, he was vexed and discontented, and told Ralph he knew nothing. The owner of the horses was very fluent in the history of the two princes; which nearly lost him his customer; for the knight shook his head, saying he should be sorry to mount a beast of such an unlucky name as Rufus: above all, in a country where arrows were so rife. As for Beauclerc, he was unexceptionable.

"A horse indeed!" cried Roebuck; "in my mind, sir! Ismael is not fit to hold a candle to him."

"I would not say so much as that," gravely and majestically replied the knight: "but this Beauclerc has his points, Roebuck." Sir Magnus purchased the two horses, and acquired into the bargain the two pages of history appertaining to their names; which, proud as he was of displaying them on all occasions, he managed less dexterously. Before long he heard on every side the most exalted praises of Humphrey and Henry; and, although he was by no means invidious, he attributed a large portion of the merit to Ismael, and appealed to Roebuck whether he did not once hear him say that Jacob too would show himself one day or other. Stimulated by the glory his horses had acquired, horses bred upon his own land, and by the notice they had attracted from our invincible Edward, under two mere striplings

of half his weight, he himself within a week or fortnight was changed in character. Sloth and inactivity were no longer endurable to him. He exercised his chargers and himself in every practice necessary to the military career; and at last being presented to the king, Edward said to him that, albeit not being at Westminster, nor having his chancellor at hand, he could not legally enforce the payment of the three angels, still due (he understood) as part of the purchase-money of sundry chargers, nevertheless he would oblige the gallant knight who bought them to present him on due occasion a pair of spurs for his acquittance.

The ceremony was not performed in the presence of the king, whose affairs required him elsewhere, but in the presence of his glorious son, after the battle of Cressy. Here Sir Magnus was surrounded, and perhaps would have fallen, being still inexpert in the management of his arms, when suddenly a young soldier, covered with blood, rushed between him and his antagonist, whom he levelled with his battle-axe, and fell exhausted. Sir Magnus had received many bruises through his armour, and noticed but little the event; many similar ones, or nearly so, having occurred in the course of the engagement. Soon however that quarter of the field began to show its herbage again in larger spaces; and at the distant sound of the French trumpets, which was shrill, fitful, and tuneless, the broken ranks of the enemy near him, waved, like a tattered banner in the wind, and melted, and disappeared. Ralph had fought resolutely at his side, and, though wounded, was little hurt. The knight called him aloud: at his voice not only Ralph came forward, but the soldier, who had preserved his life, rolled round toward him. Disfigured as he was with blood and bruises, Ralph knew him again: it was Peter Crosby of the bulrush. Sir Magnus did not find immediately the words he wanted to accost him: and indeed though he had become much braver, he had not grown much more courteous, much more generous, or much more humane. He took him however by the hand, thanked him for having saved his life, and hoped to assist in doing him the same good turn.

Roebuck in the meantime washed the several wounds of his former friend and playmate, from a cow's horn containing wine; of which, as he had reserved it only against thirst in battle, few drops were left. Gashes opened from under the gore; which made him wish that he had left it untouched; and he drew in his breath, as if he felt all the pain he awakened.

"Well meant, Ralph! but prythee give over!" said Crosby patiently. "These singings in my head are no merry-makings."

"Master! . . . if you are there . . . I would liefer have lain in Hampton churchyard among the skittles, or as near them as might be, so as not to spoil the sport: and methinks had it been a score or two of years later, it were none the worse. Howsoever, God's will be done! Greater folks have been eaten here by the dogs. Welladay, and what harm? Dogs at any time are better beasts than worms, and should be served first. They love us, and watch us, and help us while we are living: the others don't mind us while we are good for anything. There are chaps, too, and feeding in clover, who think much as they do upon that matter.

"Give me thy hand, Ralph! Tell my father I have done my best. If thou findest a slash or two athwart my back and loins, swear to him, as thou safely mayest do on all the Gospels, and on any bone of any martyr, that they closed upon me and gave them when I was cutting my way through . . . aweary with what had been done already . . . to lend my last service . . . to our worthy master."

Now, Messer Francesco, I may call upon you, having seen you long since throw aside your gravity, and at last spring up alert, as though you would mount for Picardy.

Petrarca. A right indeed have you acquired to call upon me, Ser Geoffreddo; but you must accept from me the produce of our country. Brave men appear among us every age almost; yet all of them are apt to look to themselves; none will hazard his life for another; none will trust his best friend. Such is our breed; such it always was. In affairs of love alone have we as great a variety as you have, and perhaps a greater. I am by nature very forgetful of light occurrences, even of those which much amused me at the time; and if your greyhound, Messer Geoffreddo, had not been laying his muzzle between my knees, urging my attention, shivering at the cold of this unmatted marble, and treading upon my foot in preference, I doubt whether you would ever have heard from me the story I shall now relate to you.

It occurred the year before I left Avignon; the inhabitants of which city, Messer Giovanni will certify, are more beautiful than any others in France.

Boccaccio. I have learnt it from report, and believe it readily: so many Italians have resided there so long, and the very flower of Italy: amorous poets, stout abbots, indolent priests, high-fed cardinals, handsome pages, gigantic halberdiers, and crossbow-men for ever at the mark.

Petrarca. Pish! pish! let me find my way through 'em, and come to the couple I have before my eyes, and the spaniel that was the prime mover in the business.

Tenerin de Gisors knew few things in the world; and, if he had known all therein, he would have found nothing so valuable, in his own estimation, as himself. The ladies paid much court to him, and never seemed so happy as in his presence: this disquieted him.

Boccaccio. How the deuce! he must have been a saint then: which accords but little with his vanity.

Petrarca. You might mistake there, Giovanni! The observation does not hold good in all cases, I can assure you.

Boccaccio. Well, go on with him.

Petrarca. I do think, Giovanni, you tell a story a great deal more naturally; but I will say plainly what my own eyes have remarked, and will let the peculiarities of men appear as they strike me, whether they are in symmetry with our notions of character, or not.

Chaucer. The man of genius may do this: no other will attempt it. He will discover the symmetry, the relations, and the dependencies, of the whole: he will square the strange problematic circle of the human heart.

Pardon my interruption; and indulge us with the tale of Tenerin.

Petrarca. He was disquieted, I repeat, by the gaiety and familiarity of the young women, who, truly to speak, betray at Avignon no rusticity of reserve. Educated in a house where music and poetry were cultivated, he had been hearing from his earliest days the ditties of broken hearts and desperation: and never had he observed that these invariably were sung under leering eyes, with smiles that turned every word upside-down, and were followed by the clinking of glasses, a hearty supper, and *what not!* Beside, he was very handsome: men of this sort, although there are exceptions, are usually cold toward the women; and he was more displeased that they should share the admiration which he thought due to himself exclusively, than pleased at receiving the larger part of theirs.

At Avignon, as with us, certain houses entertain certain parties. It is thought unpolite and inconstant ever to go from one into another, I do not mean in the same evening, but in your lifetime: and only the religious can do it without reproach. As bees carry and deposit the fecundating dust of certain plants, so friars and priests the exhilarating tales of beauty, and the hardly less exhilarating of frailty, covering it deeply with pity, and praising the mercy of the Lord in permitting it for an admonition to others.

There are two sisters in our city (I forgot myself in calling Avignon so), of whom among friends I may speak freely, and may even name them; Cyrilla de la Haye, and Egidia. Cyrilla, the younger, is said to be extremely beautiful: I never saw her, and few beside the family have seen her lately. She is spoken of among her female friends as very lively, very modest, fond of reading and of music: added to which advantages, she is heiress to her uncle the Bishop of Carpentras, now invested with the purple. For her fortune, and for the care bestowed on her education, she is indebted to her sister, who, having deceived many respectable young men with hopes of marriage, was herself at last deceived in them, and bore about her an indication that deceived no one. During the three years that her father lived after this too domestic calamity, he confined her in a country-house, leaving her only the liberty of a garden, fenced with high walls. He died at Paris: and the mother, who fondly loved Egidia, went instantly and liberated her, permitting her to return to Avignon, while she herself hid her grief, it is said, with young Gasparin de l'Œuf, in the villa. Egidia was resolved to enjoy the first moments of freedom, and perhaps to show how little she cared for an unforgiving father. No one however at Avignon, beyond the family, had yet heard anything of his decease. The evening of her liberation she walked along the banks of the Durance, with her favourite spaniel, which had become fat and unwieldy by his confinement, and by lying all day under the southern wall of the garden, and, having never been combed nor washed, exhibited every sign of dirtiness and decrepitude. To render him smarter, she adorned him again with his rich silver collar, now fitting him no longer, and hardly by any effort to be clasped about his voluminous neck. He escaped from her, dragging after him the scarlet ribbon, which she had formed into a chain, that it might appear the richer with its festoons about it, and that she might hold the last object of her love the faster. On the banks of the river he struggled with both paws to disengage the collar, and unhappily one of them passed through a link of the ribbon. Frightened and half-blind, he ran on his three legs he knew not whither, and tumbled through some low willows into the Durance. Egidia caught at the end of the ribbon; and, the bank giving way, she fell with him into deep water. She had, the moment before, looked in vain for assistance to catch her spaniel for her, and had cast a reproachful glance toward the bridge, about a hundred paces off, on which Tenerin de Gisors was leaning, with his arms folded upon the battlement.

"Now," said he to himself, "one woman at least would die for me. She implored my pity before she committed the rash act . . as such acts are called on other occasions."

Without stirring a foot or unfolding an arm, he added pathetically from Ovid,

> Sic, ubi fata vocant, udis abjectus in herbis,
> Ad vada Mæandri concinit albus olor.

We will not inquire whether the verses are the more misplaced by the poet, or were the more misapplied by the reciter. Tenerin now stepped forward, both to preserve his conquest and add solemnity to his triumph. He lost however the opportunity of saving his mistress, and saw her carried to the other side of the river by two stout peasants, who had been purchasing some barrels in readiness for the vintage, and who placed her with her face downward, that the water might run out of her mouth. He gave them a *liere*, on condition that they should declare he alone had saved the lady: he then quietly walked up to his neck in the stream, turned back again, and assisted (or rather followed) the youths in conveying her to the monastery near the city-gate.

Here he learned, after many vain inquiries, that the lady was no other than the daughter of Philibert de la Haye. Perpetually had he heard in every conversation the praises of Cyrilla; of her beauty, her temper, her reserve, her accomplish-

ments; and what a lucky thing for her was the false step of her sister, immured for life, and leaving her in sole expectation of a vast inheritance. Hastening homeward, he dressed himself in more gallant trim, and went forthwith to the Bishop of Carpentras, then at Avignon, to whom he did not find admittance, as his lordship had only that morning received intelligence of his brother-in-law's decease. He expressed by letter his gratitude to Divine Providence, for having enabled him to rescue the loveliest of her sex from the horrors of a watery grave: announced his rank, his fortune (not indeed to be mentioned or thought of in comparison with her merits), and entreated the honour of a union with her, if his lordship could sympathise with him in feeling that such purity ought never to have been enfolded (might he say it?) in the arms of any man who was not destined to be her husband.

"Ah!" said the bishop when he had perused the letter, "the young man too well knows what has happened: who does not? The holy Father himself hath shed paternal tears upon it. Providential this falling into the water! this endangering of a sinful life! May it awaken her remorse and repentance, as it hath awakened his pity and compassion! His proceeding is liberal and delicate: he could not speak more passionately and more guardedly. He was (now I find) one of her early admirers. No reference to others; no reproaches. True love wears well. I do not like this matter to grow too public. I will set out for Carpentras in another hour, first writing a few lines, directing M. Tenerin to meet me at the palace this evening, as soon as may be convenient. We must forgive the fault of Egidia now she has found a good match; and we may put on mourning for the father, my worthy brother-in-law, next week."

Such were the cogitations and plans of the bishop; and he carried them at once into execution; for, knowing what the frailty of human nature is, as if he knew it from inspiration, he had by no means unshaken faith in the waters of the Durance as restorative or conservative of chastity.

Tenerin has been since observed to whistle oftener than to sing; and when he begins to warble any of his amatory lays, which seldom happens, the words do not please him as they used to do, and he breaks off abruptly. A friend of his said to him in my presence, "Your ear, Tenerin, has grown fastidious, since you walked up to it in the water on the first of August."

Boccaccio. Francesco! the more I reflect on the story you have related to us, the more plainly do I perceive how natural it is, and this too in the very peculiarity that appeared to me at first as being the contrary. Unless we make a selection of subjects, unless we observe their heights and distances, unless we give them their angles and shades, we may as well paint with white-wash. We do not want strange events, so much as those by which we are admitted into the recesses, or carried on amid the operations, of the human mind. We are stimulated by its activity; but we are greatly more pleased at surveying it leisurely in its quiescent state, uncovered and unsuspicious. Few however are capable of describing, or even of remarking it; while strange and unexpected contingencies are the commonest pedlary of the markets, and the joint patrimony of the tapsters.

I have drawn so largely from my brain for the production of a hundred stories, many of which I confess are witless and worthless, and many just as Ser Geoffreddo saw them, incomplete, that if my memory did not come to my assistance, I should be mistrustful of my imagination.

Chaucer. Ungrateful man! the world never found one like it.

Boccaccio. Are Englishmen so Asiatic in the profusion of compliments?

I know not, Francesco, whether you may deem this cathedral a befitting place for narratives of love.

Petrarca. No place is more befitting; since if the love be holy, no sentiment is essentially so divine; and if unholy, we may pray the more devoutly and effectually in such an audience for the souls of those who harboured it. Beside which, the coolness of the aisles and their silence, and their solitariness at the extremity of the city, would check within us any motive or tendency to lasciviousness and lightness, if the subject should lie that way, and if your spirits should incautiously follow it, my friend, Giovanni, as (pardon my sincerity!) they are somewhat too propense.

Boccaccio. My scruples are satisfied and removed.

The air of Naples is not so inclement as that of our Arezzo: and there are some who will tell us, if we listen to them, that few places in the world are more favourable and conducive to amorous inclinations. I often heard it while I resided there; and the pulpit gave an echo to the public voice. Strange then it may appear to you, that jealousy should find a place in the connubial state, and after a year or more of marriage: nevertheless, so it happened.

The Prince of Policastro was united to a lady of his own rank; and yet he could not be quite so happy as he should have been with her. She brought him a magnificent dowry; and I never saw valets more covered with lace, fringes, knots, and everything else that ought to content the lordly heart, than I have seen behind the chairs of the Prince and Princess of Policastro. Alas! what are all the blessings of this sublunary world, to the lord whose lady has thin lips! The princess was very loving; as much after the first year as the prince was after the first night. Even this would not content him.

Time, Ser Geoffreddo, remembering that Love and he, in some other planet, flew together, and neither left the other behind, is angry to be outstript by him, and challenges him to a trial of speed every day. The tiresome dotard is always distanced, yet always calls hoarsely after him; as

if he had ever seen Love turn back again, any more than Love had seen him. Well, let them settle the matter between themselves.

Would you believe it? the princess could not make her husband in the least the fonder of her by all her assiduities; not even by watching him while he was awake, more assiduously than the tenderest mother ever watched her sleeping infant. Although, to vary her fascinations and enchantments, she called him wretch and villain, he was afterward as wretched and villanous as if she never had taken half the pains about him.

She had brought in her train a certain Jacometta, whom she persuaded to espy his motions. He was soon aware of it, and calling her to him, said,

"Discreet and fair Jacometta, the princess, you know very well, thinks me inattentive to her, and being unable to fix on any other object of suspicion, she marks out you, and boasts among her friends that she has persuaded a foolish girl to follow and watch me, that she may at last, by the temptation she throws into our way, rid herself of a beauty who in future might give her great uneasiness. Certainly, if my heart could wander, its wanderings would be near home. I do not exactly say I should prefer you to every woman on earth, for reason and gratitude must guide my passion; and, unless where I might expect to find attachment, I shall ever remain indifferent to personal charms. You may relate to your mistress whatever you think proper of this conversation. If you believe a person of your own sex can be more attached and faithful to you than the most circumspect of ours, then repeat the whole. If on the contrary you imagine that I can be hereafter of any use to you, and that it is my interest to keep secret any confidence with which you may honour me, the princess has now enabled us to avoid being circumvented by her. It can not hurt me: you are young, unsettled, incautious, and unsuspicious."

Jacometta held down her head in confusion: the prince taking her by the hand, requested her not to think he was offended. He persuaded her to let him meet her privately, that he might give her warning if anything should occur, and that he might assist her to turn aside the machinations of their enemy. The first time they met, nothing had occurred: he pressed her hand, slipt a valuable ring on one of the fingers, and passed. The second time nothing material, nothing but what might be warded off: let the worst happen, the friend who gave him information of the designs laid against her, would receive her. The princess saw with wonder and admiration the earnestness with which Jacometta watched for her. The faithless man could hardly move hand or foot without a motion on the part of her attendant. She had observed him near the chamber-door of Jacometta, and laughed in her heart at the beguiled deceiver. "Do you know, Jacometta, I myself saw him within two paces of your bedroom!"

"I am quite confident it was he, madam!" answered Jacometta: "and I do believe in my conscience he comes every night. What he wants I can not imagine. He seems to stop before the tuberoses and carnations on the balustrade, whether to smell at them a little, or to catch the fresh breezes from Sorrento. I fancied at first he might be restless and unhappy (pardon me, madonna!) at your differences."

"No, no," said the princess, with a smile, "I understand what he wants: never mind: make no inquiries: he is little aware how we are planning to catch him: he has seen you look after him: he fancies that you care about him, that you really like him, absolutely love him .. I could almost laugh .. that you would (foolish man! foolish man! genuine Policastro!) listen to him. Do you understand!"

Jacometta's two ears reddened into transparency; and, clapping a hand on each, she cried, after a long sigh, "Lord! can he think of me! is he mad? does he take a poor girl for a princess! Generally I sleep soundly; but once or twice he has awakened me, perhaps not well knowing the passage. But if indeed he is so very wicked as to design to ruin me, and, what is worse, to deceive the best of ladies, might it not be advisable to fasten in the centre and in the sides of the corridor, five, or six, or seven sharp swords, with their points toward whoever .."

"Jacometta! do nothing violently; nothing rashly; nothing without me."

There was only one thing that Jacometta wished to do without the princess; and certainly she was disposed to do nothing violently or rashly; for she was now completely in the interest (these holy walls forbid me to speak more explicitly) of Policastro.

"We will be a match for him," said the princess. "You must leave your room-door open to-night."

Jacometta fell on her knees, and declared she was honest though poor .. an exclamation which I dare say, Messer Geoffreddo, you have often heard in Italy: it being the preface to every act of roguery and lubricity, unless from a knight or knight's lady. The Princess of Policastro was ignorant of this, and so was Jacometta when she used it. The mistress insisted; the attendant deprecated.

"Simple child! no earthly mischief shall befall you. To-night you shall sleep in my bed, and I in yours, awaiting the false wretch miscalled my husband."

Satisfied with the ingenuity of her device, the princess was excessively courteous to the prince at dinner, and indeed throughout the whole day. He on his part was in transports, he said, at her affability and sweet amiable temper. Poor Jacometta really knew not what to do: scarcely for one moment could she speak to the prince, that he might be on his guard.

"Do it! do it!" said he, pressing her hand as she passed him. "We must submit."

At the proper time he went in his slippers to the bedroom of the princess, and entered the spa-

cious bed; which, like the domains of the rich, is never quite spacious enough for them. Jacometta was persuaded to utter no exclamation in the beginning, and was allowed to employ whatever vehemence she pleased at a fitter moment. The princess tossed about in Jacometta's bed, inveighing most furiously against her faithless husband; her passionate voice was hardly in any degree suppressed. Jacometta too tossed about in the princess's bed, and her voice laboured under little less suppression. At last the principal cause of vexation, with the jealous wife, was the unreasonable time to which her husband protracted the commission of his infidelity. After two hours or thereabout, she began to question whether he really had ever been unfaithful at all, began to be of opinion that there are malicious people in the world, and returned to her own chamber. She fancied she heard voices within, and listening attentively, distinguished these outcries.

"No resistance, madam! An injured husband claims imperatively his promised bliss, denied him not through antipathy, not through hatred, not through any demerits on his part, but through unjust and barbarous jealousy. Resist! bite! beat me! 'Villain'.. 'ravisher'.. am I? am I? Excruciated as I am, wronged, robbed of my happiness, of my sacred conjugal rights, may the blessed Virgin never countenance me, never look on me or listen to me, if this is not the last time I ask them, or if ever I accept them though offered."

At which, he rushed indignantly from the bed, threw open the door, and pushing aside the princess, cried raving, "Vile treacherous girl! standing there, peeping! half-naked! At your infantine age dare you thus intrude upon the holy mysteries of the marriage-bed?"

Screaming out these words, he ran like one possessed by the devil into his own room, bolted the door with vehemence, locked it, cursed it, slipped between the sheets, and slept soundly.

The princess was astonished: she asked herself, why did not I do this? why did not I do that? the reason was, she had learned her own part, but not his. Scarcely had she entered her chamber, when Jacometta fell upon her neck, sobbing aloud, and declaring that nothing but her providential presence could have saved her. She had muffled herself up, she said, folding the bed-clothes about her double and triple, and was several times on the point of calling up the whole household in her extremity, strict as was her mistress's charge upon her to be silent. The princess threw a shower of odoriferous waters over her, and took every care to restore her spirits and to preserve her from a hysterical fit, after such exertion and exhaustion. When she was rather more recovered, she dropped on her knees before her lady, and entreated and implored that, on the renewal of her love in its pristine ardour for the prince, she never would tell him in any moment of tender confidence, that it was she who was in the bed.

The princess was slow to give the promise; for she was very conscientious. At last however she gave it, saying, "The prince my husband has taken a most awful oath, never to renew the moments you apprehend. Our Lady strengthen me to bear my heavy affliction! Her divine grace has cured my agonised breast of its inveterate jealousy."

She paused for some time; then, drying her tears, for she had shed several, she invited Jacometta to sit upon the bedside with her. Jacometta did so; and the princess, taking her hand, continued; "I hardly know what is passing in my mind, Jacometta! I found it difficult to bear an injury, though an empty and unreal one; let me try whether the efforts I make will enable me to endure a misfortune .. on the faith of a woman, my dear Jacometta, no unreal nor empty one. Policastro is young: it would be unreasonable in me to desire he should lead the life of an anchorite, and perhaps not quite reasonable in him to expect the miracle of my blood congealing."

After this narration, Messer Francesco walked toward the high altar and made his genuflexion: the same did Messer Giovanni, and, int he act of it, slapped Ser Geoffreddo on the shoulder, telling him he might dispense with the ceremony, by reason of his inflexible boots and the buck-skin paling about his loins. Ser Geoffreddo did it nevertheless, and with equal devotion. His two friends then took him between them to the house of Messer Francesco, where dinner had been some time waiting.

ALEXANDER AND THE PRIEST OF HAMMON.

Alexander. Like my father, as ignorant men called King Philip, I have at all times been the friend and defender of the gods.

Priest. Hitherto it was rather my belief that the gods may befriend and defend us mortals: but I am now instructed that a king of Macedon has taken them under his shield. Philip, if report be true, was less remarkable for his devotion.

Alexander. He was the most religious prince of the age.

Priest. On what, O Alexander, rests the support of such an exalted title?

Alexander. Not only did he swear more frequently and more awfully than any officer in the army, or any priest in the temples, but his sacrifices were more numerous and more costly.

Priest. More costly? It must be either to those whose ruin is consummated or to those whose ruin is commenced; in other words, either to the vanquished, or to those whose ill-fortune is of earlier date, the born subjects of the vanquisher.

Alexander. He exhibited the surest and most manifest proof of his piety when he defeated Œnomarchus, general of the Phocians, who had

dared to plough a piece of ground belonging to Apollo.

Priest. Apollo might have made it as hot work for the Phocians who were ploughing his ground, as he formerly did at Troy to those unruly Greeks who took away his priest's daughter. He shot a good many mules, to show he was in earnest, and would have gone on shooting both cattle and men until he came at last to the offender.

Alexander. He instructed kings by slaying their people before their eyes: surely he would never set so bad an example as striking at the kings themselves. Philip, to demonstrate in the presence of all Greece his regard for Apollo of Delphi, slew six thousand, and threw into the sea three thousand, enemies of religion.

Priest. Alexander! Alexander! the enemies of religion are the cruel, and not the sufferers by cruelty. Is it unpardonable in the ignorant to be in error about their gods when the wise are in doubt about their fathers?

Alexander. I am not: Philip is not mine.

Priest. Probable enough.

Alexander. Who then is, or ought to be, but Jupiter himself?

Priest. The priests of Pella are abler to return an oracle on that matter than we of the Oasis.

Alexander. We have no oracle at Pella.

Priest. If you had, it might be dumb for once.

Alexander. I am losing my patience.

Priest. I have given thee part of mine, seeing thee but scantily provided; yet, if thy gestures are any signification, it sits but awkwardly upon thy shoulders.

Alexander. This to me! the begotten of a god! the benefactor of all mankind.

Priest. Such as Philip was to the three thousand, when he devised so magnificent a bath for their recreation. Plenty of pumice! rather a lack of napkins!

Alexander. No trifling! no false wit!

Priest. True wit, to every man, is that which falls on another.

Alexander. To come at once to the point; I am ready to prove that neither Jason nor Bacchus, in their memorable expeditions, did greater service to mankind than I have done, and am about to do.

Priest. Jason gave them an example of falsehood and ingratitude: Bacchus made them drunk: thou appearest a proper successor to these worthies.

Alexander. Such insolence to crowned heads! such levity on heroes and gods!

Priest. Hark ye, Alexander! we priests are privileged.

Alexander. I too am privileged to speak of my own great actions; if not as liberator of Greece and consolidator of her disjointed and jarring interests, at least as the benefactor of Egypt and of Jupiter.

Priest. Here indeed it would be unseemly to laugh; for it is evident on thy royal word that Jupiter is much indebted to thee; and equally evident, from the same authority, that thou wantest nothing from him but his blessing . . . unless it be a public acknowledgment that he has been guilty of another act of bastardy, more becoming his black curls than his grey decrepitude.

Alexander. Amazement! to talk thus of Jupiter!

Priest. Only to those who are in his confidence: a mistress for instance, or a son, as thou sayest thou art.

Alexander. Yea, by my head and by my sceptre am I. Nothing is more certain.

Priest. We will discourse upon that presently.

Alexander. Discourse upon it this instant.

Priest. How is it possible that Jupiter should be thy father, when . .

Alexander. When what?

Priest. Couldst not thou hear me on?

Alexander. Thou askest a foolish question.

Priest. I did not ask whether I should be acknowledged the son of Jupiter.

Alexander. Thou indeed!

Priest. Yet, by the common consent of mankind, lands and tenements are assigned to us, and we are called "*divine*," as their children; and there are some who assert that the gods themselves have less influence and less property on earth than we.

Alexander. All this is well: only use your influence for your benefactors.

Priest. Before we proceed any farther, tell me in what manner thou art or wilt ever be the benefactor of Egypt.

Alexander. The same exposition will demonstrate that I shall be likewise the benefactor of Jupiter. It is my intention to build a city, in a situation very advantageous for commerce: of course the frequenters of such a mart will continually make offerings to Jupiter.

Priest. For what?

Alexander. For prosperity.

Priest. Alas! Alexander, the prosperous make few offerings; and Hermes has the dexterity to intercept the greater part of them. In Egypt there are cities enough already: I should say too many: for men prey upon one another when they are penned together close.

Alexander. There is then no glory in building a magnificent city?

Priest. Great may be the glory.

Alexander. Here at least thou art disposed to do me justice.

Priest. I never heard until this hour that among thy other attainments was architecture.

Alexander. Scornful and insolent man! dost thou take me for an architect?

Priest. I was about to do so; and certainly not in scorn, but to assuage the feeling of it.

Alexander. How?

Priest. He who devises the plan of a great city, of its streets, its squares, its palaces, its temples, must exercise much reflection and many kinds of knowledge: and yet those which strike most the vulgar, most even the scientific, require less care

less knowledge, less beneficence, than what are called the viler parts, and are the most obscure and unobserved; the construction of the sewers; the method of exempting the aqueducts from the incroachment of their impurities; the conduct of canals for fresh air in every part of the house, attempering the summer heats; the exclusion of reptiles; and even the protection from insects. The conveniences and comforts of life in these countries, depend on such matters.

Alexander. My architect, I doubt not, has considered them maturely.

Priest. Who is he?

Alexander. I will not tell thee: the whole glory is mine: I gave the orders, and first conceived the idea.

Priest. A hound upon a heap of dust may dream of a fine city, if he has ever seen one; and a madman in chains may dream of building it, and may even give directions about it.

Alexander. I will not bear this.

Priest. Were it false, thou couldst bear it; thou wouldst call the bearing of it magnanimity; and wiser men would do the same for centuries. As such wisdom and such greatness are not what I bend my back to measure, do favour me with what thou wert about to say when thou begannest "nothing is more certain;" since I presume it must appertain to geometry, of which I am fond.

Alexander. I did not come hither to make figures upon the sand.

Priest. Fortunate for thee, if the figure thou wilt leave behind thee could be as easily wiped out.

Alexander. What didst thou say?

Priest. I was musing.

Alexander. Even the building of cities is in thy sight, neither glorious nor commendable.

Priest. Truly, to build them is not among the undertakings I the most applaud in the powerful; but to destroy them is the very foremost of the excesses I abhor. All the cities of the earth should rise up against the man who ruins one. Until this sentiment is predominant, the peaceful can have no protection, the virtuous no encouragement, the brave no countenance, the prosperous no security. We priests communicate one with another extensively; and even in these solitudes thy exploits against Thebes have reached and shocked us. What hearts must lie in the bosoms of those who applaud thee for preserving the mansion of a deceased poet in the general ruin, while the relatives of the greatest patriot that ever drew breath under heaven, of the soldier at whose hospitable hearth thy father learned all that thou knowest and much more, of Epaminondas (dost thou hear me?), were murdered or enslaved. Now begin the demonstration than which "nothing is more certain."

Alexander. Nothing is more certain, or what a greater number of witnesses are ready to attest, than that my mother Olympias, who hated Philip, was pregnant of me by a serpent.

Priest. Of what race?

Alexander. Dragon.

Priest. Thy mother Olympias hated Philip, a well-made man, young, courageous, libidinous, witty, prodigal of splendour, indifferent to wealth, the greatest captain, the most jovial companion, and the most potent monarch in Europe.

Alexander. My father Philip, I would have thee to know . . I mean my reputed father . . was also the greatest politician in the world.

Priest. This indeed I am well aware of; but I did not number it among his excellences in the eyes of a woman: it would have been almost the only reason why she should have preferred the serpent, the head of the family. We live here, O Alexander, in solitude; yet we are not the less curious, but on the contrary the more, to learn what passes in the world around.

Olympias then did really fall in love with a serpent? and she was induced . .

Alexander. Induced! do serpents induce people! They coil and climb and subdue them.

Priest. The serpent must have been dexterous . .

Alexander. No doubt he was.

Priest. But women have such an abhorrence of serpents, that Olympias would surely have rather run away.

Alexander. How could she?

Priest. Or called out.

Alexander. Women never do that, lest somebody should hear them.

Priest. All mortals seem to bear an innate antipathy to this reptile.

Alexander. Mind! mind what thou sayest! Do not call my father a reptile.

Priest. Even thou, with all thy fortitude, wouldst experience a shuddering at the sight of a serpent in thy bed-clothes.

Alexander. Not at all. Beside, I do not hesitate in my belief that on this occasion it was Jupiter himself. The priests in Macedon were unanimous upon it.

Priest. When it happened?

Alexander. When it happened no one mentioned it, for fear of Philip.

Priest. What would he have done?

Alexander. He was choleric.

Priest. Would he have made war upon Jupiter!

Alexander. By my soul! I know not; but I would have done it in his place. As a son, I am dutiful and compliant: as a husband and king, there is not a thunderbolt in heaven that should deter me from my rights.

Priest. Did any of the priesthood see the dragon, as he was entering or retreating from the chamber?

Alexander. Many saw a great light in it.

Priest. He would want one.

Alexander. This seems like irony: sacred things do not admit it. What thousands saw, nobody should doubt. The sky opened, lightnings flew athwart it, and strange voices were heard.

Priest. Juno's the loudest, I suspect.

Alexander. Being a king, and the conqueror of

kings, let me remind thee, surely I may be treated here with as much deference and solemnity as one priest uses toward another.

Priest. Certainly with no less, O king! Since thou hast insisted that I should devise the best means of persuading the world of this awful verity, thou wilt excuse me, in thy clemency, if my remarks and interrogatories should appear prolix.

Alexander. Remark anything; but do not interrogate and press me: kings are unaccustomed to it. I will consign to thee every land from the centre to the extremities of Africa; the Fortunate Isles will I also give to thee, adding the Hyperborean: I wish only the consent of the religious who officiate in this temple, and their testimony to the world in declaration of my parentage.

Priest. Many thanks! we have all we want.

Alexander. I can not think you are true priests then; and if your oath on the divinity of my descent were not my object, and therefore not to be abandoned, I should regret that I had offered so much in advance, and should be provoked to deduct one half of the Fortunate Isles, and the greater part of the Hyperborean.

Priest. Those are exactly the regions, O king, which our moderation would induce us to resign. Africa, we know, is worth little: yet we are as well contented with the almonds, the dates, the melons, the figs, the fresh butter, the stags, the antelopes, the kids, the tortoises, and the quails about us, as we should be if they were brought to us after fifty days' journey through the desert.

Alexander. Really now, is it possible that, in a matter so evident, your oracle can find any obstacle or difficulty in proclaiming me what I am?

Priest. The difficulty (slight it must be acknowledged) is this: our Jupiter is horned.

Alexander. So was my father.

Priest. The children of Jupiter love one another: this we believe here in Lybia.

Alexander. And rightly: no affection was ever so strong as that of Castor and Pollux. I myself feel a genuine love for them, and greater still for Hercules.

Priest. If thou hadst a brother or sister on earth, Jove-born, thou wouldst embrace the same most ardently.

Alexander. As becomes my birth and heart.

Priest. O Alexander! may thy godlike race never degenerate!

Alexander. Now indeed the Powers above do inspire thee.

Priest. Jupiter, I am commanded by him to declare, is verily thy father.

Alexander. He owns me then! he owns me! What sacrifice worthy of this indulgence can I offer to him?

Priest. An obedient mind, and a camel-load of nard and amomum for his altar.

Alexander. I smell here the exquisite perfume of benzoin.

Priest. It grows in our vicinity. The nostrils of Jupiter love changes: he is consistent in all parts, being Jupiter. He has other sons and daughters in the world, begotten by him under the same serpentine form, although unknown to common mortals.

Alexander. Indeed!

Priest. I declare it unto thee.

Alexander. I can not doubt it then.

Priest. Not all indeed of thy comeliness in form and features, but awful and majestic. It is the will of Jupiter, that, like the Persian monarchs, whose sceptre he hath transferred to thee, thou marryest thy sister.

Alexander. Willingly. In what land upon earth liveth she, whom thou designest for me?

Priest. The Destinies and Jupiter himself have conducted thee, O Alexander, to the place where thy nuptials shall be celebrated.

Alexander. When did they so?

Priest. Now; at this very hour.

Alexander. Let me see the bride, if it be lawful to lift up her veil.

Priest. Follow me.

Alexander. The steps of this cavern are dark and slippery; but it terminates, no doubt, like the Eleusinian, in pure light and refreshing shades.

Priest. Wait here an instant: it will grow lighter.

Alexander. What do I see yonder?

Priest. Where?

Alexander. Close under the wall, rising and lowering, regularly and slowly, like a long weed on a quiet river, when a fragment hath dropped into it from the bank above.

Priest. Thou descriest, O Alexander, the daughter of Jupiter, the watchful virgin, the preserver of our treasures. Without her they might be carried away by the wanderers of the desert; but they fear, as they should do, the daughter of Jupiter.

Alexander. Hell and Furies! what hast thou been saying? I heard little of it. Daughter of Jupiter!

Priest. Hast thou any fancy for the silent and shy maiden? I will leave you together . . .

Alexander. Orcus and Erebus!

Priest. Be discreet! Restrain your raptures until the rites are celebrated.

Alexander. Rites! Infernal pest! O horror! abomination! A vast panting snake!

Priest. Say "*dragon*," O king! and beware how thou callest horrid and abominable, the truly begotten of our lord thy father.

Alexander. What means this? inhuman traitor! Open the door again: lead me back. Are my conquests to terminate in the jaws of a reptile?

Priest. Do the kings of Macedon call their sisters such names!

Alexander. Let me out, I say!

Priest. Inconstant man! I doubt even whether the marriage hath been consummated. Dost thou question her worthiness? prove her, prove her. We have certain signs and manifestations that Jupiter begat this powerful creature, thy elder sister. Her mother hid her shame and con-

fusion in the desert, where she still wanders, and looks with an evil eye on everything in the form of man. The poorest, vilest, most abject of the sex, holdeth her head no lower than she.

Alexander. Impostor!

Priest. Do not the sympathies of thy heart inform thee that this solitary queen is of the same lineage as thine?

Alexander. What temerity! what impudence! what deceit!

Priest. Temerity! How so, Alexander! Surely man can not claim too near an affinity to his Creator, if he will but obey him, as I know thou certainly wilt in this tender alliance. Impudence and deceit were thy other accusations: how little merited! I only traced the collateral branches of the genealogical tree thou pointedst out to me.

Alexander. Draw back the bolt: let me pass: stand out of my way. Thy hand upon my shoulder! Were my sword beside me, this monster should lick thy blood.

Priest. Patience! O king! The iron portal is in my hand: if the hinges turn, thy godhead is extinct. No, Alexander, no! it must not be.

Alexander. Lead me then forth. I swear to silence.

Priest. As thou wilt.

Alexander. I swear to friendship; lead me but out again.

Priest. Come; although I am much interested in the happiness of his two children whom I serve ...

Alexander. Persecute me no longer; in the name of Jupiter!

Priest. I can hardly give it up. To have been the maker of such a match! what felicity! what glory! Think once more upon it. There are many who could measure themselves with thee, head to head; let me see the man who will do it with your child at the end of the year, if thou embracest with good heart and desirable success this daughter of deity.

Alexander. Enough, my friend! I have deserved it; but we must deceive men, or they will either hate us or despise us.

Priest. Now thou talkest reasonably. I here pronounce thy divorce. Moreover, thou shalt be the son of Hammon in Libya, of Mithras in Persia, of Philip in Macedon, of Olympian Jove in Greece: but never for the future teach priests new creeds.

Alexander. How my father Philip would have laughed over his cups at such a story as this!

Priest. Alexander! let it prove to thee thy folly.

Alexander. If such is my folly, what is that of others? Thou wilt acknowledge and proclaim me the progeny of Jupiter.

Priest. Ay, ay.

Alexander. People must believe it.

Priest. The only doubt will be among the shrewder, whether, being so extremely old and having left off his pilgrimages so many years, he could have given our unworthy world so spirited an offspring as thou art.

Come and sacrifice.

Alexander. Priest! I see thou art a man of courage: henceforward we are in confidence. Take mine with my hand: give me thine. Confess to me, as the first proof of it, didst thou never shrink back from so voracious and intractable a monster as that accursed snake?

Priest. We caught her young, and fed her on goat's milk, as our Jupiter himself was fed in the caverns of Crete.

Alexander. Your Jupiter! *that* was another.

Priest. Some people say so: but the same cradle serves for the whole family, the same story will do for them all. As for fearing this young personage in the treasury-vault, we fear her no more, son Alexander, than the priests of Egypt do his holiness the crocodile-god. The gods and their pedagogues are manageable to the hand that feeds them.

Alexander. Canst thou talk thus?

Priest. Of false gods, not of the true one.

Alexander. One! are there not many? Some dozens? some hundreds?

Priest. Not in our vicinity; praised be Hammon! And plainly to speak, there is nowhere another, let who will have begotten him, whether on cloud or meadow, feather-bed or barn-floor, worth a salt locust or a last year's date-fruit.

These are our mysteries, if thou must needs know them; and those of other priesthoods are the like.

Alexander, my boy, do not stand there, with thy arms folded and thy head aside, pondering. Jupiter the Ram for ever!

Alexander. Glory to Jupiter the Ram!

Priest. Thou stoppest on a sudden thy prayers and praises to father Jupiter. Son Alexander! art thou not satisfied? What ails thee, drawing the back of thy hand across thine eyes?

Alexander. A little dust flew into them as the door opened.

Priest. Of that dust are the sands of the desert and the kings of Macedon.

DON FERDINAND AND DON JOHN-MARY-LUIS.

Ferdinand. My brother and cousin! hem! hem! Before we enter on the concerns of both hemispheres..

John-Mary. Heyday! Do not, your majesty, frown and stamp, crumpling and tearing and biting the paper: it may be a document.

Ferdinand. Document! it is worse. Why could not the fool of a fellow write at the bottom, or in the margin, what two hemispheres he meant? I have played him a good trick however.

John-Mary. Your majesty dances admirably.

Ferdinand. Kyrie eleison! kyrie eleison! Gratiæ plena! I have left a note behind me, whereby I dismiss the rogue. I shall now have a clean new ministry.

John-Mary. A new one indeed is to be collected in any posada, where there is a pack of cards, or a good appetite, or a siesta nibbled in two by the fleas: but a clean one . . . egad! we must catch the members of it at the baptismal font, and keep them in the swaddling-clothes we find them in.

Ferdinand. Every day, when I change my shirt I change my ministers: they have not any time to be scoundrels.

John-Mary. Nor any interest to be honest men.

Ferdinand. Brother and cousin! no interest will make men honest. Would you believe it? I gave a japan jar of Havanna snuff to one, and a commandery to another: the one sneezed in my face, the other begged his dismissal. I am sorry I gave the snuff and the jar: they were sold and the money spent before night: but the commandery has a friar in the inside, a lawyer on the outside, and a *volunteer of the faith* for sentry.

John-Mary. It is then in a fair condition to reward a long series of deserving friends.

Ferdinand. I am now in spirits: I can go on without the paper. A few private matters must precede the public.

John-Mary. Of course; that is diplomatic.

Ferdinand. There is a question, my brother and cousin! to which I never could obtain a direct and satisfactory answer. Can you solve it?

John-Mary. Not easily, Don Ferdinand, unless I hear it. I am no Frenchman.

Ferdinand. My confessor did indeed give me absolution; but he declared that never a girl of low extraction, whose ancestors had neither made war upon the Moors, nor been familiars of the Holy Inquisition, could properly be engaged in procuring an episcopacy for anyone; that the plea was futile; and that having slept with an anointed king, did not authorise such a person to take in hand a higher charge than a canonicate.

John-Mary. Slept with an anointed king! who? a strumpet?

Ferdinand. Not so bad as that.

John-Mary. An unmarried girl! one without alliances! No wonder she overstepped the bounds of decency.

Ferdinand. Melissa Petit had, conditionally, my royal permission to negotiate for places.

John-Mary. *Frencher* and *frencher*, every word!

Ferdinand. She transacted the business through Macañez, at that time my valet and minister of state, who, to smoothen his scruples, took a most perverse view of the subject, and fancied, with heretical pravity, that, if both king and minister had possession of her, she might, without censure from holy mother Church, or any great scandal, creep from canonicates up to bishoprics. I myself caught them in this preliminary function, and, not weighing his motive, laid my stick athwart his shoulders, and bruised her wrist in such a manner that it was useless (I found) for three days. Macañez had the impudence to remind me, that I received the greater part of the money paid into his hands for every appointment, civil and ecclesiastical: on which indiscretion I imprisoned him forthwith, and will detain him for life in my royal fort of Sant-Antonio at Coruña, praying Sant-Antonio to drive out of his memory the sums he has paid me for my share; and never to let him dream of Melissa Petit, without the accompaniment of an ebony staff over the right shoulder, and the divulsion of a good handful of hair.

John-Mary. The girl is a pluralist by profession, your Majesty by mischance: Macañez has only one appointment; which, however, it appears, is for life. If your Majesty should be graciously pleased to accept his resignation, I doubt not Sant-Antonio would endow him with a peculiar gift of forgetfulness, very desirable in this predicament. His dreams require no spiritual intervention. Your Majesty is unsatisfied still.

Ferdinand. That is not the business.

John-Mary. What is then?

Ferdinand. I promised Sant-Antonio I would reward his services with a swine in silver, weighing half a quintal. Now, cannot I make Macañez pay the pig-money?

John-Mary. Certainly.

Ferdinand. But when I have taken all he possesses, how can I?

John-Mary. Your Majesty must pray again to Sant-Antonio for another miracle.

Ferdinand. A pretty ally! a pretty counseller! you raise two difficulties where I could find but one. Will he perform it, think you, before I have settled for the first?

John-Mary. Oh! that *is* indeed the question. Miracles of this kind are not the miracles for our days, my brother! There is ne'er a saint in paradise that will set his shoulder to them. People, one would imagine, begin to have a notion of honour, even in heaven.

Ferdinand. So much the worse: but let them look to it. We may live to see the morning when neither saint nor saintess shall have pantaloon or petticoat to chine. What a mighty fine figure will they make, when the paltriest cherub in pinfeathers shakes his collopped sides and gilt gamut, putting his hand (if he has one) upon the place! To this another time: we have several more subjects for our royal consideration. My revenues are reduced, my valets, my pages, my cooks.

John-Mary. I condole with your Majesty from the purest sympathy, on the straits to which your catholic and royal household has been reduced, by the intemperance of your vassals. Well do I know what it is to want the necessaries of life. My kitchen, which formerly had been somewhat plenteously supplied, at the expenditure of four thousand dollars a day, was suddenly cast down to three thousand five hundred: and, unless I had sold a box of diamonds, I must have starved.

Your Majesty is reported to have always found a solace in the company of your diamonds, such as a great king of antiquity hath expressed of them (Solomon I think it was), saying, "Delectant domi, non impediunt foris; pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur."

Ferdinand. What may that mean, my brother and cousin?

John-Mary. O for shame! to ask a secular what the Bible means! Mary forbid we should ever be such heretics as to enter into scrupulous inquiries. I learnt the words by heart, like the rest my good friars have taught me: the meaning lies with them and upon their consciences. I always slept with my diamonds; and they abstracted my mind from carnal thoughts and irreligious vagaries. I declare upon my holy faith, I would rather cohabit with them than the fairest dame of honour in the palace, or even than my great-aunt.

Ferdinand. A great-aunt is no light matter: but one may have one's preferences.

Brother and Cousin! pray is it true that you hung one of your finest brilliants in the right ear of Saint Sebastian, according to a vow.

John-Mary. True enough.

Ferdinand. And is it also a matter of fact that, when you were about to return to Europe, you snatched it out again, at the risk of tearing the said ear from gristle to tip?

John-Mary. That also is very true: it bled a little.

Ferdinand. Only a little?

John-Mary. In the night it swelled and looked angry; and at matins the prior could not conceal from me the traces of blood, which appeared the fresher the moment he would have removed it with his handkerchief. However, no sooner had I made an offering of nine thousand crusadoes, than it suffered itself to be wiped quite dry, and I hope and believe, continues so to this hour.

Ferdinand. I should have been afraid.

John-Mary. And I was. But I never had dedicated it to Saint Sebastian in a regular form; and the moment the blood was dry and the crusadoes accepted, fearing he might on second thoughts exhibit some signs of ill will, I devoted it regularly to all the saints in heaven; so that none could fairly claim it for himself; and, if Sebastian had said another word about it, they would have drowned his voice with their clamours.

Ferdinand. What was it worth?

John-Mary. Hush! hush! you may raise his curiosity if he should happen to be listening; and, on hearing the estimate, he might slily pluck out an arrow from his side, and play me a spiteful trick with it.

Ferdinand. Let us converse then rather on the affairs of Europe, in which neither he nor any of the others appear to take the least interest.

And now, my dear brother and brother-in-law, Don John-Mary-Luis, we will read together what the French and Russian ministers have written for us to sign.

John-Mary. Would it not be better to call a reader?

Ferdinand. Oh! I can read: you would wonder how well.

John-Mary. I believe your Majesty: I have heard it asserted so positively and so warmly, that I ceased to doubt it long ago. But the paper is a whole leaf; and one may fall upon a word here and there rather hard and slippery. Of late years several such have been read to me: I remember one in particular, which the minister or secretary who transcribed it should not have taken just as he received it from the dancing-master, but I suppose he had not had a good siesta.

Ferdinand. What word is that?

John-Mary. False position.

Ferdinand. By Santiago! the word *false* among the old Castilians used to draw blood: but the word *position* here is of great service: like a gout cordial, it brings down the peccant matter from the head to the feet. Why does your faithful Majesty simper, and pull my button, and ogle and wriggle so?

John-Mary. Brother and brother-in-law Ferdinand, tell me now, who said that?

Ferdinand. I said it, and say it still.

John-Mary. But.. ah you [illegible]tious and roguish man! who said it first?

Ferdinand. I was the first that said it: I had it direct from Perez Pinalta.

John-Mary. Viva Don Perez! I would have given him a pair of diamond earrings for it, and a fine solitaire in a truss.

Ferdinand. No exportation of wit, in my lifetime, nor importation neither: there is roguery enough in segars.

John-Mary. None of my ministers ever utter such sentiments, or bring to me those who can.

Ferdinand. Nor mine neither: I doubt whether they ever go to the barber's to pick up sharp things. My valet Runez, a barber's boy some years since, on being reproached by one of them about his former occupation, said, "My froth made folks cleanlier; yours only sticks upon yourself and hardens your dirt." I laughed heartily when his meaning was explained to me, which (such is my quickness in apprehending wit) was done sooner than a text in the scriptures could be.

Let us now proceed to business; for there is a full day's work before us in this paper.

John-Mary. I am all ear.

Ferdinand. "His Catholic Majesty, Don Ferdinand the Seventh, King of Spain and of the Indies, &c. &c. &c., and his Faithful Majesty, Don John-Mary-Luis, King of the united kingdoms of Portugal, Brazil, and Algarve, of Guinea, Ethiopia, Arabia, Persia, and India"... What are you counting?

John-Mary. I think they have missed one.

Ferdinand. Which?

John-Mary. I cannot recollect; but, faith! I do verily think one is missing.

Ferdinand. Look sharp then; for our brothers the Holy Allies may divide it among themselves,

as they did Poland. They cut up a kingdom with as little ceremony as an orange, and suck it dry in as little time.

John-Mary. Ha! ha! ha! your Catholic Majesty has taken another pinch (I see) from the box of Don Perez. Why! what a stupendous knave the knave is! Have we reached the end of the *Declaration?*

Ferdinand. End! look here!

John-Mary. Mercy on us! surely they have said the principal things.

Ferdinand. That is likely; but some remonstrances follow. "&c. &c. &c., wishing to maintain the peace of Europe, announce their determination to suppress by force of arms, and by such further means as the Holy Indivisible Trinity has entrusted them with, all secret societies whatever; and their said Majesties, his Catholic and his Faithful, adopting the principles laid down by their Majesties of the Holy Alliance, and recognised by every state in Europe as necessary to its order and repose" . . your Faithful Majesty snores . . "are resolved to appoint in the first instance such commissioners as in their wisdom shall seem fit and effectual."

John-Mary. What shall we do with 'em? where shall we send them? That requires long consideration. As for appointing, the business is soon done.

Ferdinand. If your Majesty will listen, you will find that our brothers leave no trouble whatever for us: they tell us what to do, and they do the best part of it themselves . . . "in order to pacify, to the glory of God, the loyal and catholic kingdom of Ireland."

John-Mary. The Irish are not my people: they would take it ill to be pacified by me.

Ferdinand. We must hold out a saving hand to them. The king of Great Britain, whose subjects they are, is invited to assist us.

John-Mary. Then indeed we may safely.

Ferdinand. "It having come to the knowledge of their Catholic and Faithful Majesties, that a faction, supported from without by malcontents and heretics, blind men, led astray by their passions, have, contrary to the wishes and interests of the majority" . .

John-Mary. Fine writing! very fine writing! His most Christian Majesty said the very same thing about your Majesty's rebellious subjects; and I presume that for the future it will always form a part of every state-paper, be the subject what it may.

Ferdinand. . . "built residences and churches; and, not contented therewith, have used the same for the purpose of disseminating their wild and pernicious doctrines" . .

John-Mary. Would you believe it? they are perverse enough, I know not whether there or in England, to say openly that a niece ought not to sleep with her uncle or great-uncle, nor aunt or great-aunt with her nephew. If a man can not sleep with his own relations, with whom can he? An uncle forsooth is not to ask in marriage his little niece! nay, is rather to make the same proposal to an utter stranger! I do not wonder at hearing that the northern nations went a thousand miles in search of a country, when they would go the same distance, even now, in search of a wife, rather than take one from their own table and nursery.

Ferdinand. They are still fierce and barbarous, and wander like wild cats in their amours. Our holy religion has not reclaimed them; and even the Catholics among them are slow to double the threads of consanguinity, and to tie the knot at the end.

John-Mary. Prejudices of ignorance! Proofs however that what the wiser have confessed, is true; namely, that genius can no more ripen in the north than pomegranates can, and that they never will be like us.

Ferdinand. No fear of that. Beside, who is there to teach them? fellows in boots and gilt buttons, hoodless and collarless and bandless, so ignorant that not one in a thousand could sustain a decent thesis on the immaculate conception. They call it philosophical to be incredulous on holy things, and they are the most credulous in the world on profane ones. In the war of the intruder against me, a man of letters (such as theirs are) happened to be, from some silly zeal or idle curiosity, at Santander. It was in the month of August, at mid-day, when the sun would have broiled a bonito in five minutes, and when the cormorants were sitting fast asleep on the rocks in the harbour, and letting their wings drop lower than their legs, and careless what names the sailors called them for not rising at their approach, that an Englishman hired a launch and six rowers to conduct him to Santillana.

John-Mary. The English, frog-hearted as one would fancy them, are desperate for the women. I hope she would not listen to the lewd heretic.

Ferdinand. Who listen!

John-Mary. The Señora.

Ferdinand. What Señora?

John-Mary. Donna . . . your Majesty did not mention her baptismal name . . . Santillana.

Ferdinand (*aside*). O you tiresome old fool of a Majesty! Santillana is the name of a village on the coast . . town I believe it was once . . which a lying Frenchman has fixed upon as the birth-place of one Gil Blas, corrupting all the documents he had found on some such person. This Englishman walked up and down the streets, quite alone; the dogs on the shady side did not give themselves the trouble to bark; the few that growled did it so indolently as not to arouse the next. The leaves of melons, grapes, and figs, brought thither in the morning and cast from the windows, crackled under-foot. The sailors covered their faces with their sombreros and fell asleep. The only things appearing to move in God's universe, were the swallows and the flies and this Englishman. The very lizards panted for breath, and hardly clung against the wall. The ships upon the sea, as was told me, lay still. It was

like the day of judgment between the trumpet and the summons.

John-Mary. People sweated so!

Ferdinand. Here the foolish heretic remained some hours, and, the sailors say, returned just as well satisfied as if he had conversed with anyone who could have set him right.

I will continue: "It has been resolved that the above deliberation, together with its causes and consequences, be notified to his Majesty the king of Great Britain and Ireland, with a request that he will consider them attentively, and further the resolutions formed thereon by their Majesties the Catholic and the Faithful. Desirous of avoiding all possible cause of offence to his said Majesty, and of strengthening the ties of amity and interest which reciprocally bind and unite them, and furthermore of manifesting to the world their sincerity, in their adherence to the principles of the Holy Alliance; and resolved in no instance to depart from their upright and pacific views, their aforesaid Majesties propose to his aforesaid Majesty:

"That he should proscribe and exterminate the sect of freemasons, of which his said Majesty is a member, save and excepting his own sacred person; and that he should annul every oath which he has taken upon that occasion, and others, such being contrary to the principles of good government, as inculcated by the Holy Alliance, the excellence of which Holy Alliance his Britannic Majesty has formally and publicly acknowledged, expressing his regret that the constitution of his kingdom did not at that time allow him to become a member of it."

John-Mary. I can not think he said that.

Ferdinand. He did though; or his minister lied.

John-Mary. He must be a very modest man, to talk of a constitution not "*letting*," with an army such as his, all staunch and true to him, and a parliament he can dissolve at his pleasure; in other words, as my ministers teach me, with a parliament every soul of which he can fine to the amount of at least four thousand pounds for a murmur; such, it has been proved, is the regular price of seats in it, and a wilful minister could make them come dearer to an ill-advised opponent.

Ferdinand. He is indeed a modest man, and does not do half the harm he might do.

John-Mary. Well then, I would not make him bite his own fingers till he cries.

Ferdinand. He is so good-natured and compliant, that I could bend him at last into biting his toe-nails, and saying grace for it.

John-Mary. O then, I would not.

Ferdinand. My brother and brother-in-law and cousin, you enter but faint-heartedly into the system of the Holy Alliance. I have more yet for him.

John-Mary. He may turn upon us; let him lie.

Ferdinand. Nothing can alter his sweet temper. When his troops had restored my throne to me, I ordered thanks to be rendered to God publicly in all the churches.

John-Mary. Who would not? I did the same.

Ferdinand. Not without some discontent and scandal; your Majesty rendered thanks to the Almighty for delivering you from the enemies; I for delivering me from the heretics; and the Almighty did not hear a word from me about the others. His Majesty the king of Great Britain was so pleased at me, that he sent me his congratulations.

John-Mary. He sent the same to me, who thanked God (it seems) for much less than you thanked him for.

Ferdinand. Listen. "That his Britannic Majesty will remove the Protestants from his kingdom of Ireland, placing them in London or Windsor or Brighton, or anywhere it may please his Majesty, under the eye of the police, so that they may not annoy their Catholic brethren; and also that he will be graciously pleased to restore the benefices to the Catholic bishops and clergy. Resolved as their Catholic and Faithful Majesties are, never to interfere in the internal affairs of other countries, they are resolved nevertheless to send an army of one hundred and twelve thousand men to assist in arranging the ancient church establishment in Ireland, such as it was in the times of the apostles.

"The loyalty of the aforesaid majesties, the Catholic and the Faithful, is too well known in Europe to need any pledge, comment, or illustration; else nothing could evince it more perfectly than this frank and early declaration of their sentiments and resolutions."

John-Mary. I do not think he can complain that we are not frank enough. The Holy Allies, like other holy men, wait not for asking: it is only when they are dead that they must be begged and prayed. Well, the paper seems to me a very good paper of the kind; and after your Majesty has signed it, I will do the same.

Ferdinand. Gently; we are not half through it yet.

John-Mary. God has endowed your Majesty with wonderful powers; but I never heard of any man who could read so long together. There are those, it is said, who can get through a gazette at a sitting; but they have their chocolate or lemonade beside them, and a nice curled wafer to suck them through: moreover, in gazettes they read of festivals and processions; they do not stand upon one leg, like a statue of Fame in a poultry-yard, but keep jogging on pleasantly from one thing to another.

Ferdinand. I once read a whole hour.

John-Mary. On what momentous occasion?

Ferdinand. I had the dysentery and the *Lives of the Martyrs*, and did not like to get up. That reading cured me: I could mark the very place that made me whole.

I will show you what I can do.

"It can hardly be unknown to his Britannic Majesty, that a certain portion of the ultramarine dominions of his Catholic Majesty, to wit, from the forty-second degree of south latitude to the forty-second north, is in a state of most unnatural in-

surrection, and that the kingdom of Brazil too is disturbed. But their Majesties, the Catholic and the Faithful, have the honour to announce to their ancient friend and ally the king of the United Kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland, that a frigate is despatched by his Catholic Majesty, and a capuchin by his Faithful, and that the well-disposed can not doubt of their success. After which their said Majesties, the Catholic and Faithful, will assist and enable his Britannic Majesty to annul his coronation oath and all others, and to do justice to his loyal people. It being evident that all oaths whatever, made by a king to his subjects, are degrading to the royal dignity, and made therefore involuntarily and compulsorily; yet, willing to second the clemency of his Britannic Majesty, their Majesties the Catholic and the Faithful, declare that they will not oblige or urge his Britannic Majesty to the punishment of any abettors in this nefarious and impious mockery of royalty, and, through royalty, of faith and religion; and that they will advise on the contrary, and sign their names and affix their seals to a general act of amnesty, excluding therefrom none other than the archbishops of Canterbury and York and bishop of London, and such beside as notified their assent to the same unlawful and compulsory act.

"No officer under the rank of captain shall be molested for the same, unless it can be proved that he drank to the health of the constitutional king, and swore or said that he would die in his defence.

"Nor shall any magistrate or justice of the peace be punished with death, or exile, or by anything more than fine and imprisonment, who can be clearly proved to have been ignorant that '*constitutional*' is different from '*arbitrary*.'

"Nor shall any doctor of medicine, or surgeon, or apothecary, be subject to capital punishment for attending *constitutional* patients, nor be liable to any other inconvenience than suspension from his profession for six months, until he shall have purged himself from so foul an imputation.

"All degrees, nevertheless, conferred by the universities during the reign of anarchy, shall be null and void; as shall also be all learning (falsely so called) acquired therein; and whoever does not give a full and particular account of what he has read, or heard in lectures, in the whole of that disastrous time, and who does not swear upon the crucifix that he abominates, abhors, and detests it, and that he will forget the whole of it in one calendar month, is exempted from the provisions contained in this act of grace and amnesty."

John-Mary. That is reasonable; I would give them time. The king of Great Britain will see, on casting his enlightened eyes over the world, that it is only in Protestant countries that kings have hitherto been unable to modify or lay aside their oaths at their good pleasure; and that constitutions extorted by the people (it matters not whether long since or lately) and charters and such-like indiscreetly given, have not been revoked or reconsidered in all material points.

Ferdinand. Judiciously remarked, my cousin! a historical fact of the first magnitude!

John-Mary. I heard it from the minister of France.

Ferdinand. A principal figure in the revolutionary whirly-gig; he always sat upon the ostrich and whipt the one before him.

John-Mary. Now, brother, whom did you hear that from?

Ferdinand. I forget. It was said of Talleyrand; it will do for another, if you remove the ostrich, and put cock or poney in the place.

John-Mary. But the king of France always had friends about him: the gentleman from Gascony, Blacas I think the name is, among tht rest.

Ferdinand. He turned his pantaloon, bought sleeves quite new, hired running footmen, and was created duke.

John-Mary. I never heard the word "*created*" in that sense. Admirable! it means, *to make things out of nothing.*

By what I can see of the paper (if that is the place where your thumb is) I am afraid we are still far from land, and have many tacks to make before we reach the port.

Ferdinand. Have courage, my brother and cousin, we are half-seas-over.

John-Mary. Glory be to God!

Ferdinand. Kyrie eleison!

"If any unfounded jealousy, suggested by crafty and malicious men, for the furtherance of their dark designs, should weigh upon the breast of his Britannic Majesty, as to the foreign force about to be employed in the establishment of his plenary and legitimate authority; in order to remove it altogether, it is agreed that an equal number of troops, belonging to his Britannic Majesty, shall be permitted to occupy for the same space of time (in the possessions of his Catholic Majesty) the whole of Tierra del Fuego, together with the whole Antarctic Continent, not however interfering in its ecclesiastical affairs; and, beside these, the whole northern range of Sierra Nevada; in the possessions of his Faithful Majesty, the entire kingdoms of Ethiopia, Arabia, and Persia; in which his Faithful Majesty shall retain no more troops than he may in his wisdom think necessary for religion, on the day of Corpus Domini, the Purification of the Blessed Virgin, and John the Baptist. And all the captain-majors, corregidores, judges of the tribunals (excepting the ecclesiastical), and justices of the peace, of his Faithful Majesty, in those countries, are commanded to give their aid, in order to carry this ordinance into effect.

John-Mary. Bless my heart and soul! is there another paper still? is that which fell out part of this?

Ferdinand. No: it is a private one; that is, one written by my own order. It being also for the court of St. James, I placed the two together. I think we write better than the Russians and

French. The English beat us in style, I hear; but the substance comes to nothing.

John-Mary. Here however the French and Russians are very polite and conciliatory. I did not imagine that his Imperial Majesty had our holy Catholic religion so much at heart.

Ferdinand. I assure you, he holds it next to the Turkish; though he may not seem to do it. Theirs of the Holy Alliance is the most civil and inviting; but this pleases me best, being plain and argumentative. I will read it after.

John-Mary. For the love of God, my brother and cousin, read it now, if it were only to break the neck of the cruel long one before us, which, like a serpent in the brakes of Brazil, shows its head where you think its tail must be, and only coils up to stretch itself and spring out again.

Ferdinand. Anything to please your Majesty; and I am happy in an opportunity of demonstrating that we can maintain our dignity. By holy Martha! I will no more pay my debts than I will keep my oath.

"The undersigned . . has the honour . . amity . . good understanding . . good faith . ." Ha! here we have it; we are fairly out of the phrases at last, and in the midst of the business; "not witbout surprise and concern that the minister of his Britannic Majesty for foreign affairs, after declaring (as he was bound to do) that he would not insist on the payment of the loan contracted in the sittings of the Cortes, or of the interest thereon, should still insist (if indeed he be in earnest) on the indemnity for British ships detained and confiscated on the coasts of South America.

"Now the undersigned is commanded by his royal master, to remark that there does indeed appear to be a shadow of justice in the claims of those Englishmen who advanced him money: for although the interest was onerous, in proportion to the difficulties of his Majesty, the exhaustion of his treasury, the rebellion in America, and perhaps also in proportion to the false ideas that ignorant and malevolent men entertained of his Catholic Majesty's good faith, so often and so fully proved: yet his Catholic Majesty had sworn to observe, defend, and maintain in all its parts and provisions, the new constitution;* and his Britannic Majesty was officially informed of such oath, and kept a minister at Madrid. Therefore his Britannic Majesty was bound by the precedent of all times and countries (if precedent could be quoted against royal will and pleasure) to insist on the fulfilment of the compact and engagement entered into with British subjects by his Catholic Majesty. Nevertheless his Britannic Majesty did reject most royally the authority of precedent, acknowledging (as became his magnanimity) no authority but God's; and asserted no claim whatever in behalf of his monied subjects.

"The undersigned then can not but recommend to his Majesty's minister for foreign affairs, to reconsider the matter, and correct his inconsistency. For surely no greater can be imagined than to forego what have always been considered as just claims (but which their Majesties the Holy Allies are resolved to consider and admit as such no longer), and at the same time to demand an indemnity for ships detained or captured, in places where the navigation of British and all other foreign vessels has been declared and acknowledged illicit, and this by the British government, for many ages.

"The undersigned . . high consideration" . . High, no doubt! for a blunderer whose best argument he has been reducing to dust between his fingers.

John-Mary. Any two men living would agree on the propriety of this remonstrance; the only doubt would be, whether a debt contracted by your Majesty, the regularity and justice of which was not protested against, nor one particle excepted until long after the whole amount was spent, is debt or not; and consequently, whether it ought or not to be discharged; which I consider as a part of the same question.

Ferdinand. Such reasonings suit much better the tradesmen of Lisbon and Cadiz than monarchs who have quelled rebellions. Do you owe the English any money, my brother? If you do, don't pay them.

John-Mary. They would force me.

Ferdinand. Not they truly. What can they do, poor devils, without the ministers?

John-Mary. To borrow from a people and not to pay, would be as just a cause of war as to seize upon their property by sea or land, in my ports or upon my roads; and greatly more villanous. I ask for assistance in my necessities, and it is given me in reliance on my good faith . .

Ferdinand. Brother John-Mary, you reason like a broker. Send the ministers of England a service of plate, and they will furnish you with better logic, and newer, and more kingly. They will beside tell their people, "Rash men! you lent the money at your own risk: we did not advise you."

John-Mary. They might as well say, "You sent out ships: we did not advise you: what have we to do with pirates? Your Majesty pledged your royal word" . .

Ferdinand. They have it then in pledge: let them do what they will with it: I shall not molest them about the matter.

John-Mary. You promised to pay principal and

* In the Proclamation signed by him at Cadiz, September 30, 1823, he says, "I promise a general, complete, and absolute amnesty of all that is past, without exception. I promise that the debts, contracted for the nation by the existing government, shall be ratified. I promise that all generals and other officers of the army, who have defended the constitutional system, shall preserve their rank, appointments, and honours."

That he violated all these promises, is too notorious for any remark.

A rogue may have some urgent reasons for being a rogue; but an honest man can have none for aiding and abetting him in his roguery, nor for countenancing him after it. What then must we think of those princes who reinstated and upheld him?

interest; and the obligation lies the stronger, as the most loyal of your own subjects would not supply a cake of chocolate for your breakfast.

Ferdinand. If kings are obliged to pay, they are not free. We are answerable to God only; and when he tells me, I will do it as becomes a Catholic. Your argument on the ships is idle. The ships pay the king of England the duties of export and import: but he is in truth so little of a king, that he can not put his hand even into the pouch of a tinker, much less into desks and purses, and take out what he wishes. Why should he care then who helps himself to the money not destined by Parliament for his taxes? If I had detained a herring-smack, he would bluster and bully and threaten me with reprisals; but when twenty or thirty of his merchants go to ruin by trusting me, he thinks as I, and as all other wise men do, and says, "The greater fools they!"

John-Mary. He had acknowledged your government as it then stood: he is bound in consequence to protect the property of his subjects entrusted to its good faith.

Ferdinand. Bound! By Santiago! according to your doctrine, we kings are no better than private men. By Christ and the Blessed Virgin! I won't pay. Now then I can't: I should break my vow if I did: and what is a promise to a vow! Is the king of England such a heretic as to push his horn against it? Religion is religion all over the world: vows are sacred at Tunis and at Mecca.

John-Mary. Very true; but it is only for royalty and religion that men are authorised to violate them. I should be in some fear of losing my dominions in America, if my son did not swear to them that he would make them independent.

Ferdinand. I do not well understand how that ensures them.

John-Mary. They would else rebel. As matters now stand my beloved son, aided by England, will oblige the people there to pay me several millions of dollars, and will bring over from Germany some thousands of soldiers, under the pretext of agriculture, who shall cut every throat through which hath passed the impure seditious cry of "*independence.*" He seemed at first afraid of this perjury: but I procured him absolution from Rome for it, and sent him at the same time a consecrated rose and a father's blessing.

Ferdinand. For how long a time are those good?

John-Mary. The virtue of the consecrated rose is durable in proportion to the money paid for it, and the father's blessing to that obtained by it.

Ferdinand. If the Brazilians should relapse, your Majesty might employ the English fleet against them, which, taking advantage of the wind and the snuff, could blind them all, without a cannon-shot.

John-Mary. The English are dexterous engineers at blinding people: but the Brazilians have strong eyes, better in my opinion than the English.

Ferdinand. If sheer lying is the manœuvre, they have the bravest and most experienced fugleman in Europe, as my ministers tell me.

John-Mary. God forbid that any man should lie for me, who has not the grace to go to confession after it, to make an oblation, and to take the Eucharist!

Ferdinand. The Holy Alliance and the English ministers (for they enter fully into its spirit) are ready to punish those monied men who have encouraged and supported constitutions, and will leave them to harangue upon their empty coffers. Your Majesty will also see that this absurd claim of indemnity for maritime losses will be dropped and abandoned. I am uncertain only upon the question of the slave-trade, and not very upon that, knowing that the principal friends and supporters of the British minister for foreign affairs, are persons connected with slavery and fed upon sugar. On this subject is the following paragraph.

"Their Catholic and Faithful Majesties having been unwarily led into the impracticable scheme of abolishing the trade in negroes, do by their royal will and deed retract the stipulation; it having been proved that his most Christian Majesty made the same promise with the same solemnity, and that nevertheless the faithful subjects of his most Christian Majesty never at any former period have exercised the trade so extensively as at present. But in order to obviate all real evil that may arise from the continuation of the trade in negroes, their Majesties, the Catholic and the Faithful, declare and protest, that, whenever a slave is dying, the crucifix shall be put to his lips and upon his breast; that every force, moral and physical, shall be employed to make him cry 'Credo!' and in such a manner that, if unluckily God should not hear it, the cherubs and seraphs in waiting, or some two of them at the least, shall be able to declare it on their words of honour; and finally that extreme unction shall be administered to him in olive oil, when olive oil does not exceed seven reals the pound, and, when it does, in such other as Holy Church may decree to be salutary and effectual.

"Their Majesties, the Catholic and the Faithful, are far from wishing to wound the feelings of his Britannic Majesty, by any recapitulation of disasters which may have befallen the arms of his Britannic Majesty: yet the glory of God and of the true religion is all in all with them, and they can not but entreat his Britannic Majesty to consider in his royal wisdom, whether the late discomfiture and destruction of his troops on the coast of Africa, by the Ashantees, is not a sufficient proof that the God of armies and Lord of Hosts has animated them to vengeance, for the millions of souls that are lost to his heavenly kingdom, by not being conveyed where the mysteries of the holy Catholic religion may be imparted to them. On which contemplation their Majesties, the Catholic and the Faithful, propose that his Britannic Majesty will treat as pirates those who impede or obstruct this salutary traffic; and that, in conjunction with the naval forces of his Most

Christian Majesty, a small auxiliary fleet may be always stationed on the African coast, to that purpose and effect; which united fleets however shall be removed, when the whole population of Africa is brought over to the words of everlasting life, and duly obedient, in its ecclesiastical polity and discipline, to the see of Rome. In that predicament, it shall no longer be permitted to export the negroes, who shall be treated with the same lenity as those under the same denomination (from their stubbornness) in the European kingdoms of his Catholic Majesty."

John-Mary. Such clemency, I am afraid, would irritate the higher clergy and the Apostolical junta: I mean to say, if your Majesty should really treat the negroes of Spain as kindly as the negroes of Cuba and Puerto Rico are treated by their masters.

Ferdinand. Mere masters are one thing, kings are another. I will consider what befits my crown and dignity, and if I have promised too much, I will issue an ordinance of revocation.

"The aforesaid duties being executed on the Coast of Senegal and Guinea, and insurrection being suppressed on the continent of America, the maritime powers of Europe are alike all interested in bringing under regular government the rebellious slaves of San Domingo; and the more so, inasmuch as the insurrection there has assumed more settled features, and the slaves commit the cruel mockery of regularity and peace, preserving in civil and domestic life the most exact order, and in political and military the most exemplary decorum and the most perfect discipline. Their affectation of honesty, of industry, and of happiness, under a republican form of government, shows the malice of their hearts, and leaves it doubtful whether they can be brought to reason by any other means than well-concerted force. Nevertheless, if they will resign their visionary laws, together with their fathers and mothers, their wives and children, their houses and plantations, the high contracting parties on the other hand will restore to them the mild dominion of their ancient laws, and their former most affectionate and loving masters. The colonels of regiments shall enjoy the privilege of the whip, and the judges shall be assayers of molasses, wearing a red cuff on the left wrist, but without sleeve above it; and moreover, about their loins an apron of white cotton a full yard in length. None but the principals of the insurrection shall be hanged, and none but the president shall be quartered."

John-Mary. I am rejoiced to find that the Holy Allies are become so mild and gracious. There were some prejudices against them in the beginning, particularly as everyone of them took from the next principality as much as he could take, disregarding all similarity in sentiment and all confederacy in action.

Ferdinand. I never approved of that conduct: I gained nothing. The present paper is greatly more moderate: it breathes a pure spirit of conciliation and love toward God and one's neighbour. Only think that the Russian minister should co-operate with the minister of the most Christian king, in making us say what we are made to say here.

"It is the resolution of their Majesties, the Catholic and the Faithful, to assist his Britannic Majesty in bringing into the union of spirit and the bond of peace the dissenters of Scotland, and to divide the Catholic church (thus happily reinstated throughout the British dominions) into two parts, as elsewhere, the high clergy and the low; convinced as they are (no less than is his Britannic Majesty and his ministers) that both church and state ought to be formed upon the same model, and that two chambers are as necessary to the one as to the other; without which subordination sufficient lustre and dignity can not be given to the church triumphant, or sufficient obsequiousness and humility to the main body of suffragans and preachers. Be it however provided and ordered, subject to the approbation and determination of His Holiness the Pope, that no more than forty-five bishops and eight hundred canonics be appointed for the service of the church in Scotland, and leaving it entirely to the wisdom of his Britannic Majesty to assign them their revenues from the bleaching-grounds and manufactories of that kingdom, converting them into suitable episcopal domains, monasteries and convents, to the glory of God and his saints."

John-Mary. This is not so explicit as I could wish. In the manufactories, I am told, there are magical lights, called *gas* lights. The fathers and nuns would not wish for these abominations, and the places should be lustrated with sulphur and salt-water. When the tubes for conveying these devilish lights have been cast into the furnace and melted down, I think the mischief arising from them will certainly have ceased. They may be sold for the benefit of the ejected; the religious being sure to find as many pipes and conduits for their purposes as they want, from the warm zeal of the faithful.

Ferdinand. "That there may in future be no cause of war or dissension between his Britannic Majesty on the one side, and their Majesties the Catholic and the Faithful on the other, it is desirable and earnestly recommended, that his Britannic Majesty be pleased to take some title different from *Britannic;* seeing that, in almanacs and similar publications, it gives a handle to the disaffected to place, as they call it, alphabetically, the name, style, title, and dignity, of his Britannic Majesty, before the name, style, title, and dignity, of their Majesties, the Catholic and the Faithful, to the great scandal of the vassals of their said Majesties, the Catholic and the Faithful. In consideration of which (constitution and heresy being uprooted), if there is any star or cross peculiarly agreeable to his Britannic Majesty, it shall forthwith be conveyed to him, with whatever ceremony the said king and his king-at-arms may appoint, just as freely and lovingly as his Britannic Ma-

jesty sent the order of the Garter to his Faithful Majesty, on his Faithful Majesty most heroically breaking the oath he had taken to his subjects; and just as freely and lovingly as his Majesty the Emperor Alexander, autocrat of all the Russias, did also send the order of St. George, to invest therewith his most Christian Majesty the King of France and Navarre, on his most Christian Majesty retracting and annulling the principal articles of the Charter he had unadvisedly given to his subjects. Which high-minded and glorious actions, and the honours paid to them, clearly prove that no faith is to be kept any more with subjects than with heretics; it being laid down as incontrovertible, that kings are answerable to God alone for their actions; and that their actions proceed from their thoughts; and that their thoughts are instilled into them, as occasion may require, by means of the holy unction at their coronation. If stars and crosses are out of fashion, or become too ordinary with his Britannic Majesty, their Majesties, the Catholic and Faithful, will institute each a more magnificent order; and, as the Garter is preoccupied, the decoration shall be stay or petticoat, at the suggestion of his Britannic Majesty; and his Britannic Majesty shall be the first invested therewith."

John-Mary. I am ready. But I do not see plainly how we can pay such a body of troops as your Majesty was inclined to send over.

Ferdinand. I did not read a word about the payment: that is provided for: the other means are at hand.

John-Mary. The business is complex.

Ferdinand. It would be no state-paper else. Good state-papers can no more be smooth and even, and seen in all points at once, than good fortifications can. I will read, for your satisfaction, one of the supplementary articles.

"His Britannic Majesty is required to furnish nothing more toward the expedition hereamicably proposed, than transports, uniforms, shoes, forage, and pay; which his Britannic Majesty can not but consider as moderate, when so desirable an object is to be accomplished. That it is eminently so, it is unnecessary to point out to his Majesty, his minister, the Lord of Liverpool, having prepared the minds of his Majesty's loyal and loving subjects for the same, in his declaration before Parliament, that 'the troops of his most Christian Majesty, on their entrance into Spain, were universally hailed as deliverers by all conditions of people, and with transports of enthusiastic joy.'* Desirous of blessing the loyal and loving subjects of his Britannic Majesty with the same transports, without any object of ambition or aggrandisement, and with a pure ardour for the holy religion and for legitimacy, their Majesties, the Catholic and the Faithful, have ordered their ministers-plenipotentiary to arrange the business with the ministers of his Britannic Majesty, and have appointed each his general (of the Capuchins) to superintend the debarkation of the heretics from the kingdom of Ireland, in two commodious ships, supplied to his Catholic Majesty by his Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias, the bottoms of which ships have been provisionally caulked where the timber is rotten, and the whole peculiarly adapted to the service for which they are appointed."

John-Mary. That is humane; one could not do less. But I fancied that the minister of his Britannic Majesty was permitted by the Holy Alliance to speak unfavourably of the crusade against the Constitutionalists.

Ferdinand. It has been agreed on, at the courts of the Holy Alliance, that no offence shall be taken if one minister talks in the House of Commons and at taverns like a *liberal* (it being well understood that he is no more of one than I am), provided that the other shall cry down whatever is constitutional. By these means the popular party is thrown off its guard, and hopes grow up luxuriantly on both sides. Your Majesty is to consider these two men (such are the words of the Russian minister to me), as the hot-water and cold-water ducts of that grand vapour-bath which is to cure all the maladies of kings and nations.

John-Mary. I am truly happy that your Majesty has given me this explanation: I should otherwise have thought them two most impudent impostors. Fortunate, I ought rather to say providential is it, that the constitutions are thrown down on the continent of Europe, and that only the form remains in England: yet even the form after a time draws to it and attaches its partizans: as men who have been accustomed to a scolding wife, are just as sorrowful in their widowhood as others, and when they marry a second time, if they happen to light upon a quiet one, think themselves almost widowers still. Stories have been related to me of American tribes, which, although they were ready to believe anything, as they said, yet wept over their ugly idols, and could hardly be brought to look at Saint Agnes and Saint Clara. Who knows whether the king of England himself may not have some such weakness! For, O my brother and cousin! we kings at last are but men; little wiser than others. I would pray to heaven for his conversion to the Catholic faith, without which no good doctrine of any kind can take root and flourish in him. The force of habit and the force of holiness are well illustrated in the history I shall now relate.

Hurtado Palmaseda dos Rios Amargos, archbishop of Evora, always wore a hair-shirt, to the great edification and delight of his dioceseans. He had performed so many acts of piety, that at last

* Either Lord Liverpool deceived the parliament by a falsehood, now universally notorious, or the person he employed in Spain deceived him. The greater part of the nobility were contented with the established order of things; all the commercial, all the agricultural, and, with hardly an exception, all the literary, Assassins, smugglers, monks, and canons of cathedrals, opposed it. In twenty days, more excesses, more robberies, arsons, and murders, were committed in Arragon alone, than had been committed in the whole of Spain during all the years of constitutional government.

his niece, Donna Sofonisba Debora de Castelmor, and a young gentlewoman who kept her company, Donna Tanaquil Elisa de Leite, attempted to persuade him that it no longer was necessary to his salvation. Sometimes, to pacify them, he offered one excuse, sometimes another; such as, "it is cool;" "it is warm;" "his soul required it;" "it held fewer fleas than cambric, and did not stick to the skin." In fact, such is the loving-kindness of God and of the blessed Virgin, it really and truly had grown pleasant to him.

Ferdinand. I should like to hear the end of such a saint. Has your Majesty any small relic of him or his shirt?

John-Mary. A something of both: but to proceed.

He died in the odour of sanctity. Many thought his smell was like a white lily's; many said it had more of the tuberose; and there was one who remarked that, in his mind, rather than tuberose or lily, it resembled in fragrance a certain flower in the Island of Japan. As he was a tailor, and had never been a mile out of the city since the hour he was begotten, it was asked of him how he knew anything about the smell of Japanese flowers. He answered that he had read of it: which, as he was a sedentary man, was weighty, if not convincing. Another said that there was no difference whatever between it and the rose of Sharon, a plant of which he had seen formerly in a garden near Valencia, a town belonging to your Majesty; but his brother corrected him, saying, "Lope, it is indeed very like that rose which I remember you once described to me; yet, if you had ever been at Lebanon, as I have, you would have altered your mind, and have declared that such fragrance as this could come only from the wings of angels, who had settled on the cedars of Lebanon." Nevertheless there were many of the townsmen, who, in punishment of their worldly-mindedness and curiosity, could smell nothing more than what they were accustomed to smell in their own habiliments when they threw them off on the Sunday morning. Not lily nor rose nor cedar came distinctly forth: nor could they certify to their consciences aught concerning the said Japanese flower. Toward night, when the room was most crowded, doubts were entertained by some persons in tolerable repute, whether there was any miraculous scent at all. Nay, it is recorded that some of the clergy leaned over the body and smelt it with all their might, and went away saying nothing.

It pleased God that the instrument of conversion to thousands should be the very worst man among them, namely, Tiberio-Maria Somaro.

He had been a soldier in Manilla, and had been seen to leer and wink and lift up his shoulder like an unbeliever, with some other most irreverent and indecent marks of contempt. An aged priest, the last who in his devotion leant over the body, beheld him with compassion, and taking him gently by the shirt-sleeve (for the weather was hot and he came without his coat) led him in his lightness and incredulity to the bed. He lowered his head indifferently, as if it hung loosely on his neck; and throwing it up wildly, like a horse that one would halter, cried aloud; I dare hardly repeat the words; "The . . . smells of sandal-wood."

It was the will of our blessed Lady that the odour should be such as she vouchsafes to grow exclusively in the east, her native country. Out of the mouth of a vile profane wretch was she pleased to bring conviction.

Ferdinand. If there is no harm in saying it, by her leave, methinks she chose in her wisdom odd words as well as an odd instrument.

John-Mary. The miracle is the greater; nor did it end here.

Ferdinand. For the love of our Lord, my dear brother and cousin, let me hear the rest of it.

John-Mary. Faith! after what your Majesty has been reading, a miracle comes like a fine fresh oyster after a peppery ragoût.

Although the Lord and his saints had given the good archbishop strength and courage to endure the hair-shirt while he was in health, and even to solace his friends with the assurance that, as a sinner, it was preferable, in the ease it gave his spirit, to one of linen; yet the skin grows irritable in sickness, which came upon him unexpectedly, confined him to his bed instantly, and carried him off after two days.

Ferdinand. He might have changed it without sin.

John-Mary. Ah poor man! he did not. He was seen indeed when death was inevitable and imminent, which at the beginning he had no suspicion of, to attempt to change it; but he would accept no assistance from anyone. He could not accomplish his attempt: no attendant touched him: yet the shirt was changed!

Ferdinand. Mater amabilis! kyrie eleison! kyrie amabilis! mater eleison!

John-Mary. My brother and cousin, if I could sing like your Majesty, I would join you.

Ferdinand. I am in a fine frame of mind! My flesh creeps; my skin tightens on the crown of my head like a drum in the north wind on the *prado.* Manifest to me, I pray you, my brother and cousin, the further mercies of the heavenly choir. We must however be upon our guard against false miracles: holy church (vehement against imposture) teaches us that.

John-Mary. Here was no possibility of imposture.

Ferdinand. Certainly there could be none: but was the cause tried at Rome?

John-Mary. Regularly; and when the passions of men had cooled, as usual.

Ferdinand. How many years had elapsed?

John-Mary. The ordinary number: about sixty. The church is never precipitate. I have read the whole process, with the signature of eight witnesses, some of whom declare that they never saw the others until they met in the bed-chamber of the archbishop. I have seldom read such irrefra-

gable proofs: he tried to strip himself: he could not: the chaste man would accept (as I told your Majesty) no assistance to take off his shirt, not even from Donna Sofonisba, his niece, nor from Donna Tanaquil whom he had educated from eleven years of age. The room was full of attendants, clerical, medical, familiar.

Ferdinand. In the presence of so many persons, he need not have been so scrupulously shy and modest as to deny the young ladies the service of stripping him: as well might our queens object to the presence of archbishop, chancellor, captain of the guard, and six or seven other hidalgos, while they are being delivered of infante or infanta.

John-Mary. Such was the mercy of God and of his mother the blessed Virgin, that, although they knew and decreed that he must die soon, and saw that his struggles to change his shirt had exhausted him, and aware that, if indeed he ever had felt the hair scratch and plague him, it could no longer do it, nevertheless in mercy to the holy man and for the increase of their glory, they allowed him still his hair-shirt. But the hair was like the goat's of Angola, softer than silk or satin, and lighter.

Ferdinand. Gloria Deo in excelsis! Ad aquas Babylonis!

John-Mary. On first reading these facts and the testimonials, I ordered the double miracle to be embroidered in letters of gold, to be inserted in a finely carved frame from Paris, with a rich hanging of damask behind it, and a stout plate-glass before (lest it should be frayed or soiled by the beards of the faithful who might kiss it), and a noble wax-candle on each side, burning day and night.

Ferdinand. On the compliance of his Britannic Majesty with our wishes, as suggested and manifested to us by their Majesties of the Holy Alliance, I myself will be at the expense of a copy, in like letters, frame, and hangings, to be suspended as his Majesty may deem fit, in his chapel, bedroom, or council-chamber.

John-Mary. And I, for my part, on condition that he becomes a good Catholic, and brings over the lost people of England to the true faith, do promise and stipulate upon my royal word, to give a fair fifth of the miraculous shirt immediately, and a fair tenth of the cilice, or of such portion thereof as by the mercy of God shall at any future time be discovered upon earth.

Ferdinand. Is it expected that part of it may be found again?

John-Mary. The doctors of my universities have not yet decided whether it be the subject of transubstantiation or assumption.

Ferdinand. A most delicate and momentous point, nor hastily to be decided. Has the holy father been consulted upon it?

John-Mary. My bishops would reserve the initiative to themselves, subject however to his infallible decree.

Ferdinand. They have not wit enough: I am resolved to recall the Jesuits. One of their greatest enemies told me a thing of them which fixes my determination: it sums up that a Jesuit is worth two other men, even of the best. When it was objected against them that they professed the strict propriety of lying whenever it suited their purposes, he replied, that among other people two negatives make an affirmative, but that among the Jesuits one does.

Now what higher praise can be given them? and this from the mouth of an adversary! I do not approve of lying, and never lie at all, unless in matters of state and conscience.

John-Mary. If your Majesty will inform me in your goodness, at what time the disciples of Saint Ignatius take possession of Spain again, I shall receive the intelligence most gratefully. Ever afterward shall I eat only eggs in the shell, drink only water from the spring, and neither take snuff nor wear gloves. What they are as theologians, Mother Church alone can decide; they certainly are deep physicians both in minerals and simples, and save a great deal of bed-making. They are such casters of nativity and such prognosticators of futurity, they can calculate without book to what extent a man shall be griped and cuckolled, and at what hour and into what house the holy sacrament shall be carried before 'em.

Ferdinand. I wonder how the devil they do it.

John-Mary. I wonder how kings will let it be done; so many people are frightened, particularly the women.

Ferdinand. They will never be quiet, unless we give them their own way.

John-Mary. Will they then?

Ferdinand. They say they will. They speak humbly and reverentially, and always begin with 'Your Majesty,' and 'Your Catholic Majesty.'

John-Mary. I wish they may end there. Keep them in their posture of humility, and they can do little harm: let them once rise up from it, and they will be avenged for having ever been in it. So say those who know them. When you expose their tricks and make them refund their robberies, they cry, "The Church is in tribulation:" when they have tied your hands behind you, and scourged you, and eaten your dinner, and emptied your snuff-box, and made your wife and children disavow you, and your people threaten your throat, then forsooth "The Church is triumphant." For, these rogues are not Matthew nor Mark, nor Barnabas nor Jude, nor James nor Thomas nor Apollos, nor Simon nor Saul nor Peter, but "church, mother church, holy church," and are identified and indivisible as potted lobsters.*

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* The power of the clergy, under another Bourbon now reigning, may in part be estimated by the following extract from the sentence of a royal court on the Bishop of Nancy:

"The royal court of Nancy decrees, that the passages of the *Mandamus* constitute the crime specified in the 201st and 204th articles of the *Penal Code*; that the *Mandamus* alone is sufficient to prove the culpability of the bishop: but, taking into consideration the *high functions* of the Bishop of Nancy, the court declares that for the present there is no *ground* to proceed."

Ferdinand. Take care! take care! Is there nothing behind those pictures?

John-Mary. Walls; and walls there shall always be, and many too, between me and Jesuits.

Ferdinand. My cousin Charles of France says I must have 'em. He tells me they make the most comfortable creatures for confessors. If you say you have done this or that, they say they have done it too; by God's providence; in order to comfort you; and if the sin requires a scourging, they will invent such a pleasant way of doing it, you would give a *crusado* to be scourged again. Beside, my cousin tells me that he hopes his daughter of Angoulême will bless his kingdom with an heir to the throne, by the intercession of these holy fathers: and who knows but they may do the like by me? My cousin says, "Had they come earlier, France would have been happy." The other confraternities did their best, and failed. There may indeed be a reason for that, in the horrible atheism of a constitutional bishop, who, when the royal ordinance was issued for illuminating nine saints in Notre Dame, in order to obtain so great a blessing, said peevishly and profanely, "These things are not to be done with candles'-ends."

John-Mary. Oh! there he was wrong! there he betrayed his want of faith and discernment. But I have heard it argued that the exactions and immorality of the clergy are among the principal causes of disturbances and revolutions.

Ferdinand. Never believe it. Atheists would decoy you into such persuasion, that they themselves might preach and say masses and possess tithes.

John-Mary. Who knows whether they have not succeeded in some places, looking just like the worthiest rectors and jolliest monks in Christendom?

Ferdinand. Here and there one may have crept into the fold, and carried his books with him: but true priests must be better people than any other, else they could not have received the grace of God to preach his word to the rest: and true monks are better still, for they have performed more miracles, and have performed them too at the very time when the profane and ignorant would fain have proved them to be the most unworthy; thus returning good for evil, blessings for revilings.

Frey Lope de Hornaches was circumvented by his enemies, while he suffered himself, like a lamb, to be conducted to a garden-house by Donna Imaculata Floz de Cabeça: places which your Majesty must know perfectly, as they lie upon the frontier of Alentejo. The enemies, who, your Majesty may suppose from their promptitude, were anciently of some guerilla, caught him inopportunely (as they vainly thought) and led him off (so they scornfully boasted) more lightly accoutred than even partisan-war and vintage-season make requisite, through the long street of Cabeça, into the posada called the 'Star of Bethlehem.' Here however they had the humanity to give him the remainder of his dress, on his surrendering the veil of Donna Imaculata, which in his hurry he had mistaken for a part of it; though a monk's shirt is seldom so black as that.

John-Mary. Perhaps Frey Lope's was one of a dun camel's hair.

Ferdinand. Nothing more likely. I wonder he did not say it: but he wanted no superfluity of arguments or facts: he had better things at hand.

It was Saturday evening.

"I will confound them in their malice and iniquity," said he to the hostess, who was assisting him in several small arrangements when the intruders had left the posada. Accordingly, the next morning he mounted the pulpit, and delivered a discourse on the principles of immorality and infidelity, deriving them from Satan, and tracing them, without once missing their progress, into the lodges of the free-masons, and the conventicles of the quakers.

John-Mary. Quakers! quakers! who are they, brother!

Ferdinand. Wicked men, that the devil makes quake eternally, but can not force to take their hats off: they eat and sleep and say their prayers in 'em.

John-Mary. God then, without a question, turns his back upon them: for nobody can bear that rudeness. But Frey Lope . . how fared he?

Ferdinand. "I do not deny," said he, "that the devil led me yesterday into what you carnal men may properly call temptation. Why did he? To the confusion and conversion of sinners; for the saints, the confessors, and martyrs, make him work for them, even on festivals, like a turnspit. Now suppose the mortal sin had been committed, to which every man (not under especial grace) is liable, they would intercede and give their suffrages for the sinner, on his confession. By which dispensation, for one bad thing there are two good ones; confession here, and in heaven the offering of those suffrages. We who take upon ourselves the offences of the people, are no better than the people while we are sinning; but while we repeat the words of life in the mass, and God is created at our voice in the midst of them, we no longer are children of the world, but children of righteousness. He who commits sins is one; he who remits them is another. Look at this time-piece!"

Here he produced one, given to him by an abbess of Merida for sundry works performed on pressing occasions in her convent, he possessing the science of discussing and removing some of the most malignant complaints, more speedily than the oldest physician, and being always on the spot in spring and fall.

"This time-piece," he proceeded, "may be inexact by an hour, by two hours, by three hours, in the twenty-four: yet I call it regular." He paused.

"Christians!" added he, "I am rejoiced to observe your humble spirit and pious attention. My words, I doubt not, are strange to your ears;

so are many things at first which afterward are evident and conspicuous. Now this time-piece, although its movements in the sum of their day's duration may be amiss, yet if any of you should be guided by it from hour to hour, whether for labour or rest, he would find that one of them is as long as another: the proportions it marks are then equal and just. So, although a friar or priest shall be inaccurate in his conduct, which either from human infirmity or for some inscrutable purpose may happen, yet that part of it whereat it is your business to look, is right enough. If the devil take him aside to tempt him, you have no concern at this juncture with him or the devil; wait patiently till he comes back again, and then mind what he has authority to say."

John-Mary. My brother! you have surely repeated the whole sermon. What memory! what genius!

Ferdinand. I had three thousand days' indulgence for learning it; and it cost me but a fortnight.

Frey Lope quite confounded the heretical and evil-minded. He hath since proved his innocence, to the satisfaction of the most scrupulous and hard-hearted, by fifty-nine signatures, attesting, on the experience of the subscribers, that the veil of Donna Imaculata has acquired the miraculous virtue of curing weak eyes.

John-Mary. Hearing at first of the veil, I trembled to think how Frey Lope would come off. Gloria patri!

Ferdinand. To abash his accusers and turn round upon his persecutors, he has published the whole sermon, whereto is prefixed the title-page of "Truth unveiled, or the Cross erected in Cabeça." It has been presented to me upon a white satin cushion fringed with silver, preceded by the superior of his order, who informed me that no remarks were made after the delivery, but such as,

"That watch is no common-place!"

"That watch strikes home!"

"The lady abbess knew what she was about, when she gave Frey Lope that watch!"

"The saintly woman had her finger upon the index; she foresaw that Frey Lope would make a flaming sword of it."

"The black veil and bright eyes for ever!"

"Long life to Frey Lope, with his Truth unveiled, and his Cross erected in Cabeça!"

"Death to the negroes, traitors to our king and Frey Lope!"

I was offended at finding my royal name united with a subject's, until the superior informed me that the words Frey Lope did not actually mean Frey Lope, but religion, which has always in good times been identified with the monastic orders.

John-Mary. That is true, and very profound: in matters of religion we always say one thing and mean another. This I heard with my own ears at Quebuz, in a most unctuous sermon preached by the deacon Joam Salter, who exemplified it by saying that a day signified a year, and sometimes an age, among prophets and debtors, casting an angry glance at the Visconde Anadia, who confessed to me that he had owed him for some time forty *pesos dueros*.

Ferdinand. My brother! many contraband things may be conveyed into my dominions through your Majesty's frontier; among them are books. Irreligious ones of the first order, such as *Cyclopedias, Natural Histories, Bibles,* and *Treatises against the Jesuits,* are strictly watched in the territories of Portugal; but latterly there have been others edited of very evil tendency, ridiculing or reviling the functions and characters of princes.

John-Mary. The Jesuits did that.

Ferdinand. They deny it.

John-Mary. We have proofs.

Ferdinand. They disdain proofs, and manfully reject them.

John-Mary. The words are plain.

Ferdinand. So they may appear: they are typical.

John-Mary. What is *typical?*

Ferdinand. Typical is . . wait a moment . . *typical* is . . they told me but yesterday . . No! *typical* is having two or more senses.

John-Mary. Brother! brother! they will not let *us* have any.

Ferdinand. O yes they will: only allow them their own way. They can not act conveniently with others: the horse and ox, they inform me, are not made for the same traces.

John-Mary. I smell poison and gunpowder under their frocks.

Ferdinand. I smell very different things. Happy those that take protection there! They know what books are, and write enough for the whole world. We have taken more than fifty French, English, American, Dutch, Swiss, and other publications, in which I am mentioned as a tyrant, a bigot, a fool, an ingrate, a swindler, a liar, a perjurer. So far was fortunate: but what will you say about my fortune, when I tell your Majesty that I was obliged to hang the valuable servant who discovered and denounced them?

John-Mary. Could that have been lately? I thought your Majesty had long ago hanged every one such.

Ferdinand. I believe he was the last of the kind; but I could not do less. When he had found these offensive words against me in every book he opened, and was still prying more and more, my confessor said it was enough, and asked him why he was not contented with what he had found already, as the other publications had nothing to do with politics or religion. "Father!" answered he, "here are some sixty, in various languages, written in various tempers, by men of various religions and various political opinions, yet all say the same thing of our gracious lord Don Ferdinand. If now I could find a single volume that speaks about him differently, I have only to lay it up, and the fortune of my children is made, twenty years hence, as possessors of the rarest

book in the world: for it is hardly to be imagined that anyone else would think of preserving a copy."

He declares he spoke this in the innocence of his heart: but innocent people, my confessor says, are very thoughtless, and thoughtless people very mischievous; and mischievous people have begun to think at last that religion and government are their own concerns.

The safest method for us would be to prohibit the importation of every volume, the contents of which are not secured and sanctified by the adorable cross in the title-page.

John-Mary. Your Majesty would act then like some philosopher I have heard mentioned . .

Ferdinand. Like some philosopher! Saints and martyrs! confessors and angels! and Virgin-Mother! defend me from it!

John-Mary. He was not indeed so much of a philosopher as your Majesty is afraid he was.

Ferdinand. What did he, then?

John-Mary. He extinguished his lamp lest the fleas should find him and bite him in bed.

Ferdinand. Did he? then he might have been called a philosopher, when philosopher signified wise man. Until the other day, I only knew that the mischievous sect, who now have taken the name, were the blindest and most ignorant creatures upon earth: I never was informed that they are likewise the most superstitious.

John-Mary. And are they really?

Ferdinand. Judge for yourself now. One of them, an Englishman at Turin, had so little grace, and so little tenderness for his own offspring, that he would not carry it to be baptised, either the first day or the second of its birth; saying, as an excuse, that there was no occasion for it at present, the boy being strong and healthy. However, the proprietor of the lodging, who began to fear that, as the river was overflowing the country, and masses of ice were breaking with violence against the walls of the promenade, his house might be carried away by divine vengeance, through the obstinate impiety of his guest, went civilly upstairs, and protested that, unless the infant were carried to church within the hour, he would collect his friends and eject it with its mother from the premises. Her husband being from home, to view the course of the river in all its terrors, from I forget what palace of our brother of Sardinia situated on a lofty hill in the vicinity, and the worthy nurse corroborating the conscientious host's importunity, she complied. The infant was baptised: nevertheless it died four days afterward, of symptoms that resembled a cough and a fever. The heretical parents, in the hardness of their hearts, wept without resignation, and (would you believe it?) were firmly of opinion that the cold water, thrown the more profusely over the creature to wash it from heresy and original sin (whereof heretics have just nine times more than catholics), caused its death! No great wonder, it may be, that the father did so, engulfed as he was in the abyss of philosophy; but the mother, I hear, was as harmless and quiet as any poor ignorant unbeliever can be, and she also held the same opinion . . though the ceremony was performed on Christmas-day! So much for the reasoning faculties of those whom the Lord abandons to their own devices!

Giovacchino Pallone, the landlord, gave a supper to his friends and received their congratulations, on his good luck in rescuing a soul that never can relapse, and that will keep up his own against the worst that can happen: and his brother Timoteo, the muleteer of Biella, who stood sponsor, has thereby washed his hands of a little murder he committed on a Frenchman some years back. What a generation! Twelve months ago, if anyone looked hard at him, he drew his knife and ran into a church: he now never enters one, unless to ask Saint Antonio some favour for his mules. My minister at the Court of Turin informs me that they are grown much fatter; which other men, who have neither faith nor charity, attribute to the easy life they lead with him, now he loiters and spends his money on the roads.

Low ignorant people will indulge their passions and prejudices, although the skirts of their souls must scorch for it.

John-Mary. I should like to purchase a share of Timoteo's ticket for good works, before he draws too hard upon it.

Ferdinand. I intend to establish a new tax, which every man will pay willingly.

John-Mary. I never heard of any such.

Ferdinand. The pope alone has a right over marriages, these being sacraments, therefore I would not dare to think of taxing them: but every man shall pay an impost for sleeping with his wife on the night of his nuptials. The pope would not thwart me in this; particularly as I force every man and woman in my dominions to purchase of him a *Bula de Confecion*, without which they can not receive absolution on their death-bed, nor leave behind them a valid will, nor preserve their property from confiscation.

O my brother and cousin! my sides will crack with laughing.

John-Mary. Let me hope not. Unused as they are to such exercise, it may indeed do them harm. Take this horn against it.*

Ferdinand. I have horns of my own, better than yours. I have the little-toe nail of Saint Jerom, the length of my fore-finger.

John-Mary. What makes your majesty so merry!

Ferdinand. The moment before we met, I signed the capitulation of Torrijo.

John-Mary. I am glad to hear it. He is re-

* The Romans and Neapolitans, and many Spaniards and Portuguese, of every rank and condition, carry a piece of coral, amber, steel, or other substance, at their watch-chain or their breast, in the form of a horn, to protect them against *evil eyes* and other such mischief. Whoever meets a monk the first person in the morning, turns the point toward him: even a heretic is not more inauspicious. Some, ashamed of carrying this amulet, turn their fore-finger ailly, somewhat bent, under the coat-flap or elsewhere. Fortunate, if all their superstitions were thus infantine and innocent!

puted to be one of the bravest and most honourable men in Spain. Dear brother and cousin, what makes you toss up so many pinches of snuff into your nose?

Ferdinand. To help to make me angry and brave again. I will gibbet that Torrijo.

John-Mary. The same who capitulated!

Ferdinand. The very same.

John-Mary. What has he done since?

Ferdinand. I know nothing more about him. The best of the joke is, the duc d'Angoulême promised to him and to the other constitutionalists, rank, pay, and security. He ought to have known from my station and character that his promise was illusory, and that neither another man's promises nor my own are, or ever shall be, binding upon me. Indeed, to tell you a secret, he knew it as well as you do:* but he wanted to purchase the name of pacificator as cheaply as that of hero.

John-Mary. He could not hope that, nor want it. Every French prince is a hero by acclamation the hour of his birth, and pacificator of the universe the first squeal he utters. There is no instance wherein they have not been victorious: the worst that ever happened to them is, that Fortune has sometimes snatched victory out of their hands, when their enemies have bitten the dust upon the snow or sea, and been utterly annihilated. Sometimes a seventy-four in the disguise of a corvette has pounced upon a frigate or two, which all the courage of Frenchmen could not save from the perfidious islanders, who fed their prisoners eleven weeks on saw-dust and salt-water.

Ferdinand. Yet some people, and some who desire to please me, call me a true Bourbon! Never in my life did I know anything like myself, excepting a Polichinello at Andujar; and him I ordered to be brought before the council of Castile for counterfeiting me. By some negligence or connivance he escaped, and was condemned to be hanged in effigy as contumacious.

John-Mary. Might I recommend it to the serious consideration of your majesty, whether so popular a speaker might not with advantage be included in the amnesty?

Ferdinand. You mean entrapped and hanged. Amnesty does not signify that, but only confiscation and imprisonment, with cudgelling and whipping at intervals, such as holidays for example, and the quartering of volunteer dragoons for the remainder of life.

John-Mary. I should have suggested a place at the council-board, where, seated under your president, he would greatly strengthen the majority.

* The perfidy of Bonaparte on no occasion was so infamous as that of his *most christian* successor in Spain. The Duc d'Angoulême was surety for the performance of the treaties and capitulations he entered into with the constitutionalists; all which are violated. He invaded the country, to take the power out of the people's hands .. and the vilest of the populace now possess it entirely. Legitimate government and catholic religion are maintained by a mob of plunderers and assassins, with a fugitive, perjurer, and parricide, at the head of them.

Ferdinand. I have another cause for good humour. I have found out an enemy of old Yerequi.

John-Mary. Who is Yerequi?

Ferdinand. Do not you know that he was my preceptor?

John-Mary. Well! he and everybody else has an enemy: it is no difficult matter to discover one, provided he is not in the number of our bosom-friends. I would not punish this enemy of Señor Yerequi, unless he has offended against the State or the Church. He may indeed have injured a benefactor. Friendships are not sacred things, according to any council that was ever held, or any decretal of the most rigid pope that ever filled the chair of Saint Peter.

Ferdinand. What! can't you understand? Who talked of punishing a spy and confident? A pious man too, and one who can groan at the right place in his breviary like a white bear, and sing *Te Deum* like a Tyrolean bulfinch, wanting nothing but a pinch of snuff to begin and end with. And nothing more shall he ever get from me. Yerequi is the scape-goat to punish. He hardly goes beyond the *credo;* and I could see in his face, when I was little more than a child, that he thought I deserved a whipping. I can whip now: and I dare: which is more than he can say.

John-Mary. Brother Ferdinand! I once heard a remark of an old lady, a relative of ours at Bemposta, when brother Luis of France lost his head for breaking his word, together with that other little thing which the constitutionalists in their jargon call betraying his country.. that a few drops of blood taken from the nether quarters of princes, early in the day, might save them afterward more than they can well spare higher up.

Ferdinand. Oh! oh! down with that hand from the neck, for the love of Christ! What do you smile at? Put it up again: put it on the very spot: I don't mind a caper for it. I only fancied I was afraid: that is, I only fancied it might make you so, or, at least, rather uncomfortable: for myself I was not in the least.

John-Mary. A little alarmed; a little bit shocked and shivering; a very very little; I do think, now, brother Ferdinand! and I beg your pardon for my inadvertency.

Ferdinand. No, by Santiago! no, by San Jose! no, by San Spiridion! I never felt a moment's fear in my whole life. I have thought it; and others have thought it too: but they lied; the fools and thieves lied: there was nothing in it, as I hope for Paradise.

I will now tell you, my brother and cousin, what I intend to do with bishop Queypo. Take out your handkerchief: you will laugh until you cry again. It is my plan and order to have him condemned to six years' imprisonment in a monastery, after a year or two of jail. Is not that pleasant!

John-Mary. It may be just.

Ferdinand. But is not it laughable?

John-Mary. How so? laughable things, my

cousin and brother, require a good deal of circumspection and inquiry. One would not laugh out all at once, as a mule brays, but rather say a prayer or *credo* between the thing laughed at and the laugh.

Ferdinand. Do you know the old viper's age?

John-Mary. Bishop Queypo's?

Ferdinand. Bishop Queypo's, yes: but he is not the bishop he was, by a quintal.

John-Mary. I do not know him: I never heard of him before.

Ferdinand. O! then no wonder you missed the joke. Eight years' imprisonment for a man eighty years old! Laugh now! laugh now! Here is another good thing. People think him very learned and pious, very patient and conscientious: Saez recommends that the younger monks be appointed to instruct him in his Christian duties.

John-Mary. Brother, brother! his master Christ will call him away in the midst of the lesson, and let us hope he may be found perfect!

Ferdinand. What! before the six next years of his imprisonment are over? I shall pray against that every night and morning, and spend in the churches ten thousand crowns to cross it. However, if he dies before the term of the sentence is completed, he shall not be buried in his cathedral, nor with mitre and crosier on his tombstone. But I can not think Mary and the other saints are so spiteful to me: I fancy I see them with their ears at the door, listening to the constitutional rebel as he says his lesson, and now and then putting him out. I know they will do anything for me: I have always put my trust in them.

John-Mary. Bishops are under the protection of angels.

Ferdinand. I know that. I have contrived that they shall not approach Señor Queypo.

John-Mary. Impossible! my dear cousin and brother!

Ferdinand. Possible enough, and sure enough, though perhaps they little suspect it.

John-Mary. Nay, nay, my brother! that laughter . . I beg pardon . . I mean no offence, but surely that laughter is rather too irreverent. Pious men may do many things that others may not; but we must not tempt nor be tempted.

Ferdinand. 'Fore God, he is little temptation for 'em.

John-Mary. Your Majesty's genius is great beyond comparison, and the mercies God hath shown you are manifold.

Ferdinand. Else the rogues would have had me on the gallows. This little bit of lead kept me down on my legs: had they searched me and found it and taken it away, I might have mounted the ladder.

John-Mary. Is one kiss permitted me on that sacred image?

Ferdinand. Kiss it; but under the left jaw; this is the part to be guarded.

Now about the angels.

John-Mary. And the angels too will protect whom they please.

Ferdinand. Brother and cousin! one word in your ear! Of all the monasteries in my dominions, that to which I have destined old Queypo is the fullest of lice and fleas: the dogs and cats know it, and will not enter on fish-days or flesh-days: the martins and swallows scream as they fly past, and never did one of them build her nest under the roof. This I believe is the reason, but I have heard of another: that they come from Barbary, and, being Moorish, instinctively shun the purity of our faith.

John-Mary. I have observed them under the tiles of my convents in great plenty.

Ferdinand. Your monks are less holy: they wash and comb themselves.

John-Mary. Malice says it. Sometimes in excessively hot weather they do, and to hear confessions in private houses, where an odour too religious might affect the sick, particularly the women.

Ferdinand. Mere men of the world! men *nostræ generationis!* The women should be accustomed to the odour while they are well.

John-Mary. Generally they are: but there are some faint stomachs that want civet even in sanctity.

Ferdinand. Jades! I wish I had them under lock and key with old Queypo. If the angels, as I was telling you, came within whistle of those walls, they would have nothing else to do for the remainder of the week than to pick one another's wings.

John-Mary. Brother, I doubt whether the angels are subject to such vermin.

Ferdinand. In heaven certainly not: but here even Michael, though in the act of cutting down a heretic, must put aside his sword and scratch himself. The older angels are too cunning; they know the place. As for the younger, I am secure of them: I have ordered that no change of linen be brought to the wicked wretch: his clothes have been rotting on his body for several months, and at last they are so full of holes that no decent young angel would turn his eyes toward them.*

An excellent plan has been laid before me for the deportation of all the constitutionalists.

John-Mary. Deportation! whither?

Ferdinand. The plan contains nothing about that. Sealed orders may be opened when they are at sea.

John-Mary. Your majesty must provide biscuits and water, in a quantity proportionate to the voyage.

Ferdinand. Not I, not I; the plan has nothing in it of biscuits and water. Beside, is there not water enough in the sea for any number? and let them borrow biscuits from the sailors, on their own credit.

* These cruelties were all committed against Queypo, for having taken the oath of allegiance, which Ferdinand himself took, to the Constitution. On his removal from the jail to the monastery, some women had the compassion and courage to throw a little of their own apparel over his nakedness, and to cover his aged head from the mid-day sun in July.

John-Mary. But the sailors must have enough.

Ferdinand. So they shall.

John-Mary. To give or lend?

Ferdinand. I have nothing to do with the traffic of sailors.

John-Mary. Unless it pleases God to work a miracle in favour of the constitutionalists, they must perish.

Ferdinand. In *their* favour! do you know what they have done?

John-Mary. Unwise things, no doubt: but your majesty seems to me less happy now, less tranquil, and less safe, than when you joined them.

Ferdinand. The mule that breaks loose, is less quiet than when he was in the shafts; but he is free.

John-Mary. My brother! if that word animates even you so greatly, what wonder if it animated the less intelligent!

Ferdinand. Again, again I ask you, do you know what they have committed?

John-Mary. Recently?

Ferdinand. Within this week.

John-Mary. Not fully nor exactly.

Ferdinand. Sacrilege, sacrilege. Robbers have broken into a church at Logroño, and stolen the body of God.

John-Mary. Ave-Maria! Clamavi de profunditatibus. I hope they are taken, and the body of our Lord recovered.

Ferdinand. Recovered, it is true, but after dogs had eaten it.

John-Mary. Alas! alas! alas! that is not recovered.

Ferdinand. Brother and cousin, do not be heretical!

John-Mary. God forbid!

Ferdinand. The true faith is, that the body of our Lord having only passed the diaphragm of dog or other animal, is the Lord's body still: let it enter the viscera, the long gut I mean, and not even his blessed mother could make it his again.

John-Mary. I am so full of horror, I want to hear the rest.

Ferdinand. The thieves were pursued by monks, women, soldiers, and dogs. Nothing could exceed, as was thought, the right spirit of the dogs: they appeared to be angrier than the monks themselves: it was believed that the Lord would glorify himself by these vile animals. "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings," and so forth.. I forget the remainder; no matter. Suddenly, when they had fastened on the heaviest and slowest of the sacrilegious, he who held the holy vessel threw it on the ground, and out fell the body of God! The very dog that was thought the most zealous, left the rogue for it, and would have swallowed it. You know, my cousin and brother, that swallowing the wafer is no easy matter when we first begin; it often sticks to the roof of the mouth; and I have seen a nun who has done penance all her life, because she coughed it out.

John-Mary. Did no lightning nor other judgment fall upon the dog?

Ferdinand. On the contrary, it was feared that he might fairly claim eternal life; which would have been a dreadful dispensation; for he is the noisiest dog in Logroño. But the women and monks knew their business. They drove a stake an ell long under his tail, and held him with his head downward, until a surgeon could arrive, who carefully removed his lower entrails. The host was not found there: on which the bells were rung, tapestry displayed, and cannon fired. It was however in the stomach, whence the creature ejected it from his mouth with severe convulsions. Several devils flew out at the same moment. Some people say they could distinguish eight or nine; others could count but four, being terrified and taken suddenly, although they heard the voices of many.

John-Mary. What could they have been about?

Ferdinand. Tempting, tempting, tempting: their old trade.

John-Mary. But out they flew then? Gloria Deo in excelsis! if the wind was fair for Morocco, and they took that course. If they tarried in Portugal, it could only be among the Jews or English. But in what condition was the blessed body?

Ferdinand. It was discovered enveloped in bile. The priests say that the bile is the dog's bile: the monks, with greater piety, contend that it proceeds from the body of our Lord, indignant at such treatment, and that what appeared the most awful visitation was a miracle vouchsafed to the city of Logroño. The people in their consternation see no miracle in an affront producing bile, and pray before it, that in due time it may depart. Their contrition has begun to produce this effect, and every morning it is somewhat lessened.

John-Mary. Have the bishops and archbishops been consulted?

Ferdinand. Naturally.

John-Mary. What can be done?

Ferdinand. They have ordered two public processions: one, to appease the anger of the Divine Majesty, for the affront of stealing His Divine Majesty's body; the other, to make him forget what the dog did, from beginning to end*; which, as I told you, seems to be accomplishing. I have issued an edict, that every dog of the same family with that most execrable one, be hanged or shot; and that whoever shall be convicted of having in his possession one begotten by, or allied to, paternally or maternally, the said most execrable, shall be considered as a heretic, infidel, and traitor.

John-Mary. Let us hope, by the blessing of

* *Lisbon Gazette.* "On the 4th of July, 1835, the convent of Saint Antony was robbed of the sacred vessel and consecrated wafers. The bishop ordered a public procession, in order to appease the anger of the Divine Majesty." Anger against whom?

It must be a very weak mind that fancies Christianity can be injured by these recitals of superstition, in which the ideas of divine majesty are quite as absurd as the wildest in the religion of Bramah.

God's mother and her sweet infant, that affairs will begin, ere long, to go on better in your majesty's kingdoms.

Ferdinand. We may indeed hope it; by the blessing of Sant-Iago added to the infant's and the Virgin-mother's .. I mean the *mother of the thousand pains;* none of the rest for me! In token of it, they delivered into my hands two societies of free-masons. One was detected with a line upon the table; which line the heretical thieves declared was a fishing-line; although there was no other sign of it than the hook and horse-hair. The other was heard to take the most tremendous and diabolical of oaths .. I dare not repeat it. Yes, I will ..

Ave Maria! Ave Maria! Ave Maria!

Now then hear it.

John-Mary. Et cum spiritu tuo! Et cum spiritu tuo! Et cum spiritu tuo!

I am prepared, my brother! it can do me no harm.

Ferdinand. They swore they would love and help their brethren in all dangers and adversities. So! they would love them on the scaffold, and help them (if they could) at the stake. The people tore them to pieces, as cleverly as Andalusian colts could have done it. Here, my brother and cousin, behold the vast superiority of our religion over theirs! The monks who caught them *in flagrante* ..

John-Mary. A bad rebellious town! whereabout does it lie?

Ferdinand. I don't know exactly, but somewhere southward .. no matter for that .. these charitable monks, who had been ejected from the same place, sang the service for the defunct upon them; and (would you believe it?) their wives and daughters ran out of their houses and called the holy men .. afore God, I think it sinful to say what the women called them. But the Virgin shall be informed of it, word for word, and the sluts shall blush at such language. You see, even the women, though they never heard the oath nor entered the chamber, were infected! old and young! What a serpent is this *free-masonry!*

We shall come at last to the knot of traitors at the bottom of our disturbances and insurrections. I told Father Cirilo so, and he gave me the best advice a true vassal and good Catholic could give. He said to me, "Sire, will you pardon the frankness of my speech?"

I replied, "Say anything, Father Cirilo, if you can remove by it my perplexities."

"May I liken your Majesty to an inferior creature?" added he.

It did not very well please me to be likened to anything on earth; yet I answered (for I began to be curious and anxious), "Liken me, liken me; make haste."

"Then," said Father Cirilo gravely, "Your Majesty, by such paternal clemency as you would extend, in coming to what your majesty is graciously pleased to call the knot of traitors at the bottom of our disturbances and insurrections, reminds me of a negro .."

"Hold! hold!" I exclaimed, for I fancied he meant a constitutionalist. He corrected my mistake, and declared he only meant, as his explanation would demonstrate, a poor fellow-christian from Puerto Rico. He continued, "The good slave and cook Dias had just returned from the happy country still under your majesty's paternal care in the Americas, and was ordered by his master's more experienced servant in the same capacity, Juan Martinez Almagro of Seville, to prepare the onions for dinner. Dias had seen him begin to peel one, and immediately turned to the same occupation. Now he had lived with an old aunt of his master, whose stomach could not bear onions, and he had never dressed or seen any. He thought he could commit no mistake in the peeling of them, as he had observed the master cook tearing off and throwing aside two or three coats of one. He therefore went on, and coming at last to nothing, cried 'Don Juan! I do not find the onion.' In like manner does your majesty. You must begin with the first peel, throw that into the boiler; then take the second and throw that in; and then in succession the remainder. All are implicated in the conspiracy against your majesty's beneficent government, excepting those who look after the conspirators; one among a thousand."

I could hardly have imagined, my brother and cousin, the wickedness of my people if Father Cirilo had not demonstrated it. Lately came the fact to our knowledge, that, although a great part of the constitutionalists have no religion, a certain sect is springing up of zealots and fanatics. Instead of sacrificing a god, five of which can be bought for a farthing (so indulgent is he in letting us both buy and eat him), these unconscionable wretches have nothing less in view than the abolition of our bull-fights, by the sacrifice of our cattle. In the papers of a constitutionalist we found many axioms and problems; to some of which were written the words, "it seems reasonable;" to others, "not improbable;" to more still, "query." But we found in larger letters, and without any of these notes, signed by a miscreant of the name "Constat," these words:

"Before a long serenity can be hoped for Europe, the black cattle must be sacrificed to the Tempests."

Tempests means *devils*, who often come in them, and to whom the new sect offers sacrifice.

John-Mary. Very bad! very bad! But devils may be exorcised, and (I believe) from living men rather than from dead ones. If we hang and burn any, the devils will fly into others and escape us. Exorcism makes them so heartily sick, that they have no appetite for any such tenement as they have been ousted from, and have need of their native air again.

Ferdinand. Do you know, brother Don John-Mary, how happy I am above the other princes of the age?

John-Mary. Your majesty is indeed so, apparently.

Ferdinand. You must know why.

John-Mary. Among the many causes of exultation . .

Ferdinand. Well, well! go on . . why the devil do you stop?

John-Mary. It would be difficult to hit upon the precise one. Perhaps by your majesty being the Most Catholic.

Ferdinand. That only led to it. Surely you know well enough I am the object of a particular prophecy in the Holy Bible. I have a whole prophecy to myself.

First I must inform you, what I understand is believed by every sect of Christians . . if indeed any are to be called Christians who refuse to obey the vicar of Christ . . .

John-Mary. No, no, no. There may be Pelagians, Arians, Protestants, Freemasons; but Holy Mother Church, as Canon Bento Pinto da Cunha preached to us in my chapel, is no Amphisbæna.

Ferdinand. Who is Amphisbæna?

John-Mary. I could not rightly understand him, whether it was really a single beast with two heads, tagging two ways, one of them where the tail should be . . .

Ferdinand. Nonsense! nonsense!

John-Mary. He seemed to explain it in this manner; but I fancy he must have meant two creatures of the canine race, pelted in the street for immorality.

Ferdinand. Ay, ay; there is sense in that. But what has it to do with the prophecy?

John-Mary. Your majesty was about to mention a tenet of the Church that every man adhered to.

Ferdinand. Right! right! Whatever the prophets, and doctors, and evangelists, and disciples said to people, the people took as if it was said to them.

John-Mary. Certainly.

Ferdinand. The more fools they for their pains. Nothing was meant as it was spoken: and if it was said to one it was intended for another. The prophets had a sort of squint in their tongues. If they promised anything good to anyone, the simpleton was sure to be disappointed in it: and if they threatened a rogue or a city, the threat fell on other folks a thousand miles off. Now you are prepared in some sort for my prophecy. Many at the time believed our Lord was talking to some people who grudged him a little essence of vanilla, and who pretended they would have given the three "reals" (the price of it in those days) to the poor, rather than perfume his stockings and pantaloon with it, much as they might want it in that hot country. They did not observe him looking over his shoulder toward me, who was not then born; nor understand him, saying, "The poor ye have always with you."

Habetis pauperes semper vobiscum.

John-Mary. Gloria Deo in excelsis!

Ferdinand. Now I have, in Spain alone, not counting the Americas and Indies, above eight hundred thousand mouths, that must either be filled by alms or stopt by halters.

John-Mary. Sad alternative!

Ferdinand. Sad enough for *them*: but show me another king, in our times, whom God and his blessed Mother, and those about them, have thought worthy of a special prophecy. The most favoured of my ancestors never had in their dominions more than half the number, of those who held such tickets of admission to the kingdom of heaven. All orders of monks, all ranks of religionists, cry "Beati pauperes!" What a number of people have I made eternally happy, without any care or trouble about 'em! And the very best in my dominions . . I mean of laymen. Priests and monks do not require a similar state of probation. They are ready for martyrdom, when their Lord calls them, but would fare reasonably well seven days in the week, in order to work the better in his vineyard. The rest I have made light for the long journey, and almost as ready to undertake it as their spiritual guides. Have I not reason then to be superlatively joyful?

John-Mary. Certainly, my brother, God hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows.

Ferdinand. Hold! Have you a dispensation, my brother and cousin, for using the words of the Bible? I would not venture to go beyond Saint Isidore or Saint Augustin.

John-Mary. They may always be used toward crowned heads. It is generally thought by theologians that the best of them were made expressly for us.

Ferdinand. Not unlikely. You are deep, my brother, in the dogmatists.

John-Mary. Discreetly; sufficiently; not much amiss: but I began to doubt whether the said oil of gladness . .

Ferdinand. The devil you did! to doubt about it!

John-Mary. Whether it is an oil that is likely to *keep*, though it has been in great demand of late among the champions of legitimacy. I am afraid some hot weather may affect it.

Ferdinand. And now, Don John-Mary, my brother and cousin, I must come to the point with you, in the most amicable way possible, on your invasion of my territories.

John-Mary. May it please your majesty to inform me, what portion of your majesty's territory has been rashly entered by my troops, without my knowledge?

Ferdinand. I know not whether your forces, my brother and cousin, have invaded it; but you style yourself King of India. How can this be, when I myself am King of both the Indies! Your majesty is legitimately (inasmuch as what is founded on usurpation can be legitimate) King of Portugal, Algarve, Brazil, Guinea, Ethiopia, Arabia, and Persia.

John-Mary. Certainly, my brother, and of India; not of *both* Indies.

Ferdinand. No, by the Mother of God! nor of one.

John-Mary. Pardon me there, Don Ferdinand!

this gold piece will prove it. (*Aside.*) He pockets it! No matter!

Ferdinand. Will you resign it, my dear brother?

John-Mary. Willingly, willingly! five hundred.

Ferdinand. What do you mean, my brother and cousin?

John-Mary. The crusado.

Ferdinand. What crusado?

John-Mary. That upon which I exhibited to your majesty my arms and rights.

Ferdinand. Blood of the martyrs! belly and backbone of the confessors! you never showed me one such in the whole course of your life.

John-Mary. I intended it then, and will at any time.

Ferdinand. No shuffling, my brother and cousin! Will you resign my kingdom?

John-Mary. I will never resign the kingdoms that the Holy Trinity hath placed under my sceptre. My good people of India shall not be deprived of a father by an unworthy cession.

Ferdinand. Then God and my right! I will fight for it to the last drop of my blood.

John-Mary. By proxy, as usual, I hope, my brother Ferdinand. Your majesty has already spilt in this manner the best belonging to you, enough to float more than your fleets, and never soiled frill nor ruffle . . though you once (to do you justice) had your stocking down at heel from it.

Under the administration of Canning, who, threatening to establish at one time absolutism, at another time republicanism, was abjured by both parties, it was permitted Louis XVIII. to undo all that our armies, from the time of Peterborough to the time of Wellesley, had been fighting for in the Peninsula, and ultimately had attained. French influence was restored. After a long series of cruelties, judicial and extra-judicial, and after the death of Ferdinand, Spain turned on her side again, but never could rise up. However, there was one honest man still left in public life; and, singular enough, he was placed at the head of the nation. Louis Philippe saw this, and thought it a personal affront. To supplant Espartero, he sent across the Pyrenees small sums, but sufficient to make the nearest of the military stumble and fall; and they were prepared to receive that person of his family who united most of harlotry and bigotry. She disbursed more largely, from what had been deposited by her in France, both during her husband's reign, and after his decease. Spain was instantly prostrate before her. Such is the result of a long and sanguinary war against the *Intruder*: here lie her constitutions, every chapter of every one: even their title-pages, indexes, and covers: here lie the laurels of Wellesley, withered, weightless, and bestrewing the path of Narvaez. What misery will not kings inflict on nations for the aggrandisement of a family! But what misery, what degradation, what infamy, ever equalled those inflicted upon Spain, in thrusting back against her, first a pensioner, then an outcast; and constraining her, with traitors and assassins at her throat, to lick up again those two vomits! Let it never more be questioned that Louis-Philippe is a genuine branch of the Bourbons, whatever may be the resemblance he bears in person and demeanour to the catchpole at the *Stinca* in Florence.

MAHOMET AND SERGIUS.

Mahomet. Thou knowest, my dear Sergius, that heretofore the bishops of Rome have conferred and counselled on the necessity of depriving the priesthood of marriage, that the brethren may be devoted to them entirely, and insulated from the people.

Sergius. Such a scheme indeed hath been agitated more than once; yet I suspect it can never be carried into execution. If the Roman pontiff should succeed in his intentions, would the Greek follow?

Mahomet. There hath always been jealousy between them, of each other's weight and authority.

Sergius. It began about dresses and jewels, then flamed forth again on the comparative number of rich widows and holy virgins, in the convents of East and West. As beauty and embroidery, music and mutilation, are matters of taste and opinion, they looked for something to split upon decorously. An iota served: this iota clove many thousand skulls, and found nothing. Latterly they have fought upon surer ground, over the relics of confessors and martyrs, and, in time of truce, have bidden high against each other for the best odour of sanctity any Jew or Arab would bring them.

Mahomet. I myself keep in reserve the thigh-bone of an honest jade of a mule; the fellow of which thigh-bone is inclosed in a glass case at Ancona, as belonging to Saint Eufemia. My saint was rather a wincing one. I should not have liked to put my muzzle quite so near her crupper, in her state of probation, as the faithful do now she is canonised. I introduced oil of amomum, a perfume unknown among the Italians, into both bones. The first, like a fool, I sold for three hundred gold pieces: the remaining one shall bring me, with God's help, five hundred: proving its authenticity by identity of odour, and thus confounding the sceptic and scoffer. If men are wilfully blind, let them remain so: they shall fall into the ditch when there is none to help them. In vain does the cresset shine from the tower, if the perverse will run upon the shoals and rocks. In vain does the cryer's voice cry "God is great," if we hang back and budge, and will not lend him even our little finger, to try a portion of his strength thereon. But he saith, "I am a sword to the wicked, and a shield to the good, and a mountain-encampment fed with living waters, to him and him only who placeth his trust in me." Thus saith the strong and merciful, whose name be praised evermore, through his servant, the dust of his feet. "Did I not," saith he, "hide the prophet Jonas three days and three nights in the whale's belly? But my prophet Mahomet, whom I have chosen to be cover and clasp, pumice-stone and thong, to the book of prophecy, hath lain three times three in a locust's."

Sergius. Quiet! quiet! never say that! The Catholics will think either that thou mockest or

that thou surpassest their impudence, and will stone thee.

Mahomet. I will preach where there are no stones big enough.

Sergius. They will crucify thee.

Mahomet. I will preach where there are no trees high enough.

Sergius. They will burn thee alive.

Mahomet. I will preach where they shall be burnt alive themselves if they come near me, and without a faggot, a wisp of straw, or a match. Men are very humane in the desert: it is only where there are meadows and corn-fields, and young nuns and choristers, that the gadfly of persecution pricks them.

Sergius. Thou talkest reasonably again, dropping in thy phraseology from the third heaven of orientalism.

Mahomet. Leave me my third heaven: we agreed upon it.

Sergius. We will pick the mule's thigh-bone together.

Mahomet. My mule, I promise thee, Sergius, shall carry both of us the first stage on our journey.

Again to business.

If my introduction is somewhat long, it is only that I may smoothen the path to arrangements of great advantage to thee, unoffered and unpremeditated in any former conversation. Although the Greeks had the earliest and best claim to supremacy, if indeed the Christian dispensation could admit any (which the first Roman bishops denied), the Emperor Mauritius wished the patriarch of Constantinople to possess it, that something like order might at length be established in his extensive and loose dominions, and that the lust of ecclesiastical power might be controlled by the presence of the imperial. This cost him his life from the pope, who himself did not live long enough to gather the fruits he had engrafted with so skilful and sharp a knife. Popes trip up one another, like children on the icy streets of Cyzicus. Gregory and Sabinian followed in rapid march: then came Bonifacius, who found on the throne Phocas, the murderer of his emperor and patron. Never were two such men so well met; they upheld one another; and Rome from that time forward hath preserved the authority she usurped. She hath always been an auxiliary of the audacious and the unjust, knowing that they pay best and promise most, and that right and equity, peace and honour, want nothing and expect nothing at her hands. Her thunders are composed from chaos; her light from the fragments of civilisation and the flames of war. We will take advantage of the weakness that wickedness leaves behind it, and of the hatred and contempt in which papal ambition is holden through Greece and Asia.

Sergius. I hope the Roman pontiff may at least order the priests to observe celibacy, if he does not subject them to another ceremony, taken, like the greater part of their worship, from the ancient rites of Cybele. An excellent regimen for priests! but it would ruin monachism.

Mahomet. So far is the Greek church from a desire to imitate the Roman, that I am well convinced she would, for contradiction, instantly order both priests and monks to marry. On this principle, in my institutions I am resolved to allow four wives to every man. In order to strengthen the oriental church against the occidental, and that you never may suppose I would take an undue advantage of you, I recommend that you should prove from the Scriptures how every tenth girl belongs to the religious, as clearly as every tenth lamb and wheat-sheaf, and that monks are more religious than priests.

Sergius. Thou canst not prove the former.

Mahomet. Nor thou?

Sergius. No.

Mahomet. Nor both together?

Sergius. I question it.

Mahomet. O thou infidel! the Scriptures contain everything.

Sergius. I have no mind, friend Mahomet, they should contain this. I will never have ten wives, nor four, nor any: and, if the Œcumenical bishop orders those under his authority to repudiate theirs, certain I am that our church will exhort and command every priest, and perhaps every monk, to take one.

Mahomet. Well! what harm?

Sergius. Short-sighted mortal! what harm indeed! If she bids us have wives of our own, she will shortly come to such a pass that she will bid us have none *but* our own: a grievous detriment to the vital interests of the faith.

Mahomet, thou art the heartiest laugher under heaven. Prythee let thy beard cover thy throat again. There now! thy turban has fallen behind thee. Art thou in fits! By my soul, I will lay this thong across thy loins, if thou tossest and screamest in such a manner, to the scandal of the monastery.

Mahomet. Words are magical. The blindest and tenderest young saintling that ever was whelped, could not have whined so pathetically, 'A grievous detriment to the vital interests of the faith!'

Sergius. There is a time for all things. Now a serious word with thee.

Mahomet. Let me hear it.

Sergius. Brother Pemphix, a worthy priest, hath espoused a beautiful creature. O the charms of such a friendship as mine with Pemphix! I am the confessor of the fair Anatolis. Ah, Mahomet! Mahomet! The delight of authority! the diviner power of persuasion! the glory of hearing the appeal, 'Now ought I, sweet Sergius?'

Mahomet. I discover all her beauty at those words.

Sergius. Perish then those words for ever! Her beauty ought to rest upon my heart, veiled and sacred: no thought should dwell with it, no idea rise from it, but mine.

Mahomet. Is she so very beauteous! Why

sighest thou and maddenest and starest? Is there anything strange in the question? I never saw her nor heard of her.

Sergius. Anatolis is a star.

Mahomet. Bad!

Sergius. Heaven itself . . .

Mahomet. Worse and worse. She must be too much for thee.

Sergius. Peace, profane one! Anatolis is a rose . . .

Mahomet. Psha! they all are. God made the rose out of what was left of woman at the creation. The great difference is, we feel the rose's thorns when we gather it; and the other's when we have had it some time.

Sergius. The gales of Paradise breathe from this opening bud.

Mahomet. Gales never were given for one only.

Sergius. The mild even-tempered Anatolis is the coyest and most difficult young creature; and Pemphix complained to me about it, a few days after their union.

"Canst thou do nothing with her, brother Sergius? Try, for the love of God! Rouse thyself! rouse thyself! Be resolute! be brotherly. Meditation is an excellent thing, but man was also made for action."

Mahomet. In the plains of Damascus I myself am fain to take exercise. Many gales of Paradise blow about these gardens, and over the banks of these little streams. We have some pleasant spots in Arabia, more in Idumea; but he who possesseth Syria may hold in contempt the possessors of all the earth beside. Love, and enjoy for ever, Anatolis: retain to thy last breath the pleasure of discoursing on her in confidence, and of forbidding thy friend to think about her! Chide him if he mention her; hate him if he ask nothing concerning her. If he smile, detest his impudence; if he look grave, abhor his insensibility.

Sergius! mayest thou long do thus! Earth can afford thee, Heaven can promise thee, nothing more.

Sergius. Yet, Mahomet, on cooler thoughts, dear to me as is Anatolis, I am not disposed to resign the power and authority we should participate, and which I am weary of expecting.

Mahomet. Wait but a little while. Everything is most promising in Arabia. It is a difficult matter in my country to persuade the hearers even of our wildest stories that they are but fiction. Where there is such a thirst for the marvellous, it is easier to equip a new religion than a new camel. We must be daring. In spite of thy advice, I am resolved to prove that I have been up in heaven.

Sergius. Take heed! take heed! they can not believe that.

Mahomet. They will not believe a word of truth, until they believe many a falsehood. I must have witnesses.

Sergius. Here lies the difficulty. Let me send to Rome for them . . indeed to any part of Italy: it would ruin thee to purchase them here; the rogues are so exorbitant.

Mahomet. I will have them unbought, pure, sincere, steadfast. Heat an Arab, and he keeps hot for life. But, my dear Sergius, thou hast lived thy early days in Rome: art thou not fond of that city, so full of allurements?

Sergius. I was very fond of it.

Mahomet. Could nothing induce thee to return?

Sergius. Not now: thou knowest the reason.

Mahomet. The patriarchate of Constantinople is unworthy of thy ambition, now the Roman pontiff takes the precedency.

Sergius. He shall take it no longer when I am patriarch.

Mahomet. I should rather like, if convenient to Sergius, to extend my empire over the plains of Damascus; chiefly because this empire must be extended by the sword, which is tempered nowhere in such perfection as by the waters of Abbana and Pharphar.

Sergius. I demur to this.

Mahomet. I would engage to give thee in exchange the whole of Europe.

Sergius. Mahomet, thou art ambitious.

Mahomet. To serve my friend; otherwise, no mortal was ever so far removed from it. I have many other faults; none however which a friend can suffer from, or ought to see.

Sergius. Although I little doubt that any plausible new religion would subvert the old rottenness that lies accumulated around us, now that people find the priests of Christ assuming the garb and language of despots, with the temper and trade of executioners, yet it may be the labour of years to penetrate with an army from the centre of Arabia into this country.

Mahomet. Of two or three at most. I have had visions that promise me Syria.

Sergius. Mahomet, the system I laid down for thee contains no visions.

Mahomet. Many spring from it.

Sergius. Thou wouldst alter it, I see.

Mahomet. It was too pure: people have fed upon prodigies: they must have them still. Situate the native of a watery plain upon the mountain, and he will regret the warm comfortable fogs and the low fleeting lights of his marsh.

I would continue on the best terms with my adviser and guide; but verily my entrails yearn for the good people of Damascus.

Sergius. Leave them to me; and, if thy entrails yearn, take a goblet of cyprus.

Mahomet. I dare not drink wine: it aggravates my malady, the only one to which I am subject. Another inspiration here comes over me. I will forbid the use of this beverage. Why should others enjoy what I can not?

Sergius. True religionist! But, Mahomet! Mahomet! will vision upon vision, revelation upon revelation, supersede this delicious habit! Relinquish such an impracticable conceit. Forbid wine indeed! God himself, if he descended on earth, and commanded it in a louder and clearer voice than that at which the creation sprang forth, unless first he altered the composition both

of body and soul, would utterly fail in this commandment.

Mahomet. I will order it: I will see it executed: for now thou urgest me. Yea, Sergius! men shall abstain from wine in all those regions of the earth where wine hath fragrance and captivation: and they shall continue to drink it and be damned where it is nauseous and fiery and Æthiopian in complexion: and the priests in those regions shall drink the most of it. Thus saith the Lord.

Sergius. He hath said many things which nobody minds. If whole nations abstain from wine, by any ordinance, prophetic or angelic, and from such wine as Syria and Cyprus and Chios and Crete afford us, there will be a miracle not resembling most others; no miracle of a moment, witnessed by the ignorant and run away with by the impostor, a sacrilege to examine; but a miracle to be touched and interrogated, as long, as attentively, as intrinsically, as the most incredulous could require, and such as all the world must acknowledge to be irresistible, and must bend before its divinity.

Mahomet. I do not desire all the world: let me have but Asia, if I can win it over to the faith.

Sergius. Win it over and welcome, if thou canst.

Mahomet. Faith is so strong in me, I can do all things.

Sergius. Do them: leave me Anatolis and the patriarchate, just as they both are now.

Mahomet. I begin to imagine and believe that many of those things which I would have communicated as visions, are realities.

Sergius. Thou wilt succeed the better for thinking it.

Mahomet. God guides us mysteriously and changes us miraculously.

Sergius. He doth indeed, if he hath made a religionist of thee.

Mahomet. "God, he is God, and Mahomet is his prophet." By the Eternal! those words are divine.

Sergius. They will be, by the Eternal! if they only win thee some three or four stout cities in Arabia, and deliver into thy hands, with some rich caravan, about as many (or rather more) unbelieving girls, ready and ripe for conversion and ablution, with faces a whit nearer in colour to the snow than to the sands; such as Paphlagonia and Armenia send us, by the blessing of the Lord.

Mahomet. Hitherto, when I dreamed that thou madest to me any cession of territory for the plantation of the faith, thou didst give me thy blessing and cede it.

Sergius. And thou didst to me in like manner. But now thy dreams cover nation after nation; let us agree, my friend Mahomet, to dream no more. Lie on thy left side, man, on thy noble camel-hair couch, white and black like a zebra (as thou boastest in thy poetry), and never turn thy face again toward Syria.

Mahomet. This seems, my friend, like a threat.

Sergius. Say rather, like divination.

Mahomet. I can divine better than thou canst.

Sergius. Contentment is better than divination or visions. Thou wert born and educated in Arabia: and nothing can transcend the description thou hast given me of thy native country.

Mahomet. All native countries are most beautiful; yet we want something from them which they will not give us. Our first quarrels of any seriousness are with them; as the first screams and struggles of infants, the first tearing of robes and sobs of anger, are against their mothers.

Delightful is it to bathe in the *moonsea* on the sands, and to listen to tales of genii in the tent: but then in Arabia the anxious heart is thrown into fierce and desperate commotion, by the accursed veil that separates beauty from us. There we never see the blade of that sweet herbage rise day after day into light and loveliness, never see the blossom expand; but receive it unselected, unsolicited, and unwon. Happy the land where the youthful are without veils, the aged without suspicion; where the antelope may look to what resting-place she listeth, and bend her slender foot to the fountain that most invites her.

Odoriferous gales! whether of Deban or of Dafar, if ye bring only fragrance with you, carry it to the thoughtless and light-hearted! carry it to the drinker of wine, to the feaster and the dancer at the feast. If ye never have played about the beloved of my youth, if ye bring me no intelligence of her, pass on! away with you!

Sergius. We may be with the girl we love in many places; so many, that we lose the recollection.

Mahomet. Is that possible? Then you do not sit very near her.

Sergius. Yes, and touch her.

Mahomet. A young girl? beautiful? affectionate? before marriage? Do not nod, but tell me unequivocally.

Sergius. I say it.

Mahomet. Sergius! thy whole religion, in all its incredibilities, containeth none like this.

Sergius. Believe me; I am not preaching. Certainly we have much the advantage here; but thou mayest order things after our manner.

Mahomet. I shall grow old before this change can take place: beside, I must have a revelation for it.

Sergius. And why not?

Mahomet. Alas! it is not worth my while. However, I am hale enough yet to make another visit to Damascus.

Sergius. As a preacher, I hope, not as a prophet.

Mahomet. God's will be done.

Sergius. If thou, in spite of thy faith, shouldst yet happen to fail in thy enterprise, come into our brotherhood: if, in despite of thy rashness, thou shouldst succeed in it, thy friend Sergius follows thy standard, and brings over to thee nine-tenths of the church-establishment. But do not omit the Houris. Quote Solomon; celebrate his wisdom and concubines; damn his idolatry of wood and stone when he had flesh and blood to idolize;

grant sherbet and coffee, opium and divorces. Remember . .

Hark! the bell rings! Put on thy slippers, come along with me. Curtsey to the Virgin, dip thy finger in the font, and chaunt the litany.

Mahomet. I never sang a note in my whole life.

Sergius. What matters that? Courage! strike up among us.

Mahomet. I hate singing: it is fit only for madmen and drunkards and the weakest and pettiest of the birds. Beside, I tell thee again, I can not. Are there not reasons enough?

Sergius. By no means. Didst thou not say, faith is so strong in thee, thou canst do all things?

Mahomet. Yes, but I must have the will first: even God must will before he does anything: I am only his Prophet. Why dost thou laugh? why dost thou display thy teeth, lifting and lowering them like unto the dog that biteth off his fleas? No ridicule! I deserve it not. My potency is known to thee, although not in its whole extent. Know then, I have cut the moon asunder with my scimetar.

Sergius. Who, in the name of the Prophet (this I think is the way we are to speak), will ever believe such an audacious lie?

Mahomet. Universally will the chosen of the Most High believe it, although the grunters and snorers in thy sty eschew it. I have in readiness a miracle so much greater, that every face in Arabia will sink as deep in the sand before it, as the tortoise when she is laying her eggs.

Sergius. I do not understand thee.

Mahomet. It is something to cut asunder the moon: but I have already done incalculably more, as thou thyself, O Sergius, shalt acknowledge.

Sergius. Speak, and plainly; for, upon my soul! I know not when thou art in earnest and when otherwise; and almost do I suspect that, in the illusions of hope and in the transports of ambition, thou sometimes givest credence to thine own devices.

Mahomet. Be thou my judge in this matter. Under an oath to secrecy, I have unfolded to Labid the poet, son of Rabiah, what I intend for the first chapter of my Koran: and he cried before me, and is ready to cry before the people, "O Mahomet! son of Abdallah, son of Achem, son of Motalib, thou art a greater poet than I am."

Sergius. Begone upon thy mission this instant! Miracles like others have been performed everywhere; like this, never upon earth. A poet, good or bad, to acknowledge a superior! Methinks I see the pope already in adoration at thy feet, and hear the patriarchs calling thee father. I myself am half a convert. Hie thee homeward: God speed thee!

The story of Sergius the Nestorian monk assisting Mahomet in the compilation of the Koran, is often repeated on the authority of Zonaras: Gibbon has deemed it unworthy of notice. Sergius was only the assistant of Mahomet in the same manner as the rest of the churchmen. The impostor of Rome was the truest ally to the impostor of Mecca; who found more wickedness committed under the garb of christianity, more ambition, more malice, more poisonings and stabbings, than any other religion had experienced among its leaders, not only in the same period of time, but in the whole course of its existence. So, within two centuries, reckoning from his first appearance as a prophet, half the Christians in the world, and nearly all who were not coerced by the armies of princes in submission to the pope, abandoned their religion and adopted Mahomet's. It is much to be doubted whether the change will in the end be beneficial, though perhaps the public mind may never be better prepared for it than at present. If indeed, as many suspect, it is the resolution of the Holy Alliance to exchange the Christian religion for the Mahometan, such resolution must be founded on the positive fact that, while the former leaves no sign whatever of its existence on people in general, the latter goes at least skin-deep in all. Still the affair, being a weighty one, should be reconsidered.

KING OF THE SANDWICH ISLES, MR. PEEL, MR. CROKER, AND INTERPRETER.

King. I receive with satisfaction the royal sons of my brother the king of England, whose noble nature and high exploits have filled the whole space between him and me, and are become familiar to my people as fish and bread-fruit.

Peel. Sire, we dispose indeed of his family and of his subjects universally; but we are not the sons of our most gracious king.

Croker. Blood and 'ounds! Why tell the fool that we are not his sons?

King. You are then the high priest?

Peel. Not exactly that neither, Sire; but I make him do and say what I order. I dictate the forms of prayer and appoint the chief priests.

King to Croker. And pray, mighty lord, by what appellation am I to address your celestiality?

Croker. I am principal of the admiralty.

King to Interpreter. What is admiralty?

Interpreter. The ships and captains and admirals.

Peel. His majesty seems faint.

Croker. He stares at me like a stuck pig.

King to Interpreter. I can not, with my ideas of propriety, fall down before him, but anything short of that. Would he permit me to take his hand?

Interpreter. I can not answer for him. Time was, he would have been ready to take mine . . with a dollar in it.

King. The other high lord governs the king's family and people; but this governs the king and the air and the waters and the world. Dog, dost grin?

Interpreter. I will tell your majesty another time how mistaken you are.

King. No other times for me: tell me now. I must know, as other kings do, the men I deal with.

Interpreter. Ah sire! your former mistake was nothing to this. As other kings do! One must cross the widest of the seas to find them: they

lie among coral, and clothe in feathers, or are in buff.

King. High and mighty, land-and-sea-and-sky lords! in order to render the honours due to your rank and dignity, I, a stranger to you . . .

Peel. Sire, we are come only to announce to your majesty the pleasure his majesty the king of England will experience on receiving your majesty at his court.

King to Interpreter. Is it the custom of the land to interrupt a person who is speaking?

Interpreter. It is the custom all over Europe, excepting Turkey, where manners are more decorous.

King to Interpreter. How do they do in their parliament?

Interpreter. The same thing perpetually, unless the orator has something to give them. In that case there is no other interruption than applause.

King. Tell your king, O king's-family-and-people-feeder, that I forerun his wishes, and will be present at his court to-morrow.

Peel. Dear Croker, do inform him, for upon my soul I have not the face, that he must pull off that odd dress of his, and order a court one.

Croker. What have I to do with plucking and trussing the creature? Tell him yourself; it lies within your office.

Peel. Sire! I am sorry to announce . .

King. He says he is sorry: I understand all that. Try to comfort him. Bring out a skinful of delicate whale-oil: or, in the urgency, persuade him to smell this little slip of salt ling, which I always carry about me.

Interpreter. Put it up, put it up: do not let them see it. The word '*sorry*' means in general quite the contrary: when it does not, it means nothing at all. Among the last letters I received is one beginning "I am sorry to inform you that your father is dead, but am extremely happy to add that he has left to you the whole of his little property, your elder brother having been unexpectedly taken off after twelve days' severe suffering from his unfortunate duel."

King. You have taught me a great deal of English in a little time.

Well, king's-feeder and high-priest-maker! what dolorous event impedes your enunciation?

To the Interpreter. Surely nobody has told him that his father is dead; for he really looks quite concerned.

Peel. Sire, I am sorry to announce to your majesty that your majesty can not be received in any but a court-dress.

King. Oh! I know it, I know it well: I have brought with me fifty court-dresses.

Peel. Permit me to explain, sire: I mean to say, the court-dress of the court of Saint James.

King. I have not one. Apparently Saint James requires as much buckling as a coach-horse; and one would fancy his votaries have broken knees. I saw several well-looking men bound in that joint; and doubtless by the ablest surgeon. They were going to thank the Saint for the commencement of their recovery, and they mounted the palace-stairs as briskly as if nothing had happened.

Peel. I will send a tailor to your Majesty, with your Majesty's royal permission.

King to Interpreter. What is that?

Interpreter. One who makes court-dresses.

King to Interpreter. In truth no king was ever received with more hospitality, kindness, and distinction, than I am. All the first dignitaries of the state attend me. The court-tailor holds, I suppose, the third rank in the kingdom.

Interpreter. There are some between, not many. He however is next to the king himself, or rather his copartner, in conferring distinctions. Without him the greatest and highest man in England would be nothing. Silk gowns swell little men into great ones, and silk ribbons elevate the lightest up to the most conspicuous station.

King to Interpreter. Perhaps the silk is a-charm too against anger and thunder.

Croker. What a bore! I am out of all patience.

Peel. I regret that your Majesty should experience anything like delay or disappointment; but the etiquette of our court, requires a strict compliance with custom, in matters of dress.

King. Pray, how many dresses has your king?

Croker. Don't answer the rascal. These barbarians are always inquisitive.

Peel. Sire, I can not exactly tell your Majesty how many his Majesty possesses, not having the honour to preside over his wardrobe; but of course on gala-days he always wears a new one.

King. Gala-days I suppose are the days when he wrestles and tears his clothes. For in this cold climate I can well imagine the richer may wrestle dressed. But your king must have many suits. I am sensible of his affability and liberality, and shall be quite contented with such distinction as it may please his Majesty to confer on me; but among men of equal rank, unequal as is the power, treaties may be formed, compacts settled . .

Croker. A slice of Sandwich, I trust, may come to us thereby; ay, Bob!

King to Interpreter. The great whale, the admiral-feeder, the navy-flint, is prouder and fiercer than the wizard-feeder and prayer-pointer, disposer of the king's family and subjects while dry-shod and upon the dirt. The latter is the civiler, but if features tell me anything, cold, smooth, slippery, and hard to hold as a porpoise.

Interpreter. The one looks as if he would pick a quarrel, and the other as if he would pick a . . but your Majesty does not wear them.

King. Pick-a! pick-a! pick-a! What dost mean, word-eater-and-voider?

Interpreter. Your Majesty's fine language does not supply me with the word, and if I made an adequate sign of it I might be hanged.

King. My language is the richest in the world, and the very best. I have two or three words for, one thing.

Interpreter. Sire, we have twenty. *Roguery* for instance. We box the compass and come quite

round to *honesty* and *honour;* but some writers (not many indeed) make a distinction, and put an *s* to the latter.

King. We kings are very nice upon higher points, but not upon these. There are in my islands some men who understand all sorts of words, native or imported: I take them as they come. If people are good, let them be easy in speech and free in action: let every one roast his fish as he likes, and catch it as he can.

Croker. Your Majesty was saying something of treaties and compacts. If I can serve your Majesty in the interpretation of your royal wishes, you may command me.

King. I have an interpreter here I can trust better.

Croker to Interpreter. He never said that, sirrah. He has good manners.

Interpreter. Then, Mr. Croker, do not omit such an opportunity of acquiring them. Do not wait for Lieutenant White to propose to you again an excursion through the window, for telling him to "moderate his impertinent vulgar Irish," when the gentleman had spoken most respectfully, under a sense of injury, and when in his father's house yours would not have had the assurance to be seated.

Croker. Sir, I remember no such occurrence.

Interpreter. Wonderful indeed! Such occurrences are the only ones that usually make a deep impression on such people. The lieutenant held up a fist, not made to crack a Croker, or anything of the kind, but able to split a cocoa-nut on a pincushion. Not remember it indeed!

Croker. Peel, have you no prison, no treadmill, for such fellows? We are here upon the king's service.

Peel. In England, though.

King. I request of that minister's celestiality that he will not light his match where there is no gun. What faces these Europeans have! they can fire them when they please. The Great Spirit has in his wisdom appointed all things for the countries in which they exist. What a blessing in these cold climates, where water is turned into dust and rock, and the feathers that fall from heaven's birds and winged genii are colder than sea-shells, that the higher and nobler part at least of the inhabitants can conjure up into their eyes, and between their cheeks, such a quantity of flame and heat.

Peel. Was that for us?

Interpreter. No, sir.

Peel. If your Sandwichian Majesty is graciously disposed to enter into any treaty with his Britannic Majesty, my royal master, I am empowered by his aforesaid, to wit, his Britannic Majesty, to receive, consider, and lay it before his said Majesty, for his Majesty's further consideration, by and with the advice of his *privy Council.*

King. The very thing for his privy Council. His Majesty sticks a new and brighter and loftier plume in my hair at every word of your discourse with me. On the court-day, in presence of all his nobility, male and female, I would decorate his Majesty with a noble dress, suitable to his dignity, with my own hands, declaring upon my royal word that I have worn the same dress twenty times on the greatest ceremonies of religion and state, and that I slept in the lower part of it the night of my nuptials. Now I request from his Majesty, I being a less powerful king, a dress which his Majesty shall have worn only twice or thrice on public festivities, and once only in dalliance with some favourite; and that his royal hands shall invest me with nothing more of it, than that part which the most active man in the world could not leap into by himself, and which no other nations than the most civilized and ingenious have discovered the means of putting on: this being the principal, if not the only distinction between the polished and the rude. After the surmounting of such a difficulty in science, I do not wonder that you can count the stars, and measure their sizes and distances, which I think I could do myself, if I had leisure and they would wait for me.

Croker. Does the beast quiz us? He looks in earnest.

Peel. He really is serious, and expects an answer.

Sire, I will communicate to his Majesty the heads of your Majesty's communication, and I entertain no doubt that his Majesty will most graciously pay that attention which is due to so ancient and faithful an ally, and which is conservative of the harmony that happily exists between the two nations.

WILLIAM WALLACE AND KING EDWARD I.

Edward. WHOM seest thou here?

Wallace. The king of England.

Edward. And thou abasest not thy head before the majesty of the sceptre!

Wallace. I did.

Edward. I marked it not.

Wallace. God beheld it when I did it; and he knoweth, as doth king Edward, how devoutly in my heart's strength I fought for it.

Edward. Robber! for what sceptre! Who commissioned thee?

Wallace My country.

Edward. Thou liest: there is no country where there is no king.

Wallace. Sir, it were unbecoming to ask in this palace, why there is no king in my country.

Edward. To spare thy modesty then, I will inform thee. Because the kingdom is mine.

Thou hast rebelled against me: thou hast presumed even to carry arms against both of those nobles, Bruce and Cummin, who contended for the Scottish throne, and with somewhat indeed of lawyers' likelihood.

Wallace. They placed the Scottish throne under the English.

Edward. Audacious churl! is it not meet?

Wallace. In Scotland we think otherwise.

Edward. Rebels do, subverters of order, low ignorant knaves, without any stake in the country. It hath pleased God to bless my arms: what further manifestation of our just claims demandest thou? Silence becomes thee.

Wallace. Where God is named. What is now to the right bank of a river, is to the left when we have crossed it and look round.

Edward. Thou wouldst be witty truly! Who was wittiest, thou or I, when thy companion Menteith delivered thee into my hands?

Wallace. Unworthy companions are not the peculiar curse of private men. I chose not Menteith for his treachery, nor rewarded him for it. Sir, I have contended with you face to face; but would not here: your glory eclipses mine, if this be glory.

Edward. So, thou wouldst place thyself on a level with princes!

Wallace. Willingly, if they attacked my country: and above them.

Edward. Dost thou remember the Carron-side, when your army was beaten and dispersed?

Wallace. By the defection of Cummin and the arrogance of Stuart.

Edward. Recollectest thou the colloquy that Bruce condescended to hold with thee across the river?

Wallace. I do, sir. Why would not he, being your soldier, and fighting loyally against his native land, pass the water, and exterminate an army so beaten and dispersed? The saddle-skirts had been rather the stiffer on the morrow, but he might have never felt them. Why not finish the business at once?

Edward. He wished to persuade thee, loose reviler, that thy resistance was useless.

Wallace. He might have made himself heard better if he had come across.

Edward. No trifling; no arguing with me; no remarks here, caitiff! Thou canst not any longer be ignorant that he hath slain his competitor, Cummin; that my troops surround him; and that he perhaps may now repent the levity of his reproaches against thee. I may myself have said a hasty word or two . . but thou hast nettled me. My anger soon passes. I never punish in an enemy anything else than obstinacy. I did not counsel the accusations and malignant taunts of Bruce.

Wallace. Sir, I do not bear them in mind.

Edward. No?

Wallace. Indeed I neither do nor would.

Edward. Dull wretch! I should never forget such. I can make allowances; I am a king. I would flay him alive for half of them, and make him swallow back the other half without his skin.

Wallace. Few have a right to punish, all to pardon.

Edward. I perceive thou hast at last some glimmering of shame; and adversity makes thee Christian-like.

Wallace. Adversity then, in exercising her power, loses her name and features. King Edward! thou hast raised me among men. Without thy banners and bows in array against me, I had sunk into utter forgetfulness. Thanks to thee for placing me, eternally, where no strength of mine could otherwise have borne me! Thanks to thee for bathing my spirit in deep thoughts, in refreshing calm, in sacred stillness! This, O king, is the bath for knighthood: after this it may feast, and hear bold and sweet voices, and mount to its repose.

I thought it hard to be seized and bound and betrayed, by those in whom I trusted. I grieved that a valiant soldier (such is Menteith) should act so. Unhappy! he must now avoid all men's discourses. 'Twill pierce his heart to hear censures on the disloyal; and praises on the loyal will dry up its innermost drop. Two friends can never more embrace in his presence, but he shall curse them in the bitterness of his soul, and his sword shall spring up to cleave them. "Alas!" will he say to himself, "is it thus! was it thus when I drew it for my country!"

Edward. Think now of other matters: think, what I suggested, of thy reproaches.

Wallace. I have none to make myself.

Edward. Be it so: I did not talk about that any longer.

Wallace. What others then can touch or reach me?

Edward. Such as Bruce's.

Wallace. Reproaches they were not: for none were ever cast against me: but taunts they were, not unmingled with invitations.

Edward. The same invitations, and much greater, I now repeat. Thou shalt govern Scotland for me.

Wallace. Scotland, sir, shall be governed for none: she is old enough to stand by herself, and to stand upright: the blows she hath received have not broken her loins.

Edward. Come, come, Wallace! thou hast sense and spirit: confess to me fairly that, if thou wert at liberty, thou wouldst gladly make Bruce regret his ill-treatment of thee.

Wallace. Well then, I do confess it.

Edward. Something would I myself hazard; not too much; but prudently and handsomely. Tell me now plainly, for I love plain-speaking and everything free and open, in what manner thou wouldst set about it; and perhaps, God willing, I may provide the means.

Wallace. Sir, you certainly would not: it little suits your temper and disposition.

Edward. Faith! not so little as thou supposest.

Magnanimity and long-suffering have grown upon me, and well become me; but they have not produced all the good I might have expected from them. Joyfully as I would try them again, at any proper opportunity, there is nothing I am not bound to do, in dearness to my people, to rid myself of an enemy.

In my mind, no expressions could be more insulting than Bruce's, when he accused thee, a low and vulgar man (how canst thou help that?), of wishing to possess the crown.

Wallace. He was right.

Edward. How! astonishment! Thou wouldst then have usurped the sovranty!

Wallace. I possessed a greater power by war than peace could ever give me; yet I invited and exhorted the legitimate heir of the throne to fight for it and receive it. If there is any satisfaction or gratification in being the envy of men, I had enough and greatly more than enough of it, when even those I love envied me: what would have been my portion of it, had I possessed that which never should have been mine!

Edward. Why then sayest thou that Bruce was right?

Wallace. He judged, as most men do, from his own feelings. Many have worn crowns; some have deserved them: I have done neither.

Edward. Return to Scotland; bring me Bruce's head back; and rule the kingdom as viceroy.

Wallace. I would rather make him rue his words against me, and hear him.

Edward. Thou shalt.

Wallace. Believe me, sir, you would repent of your permission.

Edward. No, by the saints!

Wallace. You would indeed, sir.

Edward. Go, and try me: do not hesitate: I see thou art half inclined: I may never make the same offer again.

Wallace. I will not go.

Edward. Weak wavering man! hath imprisonment in one day or two wrought such a change in thee?

Wallace. Slavery soon does it. but I am, and will ever be, unchanged.

Edward. It was not well, nor by my order, that thou wert dragged along the road, barefooted and bareheaded, while it snowed throughout all the journey.

Wallace. Certainly, sir, you did not order it to snow from the latter days of December till the middle of January; but whatever else was done, if my guard spake the truth . . .

Edward. He lied, he lied, he lied . . .

Wallace. . . . or the warrant he showed me is authentic, was done according to your royal order.

Edward. What! are my officers turned into constables! base varlets! It must have seemed hard, Wallace!

Wallace. Not that indeed; for I went barefooted in my youth, and have mostly been bareheaded when I have not been in battle. But to be thrust and shoven into the court-yard; to shiver under the pent-house from which the wind had blown the thatch, while the blazing fire within made the snow upon the opposite roof redden like the dawn; to wax faint, ahungered and athirst, when, within arm's length of me, men pushed the full cup away, and would drink no more; to that I had never been accustomed in my country. The dogs, honester and kinder folks than most, but rather dull in the love of hospitality, unless in the beginning some pains are taken with them by their masters, tore my scant gear; and then your soldiers felt their contempt more natural and easy. The poor curs had done for them what their betters could not do; and the bolder of the company looked hard in my face, to see if I were really the same man.

Edward. O the rude rogues! that was too bad.

Wallace. The worst was this. Children and women, fathers and sons, came running down the hills, some sinking knee-deep in the incrusted snow, others tripping lightly over it, to celebrate the nativity of our blessed Lord. They intreated, and the good priest likewise, that I might be led forth into the church, and might kneel down amid them. "Off," cried the guard; "would ye plead for Wallace the traitor?" I saw them tremble, for it was treason in them, and then came my grief upon me, and bore hard. They lifted up their eyes to heaven; and it gave me strength.

Edward. Thou shalt not, I swear to thee, march back in such plight.

Wallace. I will not, I swear to thee, march a traitor.

Edward. Right! right! I can trust thee . . more than half already. Bruce is the traitor; the worst of the two; he raises the country against me. Go; encompass him, entrap him, quell him.

Sweetheart! thou hast a rare fancy, a youth's love at first sight, for thy chains: unwilling to barter them for liberty, for country, for revenge, for honour.

Wallace. Honour and revenge, such as I have carried in my bosom, are very dear to me! For liberty and country I have often shed my blood, and, if more is wanting, take it. My heart is no better than a wooden cup, whereof the homely liquor a royal hand would cast away indifferently. There once were those who pledged it! where are they? Forgive my repining, O God! Enough, if they are not here.

Edward. Nay, nay, Wallace! thou wrongest me. Thou art a brave man. I do not like to see those irons about thy wrists: they are too broad and tight: they have bruised thee cruelly.

Wallace. Methinks there was no necessity to have hammered the rivets on quite so hard: and the fellow who did it, needed not to look over his shoulder so often while he was about it, telling the people, "This is Wallace." Wrist or iron he and his hammer cared not.

Edward. I am mightily taken with the fancy of seeing thee mortify Bruce. Thou shalt do it: let me have thy plan.

Wallace. Sir, I have none worthy of your royal participation.

Edward. Thou formest the best possible in one moment, and executest them in another.

Wallace. Peradventure the only one I could devise and execute, in this contingency, might not please you.

Edward. It would, beyond measure, I promise thee: set about it instantly: I must enjoy it before I rest. Tell it me, tell it me.

Wallace. Must I?

Edward. Thou must: I am faint with waiting.

Wallace. I would go unto him bareheaded; I would kiss his hand.

Edward. Nothing can be better; wary, provident, deep.

Wallace. I would lead him before the altar, if my entreaty could do it . .

Edward. No, no, no! Unless in case of necessity.

Wallace. I would adjure him by the Lord of Hosts, the preserver of Scotland . .

Edward. No harm in that.

Wallace. . . to pity his country . .

Edward. Ay; it would vex him to reflect on what a state it is in at present.

Wallace. . . and to proclaim a traitor to his king and God every Scotchman who abandons or despairs of her.

Edward. What is this? why would it hurt him? I comprehend not half the stratagem. How! thy limbs swell huger, thy stature higher . . . thou scornest, thou scoffest, thou defyest me! A prisoner! a bondman! By the Holy Ghost! the hurdle shall creak under thee to-morrow.

Wallace. To-morrow!

Edward. To-morrow; I repeat it.

Wallace. So soon?

Edward. Yea, by the rood! no later.

Wallace. King Edward, I never thought to thank thee.

Edward. What audacious insurgent pride! what villanous loftiness! By all the saints of heaven! every town in England shall have a fair sight of thee, more or less; hand or foot, brisket or buttock, heart or liver.

Wallace. They should have seen me, King of England, to greater advantage, if thy sword alone had been against me.

Edward. Against a vassal's!

Wallace. Against a knight's, nor unworthy of the dignity; one who never spake falsely nor fought unfairly.

Edward. What are knights in my presence?

Wallace. Examples, monitors, preceptors, judges; the highest of the earth; for a king who is unworthy of a spur is unworthy of a sceptre. The descendant of a knight acknowledges no superior in birth; howbeit the gainer of knighthood in the field stands above him.

Edward. Talk to me of knights! Hast thou forgotten the punishment I inflicted on a prince, convicted of treason, some sixteen years ago, in another part of my kingdom? Answer me.

Wallace. I never heard it.

Edward. Never heard of the foolish David, brother of Llewelyn the Welshman?

Wallace. You said in your kingdom, sir.

Edward. I did: I made it mine by the help of God. The madman was torn asunder by horses.

Wallace. Was this also by the help of God?

Edward. His bowels and heart were burnt before his face; he was then beheaded and quartered. Now dost thou remember?

Wallace. O king! a voice more terrible than mine will ask that question of thee.

Edward. Thou shalt follow him first, limb by limb, piece by piece, drop by drop. Righteous vengeance hath overtaken thee, audacious rebel! I now have my own, and all my own.

Wallace. Not yet, O Edward! a part lies beyond the grave.

Edward. To-morrow thy tongue, I trow, shall wag less bravely, though it have a good spear to support it. I will render thee a terror to thy riotous gang. The raven shall take a text from thee and preach over thee, and merry Carlisle shall ring the bells after the service.

Wallace. Thou needest not send branch nor bough nor cutting to Carlisle: that city, from autumn to spring, hath beheld the tree nod in its glory, and feared lest it sweep her walls.

Edward. Sirrah! where I am, mark me, there is but one great man.

Wallace. Thou hast endeavoured to make another, and wilt almost accomplish it.

Edward. Guards! away with him. A traitor's doom awaits thee.

Wallace. Because I would not be one.

Edward. Laughter too! and lewd mockery! Carry him back to prison: cord him! pinion him! cart him!

Wallace. Thou followest me to death, less willingly.

DIOGENES AND PLATO.

Diogenes. Stop! stop! come hither! Why lookest thou so scornfully and askance upon me!

Plato. Let me go; loose me; I am resolved to pass.

Diogenes. Nay then, by Jupiter and this tub! thou leavest three good ells of Milesian cloth behind thee. Whither wouldst thou amble?

Plato. I am not obliged in courtesy to tell you.

Diogenes. Upon whose errand? Answer me directly.

Plato. Upon my own.

Diogenes. O! then I will hold thee yet awhile. If it were upon another's, it might be a hardship to a good citizen, though not to a good philosopher.

Plato. That can be no impediment to my release: you do not think me one.

Diogenes. No, by my father Jove!

Plato. Your father!

Diogenes. Why not? Thou shouldst be the last man to doubt it. Hast not thou declared it irrational to refuse our belief to those who assert that they are begotten by the gods, though the assertion (these are thy words) be unfounded on reason or probability? In me there is a chance of it: whereas in the generation of such people as thou art fondest of frequenting, who claim it loudly, there are always too many competitors to leave it probable.

Plato. Those who speak against the great, do not usually speak from morality, but from envy.

Diogenes. Thou hast a glimpse of the truth in this place; but as thou hast already shown thy ignorance in attempting to prove to me what a *man* is, ill can I expect to learn from thee what is a *great man.*

Plato. No doubt your experience and intercourse will afford me the information.

Diogenes. Attend, and take it. The great man is he who hath nothing to fear and nothing to hope from another. It is he who, while he demonstrates the iniquity of the laws, and is able to correct them, obeys them peaceably. It is he who looks on the ambitious both as weak and fraudulent. It is he who hath no disposition or occasion for any kind of deceit, no reason for being or for appearing different from what he is. It is he who can call together the most select company when it pleases him.

Plato. Excuse my interruption. In the beginning of your definition I fancied that you were designating your own person, as most people do in describing what is admirable; now I find that you have some other in contemplation.

Diogenes. I thank thee for allowing me what perhaps I *do* possess, but what I was not then thinking of; as is often the case with rich possessors: in fact, the latter part of the description suits me as well as any portion of the former.

Plato. You may call together the best company, by using your hands in the call, as you did with me; otherwise I am not sure that you would succeed in it.

Diogenes. My thoughts are my company: I can bring them together, select them, detain them, dismiss them. Imbecile and vicious men can not do any of these things. Their thoughts are scattered, vague, uncertain, cumbersome; and the worst stick to them the longest; many indeed by choice, the greater part by necessity, and accompanied, some by weak wishes, others by vain remorse.

Plato. Is there nothing of greatness, O Diogenes! in exhibiting how cities and communities may be governed best, how morals may be kept the purest, and power become the most stabile?

Diogenes. Something of greatness does not constitute the great man. Let me however see him who hath done what thou sayest. He must be the most universal and the most indefatigable traveller, he must also be the oldest creature upon earth.

Plato. How so?

Diogenes. Because he must know perfectly the climate, the soil, the situation, the peculiarities, of the races, of their allies, of their enemies: he must have sounded their harbours, he must have measured the quantity of their arable land and pasture, of their woods and mountains: he must have ascertained whether there are fisheries on their coasts, and even what winds are prevalent.* On these causes, with some others, depend the bodily strength, the numbers, the wealth, the wants, the capacities, of the people.

Plato. Such are low thoughts.

Diogenes. The bird of wisdom flies low, and seeks her food under hedges: the eagle himself would be starved if he always soared aloft and against the sun. The sweetest fruit grows near the ground, and the plants that bear it require ventilation and lopping. Were this not to be done in thy garden, every walk and alley, every plot and border, would be covered with runners and roots, with boughs and suckers. We want no poets or logicians or metaphysicians to govern us: we want practical men, honest men, continent men, unambitious men, fearful to solicit a trust, slow to accept, and resolute never to betray one. Experimentalists may be the best philosophers; they are always the worst politicians. Teach people their duties, and they will know their interests. Change as little as possible, and correct as much.

Philosophers are absurd from many causes, but principally from laying out unthriftily their distinctions. They set up four virtues: fortitude, prudence, temperance, and justice. Now a man may be a very bad one, and yet possess three out of the four. Every cut-throat must, if he has been a cut-throat on many occasions, have more fortitude and more prudence than the greater part of those whom we consider as the best men. And what cruel wretches, both executioners and judges, have been strictly just! how little have they cared what gentleness, what generosity, what genius, their sentence hath removed from the earth! Temperance and beneficence contain all other virtues. Take them home, Plato, split them, expound them; do what thou wilt with them, if thou but use them.

Before I gave thee this lesson, which is a better than thou ever gavest anyone, and easier to remember, thou wert accusing me of invidiousness and malice against those whom thou callest the great, meaning to say the powerful. Thy imagination, I am well aware, had taken its flight toward Sicily, where thou seekest thy great man, as earnestly and undoubtingly as Ceres sought her Persephone. Faith! honest Plato, I have no reason to envy thy worthy friend Dionysius. Look at my nose! A lad seven or eight years old threw an apple at me yesterday, while I was

* Parts of knowledge which are now general, but were formerly very rare, and united in none.

gazing at the clouds, and gave me nose enough for two moderate men. Instead of such a godsend, what should I have thought of my fortune if, after living all my lifetime among golden vases, rougher than my hand with their emeralds and rubies, their engravings and embossments, among Parian caryatides and porphyry sphinxes, among philosophers with rings upon their fingers and linen next their skin, and among singing-boys and dancing-girls, to whom alone thou speakest intelligibly .. I ask thee again, what should I in reason have thought of my fortune, if, after these facilities and superfluities, I had at last been pelted out of my house, not by one young rogue, but by thousands of all ages, and not with an apple (I wish I could say a rotten one), but with pebbles and broken pots; and, to crown my deserts, had been compelled to become the teacher of so promising a generation. Great men, forsooth! thou knowest at last who they are.

Plato. There are great men of various kinds.

Diogenes. No, by my beard, are there not.

Plato. What! are there not great captains, great geometricians, great dialecticians?

Diogenes. Who denied it? A great man was the postulate. Try thy hand now at the powerful one.

Plato. On seeing the exercise of power, a child can not doubt who is powerful, more or less; for power is relative. All men are weak, not only if compared to the Demiurgos, but if compared to the sea or the earth, or certain things upon each of them, such as elephants and whales. So placid and tranquil is the scene around us, we can hardly bring to mind the images of strength and force, the precipices, the abysses . . .

Diogenes. Prythee hold thy loose tongue, twinkling and glittering like a serpent's in the midst of luxuriance and rankness. Did never this reflection of thine warn thee that, in human life, the precipices and abysses would be much further from our admiration, if we were less inconsiderate, selfish, and vile? I will not however stop thee long, for thou wert going on quite consistently. As thy great men are fighters and wranglers, so thy mighty things upon the earth and sea are troublesome and intractable incumbrances. Thou perceivedst not what was greater in the former case, neither art thou aware what is greater in this. Didst thou feel the gentle air that passed us?

Plato. I did not, just then.

Diogenes. That air, so gentle, so imperceptible to thee, is more powerful not only than all the creatures that breathe and live by it; not only than all the oaks of the forest, which it rears in an age and shatters in a moment; not only than all the monsters of the sea, but than the sea itself, which it tosses up into foam, and breaks against every rock in its vast circumference; for it carries in its bosom, with perfect calm and composure, the incontrollable ocean and the peopled earth, like an atom of a feather.

To the world's turmoils and pageantrics is attracted, not only the admiration of the populace, but the zeal of the orator, the enthusiasm of the poet, the investigation of the historian, and the contemplation of the philosopher: yet how silent and invisible are they in the depths of air! Do I say in those depths and deserts? No; I say at the distance of a swallow's flight; at the distance she rises above us, ere a sentence brief as this could be uttered.

What are its mines and mountains? Fragments wielded up and dislocated by the expansion of water from below; the most-part reduced to mud, the rest to splinters. Afterward sprang up fire in many places, and again tore and mangled the mutilated carcase, and still growls over it.

What are its cities and ramparts and moles and monuments? segments of a fragment, which one man puts together and another throws down. Here we stumble upon thy great ones at their work. Show me now, if thou canst, in history, three great warriors, or three great statesmen, who have acted otherwise than spiteful children.

Plato. I will begin to look for them in history when I have discovered the same number in the philosophers or the poets. A prudent man searches in his own garden after the plant he wants, before he casts his eyes over the stalls in Kenkrea or Keramicos.

Returning to your observation on the potency of the air, I am not ignorant or unmindful of it. May I venture to express my opinion to you, Diogenes! that the earlier discoverers and distributers of wisdom, (which wisdom lies among us in ruins and remnants, partly distorted and partly concealed by theological allegory) meant by Jupiter the air in its agitated state, by Juno the air in its quiescent. These are the great agents, and therefore called the king and queen of the gods. Jupiter is denominated by Homer *the compeller of clouds:* Juno receives them, and remits them in showers to plants and animals.

I may trust you, I hope, O Diogenes!

Diogenes. Thou mayest lower the gods in my presence, as safely as men in the presence of Timon.

Plato. I would not lower them: I would exalt them.

Diogenes. More foolish and presumptuous still!

Plato. Fair words, O Sinopean! I protest to you my aim is truth.

Diogenes. I can not lead thee where of a certainty thou mayest always find it; but I will tell thee what it is. Truth is a point: the subtilest and finest; harder than adamant; never to be broken, worn away, or blunted. Its only bad quality is, that it is sure to hurt those who touch it; and likely to draw blood, perhaps the life-blood, of those who press earnestly upon it. Let us away from this narrow lane skirted with hemlock, and pursue our road again through the wind and dust, toward the *great* man and the *powerful*. Him I would call the powerful one, who controls the storms of his mind, and turns to good account the worst accidents of his fortune. The great man,

I was going on to demonstrate, is somewhat more. He must be able to do this, and he must have an intellect which puts into motion the intellect of others.

Plato. Socrates then was your great man.

Diogenes. He was indeed; nor can all thou hast attributed to him ever make me think the contrary. I wish he could have kept a little more at home, and have thought it as well worth his while to converse with his own children as with others.

Plato. He knew himself born for the benefit of the human race.

Diogenes. Those who are born for the benefit of the human race, go but little into it: those who are born for its curse, are crowded.

Plato. It was requisite to dispell the mists of ignorance and error.

Diogenes. Has he done it? What doubt has he elucidated, or what fact has he established? Although I was but twelve years old and resident in another city when he died, I have taken some pains in my inquiries about him from persons of less vanity and less perverseness than his disciples. He did not leave behind him any true philosopher among them; any who followed his mode of argumentation, his subjects of disquisition, or his course of life; any who would subdue the malignant passions or coerce the looser; any who would abstain from calumny or from cavil; any who would devote his days to the glory of his country, or, what is easier and perhaps wiser, to his own well-founded contentment and well-merited repose. Xenophon, the best of them, offered up sacrifices, believed in oracles, consulted soothsayers, turned pale at a jay, and was dysenteric at a magpie.

Plato. He had then no courage? I was the first to suspect it.

Diogenes. Which thou hadst never been if others had not praised him for it: but his courage was of so strange a quality, that he was ready, if jay or magpie did not cross him, to fight for Spartan or Persian. Plato, whom thou esteemest much more, and knowest somewhat less, careth as little for portents and omens as doth Diogenes. What he would have done for a Persian I can not say: certain I am that he would have no more fought for a Spartan than he would for his own father: yet he mortally hates the man who hath a kinder muse or a better milliner, or a seat nearer the minion of a king. So much for the two disciples of Socrates who have acquired the greatest celebrity!

Plato. Why do you attribute to me invidiousness and malignity, rather than to the young philosopher who is coming prematurely forward into public notice, and who hath lately been invited by the King of Macedon to educate his son?

Diogenes. These very words of thine demonstrate to me, calm and expostulatory as they appear in utterance, that thou enviest in this young man, if not his abilities, his appointment. And prythee now demonstrate to me as clearly, if thou canst, in what he is either a sycophant or a malignant.

Plato. Willingly.

Diogenes. I believe it. But easily too?

Plato. I think so. Knowing the arrogance of Philip, and the signs of ambition which his boy (I forget the name) hath exhibited so early, he says, in the fourth book of his *Ethics* (already in the hands of several here at Athens, although in its present state unfit for publication), that "he who deems himself worthy of less than his due, is a man of pusillanimous and abject mind."

Diogenes. His canine tooth, friend Plato, did not enter thy hare's fur here.

Plato. No; he sneered at Phocion, and flattered Philip. He adds, "whether that man's merits be great, or small, or middling." And he supports the position by sophistry.

Diogenes. How could he act more consistently? Such is the support it should rest on. If the man's merits were great, he could not be abject.

Plato. Yet the author was so contented with his observation, that he expresses it again a hundred lines below.

Diogenes. Then he was not contented with his observation; for, had he been contented, he would have said no more about it. But, having seen lately his treatise, I remember that he varies the expression of the sentiment, and, after saying a very foolish thing, is resolved on saying one rather less inconsiderate: on the principle of the hunter on the snows of Pindus, who, when his fingers are frost-bitten, does not hold them instantly to the fire, but dips them first into cold water. Aristoteles says, in his second trial at the thesis, "*for* he who is of low and abject mind, strips himself of what is good about him, and is, to a certain degree, bad, because he thinks himself unworthy of the good."

Modesty and diffidence make a man unfit for public affairs: they also make him unfit for brothels: but do they therefore make him bad? It is not often that your scholar is lost in this way, by following the echo of his own voice. His greatest fault is, that he so condenses his thoughts as to render it difficult to see through them: he inspissates his yellow to black. However, I see more and more in him the longer I look at him: in you I see less and less. Perhaps other men may have eyes of another construction, and filled with a subtiler and more etherial fluid.

Plato. Acknowledge at least that it argues a poverty of thought to repeat the same sentiment.

Diogenes. It may or it may not. Whatever of ingenuity or invention be displayed in a remark, another may be added which surpasses it. If, after this and perhaps more, the author, in a different treatise, or in a different place of the same, throws upon it fresh materials, surely you must allow that he rather hath brought forward the evidence of plenteousness than of poverty. Much of invention may be exhibited in the variety of turns and aspects he makes his thesis assume. A poor friend may give me to-day a portion of

yesterday's repast; but a rich man is likelier to send me what is preferable, forgetting that he had sent me as much a day or two before. They who give us all we want, and beyond what we expected, may be pardoned if they happen to overlook the extent of their liberality. In this matter thou hast spoken inconsiderately and unwisely: but whether the remark of Aristoteles was intended as a slur on Phocion is uncertain. The repetition of it makes me incline to think it was; for few writers repeat a kind sentiment, many an unkind one: and Aristoteles would have repeated a just observation rather than an unjust, unless he wished either to flatter or malign. The gods rarely let us take good aim on these occasions, but dazzle or overcloud us. The perfumed oil of flattery, and the caustic spirit of malignity, spread over an equally wide surface. Here both are thrown out of their jars by the same pair of hands at the same moment; the sweet (as usual) on the bad man, the unsweet (as universal) on the good. I never heard before that they had fallen on the hands of Phocion and of Philip. Thou hast furnished me with the suspicion, and I have furnished thee with the supports for it. Do not, however, hope to triumph over Aristoteles, because he hath said one thoughtless thing: rather attempt to triumph *with* him on saying many wise ones. For a philosopher I think him very little of an impostor. He mingles too frequently the acute and dull; and thou too frequently the sweet and rapid. Try to barter one with the other, amicably: and not to twitch and carp. You may each be the better for some exchanges; but neither for cheapening one another's wares. Do thou take my advice the first of the two; for thou hast the most to gain by it. Let me tell thee also that it does him no dishonour to have accepted the invitation of Philip as future preceptor of his newly-born child. I would rather rear a lion's whelp and tame him, than see him run untamed about the city, especially if any tenement and cattle were at its outskirts. Let us hope that a soul once Attic can never become Macedonian; but rather Macedonian than Sicilian.

Aristoteles, and all the rest of you, must have the wadding of straw and saw-dust shaken out, and then we shall know pretty nearly your real weight and magnitude.

Plato. A philosopher ought never to speak in such a manner of philosophers.

Diogenes. None other ought, excepting now and then the beadle. However, the gods have well protected thee, O Plato, against his worst violence. Was this raiment of thine the screen of an Egyptian temple? or merely the drapery of a thirty-cubit Isis? or peradventure a holiday suit of Darius for a bevy of his younger concubines? Prythee do tarry with me, or return another day, that I may catch a flight of quails with it as they cross over this part of Attica.

Plato. It hath always been the fate of the decorous to be calumniated for effeminacy by the sordid.

Diogenes. Effeminacy! By my beard! he who could carry all this Milesian bravery on his shoulders, might, with the help of three more such able men, have tost Typhoëus up to the teeth of Jupiter.

Plato. We may serve our country, I hope, with clean faces.

Diogenes. More serve her with clean faces than with clean hands: and some are extremely shy of her when they fancy she may want them.

Plato. Although on some occasions I have left Athens, I can not be accused of deserting her in the hour of danger.

Diogenes. Nor proved to have defended her: but better desert her on some occasions, or on all, than praise the tyrant Critias; the cruellest of the thirty who condemned thy master. In one hour, in the hour when that friend was dying, when young and old were weeping over him, where *then* wert thou?

Plato. Sick at home.

Diogenes. Sick! how long? of what malady? In such torments, or in such debility, that it would have cost thee thy life to have been carried to the prison? or hadst thou no litter; no slaves to bear it; no footboy to inquire the way to the public prison, to the cell of Socrates? The medicine he took could never have made thy heart colder, or thy legs more inactive and torpid in their movement toward a friend. Shame upon thee! scorn! contempt! everlasting reprobation and abhorrence!

Plato. Little did I ever suppose that, in being accused of hard-heartedness, Diogenes would exercise the office of accuser.

Diogenes. Not to press the question, nor to avoid the recrimination, I will enter on the subject at large; and rather as an appeal than as a disquisition. I am called hard-hearted; Alcibiades is called tender-hearted. Speak I truly or falsely?

Plato. Truly.

Diogenes. In both cases?

Plato. In both.

Diogenes. Pray, in what doth hardness of heart consist?

Plato. There are many constituents and indications of it: want of sympathy with our species is one.

Diogenes. I sympathise with the brave in their adversity and afflictions, because I feel in my own breast the flame that burns in theirs: and I do not sympathise with others, because with others my heart hath nothing of consanguinity. I no more sympathise with the generality of mankind than I do with fowls, fishes, and insects. We have indeed the same figure and the same flesh, but not the same soul and spirit. Yet, recall to thy memory, if thou canst, any action of mine bringing pain of body or mind to any rational creature. True indeed, no despot or conqueror should exercise his authority a single hour if my arm or my exhortations could prevail against him. Nay more: none should depart from the earth without flagellations, nor without brands, nor without exposure, day after day, in the market-place of the city where he governed. This is the only way I

know of making men believe in the justice of their gods. And if they never were to believe in it at all, it is right that they should confide in the equity of their fellow-men. Even this were imperfect: for every despot and conqueror inflicts much greater misery than any human body can suffer. Now then plainly thou seest the extent of what thou wouldst call my cruelty. We who have ragged beards are cruel by prescription and acclamation; while they who have pumiced faces and perfumed hair, are called cruel only in the moments of tenderness, and in the pauses of irritation. Thy friend Alcibiades was extremely good-natured: yet, because the people of Melos, descendants from the Lacedæmonians, stood neutral in the Peloponesian war, and refused to fight against their fathers, the good-natured man, when he had vanquished and led them captive, induced the Athenians to slaughter all among them who were able to bear arms: and we know that the survivors were kept in irons until the victorious Spartans set them free.

Plato. I did not approve of this severity.

Diogenes. Nor didst thou at any time disapprove of it. Of what value are all thy philosophy and all thy eloquence, if they fail to humanise a bosom-friend, or fear to encounter a misguided populace?

Plato. I thought I heard Diogenes say he had no sympathy with the mass of mankind. What could excite it so suddenly in behalf of an enemy?

Diogenes. Whoever is wronged is thereby my fellow-creature, although he were never so before. Scorn, contumely, chains, unite us.

Plato. Take heed, O Diogenes! lest the people of Athens hear you.

Diogenes. Is Diogenes no greater than the people of Athens? Friend Plato! I take no heed about them. Somebody or something will demolish me sooner or later. An Athenian can but begin what an ant, or a beetle, or a worm will finish. Any one of the three would have the best of it. While I retain the use of my tongue, I will exercise it at my leisure and my option. I would not bite it off, even for the pleasure of spitting it in a tyrant's face, as that brave girl Egina did. But I would recommend that, in his wisdom, he should deign to take thine preferably, which, having always honey upon it, must suit his taste better.

Plato. Diogenes! if you must argue or discourse with me, I will endure your asperity for the sake of your acuteness: but it appears to me a more philosophical thing to avoid what is insulting and vexatious, than to breast and brave it.

Diogenes. Thou hast spoken well.

Plato. It belongs to the vulgar, not to us, to fly from a man's opinions to his actions, and to stab him in his own house for having received no wound in the school. One merit you will allow me: I always keep my temper; which you seldom do.

Diogenes. Is mine a good or a bad one?

Plato. Now must I speak sincerely?

Diogenes. Dost thou, a philosopher, ask such a question of me, a philosopher? Ay, sincerely or not at all.

Plato. Sincerely as you could wish, I must declare then your temper is the worst in the world.

Diogenes. I am much in the right, therefore, not to keep it. Embrace me: I have spoken now in thy own manner. Because thou sayest the most malicious things the most placidly, thou thinkest or pretendest thou art sincere.

Plato. Certainly those who are most the masters of their resentments, are likely to speak less erroneously than the passionate and morose.

Diogenes. If they would, they might: but the moderate are not usually the most sincere: for the same circumspection which makes them moderate, makes them likewise retentive of what could give offence: they are also timid in regard to fortune and favour, and hazard little. There is no mass of sincerity in any place. What there is must be picked up patiently, a grain or two at a time; and the season for it is after a storm, after the overflowing of banks, and bursting of mounds, and sweeping away of landmarks. Men will always hold something back: they must be shaken and loosened a little, to make them let go what is deepest in them, and weightiest and purest.

Plato. Shaking and loosening as much about you as was requisite for the occasion, it became you to demonstrate where, and in what manner, I had made Socrates appear less sagacious and less eloquent than he was: it became you likewise to consider the great difficulty of finding new thoughts and new expressions for those who had more of them than any other men, and to represent them in all the brilliancy of their wit and in all the majesty of their genius. I do not assert that I have done it; but if I have not, what man has? what man has come so nigh to it? He who could bring Socrates, or Solon, or Diogenes, through a dialogue, without disparagement, is much nearer in his intellectual powers to them, than any other is near to him.

Diogenes. Let Diogenes alone, and Socrates, and Solon. None of the three ever occupied his hours in tinging and curling the tarnished plumes of prostitute Philosophy, or deemed anything worth his attention, care, or notice, that did not make men brave and independent. As thou callest on me to show thee where and in what manner thou hast misrepresented thy teacher, and as thou seemest to set an equal value on eloquence and on reasoning, I shall attend to thee awhile on each of these matters, first inquiring of thee whether the axiom is Socratic, that it is never becoming to get drunk *, *unless* in the solemnities of Bacchus?

Plato. This god was the discoverer of the vine and of its uses.

Diogenes. Is drunkenness one of its uses, or the discovery of a god? If Pallas or Jupiter hath given us reason, we should sacrifice our reason

* Dialogue VI. on *The Laws*.

with more propriety to Jupiter or Pallas. To Bacchus is due a libation of wine; the same being his gift, as thou preachest.

Another and a graver question.

Did Socrates teach thee that "slaves are to be scourged, and by no means admonished as though they were the children of the master?"

Plato. He did not argue upon government.

Diogenes. He argued upon humanity, whereon all government is founded: whatever is beside it is usurpation.

Plato. Are slaves then never to be scourged, whatever be their transgressions and enormities?

Diogenes. Whatever they be, they are less than his who reduced them to their condition.

Plato. What! though they murder his whole family!

Diogenes. Ay, and poison the public fountain of the city. What am I saying? and to whom? Horrible as is this crime, and next in atrocity to parricide, thou deemest it a lighter one than stealing a fig or grape. The stealer of these is scourged by thee; the sentence on the poisoner is to cleanse out the receptacle *. There is however a kind of poisoning, which, to do thee justice, comes before thee with all its horrors, and which thou wouldst punish capitally, even in such a sacred personage as an aruspex or diviner: I mean the poisoning by incantation. I, my whole family, my whole race, my whole city, may bite the dust in agony from a truss of henbane in the well; and little harm done forsooth! Let an idle fool set an image of me in wax before the fire, and whistle and caper to it, and purr and pray, and chant a hymn to Hecate while it melts, intreating and imploring her that I may melt as easily; and thou wouldst, in thy equity and holiness, strangle him at the first stave of his psalmody.

Plato. If this is an absurdity, can you find another?

Diogenes. Truly, in reading thy book, I doubted at first, and for a long continuance, whether thou couldst have been serious; and whether it were not rather a satire on those busy-bodies who are incessantly intermeddling in other people's affairs. It was only on the protestation of thy intimate friends that I believed thee to have written it in earnest. As for thy question, it is idle to stoop and pick out absurdities from a mass of inconsistency and injustice: but another and another I could throw in, and another and another afterward, from any page in the volume. Two bare staring falsehoods lift their beaks one upon the other, like spring frogs. Thou sayest that no punishment, decreed by the laws, tendeth to evil. What! not if immoderate? not if partial? Why then repeal any penal statute while the subject of its animadversion exists? In prisons the less criminal are placed among the more criminal, the inexperienced in vice together with the hardened in it. This is part of the punishment, though it precedes the sentence: nay, it is often inflicted on those whom the judges acquit: the law, by allowing it, does it.

The next is, that he who is punished by the laws is the better for it, or, however, the less depraved. What! if anteriorly to the sentence he lives and converses with worse men, some of whom console him by deadening the sense of shame, others by removing the apprehension of punishment? Many laws as certainly make men bad, as bad men make many laws: yet under thy regimen they take us from the bosom of the nurse, turn the meat about upon the platter, pull the bed-clothes off, make us sleep when we would wake, and wake when we would sleep, and never cease to rummage and twitch us, until they see us safe landed at the grave. We can do nothing (but be poisoned) with impunity. What is worst of all, we must marry certain relatives and connections, be they distorted, blear-eyed, toothless, carbuncled, with hair (if any) eclipsing the reddest torch of Hymen, and with a hide outrivalling in colour and plaits his trimmest saffron robe. At the mention of this indeed, friend Plato! even thou, although resolved to stand out of harms' way, beginnest to make a wry mouth, and findest it difficult to pucker and purse it up again, without an astringent store of moral sentences. Hymen is indeed no acquaintance of thine. We know the delicacies of love which thou wouldst reserve for the gluttony of heroes and the fastidiousness of philosophers. Heroes, like gods, must have their own way; but against thee and thy confraternity of elders I would turn the closet-key, and your mouths might water over, but your tongues should never enter, those little pots of comfiture. Seriously, you who wear embroidered slippers ought to be very cautious of treading in the mire. Philosophers should not only live the simplest lives, but should also use the plainest language. Poets, in employing magnificent and sonorous words, teach philosophy the better by thus disarming suspicion, that the finest poetry contains and conveys the finest philosophy. You will never let any man hold his right station: you would rank Solon with Homer for poetry. This is absurd. The only resemblance is, in both being eminently wise. Pindar too makes even the cadences of his dithyrambics keep time to the flute of Reason. My tub, which holds fiftyfold thy wisdom, would crack at the reverberation of thy voice.

Plato. Farewell.

Diogenes. Not quite yet. I must physic thee a little with law again before we part: answer me one more question. In punishing a robbery, wouldst thou punish him who steals everything from one who wants everything, less severely than him who steals little from one who wants nothing?

Plato. No: in this place the iniquity is manifest: not a problem in geometry is plainer.

Diogenes. Thou liedst then . . in thy sleep perhaps . . but thou liedst. Differing in one page from what was laid down by thee in another,*

* Dialogue VIII.

* Books IX. and X.

thou wouldst punish what is called *sacrilege* with death. The magistrates ought to provide that the temples be watched so well, and guarded so effectually, as never to be liable to thefts. The gods, we must suppose, can not do it by themselves; for, to admit the contrary, we must admit their indifference to the possession of goods and chattels: an impiety so great, that sacrilege itself drops into atoms under it. He however who robs from the gods, be the amount what it may, robs from the rich; robs from those who can want nothing, although, like the other rich, they are mightily vindictive against petty plunderers. But he who steals from a poor widow a loaf of bread, may deprive her of everything she has in the world; perhaps, if she be bedridden or paralytic, of life itself.

I am weary of this digression on the inequality of punishments; let us come up to the object of them. It is not, O Plato! an absurdity of thine alone, but of all who write and of all who converse on them, to assert that they both are and ought to be inflicted publicly, for the sake of deterring from offence. The only effect of public punishment, is, to show the rabble how bravely it can be borne; and that everyone who hath lost a toe-nail hath suffered worse. The virtuous man, as a reward and a privilege, should be permitted to see how calm and satisfied a virtuous man departs. The criminal should be kept in the dark about the departure of his fellows, which is oftentimes as unreluctant: for to him, if indeed no reward or privilege, it would be a corroborative and a cordial. Such things ought to be taken from him, no less carefully than the instruments of destruction or evasion. Secrecy and mystery should be the attendants of punishment, and the sole persons present should be the injured, or two of his relatives, and a functionary delegated by each tribe, to witness and register the execution of justice.

Trials, on the contrary, should be public in every case. It being presumable that the sense of shame and honour is not hitherto quite extinguished in the defendant, this, if he be guilty, is the worst part of his punishment; if innocent, the best of his release. From the hour of trial until the hour of return to society (or the dust) there should be privacy, there should be solitude.

Plato. It occurs to me, O Diogenes! that you agree with Aristoteles on the doctrine of necessity.

Diogenes. I do.

Plato. How then can you punish, by any heavier chastisement than coercion, the heaviest offences? Everything being brought about, as you hold, by fate and predestination . .

Diogenes. Stay! Those terms are puerile, and imply a petition of a principle: keep to the term *necessity*. Thou art silent. Here then, O Plato! will I acknowledge to thee, I wonder it should have escaped thy perspicacity that *free-will* itself is nothing else than a part and effluence of *necessity*. If everything proceeds from some other thing, every impulse from some other impulse, that which impels to choice or will must act among the rest.

Plato. Every impulse from some other (I must so take it) under God, or the first cause.

Diogenes. Be it so: I meddle not at present with infinity or eternity: when I can comprehend them I will talk about them. You metaphysicians kill the flower-bearing and fruit-bearing glebe with delving and turning over and sifting, and never bring up any solid and malleable mass from the dark profundity in which you labour. The intellectual world, like the physical, is inapplicable to profit and incapable of cultivation a little way below the surface . . of which there is more to manage, and more to know, than any of you will undertake.

Plato. It happens that we do not see the stars at even-tide, sometimes because there are clouds intervening, but oftener because there are glimmerings of light: thus many truths escape us from the obscurity we stand in; and many more from that crepuscular state of mind, which induceth us to sit down satisfied with our imaginations and unsuspicious of our knowledge.

Diogenes. Keep always to the point, or with an eye upon it, and instead of saying things to make people stare and wonder, say what will withhold them hereafter from wondering and staring. This is philosophy; to make remote things tangible, common things extensively useful, useful things extensively common, and to leave the least necessary for the last. I have always a suspicion of sonorous sentences. The full shell sounds little, but shows by that little what is within. A bladder swells out more with wind than with oil.

Plato. I would not neglect politics nor morals, nor indeed even manners: these however are mutable and evanescent: the human understanding is immovable and for ever the same in its principles and its constitution, and no study is so important or so inviting.

Diogenes. Your sect hath done little in it. You are singularly fond of those disquisitions in which few can detect your failures and your fallacies, and in which, if you stumble or err, you may find some countenance in those who lost their way before you.

Is not this school-room of mine, which holdeth but one scholar, preferable to that out of which have proceeded so many impetuous in passion, refractory in discipline, unprincipled in adventure, and (worst of all) proud in slavery? Poor creatures who run after a jaded mule or palfrey, to pick up what he drops along the road, may be certain of a cabbage the larger and the sooner for it; while those who are equally assiduous at the heel of kings and princes, hunger and thirst for more, and usually gather less. Their attendance is neither so certain of reward nor so honest; their patience is scantier, their industry weaker, their complaints louder. What shall we say of their philosophy? what of their virtue? What shall we say of the greatness whereon their feeders plume themselves? not caring they indeed for the

humbler character of virtue or philosophy. We never call children the greater or the better for wanting others to support them: why then do we call men so for it? I would be servant of any helpless man for hours together: but sooner shall a king be the slave of Diogenes than Diogenes a king's.

Plato. Companionship, O Sinopean, is not slavery.

Diogenes. Are the best of them worthy to be my companions? Have they ever made you wiser? have you ever made them so? Prythee, what is companionship where nothing that improves the intellect is communicated, and where the larger heart contracts itself to the model and dimension of the smaller? 'Tis a dire calamity to *have* a slave; 'tis an inexpiable curse to *be* one. When it befalls a man through violence he must be pitied: but where is pity, where is pardon, for the wretch who solicits it, or bends his head under it through invitation? Thy hardness of heart toward slaves, O Plato, is just as unnatural as hardness of heart toward dogs would be in me.

Plato. You would have none perhaps in that condition.

Diogenes. None should be made slaves, excepting those who have attempted to make others so, or who spontaneously have become the instruments of unjust and unruly men. Even these ought not to be scourged every day perhaps: for their skin is the only sensitive part of them, and such castigation might shorten their lives.

Plato. Which, in your tenderness and mercy, you would not do.

Diogenes. Longevity is desirable in them; that they may be exposed in coops to the derision of the populace on holidays; and that few may serve the purpose.

Plato. We will pass over this wild and thorny theory, into the field of civilisation in which we live; and here I must remark the evil consequences that would ensue, if our domestics could listen to you about the hardships they are enduring.

Diogenes. And is it no evil that truth and beneficence should be shut out at once from so large a portion of mankind? Is it none when things are so perverted, that an act of beneficence might lead to a thousand acts of cruelty, and that one accent of truth should be more pernicious than all the falsehoods that have been accumulated, since the formation of language, since the gift of speech! I have taken thy view of the matter; take thou mine. Hercules was called just and glorious, and worshipped as a deity, because he redressed the grievances of others: is it unjust, is it inglorious, to redress one's own! If that man rises high in the favour of the people, high in the estimation of the valiant and the wise, high before God, by the assertion and vindication of his holiest law, who punishes with death such as would reduce him or his fellow citizens to slavery, how much higher rises he, who, being a slave, springs up indignantly from his low estate, and thrusts away the living load that intercepts from him, what even the reptiles and insects, what even the bushes and brambles of the roadside, enjoy!

Plato. We began with definitions: I rejoice, O Diogenes, that you are warmed into rhetoric, in which you will find me a most willing auditor: for I am curious to collect a specimen of your prowess, where you have not yet established any part of your celebrity.

Diogenes. I am idle enough for it: but I have other things yet for thy curiosity, other things yet for thy castigation.

Thou wouldst separate the military from the citizens; from artisans and from agriculturists. A small body of soldiers, who never could be anything else, would in a short time subdue and subjugate the industrious and the wealthy. They would begin by demanding an increase of pay; then they would insist on admission to magistracies; and presently their general would assume the sovereignty, and create new offices of trust and profit for the strength and security of his usurpation. Soldiers, in a free state, should be enrolled from those principally who are most interested in the conservation of order and property; chiefly the sons of tradesmen in towns: first, because there is the less detriment done to agriculture; the main thing to be considered in all countries: secondly, because such people are pronest to sedition, from the two opposite sides of enrichment and poverty: and lastly, because their families are always at hand, responsible for their fidelity, and where shame would befall them thickly in case of cowardice, or any misconduct. Those governments are the most flourishing and stabile, which have the fewest idle youths about the streets and theatres: it is only with the sword that they can cut the halter.

Thy faults arise from two causes principally: first, a fondness for playing tricks with argument and with fancy: secondly, swallowing from others what thou hast not taken time enough nor exercise enough to digest.

Plato. Lay before me the particular things you accuse me of drawing from others.

Diogenes. Thy opinions on numbers are distorted from those of the Chaldeans, Babylonians, and Syrians; who believe that numbers, and letters too, have peculiar powers, independent of what is represented by them on the surface.

Plato. I have said more, and often differently.

Diogenes. Thou hast indeed. Neither they nor Pythagoras ever taught, as thou hast done, that the basis of the earth is an equilateral triangle, and the basis of water a rectangular. We are then informed by thy sagacity, that "the world has no need of eyes, because nothing is left to be looked at out of it; nor of ears, because nothing can be heard beyond it; nor of any parts for the reception, concoction, and voidance, of nutriment; because there can be no secretion nor accretion*."

This indeed is very providential. If things

* *Timæus.*

were otherwise, foul might befall your genii, who are always on active service: a world would not bespatter them so lightly as we mortals are bespattered by a swallow. Whatever is asserted on things tangible, should be asserted from experiment only. Thou shouldst have defended better that which thou hast stolen: a thief should not only have impudence, but courage.

Plato. What do you mean?

Diogenes. I mean that every one of thy whimsies hath been picked up somewhere by thee in thy travels; and each of them hath been rendered more weak and puny by its place of concealment in thy closet. What thou hast written on the immortality of the soul, goes rather to prove the immortality of the body; and applies as well to the body of a weasel or an eel as to the fairer one of Agathon or of Aster. Why not at once introduce a new religion*? since religions keep and are relished in proportion as they are salted with absurdity, inside and out; and all of them must have one great crystal of it for the centre; but Philosophy pines and dies unless she drinks limpid water. When Pherecydes and Pythagoras felt in themselves the majesty of contemplation, they spurned the idea that flesh and bones and arteries should confer it; and that what comprehends the past and the future, should sink in a moment and be annihilated for ever. No, cried they, the power of thinking is no more in the brain than in the hair, although the brain may be the instrument on which it plays. It is not corporeal, it is not of this world; its existence is eternity, its residence is infinity. I forbear to discuss the rationality of their belief, and pass on straightway to thine; if indeed I am to consider as one, belief and doctrine.

Plato. As you will.

Diogenes. I should rather then regard these things as mere ornaments; just as many decorate their apartments with lyres and harps, which they themselves look at from the couch, supinely complacent, and leave for visitors to admire and play on.

Plato. I foresee not how you can disprove my argument on the immortality of the soul, which, being contained in the best of my dialogues, and being often asked for among my friends, I carry with me.

Diogenes. At this time?

Plato. Even so.

Diogenes. Give me then a certain part of it for my perusal.

Plato. Willingly.

Diogenes. Hermes and Pallas! I wanted but a cubit of it, or at most a fathom, and thou art pulling it out by the plethron.

Plato. This is the place in question.

Diogenes. Read it.

Plato (reads). "Sayest thou not that death is the opposite of life, and that they spring the one from the other?" "*Yes.*" "What springs then from the living?" "*The dead.*" "And what from the dead?" "*The living.*" "Then all things alive spring from the dead."

Diogenes. Why that repetition? but go on.

Plato (reads). "Souls therefore exist after death in the infernal regions."

Diogenes. Where is the *therefore?* where is it even as to *existence?* As to the *infernal regions*, there is nothing that points toward a proof, or promises an indication. Death neither springs from life, nor life from death. Although death is the inevitable consequence of life, if the observation and experience of ages go for anything, yet nothing shows us, or ever hath signified, that life comes from death. Thou mightest as well say that a barley-corn dies before the germ of another barley-corn grows up from it: than which nothing is more untrue: for it is only the protecting part of the germ that perishes, when its protection is no longer necessary. The consequence, that souls exist after death, cannot be drawn from the corruption of the body, even if it were demonstrable that out of this corruption a live one could rise up. Thou hast not said that the soul is among those dead things which living things must spring from: thou hast not said that a living soul produces a dead soul, or that a dead soul produces a living one.

Plato. No indeed.

Diogenes. On my conscience, thou hast said however things no less inconsiderate, no less inconsequent, no less unwise; and this very thing must be said and proved, to make thy argument of any value. Do dead men beget children?

Plato. I have not said it.

Diogenes. Thy argument implies it.

Plato. These are high mysteries, and to be approached with reverence.

Diogenes. Whatever we can not account for, is in the same predicament. We may be gainers by being ignorant, if we can be thought mysterious. It is better to shake our heads and to let nothing out of them, than to be plain and explicit in matters of difficulty. I do not mean in confessing our ignorance or our imperfect knowledge of them, but in clearing them up perspicuously: for, if we answer with ease, we may haply be thought good-natured, quick, communicative; never deep, never sagacious; not very defective possibly in our intellectual faculties, yet unequal and chinky, and liable to the probation of every clown's knuckle.

Plato. The brightest of stars appear the most unsteady and tremulous in their light; not from any quality inherent in themselves, but from the vapours that float below, and from the imperfection of vision in the surveyor.

Diogenes. To the stars again! Draw thy robe round thee; let the folds fall gracefully, and look majestic. That sentence is an admirable one; but not for me. I want sense, not stars. What then? Do no vapours float below the others? and is there no imperfection in the vision of those who look at *them*, if they are the same men, and look

* He alludes to the various worships of Egypt, and to what Plato had learned there.

the next moment? We must move on: I shall follow the dead bodies, and the benighted driver of their fantastic bier, close and keen as any hyena.

Plato. Certainly, O Diogenes, you excell me in elucidations and similies: mine was less obvious. Lycaon became against his will, what you become from pure humanity.

Diogenes. When Humanity is averse to Truth, a fig for her!

Plato. Many, who profess themselves her votaries, have made her a less costly offering.

Diogenes. Thou hast said well, and I will treat thee gently for it.

Plato. I may venture then in defence of my compositions, to argue that neither simple metaphysics nor strict logic would be endured long together in a dialogue.

Diogenes. Few people can endure them anywhere; but whatever is contradictory to either is intolerable. The business of a good writer is to make them pervade his works, without obstruction to his force or impediment to his facility; to divest them of their forms, and to mingle their potency in every particle. I must acknowledge that, in matters of love, thy knowledge is twice as extensive as mine is: yet nothing I ever heard is so whimsical and silly as thy description of its effects upon the soul, under the influence of beauty. The *wings* of the soul, thou tellest us, are *bedewed*; and certain *germs* of theirs expand from every part of it.

The only thing I know about the soul is, that it makes the ground slippery under us when we discourse on it, by virtue (I presume) of this *bedewing*; and beauty does not assist us materially in rendering our steps the steadier.

Plato. Diogenes! you are the only man that admires not the dignity and stateliness of my expressions.

Diogenes. Thou hast many admirers; but either they never have read thee, or do not understand thee, or are fond of fallacies, or are incapable of detecting them. I would rather hear the murmur of insects in the grass than the clatter and trilling of cymbals and timbrels over-head. The tiny animals I watch with composure, and guess their business: the brass awakes me only to weary me: I wish it under ground again, and the parchment on the sheep's back.

Plato. My sentences, it is acknowledged by all good judges, are well constructed and harmonious.

Diogenes. I admit it: I have also heard it said that thou art eloquent.

Plato. If style, without elocution, can be.

Diogenes. Neither without nor with elocution is there eloquence, where there is no ardour, no impulse, no energy, no concentration. Eloquence raises the whole man: thou raisest our eyebrows only. We wonder, we applaud, we walk away, and we forget. Thy eggs are very prettily speckled; but those which men use for their sustenance are plain white ones. People do not every day put on their smartest dresses; they are not always in trim for dancing, nor are they practising their steps in all places. I profess to be no weaver of fine words, no dealer in the plumes of phraseology, yet every man and every woman I speak to understands me.

Plato. Which would not always be the case if the occulter operations of the human mind were the subject.

Diogenes. If what is occult must be occult for ever, why throw away words about it? Employ on every occasion the simplest and easiest, and range them in the most natural order. Thus they will serve thee faithfully, bringing thee many hearers and readers from the intellectual and uncorrupted. All popular orators, victorious commanders, crowned historians, and poets above crowning, have done it. Homer, for the glory of whose birthplace none but the greatest cities dared contend, is alike the highest and the easiest in poetry. Herodotus, who brought into Greece more knowledge of distant countries than any or indeed than all before him, is the plainest and gracefulest in prose. Aristoteles, thy scholar, is possessor of a long and lofty treasury, with many windings and many vaults at the sides of them, abstruse and dark. He is unambitious of displaying his wealth; and few are strong-wristed enough to turn the key of his iron chests. Whenever he presents to his reader one full-blown thought, there are several buds about it which are to open in the cool of the study; and he makes you learn more than he teaches.

Plato. I can never say that I admire his language.

Diogenes. Thou wilt never say it; but thou dost. His language, where he wishes it to be harmonious, is highly so: and there are many figures of speech exquisitely beautiful, but simple and unobtrusive. You see what a fine head of hair he might have if he would not cut it so short. Is there as much true poetry in all thy works, prose and verse, as in that *Scolion* of his on Virtue!

Plato. I am less invidious than he is.

Diogenes. He may indeed have caught the infection of malignity, which all who live in the crowd, whether of a court or a school, are liable to contract. We had dismissed that question: we had buried the mortal and corruptible part of him, and were looking into the litter which contains his true and everlasting effigy: and this effigy the strongest and noblest minds will carry by relays to interminable generations. We were speaking of his thoughts and what conveys them. His language then, in good truth, differs as much from that which we find in thy dialogues, as wine in the goblet differs from wine spilt upon the table. With thy leave, I would rather drink than lap.

Plato. Methinks such preference is contrary to your nature.

Diogenes. Ah, Plato! I ought to be jealous of thee, finding that two in this audience can smile at thy wit, and not one at mine.

Plato. I would rather be serious, but that my seriousness is provocative of your moroseness.

Detract from me as much as can be detracted by the most hostile to my philosophy, still it is beyond the power of any man to suppress or to conceal from the admiration of the world the amplitude and grandeur of my language.

Diogenes. Thou remindest me of a cavern I once entered. The mouth was spacious; and many dangling weeds and rampant briers caught me by the hair above, and by the beard below, and flapped my face on each side. I found it in some places flat and sandy; in some rather miry; in others I bruised my shins against little pointed pinnacles, or larger and smoother round stones. Many were the windings, and deep the darkness. Several men came forward with long poles and lighted torches on them, promising to show innumerable gems, on the roof and along the sides, to some ingenuous youths whom they conducted. I thought I was lucky, and went on among them. Most of the gems turned out to be drops of water; but some were a little more solid. These, however, in general, gave way and crumbled under the touch: and most of the remainder lost all their brightness by the smoke of the torches underneath. The farther I went in, the fouler grew the air and the dimmer the torchlight. Leaving it, and the youths, and the guides, and the long poles, I stood a moment in wonder at the vast number of names and verses graven at the opening, and forbore to insert the ignoble one of Diogenes.

The vulgar indeed and the fashionable do call such language as thine the noblest and most magnificent: the scholastic bend over it in paleness, and with the right hand upon the breast, at its unfathomable depth: but what would a man of plain simple sound understanding say upon it? what would a metaphysician? what would a logician? what would Pericles? Truly, he had taken thee by the arm, and kissed that broad well-perfumed forehead, for filling up with light (as thou wouldst say) the dimple in the cheek of Aspasia, and for throwing such a gadfly in the current of her conversation. She was of a different sect from thee both in religion and in love, and both her language and her dress were plainer.

Plato. She, like yourself, worshipped no deity in public: and probably both she and Aristotelcs find the more favour with you from the laxity of their opinions in regard to the Powers above. The indifference of Aristotelcs to religion may perhaps be the reason why king Philip bespoke him so early for the tuition of his successor; on whom, destined as he is to pursue the conquests of the father, moral and religious obligations might be incommodious.

Diogenes. Kings who kiss the toes of the most gods, and the most zealously, never find any such incommodiousness. In courts, religious ceremonies cover with their embroidery moral obligations; and the most dishonest and the most libidinous and the most sanguinary kings (to say nothing of private men) have usually been the most punctual worshippers.

Plato. There may be truth in these words. We however know your contempt for religious acts and ceremonies, which, if you do not comply with them, you should at least respect, by way of an example.

Diogenes. What! if a man lies to me, should I respect the lie for the sake of an example! Should I be guilty of duplicity, for the sake of an example! Did I ever omit to attend the Thesmophoria? the only religious rite worthy of a wise man's attendance. It displays the union of industry and law. Here is no fraud, no fallacy, no filching: the gods are worshipped for their best gifts, and do not stand with open palms for ours. I neither laugh nor wonder at anyone's folly. To laugh at it, is childish or inhuman, according to its nature; and to wonder at it, would be a greater folly than itself, whatever it may be.

Must I go on with incoherencies and inconsistencies?

Plato. I am not urgent with you.

Diogenes. Then I will reward thee the rather.

Thou makest poor Socrates tell us that a beautiful vase is inferior to a beautiful horse; and as a beautiful horse is inferior to a beautiful maiden, in like manner a beautiful maiden is inferior in beauty to the immortal gods.

Plato. No doubt, O Diogenes!

Diogenes. Thou hast whimsical ideas of beauty: but, understanding the word as all Athenians and all inhabitants of Hellas understand it, there is no analogy between a horse and a vase. Understanding it as thou perhaps mayest choose to do on the occasion, understanding it as applicable to the service and utility of man and gods, the vase may be applied to more frequent and more noble purposes than the horse. It may delight men in health; it may administer to them in sickness; it may pour out before the protectors of families and of cities the wine of sacrifice. But if it is the quality and essence of beauty to gratify the sight, there are certainly more persons who can receive gratification from the appearance of a beautiful vase than a beautiful horse. Xerxes brought into Hellas with him thousands of beautiful horses and many beautiful vases. Supposing now that all the horses which were beautiful seemed so to all good judges of their symmetry, it is probable that scarcely one man in fifty would fix his eyes attentively on one horse in fifty; but undoubtedly there were vases in the tents of Xerxes which would have attracted all the eyes in the army and have filled them with admiration. I say nothing of the women, who in Asiatic armies are as numerous as the men, and who would every one admire the vases, while few admired the horses. Yet women are as good judges of what is beautiful as thou art, and for the most part on the same principles. But, repeating that there is no analogy between the two objects, I must insist that there can be no just comparison: and I trust I have clearly demonstrated that the postulate is not to be conceded. We will nevertheless carry on the argument and examination, for "the

beautiful virgin is inferior in beauty to the immortal gods." Is not Vulcan an immortal god? are not the Furies and Discord immortal goddesses! Ay, by my troth are they; and there never was any city and scarcely any family on earth to which they were long invisible. Wouldst thou prefer them to a golden cup, or even to a cup from the potter's! Would it require one with a dance of Bacchanals under the pouting rim? would it require one foretasted by Agathon? Let us descend from the deities to the horses. Thy dress is as well adapted to horsemanship as thy words are in general to discourse. Such as thou art, would run out of the horse's way; and such as know thee best, would put the vase out of thine.

Plato. So then, I am a thief, it appears, not only of men's notions, but of their vases!

Diogenes. Nay, nay, my good Plato! Thou hast however the frailty of concupiscence for things tangible and intangible, and thou likest well-turned vases no less than well-turned sentences: therefore they who know thee would leave no temptation in thy way, to the disturbance and detriment of thy soul. Away with the horse and vase! we will come together to the quarters of the virgin. Faith! my friend, if we find her only just as beautiful as some of the goddesses we were naming, her virginity will be as immortal as their divinity.

Plato. I have given a reason for my supposition.

Diogenes. What is it?

Plato. Because there is a beauty incorruptible, and for ever the same.

Diogenes. Visible beauty? beauty cognizable in the same sense as of vases and of horses? beauty that in degree and in quality can be compared with theirs? Is there any positive proof that the gods possess it? and all of them? and all equally? Are there any points of resemblance between Jupiter and the daughter of Acrisius? any between Hatè and Hebe? whose sex being the same brings them somewhat nearer. In like manner thou confoundest the harmony of music with symmetry in what is visible and tangible: and thou teachest the stars how to dance to their own compositions, enlivened by fugues and variations from thy master-hand. This, in the opinion of thy boy scholars, is sublimity! Truly it is the sublimity which he attains who is hurled into the air from a ballista. Changing my ground, and perhaps to thy advantage, in the name of Socrates I come forth against thee; not for using him as a wide-mouthed mask, stuffed with gibes and quibbles; not for making him the most sophistical of sophists, or (as thou hast done frequently) the most improvident of statesmen and the worst of citizens; my accusation and indictment is, for representing him, who had distinguished himself on the field of battle above the bravest and most experienced of the Athenian leaders (particularly at Delion and Potidea), as more ignorant of warfare than the worst-fledged crane that fought against the Pygmies.

Plato. I am not conscious of having done it.

Diogenes. I believe thee: but done it thou hast. The language of Socrates was Attic and simple: he hated the verbosity and refinement of wranglers and rhetoricians; and never would he have attributed to Aspasia, who thought and spoke like Pericles, and whose elegance and judgment thou thyself hast commended, the chaff and litter thou hast tossed about with so much wind and wantonness, in thy dialogue of *Menexenus*. Now, to omit the other fooleries in it, Aspasia would have laughed to scorn the most ignorant of her tire-women, who should have related to her the story thou tellest in her name, about the march of the Persians round the territory of Eretria. This narrative seems to thee so happy an attempt at history, that thou betrayest no small fear lest the reader should take thee at thy word, and lest Aspasia should in reality rob thee or Socrates of the glory due for it.

Plato. Where lies the fault?

Diogenes. If the Persians had marched, as thou describest them, forming a circle, and from sea to sea, with their hands joined together; fourscore shepherds with their dogs, their rams, and their bell-wethers, might have killed them all, coming against them from points well-chosen. As however great part of the Persians were horsemen, which thou appearest to have quite forgotten, how could they go in single line with their hands joined, unless they lay flat upon their backs along the backs of their horses, and unless the horses themselves went tail to tail, one pulling on the other? Even then the line would be interrupted, and only two could join hands. A pretty piece of net-work is here! and the only defect I can find in it is, that it would help the fish to catch the fisherman.

Plato. This is an abuse of wit, if there be any wit in it.

Diogenes. I doubt whether there is any; for the only man that hears it does not smile. We will be serious then. Such nonsense, delivered in a school of philosophy, might be the less derided; but it is given us as an oration, held before an Athenian army, to the honour of those who fell in battle. The beginning of the speech is cold and languid: the remainder is worse; it is learned and scholastic.

Plato. Is learning worse in oratory than languor?

Diogenes. Incomparably, in the praises of the dead who died bravely, played off before those who had just been fighting in the same ranks. What we most want in this business is sincerity; what we want least are things remote from the action. Men may be cold by nature, and languid from exhaustion, from grief itself, from watchfulness, from pity; but they cannot be idling and wandering about other times and nations, when their brothers and sons and bosom-friends are brought lifeless into the city, and the least inquisitive, the least sensitive, are hanging immovably over their recent wounds. Then burst forth their names from the full heart; their father's names

come next, hallowed with lauds and benedictions that flow over upon their whole tribe; then are lifted their helmets and turned round to the spectators; for the grass is fastened to them by their blood, and it is befitting to show the people how they must have struggled to rise up, and to fight afresh for their country. Without the virtues of courage and patriotism, the seeds of such morality as is fruitful and substantial spring up thinly, languidly, and ineffectually. The images of great men should be stationed throughout the works of great historians.

Plato. According to your numeration, the great men are scanty: and pray, O Diogenes! are they always at hand?

Diogenes. Prominent men always are. Catch them and hold them fast, when thou canst find none better. Whoever hath influenced the downfall or decline of a commonwealth, whoever hath altered in any degree its social state, should be brought before the high tribunal of history.

Plato. Very mean intellects have accomplished these things. Not only battering-rams have loosened the walls of cities, but foxes and rabbits have done the same. Vulgar and vile men have been elevated to power by circumstances: would you introduce the vulgar and vile into the pages you expect to be immortal?

Diogenes. They never can blow out immortality. Criminals do not deform by their presence the strong and stately edifices in which they are incarcerated. I look above them and see the image of Justice: I rest my arm against the plinth where the protectress of cities raises her spear by the judgment-seat. Thou art not silent on the vile; but delightest in bringing them out before us, and in reducing their betters to the same condition.

Plato. I am no writer of history.

Diogenes. Every great writer is a writer of history, let him treat on almost what subject he may. He carries with him for thousands of years a portion of his times: and indeed if only his own effigy were there, it would be greatly more than a fragment of his country.

In all thy writings I can discover no mention of Epaminondas, who vanquished thy enslavers the Lacedæmonians; nor of Thrasybulus, who expelled the murderers of thy preceptor. Whenever thou again displayest a specimen of thy historical researches, do not utterly overlook the fact that these excellent men were living in thy days; that they fought against thy enemies; that they rescued thee from slavery; that thou art indebted to them for the whole estate of this interminable robe, with its valleys and hills and wastes; for these perfumes that overpower all mine; and moreover for thy house, thy grove, thy auditors, thy admirers, and thy admired.

Plato. Thrasybulus, with many noble qualities, had great faults.

Diogenes. Great men too often have greater faults than little men can find room for.

Plato. Epaminondas was undoubtedly a momentous man, and formidable to Lacedæmon, but Pelopidas shared his glory.

Diogenes. How ready we all are with our praises when a cake is to be divided; if it is not ours!

Plato. I acknowledge his magnanimity, his integrity, his political skill, his military services, and, above all, his philosophical turn of mind: but, since his countrymen, who knew him best, have until recently been silent on the transcendency of his merits, I think I may escape from obloquy in leaving them unnoticed. His glorious death appears to have excited more enthusiastic acclamation than his patriotic heroism.

Diogenes. The sun colours the sky most deeply and most diffusely when he hath sunk below the horizon; and they who never said "How beneficently he shines!" say at last, "How brightly he set!" They who believe that their praise gives immortality, and who know that it gives celebrity and distinction, are iniquitous and flagitious in withdrawing it from such exemplary men, such self-devoted citizens, as Epaminondas and Thrasybulus.

Great writers are gifted with that golden wand which neither ages can corrode nor violence rend asunder, and are commanded to point with it toward the head (be it lofty or low) which nations are to contemplate and to revere.

Plato. I should rather have conceived from you that the wand ought to designate those who merit the hatred of their species.

Diogenes. This too is another of its offices, no less obligatory and sacred.

Plato. Not only have I particularized such faults as I could investigate and detect, but in that historical fragment, which I acknowledge to be mine (although I left it in abeyance between Socrates and Aspasia), I have lauded the courage and conduct of our people.

Diogenes. Thou recountest the glorious deeds of the Athenians by sea and land, staidly and circumstantially, as if the Athenians themselves, or any nation of the universe, could doubt them. Let orators do this when some other shall have rivalled them; which, as it never hath happened in the myriads of generations that have passed away, is never likely to happen in the myriads that will follow. From Asia, from Africa, fifty nations came forward in a body, and assailed the citizens of one scanty city: fifty nations fled from before them. All the wealth and power of the world, all the civilisation, all the barbarism, were leagued against Athens; the ocean was covered with their pride and spoils; the earth trembled; mountains were severed, distant coasts united: Athens gave to Nature her own again; and equal laws were the unalienable dowry brought by Liberty to the only men capable of her defence or her enjoyment. Did Pericles, did Aspasia, did Socrates foresee, that the descendents of those, whose heroes and gods were at best but like them, should enter into the service of Persian satraps, and become the parasites of Sicilian kings?

Plato. Pythagoras, the most temperate and retired of mortals, entered the courts of princes.

Diogenes. True; he entered them and cleansed them: his breath was lustration; his touch purified. He persuaded the princes of Italy to renounce their self-constituted and unlawful authority: in effecting which purpose, thou must acknowledge, O Plato! that either he was more eloquent than thou art, or that he was juster. If, being in the confidence of a usurper, which in itself is among the most heinous of crimes, since they virtually are outlaws, thou never gavest him such counsel at thy ease and leisure, as Pythagoras gave at the peril of his life, thou in this likewise wert wanting to thy duty as an Athenian, a republican, a philosopher. If thou offeredst it, and it was rejected, and after the rejection thou yet tarriedst with him, then wert thou, friend Plato! an importunate sycophant and self-bound slave.

Plato. I never heard that you blamed Euripides in this manner for frequenting the court of Archelāus.

Diogenes. I have heard thee blame him for it; and this brings down on thee my indignation. Poets, by the constitution of their minds, are neither acute reasoners nor firmly minded. Their vocation was allied to sycophancy from the beginning: they sang at the tables of the rich: and he who could not make a hero could not make a dinner. Those who are possessed of enthusiasm are fond of everything that excites it: hence poets are fond of festivals, of wine, of beauty, and of glory. They can not always make their selection; and generally they are little disposed to make it, from indolence of character. Theirs partakes less than others of the philosophical and the heroic. What wonder if Euripides hated those who deprived him of his right, in adjudging the prize of tragedy to his competitors? From hating the arbitrators who committed the injustice, he proceeded to hate the people who countenanced it. The whole frame of government is bad to those who have suffered under any part. Archelāus praised Euripides' poetry: he therefore liked Archelāus: the Athenians bantered his poetry: therefore he disliked the Athenians. Beside, he could not love those who killed his friend and teacher: if thou canst, I hope thy love may be for ever without a rival.

Plato. He might surely have found, in some republic of Greece, the friend who would have sympathized with him.

Diogenes. He might: nor have I any more inclination to commend his choice than thou hast right to condemn it. Terpander and Thales and Pherecydes were at Sparta with Lycurgus: and thou too, Plato, mightst have found in Greece a wealthy wise man ready to receive thee, or (where words are more acceptable) an unwise wealthy one. Why dost thou redden and bite thy lip? Wouldst thou rather give instruction, or not give it?

Plato. I would rather give it, where I could.

Diogenes. Wouldst thou rather give it to those who have it already, and do not need it, or to those who have it not, and do need it?

Plato. To these latter.

Diogenes. Impart it then to the unwise; and to those who are wealthy in preference to the rest, as they require it most, and can do most good with it.

Plato. Is not this a contradiction to your own precepts, O Diogenes! Have you not been censuring me, I need not say how severely, for my intercourse with Dionysius? and yet surely he was wealthy, surely he required the advice of a philospher, surely he could have done much good with it.

Diogenes. An Athenian is more degraded by becoming the counseller of a king, than a king is degraded by becoming the schoolmaster of paupers in a free city. Such people as Dionysius are to be approached by the brave and honest from two motives only: to convince them of their inutility, or to slay them for their iniquity. Our fathers and ourselves have witnessed in more than one country the curses of kingly power. All nations, all cities, all communities, should enter into one great hunt, like that of the Scythians at the approach of winter, and should follow it up unrelentingly to its perdition. The diadem should designate the victim: all who wear it, all who offer it, all who bow to it, should perish. The smallest, the poorest, the least accessible village, whose cottages are indistinguishable from the rocks around, should offer a reward for the heads of these monsters, as for the wolf's, the kite's, and the viper's.

Thou tellest us, in thy fourth book on *Polity*, that it matters but little whether a state be governed by many or one, if the one is obedient to the laws. Why hast not thou likewise told us, that it little matters whether the sun bring us heat or cold, if he ripens the fruits of the earth by cold as perfectly as by heat! Demonstrate that he does it, and I subscribe to the proposition. Demonstrate that kings, by their nature and education, are obedient to the laws; bear them patiently; deem them no impediment to their wishes, designs, lusts, violences; that a whole series of monarchs hath been of this character and condition, wherever a whole series hath been permitted to continue; that under them independence of spirit, dignity of mind, rectitude of conduct, energy of character, truth of expression, and even lower and lighter things, eloquence, poetry, sculpture, painting, have flourished more exuberantly than among the free. On the contrary, some of the best princes have rescinded the laws they themselves introduced and sanctioned. Impatient of restraint and order are even the quiet and inert of the species.

Plato. There is a restlessness in inactivity: we must find occupation for kings.

Diogenes. Open the fold to them and they will find it themselves: there will be plenty of heads and shanks on the morrow. I do not see why those who, directly or indirectly, would promote

a kingly government, should escape the penalty of death, whenever it can be inflicted, any more than those who decoy men into slave-ships.

Plato. Supposing me to have done it, I have used no deception.

Diogenes. What! is it no deception to call people out of their homes, to offer them a good supper and good beds if they will go along with thee; to take the key out of the house-door, that they may not have the trouble of bearing the weight of it; to show them plainly through the window the hot supper and comfortable bed, to which indeed the cook and chamberlain do beckon and invite them, but inform them however on entering, it is only on condition that they never stir a foot beyond the supper-room and bed-room; to be conscious, as thou must be, when they desire to have rather their own key again, eat their own lentils, sleep on their own pallet, that thy friends the cook and chamberlain have forged the title-deeds, mortgaged the house and homestead, given the lentils to the groom, made a horse-cloth of the coverlet and a manger of the pallet; that, on the first complaint against such an apparent injury (for at present they think and call it one), the said cook and chamberlain seize them by the hair, strip, scourge, imprison, and gag them, showing them through the grating what capital dishes are on the table for the more deserving, what an appetite the fumes stir up, and how sensible men fold their arms upon the breast contentedly, and slumber soundly after the carousal.

Plato. People may exercise their judgment.

Diogenes. People may spend their money. All people have not much money; all people have not much judgment. It is cruel to prey or impose on those who have little of either. There is nothing so absurd that the ignorant have not believed: they have believed, and will believe for ever, what thou wouldst teach: namely, that others who never saw them, never are likely to see them, will care more about them than they should care about themselves. This pernicious fraud begins with perverting the intellect, and proceeds with seducing and corrupting the affections, which it transfers from the nearest to the most remote, from the dearest to the most indifferent. It enthrals the freedom both of mind and body; it annihilates not only political and moral, but, what nothing else however monstrous can do, even arithmetical proportions, making a unit more than a million. Odious is it in a parent to murder or sell a child, even in time of famine: but to sell him in the midst of plenty, to lay his throat at the mercy of a wild and riotous despot, to whet and kiss and present the knife that immolates him, and to ask the same favour of being immolated for the whole family in perpetuity, is not this an abomination ten thousand times more execrable?

Let Falsehood be eternally the enemy of Truth, but not eternally her mistress: let Power be eternally the despiser of Weakness, but not eternally her oppressor: let Genius be eternally in the train or in the trammels of Wealth, but not eternally his sycophant and his pander.

Plato. What a land is Attica! in which the kings themselves were the mildest and best citizens, and resigned the sceptre; deeming none other worthy of supremacy than the wisest and most warlike of the immortal Gods. In Attica the olive and corn were first cultivated.

Diogenes. Like other Athenians, thou art idly fond of dwelling on the antiquity of the people, and wouldst fain persuade thyself, not only that the first corn and olive, but even that the first man, sprang from Attica. I rather think that what historians call the emigration of the Pelasgians under Danaüs, was the emigration of those '*shepherds*,' as they continued to be denominated, who, having long kept possession of Egypt, were besieged in the city of Aoudris, by Thoutmosis, and retired by capitulation. These probably were of Chaldaic origin. Danaüs, like every wise legislator, introduced such religious rites as were adapted to the country in which he settled. The ancient being once relaxed, admission was made gradually for honouring the brave and beneficent, who in successive generations extended the boundary of the colonists, and defended them against the resentment and reprisal of the native chieftains.

Plato. This may be; but evidence is wanting.

Diogenes. Indeed it is not quite so strong and satisfactory as in that piece of history, where thou maintainest that '*each of us is the half of a man.*'* By Neptune! a vile man too, or the computation were overcharged.

Plato. We copy these things from old traditions.

Diogenes. Copy rather the manners of antiquity than the fables; or copy those fables only which convey the manners. That one man was cut off another, is a tradition little meriting preservation. Any old woman who drinks and dozes, could recite to us more interesting dreams, and worthier of the Divinity.

Surely thy effrontery is of the calmest and most philosophical kind, that thou remarkest to me a want of historic evidence, when I offered a suggestion; and when thou thyself hast attributed to Solon the most improbable falsehoods on the antiquity and the exploits of your ancestors, telling us that time had '*obliterated*' these '*memorable*' annals. What is obliterated at home, Solon picks up fresh and vivid in Egypt. An Egyptian priest, the oldest and wisest of the body, informs him that

* In the *Banquet*. No two qualities are more dissimilar than the imagination of Plato and the imagination of Shakspeare. The *Androgyne* was probably of higher antiquity than Grecian fable. Whencesoever it originated, we can not but wonder how Shakspeare met with it. In his *King John*, the citizen of Angers says of the Lady Blanche and of the Dauphin,

> "He is the half-part of a blessed man,
> Left to be finished by such a *she*;
> And *she* a fair divided excellence
> Whose fulness of perfection lies in him."

What is beautiful in poetry may be infantine in philosophy, and monstrous in physics.

Athens was built a thousand years before Sais, by the goddess Neithea, as they call her, but as we, Athenè, who received the *seed* of the city from the Earth and Vulcan. The records of Athens are lost, and those of Sais mount up no higher than eight thousand years. Enough to make her talk like an old woman.

I have, in other places and on other occasions, remarked to those about me many, if not equal and similar, yet gross absurdities in thy writings.

Plato. Gently! I know it. Several of these, supposing them to be what you denominate them, are originally from others, and from the gravest men.

Diogenes. Gross absurdities are usually of that parentage: the idle and weak produce but petty ones, and such as gambol at theatres and fairs. Thine are good for nothing: men are too old, and children too young, to laugh at them. There is no room for excuse or apology in the adoption of another's foolery. Imagination may heat a writer to such a degree, that he feels not what drops from him or clings to him of his own: another's is taken up deliberately, and trimmed at leisure. I will now proceed with thee. I have heard it affirmed (but, as philosophers are the affirmers, the assertion may be questioned), that there is not a notion or idea, in the wide compass of thy works, originally thy own.

Plato. I have made them all mine by my manner of treating them.

Diogenes. If I throw my cloak over a fugitive slave to steal him, it is so short and strait, so threadbare and chinky, that he would be recognised by the idlest observer who had seen him seven years ago in the market-place: but if thou hadst enveloped him in thy versicoloured and cloudlike vestiary, puffed and effuse, rustling and rolling, nobody could guess well what animal was under it, much less what man. And such a tissue would conceal a gang of them, as easily as it would a parsley-bed, or the study yonder of young Demosthenes. Therefore, I no more wonder that thou art tempted to run in chase of butterflies, and catchest many, than I am at discovering that thou breakest their wings and legs by the weight of the web thou throwest over them; and that we find the head of one indented into the body of another, and never an individual retaining the colour or character of any species. Thou hast indeed, I am inclined to believe, some ideas of thy own: for instance, when thou tellest us that a well-governed city ought to let her walls go to sleep along the ground. Pallas forbid that any city should do it where thou art! for thou wouldst surely deflower her, before the soldiers of the enemy could break in on the same errand. The poets are bad enough: they every now and then want a check upon them: but there must be an eternal vigilance against philosophers. Yet I would not drive you all out of the city-gates, because I fain would keep the country parts from pollution.

Plato. Certainly, O Diogenes, I can not retort on you the accusation of employing any language or any sentiments but your own, unquestionably the purest and most genuine Sinopèan.

Diogenes. Welcome to another draught of it, my courteous guest! By thy own confession, or rather thy own boast, thou stolest every idea thy voluminous books convey; and therefore thou wouldst persuade us that all other ideas must have an archetype; and that God himself, the Demiurgos, would blunder and botch without one. Now can not God, by thy good leave, gentle Plato! quite as easily form a thing as conceive it? and execute it as readily at once as at twice? Or hath he rather, in some slight degree, less of plastic power than of mental? Seriously, if thou hast received these fooleries from the Egyptian priests, prythee, for want of articles more valuable to bring among us, take them back on thy next voyage, and change them against the husk of a pistachio dropt from the pouch of a sacred ape.

Thy God is like thyself, as most men's Gods are: he throws together a vast quantity of stuff, and leaves his workpeople to cut it out and tack it together, after their own fashion and fancy. These demons or genii are mischievous and fantastical imps: it would have been better if they had always sitten with their hands before them, or played and toyed with one another, like the young folks in the garden of Academus. As thou hast modified the ideas of those who went before thee, so those who follow thee will modify thine. The wiser of them will believe, and reasonably enough, that it is time for the Demiurgos to lay his head upon his pillow, after heating his brains with so many false conceptions, and to let the world go on its own way, without any anxiety or concern.

Beside, would not thy dialogues be much better and more interesting, if thou hadst given more variety to the characters, and hadst introduced them conversing on a greater variety of topics? Thyself and Prodicus, if thou wouldst not disdain to meet him, might illustrate the nature of allegory, might explain to your audience where it can enter gracefully, and where it must be excluded: we should learn from you, perhaps, under whose guidance it first came into Greece: whether anyone has mentioned the existence of it in the poems of Orpheus and Musæus (now so lost that we possess no traces of them), or whether it was introduced by Homer, and derived from the tales and mythology of the East. Certainly he has given us for deities such personages as were never worshipped in our country; some he found, I suspect, in the chrysalis state of metaphors, and hatched them by the warmth of his genius into allegories, giving them a strength of wing by which they were carried to the summit of Olympus. Euripides and Aristophanes might discourse upon comedy and tragedy, and upon that species of poetry which, though the earliest and most universal, was cultivated in Attica with little success until the time of Sophocles.

Plato. You mean the Ode.

Diogenes. I do. There was hardly a corner of Greece, hardly an islet, where the children of Pallas were not called to school and challenged by choristers.

Plato. These disquisitions entered into no portion of my plan.

Diogenes. Rather say, ill-suited thy genius; having laid down no plan whatever for a series of dialogues. School-exercises, or, if thou pleasest to call them so, *disquisitions*, require no such form as thou hast given to them, and they block up the inlets and outlets of conversation, which, to seem natural, should not adhere too closely to one subject. The most delightful parts both of philosophy and of fiction might have opened and expanded before us, if thou hadst selected some fifty or sixty of the wisest, most eloquent, and most facetious, and hadst made them exert their abilities on what was most at their command.

Plato. I am not certain that I could have given to Aristophanes all his gaiety and humour.

Diogenes. Art thou certain thou hast given to Socrates all his irony and perspicacity, or even all his virtue?

Plato. His virtue I think I have given him fully.

Diogenes. Few can comprehend the whole of it, or see where it is separated from wisdom. Being a philosopher, he must have known that marriage would render him less contemplative and less happy, though he had chosen the most beautiful, the most quiet, the most obedient, and most affectionate woman in the world; yet he preferred what he considered his duty as a citizen to his peace of mind.

Plato. He might hope to beget children in sagacity like himself.

Diogenes. He can never have hoped it at all, or thought about it as became him. He must have observed that the sons of meditative men are usually dull and stupid; and he might foresee that those philosophers or magistrates whom their father had excelled would be, openly or covertly, their enemies.

Plato. Here then is no proof of his prudence or his virtue. True indeed is your remark on the children of the contemplative; and we have usually found them rejected from the higher offices, to punish them for the celebrity of their fathers.

Diogenes. Why didst not thou introduce thy preceptor arguing fairly and fully on some of these topics? Wert thou afraid of disclosing his inconsistencies? A man to be quite consistent must live quite alone. I know not whether Socrates would have succeeded in the attempt; I only know I have failed.

Plato. I hope, most excellent Diogenes, I shall not be accused of obstructing much longer so desirable an experiment.

Diogenes. I will bear with thee some time yet. The earth is an obstruction to the growth of seed; but the seed can not grow well without it. When I have done with thee, I will dismiss thee with my usual courtesy.

There are many who marry from utter indigence of thought, captivated by the playfulness of youth, as if a kitten were never to be a cat! Socrates was an unlikely man to have been under so sorrowful an illusion. Those among you who tell us that he married the too handy Xantippe for the purpose of exercising his patience, turn him from a philosopher into a fool. We should be at least as moderate in the indulgence of those matters which bring our patience into play, as in the indulgence of any other. It is better to be sound than hard, and better to be hard than callous.

Plato. Do you say that, Diogenes?

Diogenes. I do say it; and I confess to thee that I am grown harder than is well for me. Thou wilt not so easily confess that an opposite course of life hath rendered thee callous. Frugality and severity must act upon us long and uninterruptedly before they produce this effect: pleasure and selfishness soon produce the other. The red-hot iron is but one moment in sending up its fumes from the puddle it is turned into, and in losing its brightness and its flexibility.

Plato. I have admitted your definitions, and now I accede to your illustrations. But illustrations are pleasant merely; and definitions are easier than discoveries.

Diogenes. The easiest things in the world when they are made: nevertheless thou hast given us some dozens, and there is hardly a complete or a just one on the list; hardly one that any wench, watching her bees and spinning on Hymettus, might not have corrected.

Plato. As you did, no doubt, when you threw into my school the cock you had stripped of its feathers.

Diogenes. Even to the present day, neither thou nor any of thy scholars have detected the fallacy.

Plato. We could not dissemble that our definition was inexact.

Diogenes. I do not mean that.

Plato. What then?

Diogenes. I would remark that neither thou nor thy disciples found me out.

Plato. We saw you plainly enough: we heard you too, crying, *Behold Plato's man!*

Diogenes. It was not only a reproof of thy temerity in definitions, but a trial of the facility with which a light and unjust ridicule of them would be received.

Plato. Unjust perhaps not, but certainly rude and vulgar.

Diogenes. Unjust, I repeat it: because thy definition was of man as nature formed him: and the cock, when I threw it on the floor, was no longer as nature had formed it. Thou art accustomed to lay down as peculiarities the attributes that belong, equally or nearly, to several things or persons.

Plato. The characteristic is not always the definition, nor meant to be accepted for it. I have called tragedy δημοτερπέστατον, 'most delightful to

the people,' and ψυχαγωγικώτατον, 'most agitating to the soul:' no person can accuse me of laying down these terms as the *definition* of tragedy. The former is often as applicable to rat-catching, and the latter to cold-bathing. I have called the dog φιλόμαθες, 'fond of acquiring information,' and φιλόσοφον, 'fond of wisdom;' but I never have denied that man is equally or more.

Diogenes. Deny it then instantly. Every dog has that property; every man has not: I mean the φιλόμαθες. The φιλόσοφον is false in both cases; for words must be taken as they pass current in our days, and not according to any ancient acceptation. The author of the *Margites* says,

Τὸν δ' οὔτ' ἄν ζυγὸν ἐπτιέρυγα βάλοι ἄνεμος οὔτ' ἀκοντίζοι,
Οὔτ' ἄλλως τι σοφόν.

Here certainly the σοφόν has no reference to the higher intellectual powers, as with us, since he is placed by the poet among delvers and ploughmen. The compound word φιλόσοφος did not exist when the author of *Margites* wrote; and the lover of wisdom, in his days, was the lover of the country. Her aspirants, in ours, are quarreling and fighting in the streets about her; and nevertheless, while they rustle their Asiatic robes around them, leave her as destitute, as naked, and as hungry as they found her.

Plato. Did your featherless cock render her any service?

Diogenes. Yes.

Plato. I corrected and enlarged the definition without your assistance.

Diogenes. Not without it: the best assistance is the first, and the first was the detection of insufficiency and error. Thy addition was, 'that man has broad nails:' now art thou certain that all monkeys have sharp and round ones? I have heard the contrary; and I know that the mole has them broad and flat.

Plato. What wouldst thou say man is, and other animals are not?

Diogenes. I would say, *lying* and *malicious*.

Plato. Because he alone can speak; he alone can reflect.

Diogenes. Excellent reasons! If speech be the communication of what is felt, made by means of the voice, thinkest thou other creatures are mute? All that have legs, I am inclined to believe, have voices: whether fishes have, I know not. Thou wouldst hardly wish me to take the trouble of demonstrating that men lie, both before their metamorphosis into philosophers and after: yet perhaps thou mayst wish to hear wherefore, if other animals reason and reflect (which is proved in them by apprehending mischief and avoiding it, and likewise by the exertion of memory), they are not also malicious.

Plato. Having kept in their memory an evil received, many of them evince their malice, by attacking long afterward those who did it.

Diogenes. This is not malice, in man or beast. Malice is ill-will without just cause, and desire to injure without any hope of benefiting from it. Tigers and serpents seize on the unwary, and inflict deadly wounds: tigers from sport or hunger, serpents from fear or hurt: neither of them from malice, neither of them from hatred. Dogs indeed and horses do acquire hatred in their domestic state: they had none originally: they must sleep under man's roof before they share with him his high feeling: that high feeling which renders him the destroyer of his own kind, and the devourer of his own heart. We are willing to consider both revenge and envy as much worse blemishes in the character than malice. Yet for one who is invidious there are six or seven who are malicious, and for one who is revengeful there are fifty. In revenge there must be something of energy, however short-breathed and indeterminate. Many are exempt from it because they are idle and forgetful; more, because they are circumspect and timid; but nothing hinders the same people from being malicious. Envy, abominable as we call her, and as she is, often stands upon a richly-figured base, and is to be recognised only by the sadness with which she leans over the emblems of power and genius. The contracted heart of Malice can never swell to sadness. Seeing nothing that she holds desirable, she covets nothing; she would rather the extinction than the possession of what is amiable; she hates high and low, bad and good, coldly pertinacious and lazily morose.

Thou, Plato, who hast cause to be invidious of not many, art of nearly all: and thy wit pays the fine, being rendered thereby the poorest I know in any Athenian ambitious of it.

Plato. If the fact be thus, the reason is different.

Diogenes. What is it then?

Plato. That every witticism is an inexact thought: that what is perfectly true is imperfectly witty: and that I have attended more sedulously and more successfully to verity.

Diogenes. Why not bring the simplicity of truth into the paths of life? why not try whether it would look as becomingly in actions as in words; in the wardrobe and at table as in deductions and syllogisms? why not demonstrate to the youth of Athens that thou in good earnest canst be contented with a little?

Plato. So I could, if the times required it.

Diogenes. They will soon; and we should at least be taught our rudiments, before a hard lesson is put into our hands.

Plato. This makes me think again that your grammatical knowledge, O Diogenes! is extensive. The plain and only sense of the second verse . .

Diogenes. What second verse? Were we talking of any such things?

Plato. Yes, just now.

Diogenes. I had forgotten it.

Plato. How! forgotten the *Margites!* The meaning of the words is, 'nor fit for anything else.'

Homer in like manner uses εἰδώς very frequently, to indicate mere manual skill. The spirit of inquiry, the φιλόμαθες, we take upon ourselves

with the canine attributes: we talk of *indagating*, of *investigating*, of *questing*.

Diogenes. I know the respect thou bearest to the dogly character, and can attribute to nothing else the complacency with which thou hast listened to me since I released thy cloak. If ever the Athenians, in their inconstancy, should issue a decree to deprive me of the appellation they have conferred on me, rise up, I pray thee, in my defence, and protest that I have not merited so severe a mulct. Something I do deserve at thy hands; having supplied thee, first with a store of patience, when thou wert going without any about thee, although it is the readiest viaticum and the heartiest sustenance of human life; and then with weapons from this tub, wherewith to drive the importunate cock before thee out of doors again.

Diogenes Laertius, biographer of the Cynic, is among the most inelegant and injudicious writers of antiquity; yet his book is highly valuable for the anecdotes it preserves. No philosopher or other man more abounded in shrewd wit than the philosopher of Sinope, whose opinions have been somewhat misunderstood, and whose memory hath suffered much injustice. One Diocles, and afterward Eubulides, mention him (it appears) as having been expelled from Sinope for counterfeiting money: and his biographer tells us that he has recorded it of himself. His words led astray these authors. He says that he *marked* false money: for an equivoke was ever the darling of Diogenes, and, by the marking of false money, he means only that he exposed the fallacies of pretenders to virtue and philosophy. Had he been exiled for the crime of forgery, Alexander of Macedon, we may well suppose, would not have visited him, would not have desired him to ask any favour he chose, would not have declared that if he were not Alexander, he would fain have been Diogenes. He did not visit him from an idle curiosity, for he had seen him before in his father's camp on his first invasion of Greece, where he was apprehended as a spy, and, being brought before the king, exclaimed, "I am indeed a spy; a spy of thy temerity and cupidity, who hazardest on the cast of a die thy throne and life." This is related by Plutarch in his *Ethics*. Some men may think forgery no very heinous crime, but all must think it an act of dishonesty; and kings (whose moral scale is nowhere an exact one) would be likely to hold it in greater reprobation than any thing but treason and insurrection. Had the accusation been true, or credited, or made at the time, the Athenians would not have tolerated so long his residence among them, severe as he was on their manners, and peculiarly contemptuous and contumelious toward the orators and philosophers; Plato for instance, and afterward Demosthenes. Here however we may animadvert on the inaccuracy of attributing to him the reply, when somebody asked him what he thought of Socrates as having seen him, '*that he thought him a madman.*' Diogenes was but twelve years old at the death of Socrates, and did not leave Sinope till long after. The answer, we may conceive, originated from the description that Plato in many of his dialogues had given of his master. Among the faults of Plato he ridiculed his affectation of new words, unnecessary and inelegant; for instance his coinage of τραπεζότης and σκυφότης, which Plato defended very frigidly, telling him that, although he had eyes to see a cup and a table, he had not understanding for *cuppeity* and *tableity*; and it indeed must be an uncommon one. Plato himself, the most invidious of the Greek writers, says that he was another Socrates, but a mad one; meaning (no doubt) that he was a Socrates when he spoke generally, a mad one when he spoke of *him*. Among his hearers was Phocion: a fact which alone would set aside the tale of his adversaries, a thousand times repeated by their readers, about his public indulgence in certain immoralities which no magistrature would tolerate.

Late in life he was taken by pirates, and sold to Xeniades the Corinthian, whose children he educated, and who declared that a good genius had entered his house in Diogenes. Here he died. A contest arose, to whom among his intimates and disciples should be allowed the distinction of supplying the expenses of his funeral: nor was it settled till the fathers of his auditors and the leaders of the people met together, and agreed to bury him at the public charge at the gate of the Isthmus: the most remarkable spot in Greece, by the assemblage of whose bravest inhabitants it was made glorious, and sacred by the games in honour of her gods.

BARROW AND NEWTON.

Newton. I come, sir, before you with fear and trembling, at the thoughts of my examination to-morrow. If the masters are too hard upon me, I shall never take my degree. How I passed as bachelor I can not tell: it must surely have been by especial indulgence.

Barrow. My dear Isaac! do not be dispirited. The less intelligent of the examiners will break their beaks against the gravel, in trying to cure the indigestions and heart-burnings your plenteousness has given them: the more intelligent know your industry, your abilities, and your modesty: they would favour you, if there were need of favour, but you, without compliment, surpass them all.

Newton. O sir! forbear, forbear! I fear I may have forgotten a great deal of what you taught me.

Barrow. I wonder at that. I am older than you by many years; I have many occupations and distractions; my memory is by nature less retentive; and yet I have not forgotten anything *you* taught *me*.

Newton. Too partial tutor, too benevolent friend! this unmerited praise confounds me. I can not calculate the powers of my mind, otherwise than by calculating the time I require to compass anything.

Barrow. Quickness is among the least of the mind's properties, and belongs to her in almost her lowest state: nay, it doth not abandon her when she is driven from her home, when she is wandering and insane. The mad often retain it: the liar has it, the cheat has it: we find it on the race-course and at the card-table: education does not give it, and reflection takes away from it.

Newton. I am slow; and there are many parts of ordinary learning yet unattained by me.

Barrow. I had an uncle, a sportsman, who said that the light dog beats over most ground, but the heavier finds the covey.

Newton. Oftentimes indeed have I submitted to you problems and possibilities . .

Barrow. And I have made you prove them.

Newton. You were contented with me; all may not be.

Barrow. All will not be: many would be more

so if you could prove nothing. Men, like dogs and cats, fawn upon you while you leave them on the ground; if you lift them up they bite and scratch; and if you show them their own features in the glass, they would fly at your throat and tear your eyes out. This between ourselves: for we must not indulge in unfavourable views of mankind, since by doing it we make bad men believe that they are no worse than others, and we teach the good that they are good in vain. Philosophers have taken this side of the question to show their ingenuity: but sound philosophers are not ingenious. If philosophy can render us no better and no happier, away with it! There are things that can; and let us take them.

What dost thou sigh at, Isaac?

Newton. At my ignorance, in some degree, of their writings.

Barrow. At your ignorance of the ignorant? No man ever understood the things that are most admired in Plato and Aristoteles. In Plato there are incoherencies that fall to pieces at a touch: and Aristoteles lost himself in the involutions of his own web. What must we think of a philosopher, who promised to teach one pupil that which he withheld from the rest, although these were more familiar with him, and more instructed? And what must we think of a pupil, who was indignant that any others should partake in his sentiments and his knowledge? Yet such men have guided the scientific, such men have ruled the world.

Newton. Not such was Bacon.

Barrow. No indeed. I told you, and I repeat it, I think the small volume of *Essays* in your hand, contains more wisdom and more genius than we can find in all the philosophers of antiquity: with one exception, Cicero. On which I desired you to peruse it attentively, and to render me an account of it according to your opinion.

Newton. Sir, I have been induced to believe, but rather from the authority of my elders than from my own investigation, that Bacon is the more profound of the two, although not the more eloquent.

Barrow. If Bacon had written as easily and harmoniously as Cicero, he would have lost a portion of his weight with the generality of the learned, who are apt to conceive that in easy movement there is a want of solidity and strength. We must confess that antiquity has darkened colleges and has distorted criticism. Very wise men, and very wary and inquisitive, walk over the earth, and are ignorant not only what minerals lie beneath, but what herbs and foliage they are treading. Some time afterward, and probably some distant time, a specimen of ore is extracted and exhibited; then another; lastly the bearing and diameter of the vein are observed and measured. Thus it is with writers who are to have a currency through ages. In the beginning they are confounded with most others; soon they fall into some secondary class; next, into one rather less obscure and humble; by degrees they are liberated from the dross and lumber that hamper them; and, being once above the heads of contemporaries, rise slowly and waveringly, then regularly and erectly, then rapidly and majestically, till the vision strains and aches as it pursues them in their ethereal elevation.

Neither you nor I have wasted our time in the cultivation of poetry; but each of us hath frequently heard it discoursed on by those who have; and, if it serves for nothing else, it serves for an illustration. In my early days he would have been scoffed out of countenance who should have compared the *Lycidas*, or the *Allegro* and *Penseroso*, of Mr. John Milton, to the sterling poetry (as it was called) of Dr. John Donne: and yet much may be said in favour of the younger: and there are those, and not only undergraduates, but bachelors and masters, who venture even to prefer him openly. Who knows but we may see him extolled to the level of Lucan and Statius, strong as is the sense of the University against all sorts of supplanters! There are eyes that can not see print when near them; there are men that can not see merit.

Newton. The Latin secretary may be pardoned for many defects in his poetry, and even for many in his politics, in consideration of the reverence he bore toward the *Apocalypse*. I cannot think him a very irreligious man, although he does not attend divine service, we are told, so regularly as we could have wished.

Barrow. Let us talk no more about him. I opposed his principles: nevertheless he may have acted conscientiously: and even his principles are now coming again into fashion, and among the sons of those very cavaliers who would have hanged him. Perhaps the most dangerous of his doctrines, the lawfulness of setting aside God's anointed for misconduct, may soon be the leading one in the front of our Constitution. Well! we are not met for politics: only it would be salutary to consider, if God's anointed will not be set aside, what must be done: how avoid the commission of a diabolical act.

Newton. Could we rightly understand the *Revelations*, I question not but every difficulty of this nature would be solved.

Barrow. May-be: let us trust in God.

Newton. We must have certain *data* for everything upon which we reason: the greater part of reasoners begin without them.

Barrow. I wish the event may answer your expectations: that the *Apocalypse*, the *Argonautic Expedition*, and the *Siege of Troy*, form the trident which is to push away our difficulties in navigating through all the rocks and shoals of time: all those of religion, and all those of history. Happen what may, I doubt nothing of your surpassing the foremost of your competitors: of your very soon obtaining a name in the University, little below Doctor Spry's of Caius, Doctor Brockhouse's of St. John's, Doctor Cockburn's of Emanuel, Doctor Turnbull's of Peter-house, or Doctor Cruikshank's of Bennet: nay, a name which,

within a few years, may reach even to Leyden and Paris, as that of a most studious young man, distinguished alike for application and invention.

Newton. Although I could not in conscience disclaim the small merit there may be in application, since I owe it to the encouragement of my tutor, I surely have no right or title to invention.

Barrow. You have already given proofs of it beyond any man I know. Your questions lead to great discoveries: whether it please God that you hereafter make them, or some one following you, is yet uncertain. We are silly enough to believe that the quality of invention, as applied to literature, lies in poetry and romance, mostly or altogether. I dare to speculate on discoveries in the subjects of your studies, every one far greater, every one far more wonderful, than all that lie within the range of fiction. In our days the historian is the only inventor: and it is ludicrous to see how busily and lustily he beats about, with his string and muzzle upon him. I wish we could drag him for a moment into philosophical life: it would be still more amusing to look at him, as he runs over this loftier and dryer ground, throwing up his nose and whimpering at the prickles he must pass through.

Few men are contented with what is strictly true concerning the occurrences of the world: it neither heats nor soothes. The body itself, when it is in perfect health, is averse to a state of rest. We wish our prejudices to be supported, our animosities to be increased, as those who are inflamed by liquor would add materials to the inflammation.

Newton. The simple verities, important perhaps in their consequences, which I am exploring, not only abstract me from the daily business of society, but exempt me from the hatred and persecution to which every other kind of study is exposed. In poetry a good pastoral would raise against one as vehement enemies as a good satire. A great poet in our country, like the great giant in Sicily, can never move without shaking the whole island; while the mathematician and astronomer may pursue their occupations, and rarely be hissed or pelted from below. You spoke of historians: it would ill become a person of my small experience to discourse on them after you.

Barrow. Let me hear, however, what you have to say, since at least it will be dispassionate.

Newton. Those who now write history do certainly write it to gratify a party, and to obtain notoriety and money. The materials lie in the cabinet of the statesman, whose actions and their consequences are to be recorded. If you censure them, you are called ungrateful for the facilities he has afforded you; and if you commend them, venal. No man, both judicious and honest, will subject himself to either imputation.

Barrow. Not only at the present day, but always, the indulgence of animosity, the love of gain, and the desire of favour, have been the inducements of an author to publish in his lifetime the history of his contemporaries. But there have been, and let us hope there may be, judicious and virtuous men, so inflamed by the glory of their country in their days, that, leaving all passions and prejudices, they follow this sole guide, and are crowned by universal consent for commemorating her recent exploits.

Newton. Here are reasons enough for me rather to apply my mind as you direct it, than to the examination of facts which never can be collected by one person; or to poetry, for which I have no call; or to the composition of essays, such as those of Montaigne and Bacon; or dialogues, such as those of Cicero and Plato, and, nearer our times, of Erasmus and Galileo. You had furnished me before with arguments in abundance; convincing me that, even if I could write as well as they did, the reward of my labours would be dilatory and posthumous.

Barrow. I should entertain a mean opinion of myself, if all men or the most-part praised and admired me: it would prove me to be somewhat like them. Sad and sorrowful is it to stand near enough to people for them to see us wholly; for them to come up to us and walk round us leisurely and idly, and pat us when they are tired and going off. That lesson which a dunce can learn at a glance, and likes mightily, must contain little, and not good. Unless it can be proved that the majority are not dunces, are not wilful, presumptuous, and precipitate, it is a folly to care for popularity. There are indeed those who must found their fortunes upon it; but not with books in their hands. After the first start, after a stand among the booths and gauds and prostitutes of party, how few have lived contentedly, or died calmly! One hath fallen the moment when he had reached the last step of the ladder, having undersawed it for him who went before, and forgotten that knavish act: another hath wasted away more slowly, in the fever of a life externally sedentary, internally distracted: a third, unable to fulfill the treason he had stipulated, and haunted by the terrors of detection, snaps the thread under the shears of the Fates, and makes even those who frequented him believe in Providence.

Isaac! Isaac! the climbing plants are slender ones. Men of genius have sometimes been forced away from the service of society into the service of princes; but they have soon been driven out, or have retired. When shall we see again, in the administration of any country, so accomplished a creature as Wentworth,* the favourite of Charles? Only light men recover false steps: his greatness crushed him. Aptitude for serving princes is no proof or signification of genius, nor indeed of any elevated or extensive knowledge. The interests of many require a multiplicity of talents to comprehend and accomplish them. Mazarin and Richelieu were as little able as they were little

* He far excelled in energy and capacity the other councillors of Charles; but there was scarcely a crueller or (with the exception of his master) a more perfidious man on either side. Added to which, he was wantonly oppressive, and sordidly avaricious.

disposed to promote the well-being of the community; both of them had keen eyes, and kept them on one object, aggrandisement. We find the most trivial men in the streets pursuing an object through as many intricacies, and attaining it; and the schemes of children, though sooner dropped, are frequently as ingenious and judicious. No person can see more clearly than you do, the mortifications to which the ambitious are subject: but some may fall into the snares of ambition whose nature was ever averse to it, and whose wisdom would almost reach anything, and only seems too lofty to serve them watchfully as a guard. It may thus happen to such as have been accustomed to study and retirement, and fall unexpectedly on the political world by means of recommendations. There are those, I doubt not, who would gladly raise their name and authority in the state, by pushing you forward, as the phrase is, into parliament. They seize any young man who has gained some credit at college, no matter for what, whether for writing an epigram or construing a passage in Lycophron; and, if he succeeds to power, they and their family divide the patronage. The ambitious heart is liable to burst in the emptiness of its elevation: let yours, which is sounder, lie lower and quieter. Think how much greater is the glory you may acquire by opening new paths to science, than by widening old ones to corruption. I would not whisper a syllable in the ear of Faction: but the words of the intelligent, in certain times and on certain occasions, do not vary with parties and systems. The royalist and republican meet; the difference lies merely in the intent, the direction, and the application. Do not leave the wise for the unwise, the lofty for the low, the retirement of a college for the turbulence of a House of Commons. Rise, but let no man lift you: leave that to the little and to the weak. Think within yourself, I will not say how impure are the sources of election to our Parliament, but how inconsiderable a distinction is conferred on the representative, even where it is not an individual who nominates, or only a few who appoint him, but where several hundreds are the voters. For who are they, and who direct them? The roughest bear-guard, the most ferocious bull-baiter, the most impudent lawyer, the tinker that sings loudest, and the parson that sits latest at the alehouse, hitting them all by turns with his tobacco-pipe, calling them all sad dogs, and swearing till he falls asleep he will hear no more filthy toasts. Show me the borough where such people as these are not the most efficient in returning a candidate to parliament; and then tell me which of them is fit to be the associate . . it would be too ludicrous to say the patron . . of a Euclid or an Archimedes! My dear Newton! the best thing is to stand above the world; the next is, to stand apart from it on any side. You *may* attain the first: in trying to attain it, you are certain of the second.

Newton. I am not likely to be noticed by the great, nor favoured by the popular. I have no time for visiting: I detest the strife of tongues: all noises discompose me.

Barrow. We will then lay aside the supposition. The haven of philosophy itself is not free at all seasons from its gusts and swells. Let me admonish you to confide your secrets to few: I mean the secrets of science. In every great mind there are some: every deep inquirer hath discovered more than he thought it prudent to avow, as almost every shallow one throws out more than he hath well discovered. Among our learned friends we may be fully and unreservedly philosophical: in the company of others we must remember, first and chiefly, that discretion is a part of philosophy; and we must let out only some glimpses of the remainder.

Newton. Surely no harm can befall us from following a chain of demonstrations in geometry, or any branch of the mathematics.

Barrow. Let us hope there may be none: nevertheless we can not but recollect how lately Galileo was persecuted and imprisoned for his discoveries.

Newton. He lived under a popish government.

Barrow. My friend! my friend! all the most eminently scientific, all the most eminently brave and daring in the exercise of their intellects, live, and have ever lived, under a popish government. There are popes in all creeds, in all countries, in all ages. Political power is jealous of intellectual; often lest it expose and mar its plans and projects, and oftener lest it attract an equal share of celebrity and distinction. Whenever the literary man is protected by the political, the incitement to it is the pride of patronage, not the advancement of letters, nor the honour they confer on the cultivator or the country.

Newton. That is rational in England which beyond the Alps is monstrous. By God's blessing, I firmly believe in the *Holy Scriptures;* yet, under your discretion and guidance, I would be informed if the sun's rays in Syria could ever be above the horizon for twenty-four hours, without a material alteration, without an utter derangement, of our whole mundane system.*

Barrow. Reserve that question for a future time and a wiser teacher. At present I would only remark to you, that our mundane system *has* been materially altered; and that its alterations may have been attributed to other causes than the true, and laid down by different nations as having taken place at different epochs and on

* Newton was timid and reserved in expressing his opinions, and was more orthodox (in the Anglican sense of orthodoxy) early in life than later. What he thought at last is not clear; and perhaps it was well for him that it was no clearer. Under his eyes, in the reign of William III., a youth of eighteen was punished with death for expressing such opinions as our philosopher hinted to Le Clerc.

To remove and consume the gallows on which such men are liable to suffer, is among the principal aims and intents of these writings.

different occasions, sometimes to gratify their pride, sometimes to conceal their ignorance.

Newton. I am not quite satisfied.

Barrow. Those who are quite satisfied, sit still and do nothing: those who are not quite satisfied, are the sole benefactors of the world.

Newton. And are driven out of it for their pains.

Barrow. Men seldom have loved their teachers.

Newton. How happens it then that you are loved so generally? for who is there, capable of instruction, that you have not taught? Never, since I have been at the university, have I heard of any one being your enemy who was not a Calvinist; a sect wherein good-humoured and gracefully-minded men are scanty.

Barrow. Do not attribute the failing to the sect, which hath many strong texts of Scripture for its support; but rather think that the doctrines are such as are most consentaneous to the malignant and morose. There are acrid plants that attract as many insects as the sweeter, but insects of another kind. All substances have their commodities, all opinions their partisans. I have been happy in my pupils; but in none of them have I observed such a spirit of investigation as in you. Keep it, however, within the precincts of experimental and sure philosophy, which are spacious enough for the excursions of the most vigorous mind, and varied enough for the most inconstant and flighty. Never hate, never dislike men, for difference of religion. Some receive baleful impressions in it more easily than others, as they do diseases. We do not hate a child for catching the small-pox, but pity its sores and blemishes. Let the Calvinist hate us: he represents his God as a hater, he represents him as capricious. I wish he would love us, even from caprice; but he seems to consider this part of the divine nature as a weakness.

Come; unroll your paper; let me hear what you have to say on Bacon's *Essays;* a volume I place in the hand of those only who appear to me destined to be great.

Newton. He says in his Preface,

"I do now publish my Essays, which of all my *other* works have been most current."

How can the very thing of which you are speaking be *another?*

Barrow. This is a chasm in logic, into which many have fallen.

Newton. I had scarcely begun the first Essay, when an elderly gentleman of another college came into the room, took up the book, and read aloud,

'This same truth is a naked and open daylight, that doth not show the masks, and mummeries, and triumphs of the world half so stately and daintily as candle-lights. Truth may, perhaps, come to the price of a pearl, that showeth best by day, but it will not rise to the price of a diamond or carbuncle, that showeth best in varied lights. A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure. Doth any man doubt that, if there were taken out of men's minds vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations as one would, and the like, but it would leave the minds of a number of men poor shrunken things, full of melancholy and indisposition, *and unpleasing to themselves.*'

"One might well imagine," said he, "unpleasing to themselves, *if* full of melancholy and indisposition. But how much of truth and wisdom is compressed in these few sentences! Do not you wonder that a man capable of all this, should likewise be capable of such foolery as the following?

"'First he breathed light upon the face of the matter, or chaos; then he breathed light into the face of man; and still he *breatheth and inspireth* light into the face of his chosen.'"

I looked with wonder at him, knowing his seriousness and gravity, his habits and powers of ratiocination, and his blameless life. But perhaps I owe to his question the intensity and sedulity with which I have examined every page of Bacon. He called the words I have quoted, dull and colourless bombast; he declared them idle in allusion, and false, and impious. I was appalled. He added, "I do not know, Mr. Newton, whether you have brothers; if you have, what would you think of your father, when he gave a cherry to one, a whipping to a second, and burnt the fingers of a third against the bars of his kitchen grate; and vouchsafed no better reason for it, than that he had resolved to do so the very night he begot them? Election in such a case is partiality; partiality is injustice. Is God unjust?"

I could have answered him, by God's help, if he had given me time; but he went on, and said, "Bacon had much sagacity, but no sincerity; much force, but no firmness. It is painful to discover in him the reviler of Raleigh, the last relic of heroism in the dastardly court of James: it is horrible to hear him, upon another occasion, the apologist of a patron's disgrace and death: the patron's whose friendly hand had raised him to the first steps of the highest station."

"Sir," answered I, "his political conduct is not the question before us."

"It may, however," said he, "enlighten us in regard to his candour, and induce us to ask ourselves whether, in matters of religion, he delivered his thoughts exactly, and whether he may not have conformed his expression of them to the opinions of his master."

Barrow. I hope you dropped the discussion after this.

Newton. No; I cried resolutely, "Sir, when I am better prepared for it, I may have something to say with you on your irreverent expressions."

Barrow. Mr. Newton, do not be ruffled. Bacon spoke figuratively; so did Moses, to whom the allusion was made. Let the matter rest, my dear friend.

Newton. I told him plainly he was unfair: he was no friend to Bacon. He smiled at me and continued, "My good Newton, I am as ready to be told when I am unfair as you are to have your watch set right when it goes amiss. You say I

am no friend to Bacon; and in truth, after the experience he left us in the Earl of Essex, he is not precisely the man to place one's friendship on. Yet surely no folly is greater than hatred of those we never saw, and from whom we can have received no injury. Often do I wonder when I hear violent declamations against theories and opinions; which declamations I think are as ill-directed as they would be against currents of air or water-courses. We may keep out of their way if we will. I estimate the genius of Bacon as highly as perhaps you do, and in this Essay I find a single sentence which I would rather have written than all the volumes of all the Greek philosophers: let me read it. 'Certainly, it is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in providence, and turn upon the poles of truth.'"

Barrow. Magnificent as Shakspeare.

Newton. He who wrote tragedies?

Barrow. The same: I have lately been reading them.

Newton. Sir, should you have marked the truths he demonstrated, if any, I shall think it no loss of time to run over them, at my leisure. I have now a question to ask you on the third of these Essays. We find in it that "Quarrels and divisions about religion were evils unknown to the heathen: the reason was, because the religion of the heathen consisted rather in rites and ceremonies than in any constant belief." This is no truer of the old Paganism than of the later in the same country, which however burns men alive for slight divergencies.

"You may imagine," says Bacon, "what kind of faith theirs was, when the chief doctors and fathers of their church were the poets."

I read this loudly and triumphantly to my friend, who paused and smiled, and then asked me complacently, whether it were better to imprison, burn, and torture, or to send away the audience in good humour and good fellowship; and whether I should prefer the conversation and conviction of Doctor Bonner and Doctor Gardiner to those of Doctor Tibullus and Doctor Ovid. I thought the question too flippant for an answer, which indeed was not quite at hand. He proceeded: "'God has this attribute, that he is a jealous God, and therefore his worship and religion will endure no mixture.' His jealousy must be touched to the quick," said my friend; "for every century there comes forth some new pretender, with his sect behind him in the dark passages: and his spouse was hardly at her own door after the nuptials, ere she cried out and shrieked against the filthiness of an intruder."

I was lifting up my eyes and preparing an ejaculation, when he interrupted me, and continued. "'It is certain that heresies and schisms are *of all others* the greatest scandals; yea, more than corruption of manners: for, as in the natural body a wound, or solution of continuity, is worse than a corrupt humour' . . ."

Here he laid down the volume, and said, "I will ask the professor of surgery whether a cut in the finger is worse than a scrofula: I will then go to the professor of divinity, and ask him, whether the best christian in Cambridge ought to be hanged to-morrow morning."

I stared at him: whereupon he declared that every church on earth is heretical and schismatical, if the word of Christ is the foundation of the true; and that the fellow who was hanged last week for *corruption of manners* had, according to the decision of Bacon, more christianity in him than all the heads of colleges. "When he would follow theologians," said my friend, "he falls into gross absurdities: he corrects himself, or only trips harmlessly, when he walks alone."

I myself was obliged to agree with my disputant, in censuring an exception. Speaking of *sanguinary persecutions to force consciences*, the author blames them, "except it be in cases of *overt scandal, blasphemy*, &c." Now who shall decide what is *overt scandal*, or what is *blasphemy?* That which is prodigiously so in one age and one country, is not at all in another. Such exceptions are the most pernicious things a great author can sanction.

Barrow. I side with you. We come now, I perceive, to the Essay *On Revenge*.

Newton. "There is no man doth a wrong for the wrong's sake, but thereby to purchase himself profit, or pleasure, or honour, *or the like:* therefore why should I be angry with a man for loving himself better than me?"

If this be an excuse, why send a rogue to prison? All the crimes that men commit, are committed because they love themselves better than others; and it is the direction and extent of this loving, to the detriment of others, that constitutes the magnitude of the crime. Cruelty is the highest pleasure to the cruel man: it is his love. Murder may ensue: and shall we not be *angry with him* for loving himself better than the murdered?

On Simulation and Dissimulation, we are told, "The best composition and temperature is, to have a power to feign, if there be no remedy."

Barrow. In other words, to lie whenever we find it convenient. The two last decisions you have reported from him, as little become the chancellor as the philosopher; as little the philosopher as the citizen. Why will you not read on?

Newton. I am afraid to mention the remark of my visitor on a sentence in the Essay *Upon Goodness*.

Barrow. Fear not: what is it?

Newton. "The desire of knowledge in excess caused man to fall."

Barrow. This is a sin the most rarely of all committed in our days. If the earth is to be destroyed by fire, the bottom of a rush-chair will serve to consume all who are guilty of it; and what falls from heaven may fall upon other offenders.

Newton. "Do you believe," said my friend,

"that God punished men for wishing to be wiser? for wishing to follow him and to learn his pleasure? for wishing that acquisition by which beneficence and charity may be the most luminously and extensively displayed? No, Newton, no. The Jews, who invented this story, were envious of the scientific, for they were ignorant of the sciences. Astronomy, among the rest, was odious to them: and hence the fables stuck against the Tower of Babel, the observatory of a better and a wiser people, their enemy, their conqueror. Take care, or you may be hanged for shooting at the stars. If these fictions are believed and acted on, you must conceal your telescope and burn your observations."

On my representing to him the effects of Divine Justice, in casting down to earth the monument of human pride, he said, "The Observatory of Babylon was constructed of unbaked bricks, and upon an alluvial soil. Look at the Tower of Pisa: look at every tower and steeple in that city: you will find that they all lean, and all in one direction, that is, toward the river. Some have fallen; many will fall. God would not have been so angry with the Tower of Babel, if it had been built of Portland stone a few weeks' journey to the westward, and you had been as importunate as the Babylonians were, in their attempts at paying him a visit."

He expressed his wonder that Bacon, in the reign of James, should have written, "A king is the servant of his people, *or else he were without a calling.*" In other words, whenever he ceases to be the *servant of the people*, he forfeits his right to the throne.

Barrow. Truth sometimes comes unaware upon Caution, and sometimes speaks in public as unconsciously as in a dream.

Newton. Sir, although you desired me rather to investigate and note the imperfections of my author, than what is excellent in him, as you would rather the opaquer parts of the sun, than what is manifest of his glory to the lowest and most insensible, yet, from the study of your writings, and from the traces of your hand in others, I am sometimes led to notice the beauties of his style. It requires the greatest strength to support such a weight of richness as we sometimes find in him. The florid grows vapid where the room is not capacious, and where perpetual freshness of thought does not animate and sustain it. Unhappily, it seems to have been taken up mostly by such writers as have least invention.

Barrow. Read to me the sentence or the paragraph that pleases you.

Newton. 'Tis *On Envy.*

"Lastly, near kinsfolks and fellows in office, and those that have been bred together, are more apt to envy their equals when they are raised; for it doth upbraid unto them their own fortunes, and pointeth at them, and cometh oftener into their remembrance, and incurreth likewise more into the note of others; and envy ever redoubleth from speech and fame."

Barrow. Very excellent. I wish, before he cast his invectives against Raleigh, he had reflected more on a doctrine in the next page. "Those that have joined with their honour great travels, cares, or perils, are less subject to envy: for men think that they earn their honours hardly, and pity them sometimes: and pity ever healeth envy." I am afraid it will be found on examination, that Bacon in his morality was too like Seneca; not indeed wallowing in wealth and vice and crying out against them, but hard-hearted and hypocritical; and I know not with what countenance he could have said, "By indignities men come to dignities."

Newton. I have remarked with most satisfaction those sentences in which he appears to have forgotten both the age and station wherein he lived, and to have equally overlooked the base and summit of our ruder institutions. "Power to do good," says he, as Euripides or Phocion might have said, and Pericles might have acted on it, "is the true and lawful end of aspiring; for good thoughts (though God accept them) yet towards men are little better than good dreams, except they be put in act; and that can not be without power and place, as the vantage and commanding ground."

And again, "Reduce things to the first institution, and observe wherein and how they have degenerated! But yet ask counsel of both times; *of the ancienter time what is best*, and of the latter time what is fittest."

Barrow. He spoke unadvisedly: for, true as these sentences are, they would lead toward republicanism, if men minded them. Of this however there is as little danger as that the servants of kings should follow the advice he gives afterward.

"Embrace and invite helps and advices, touching the execution of thy place; and do not drive away such as bring thee information, as meddlers, but accept of them in good part."

Newton. On Seditions, he says the matter is of "two kinds; much poverty and much discontentment." It appears to me that here is only one kind: for much discontentment may spring, and usually does, from much poverty.

Barrow. Certainly. He should not have placed cause and effect as two causes. You must however have remarked his wonderful sagacity in this brief essay, which I hesitate not to declare the finest piece of workmanship that ever was composed on any part of government. Take Aristoteles and Machiavelli, and compare the best sections of their works to this, and then you will be able, in some degree, to calculate the superiority of genius in Bacon.

Newton. I have not analysed the political works of Aristoteles; but I find in Machiavelli many common thoughts, among many ingenious, many just, many questionable, and many false ones.

Barrow. What are you turning over? Do not let me lose anything you have remarked.

Newton. "Money," says my lord, "is like muck; not good except it be spread." I am afraid this truth would subvert, in the mind of a reflecting man, all that has been urged by the learned author on the advantages of nobility, and even of royalty: for which reason I dare not examine it: only let me, sir, doubt before you, whether "this is to be done by suppressing, or at the least keeping a strait hand upon, the devouring trades of usury, engrossing, great pasturages, *and the like*."

Barrow. I wish he never had used, which he often does, those silly words, *and the like.*

Newton. Great pasturages are not *trades;* and they must operate in a way directly opposite to the one designated.

Barrow. I know not whether a manifest fault in reasoning be not sometimes more acceptable than stale and worm-eaten and weightless truths. Heaps of these are to be found in almost every modern writer: Bacon has fewer of them than any.

Nicholas Machiavelli is usually mentioned as the deepest and acutest of the Italians: a people whose grave manner often makes one imagine there is more to be found in them than they possess. Take down that volume: read the examples I have transcribed at the end.

"The loss of every devotion and every religion draws after it infinite inconveniences and infinite disorders."

Inconveniences and disorders would follow, sure enough: the losses, being negatives, *draw* nothing.

"In a well-constituted government, war, peace, and amity, should be deliberated on, not for the gratification of a few, but for the common good.

"That war is just which is necessary.

"It is a cruel, inhuman, and impious thing, even in war, *stuprare le donne, viziare le vergini*, &c.

"Fraud is detestable in everything."

These most obvious truths come forward as if he had now discovered them for the first time. He tells us also that "A prince ought to take care that the people are not without food." He says with equal gravity that "Fraud is detestable in everything:" and that "A minister ought to be averse from public rapine, and should augment the public weal."

It would be an easy matter to fill many pages with flat and unprofitable sentences. I had only this blank one for it; and there are many yet, the places of which are marked, with only the first words. Do not lose your time in looking for them: we must not judge of him from these defects.

Newton. Whenever I have heard him praised, it was for vigour of thought.

Barrow. He is strongest where he is most perverse. There are men who never show their muscles but when they have the cramp.

Newton. Consistency and firmness are not the characteristics of the Florentines, nor ever were. Machiavelli wished at one time to satisfy the man of probity, at another to conciliate the rogue and robber; at one time to stand on the alert for the return of liberty, at another to sit in the portico of the palace, and trim the new livery of nascent princes. If we consider him as a writer, he was the acutest that had appeared since the revival of letters. None had reasoned so profoundly on the political interests of society, or had written so clearly or so boldly.

Barrow. Nevertheless, the paper of a boy's cracker, when he has let it off, would be ill-used by writing such stuff upon it as that which you have been reading. The great merit of Machiavelli, in style, is the avoiding of superlatives. We can with difficulty find an Italian prose-writer who is not weak and inflated by the continual use of them, to give him pomp and energy, as he imagines.

Newton. Davila too is an exception.

Barrow. The little elegance there is among the Italians, is in their historians and poets: the preachers, the theologians, the ethic writers, the critics, are contemptible in the last degree. Well; we will now leave the *Issimi* nation, and turn homeward.

You will find that Bacon, like all men conscious of their strength, never strains or oversteps. While the Italians are the same in the church and in the market-place, while the preacher and policinello are speaking in the same key and employing almost the same language, while a man's God and his rotten tooth are treated in the same manner, we find at home convenience and proportion. Yet the French have taken more pains than we have done to give their language an edge and polish; and, although we have minds in England more massy and more elevated than theirs, they may claim a nearer affinity to the greater of the ancients.

I have been the less unwilling to make this digression, as we are now come nigh the place where we must be slow and circumspect. The subject awes and confounds me. Human reason is a frail guide in our disquisitions on royalty, which requires in us some virtue like unto faith. We can not see into it clearly with the eyes of the flesh or of philosophy, but must humble and abase ourselves to be worthy of feeling what it is. For want whereof, many high and proud spirits have been turned aside from it, by the right hand of God, who would not lead them into its lights and enjoyments, because they came as questioners not as seekers, would have walked when they should have stood, and would have stood when they should have knelt.

Newton. Sir, I do not know whether you will condescend to listen with patience to the thoughts excited in me by Bacon's observations on the character of a king.

Barrow. He shocked me by what he said before on the fragility of his title: God forbid that common men should talk like the Lord High Chancellor!

Newton. I was shocked in a contrary direction, and, as it were, by a repercussion, at hearing him call a king a *mortal God on earth:* and I do not find anywhere in the Scriptures, that "the living

God told him he should die, like a man, lest he should be proud, and flatter himself that God had, with his name, imparted unto him his nature also."

Surely, sir, God would repent as heartily of having made a king, as we know he repented of having made a man, if it were possible his king should have turned out so silly and irrational a creature. However vain and foolish, he must find about him, every day, such natural wants and desires as could not appertain to a God. I made the same remark to my visitor, who said calmly, "Bacon in the next sentence hath a saving grace; and speaketh as wisely and pointedly as ever he did. He says, 'Of all kind of men, God is the least beholden to them; for he doth most for them, and they do ordinarily least for him.' A sentence not very favourable to their admission as pastors of the people, and somewhat strong against them as visible heads of the Church. But, Mr. Newton, you will detect at once a deficiency of logic in the words, 'That king that holds not religion the best reason of state, is void of all piety and justice, the supporters of a king.' Supposing a king soundly minded and well educated . . a broad supposition, and not easily entering our preliminaries . . may not he be just, be pious, be religious, without holding his religion as the best reason of state, or the best guide in it? Must he be void of *all* piety, and *all* justice, who sometimes thinks other reasons of state more applicable to his purposes than religion? Psalms and sack-cloth are admirable things; but these, the last expedients of the most contrite religion, will not always keep an enemy from burning your towns and violating your women, when a few pieces of cannon, and loftiness of spirit instead of humiliation, will do it."

He went on, and asserted that the king is not the sole fountain of honour, as he is called in the Essay, and cannot be more fairly entitled so, than the doctors in Convocation. He remarked that the king had not made him master of arts; which dignity, he said, requires more merit than the peerage; whereupon he named several in that order, of whose learning or virtues I never heard mention, and even of whose titles I thought I never had, until he assured me I must, and expressed his wonder that I had forgotten them. When he came to the eighth section, 'he is the life of the law,' "the law leads a notoriously bad life," said he, "and therefore I would exempt his Majesty from the imputation: and indeed if 'he animateth the dead letter, making it active toward all his subjects,' the parliament and other magistratures are useless. In the ninth paragraph he makes some accurate observations, but ends weakly. 'He that changeth the fundamental laws of a kingdom, thinketh there is no good title to a crown but by conquest.' What! if he changes them from the despotic to the liberal? if, knowing the first possession to have been obtained by conquest, he convokes the different orders of his people, and requests their assent to the statutes he presents? Nothing can be more pedantic than the whole of the sixteenth section."

Barrow. But there are sound truths in it, and advice too good to be taken every day.

Newton. On Nobility.

"A great and potent nobility . . . putteth life and spirit into the people, *but presseth their fortune.*"

"The man must have turned fool," said my friend, "to write thus. Are life and spirit put into people by the same means as their fortune is depressed?"

On Atheism.

"'The fool hath said in his heart there is no God.' It is not said, 'the fool hath *thought* in his heart.'"

No, nor is it necessary; for, to say *in his heart*, is to think *within himself*, to be *intimately convinced.*

"It appeareth in nothing more, that atheism is rather in the lip than in the heart of man, than by this, that atheists will ever be talking of that their opinion, as if they fainted in it within themselves, and would be glad to be strengthened by the consent of others: nay more, you shall have atheists strive to get disciples, as it fareth with other sects."

So great is my horror at atheists, that I would neither reason *with* them nor about them; but surely they are as liable to conceit and vanity as other men are, and as proud of leading us captive to their opinions. I could wish the noble author had abstained from quoting Saint Bernard, to prove the priesthood to have been, even in those days, more immoral than the laity; and I am shocked at hearing that "*learned times*," especially with peace and prosperity, tend toward atheism. Better blind ignorance, better war and pestilence and famine . . .

Barrow. Gently, gently! God may forgive his creature for not knowing him when he meets him; but less easily for fighting against him, after talking to him and supping with him; less easily for breaking his image, set up by him at every door . . . and such is man; less easily for a series of fratricides . . and such is war.

Newton. I am wrong: and here again let me repeat the strange paradox of my visitor, rather than hazard another fault. In the words about *Superstition* he agreed that Bacon spoke wisely:

"It were better to have no opinion of God at all, than such an opinion as is unworthy of him; for the one is unbelief, the other is contumely."

"And here," remarked my visitor, "it is impossible not to look back with wonder on the errors of some among the wisest men, following the drift of a distorted education, or resting on the suggestions of a splenetic disposition. I am no poet, and therefore am ill qualified to judge the merits of the late Mr. Milton in that capacity; yet, being of a serious and somewhat of a religious turn, I was shocked greatly more at his

deity than at his devil. I know not what interest he could have in making Satan so august a creature, and so ready to share the dangers and sorrows of the angels he had seduced. I know not, on the other hand, what could have urged him to make the better ones so dastardly, that, even at the voice of their Creator, not one among them offered his service to rescue from eternal perdition the last and weakest of intellectual beings. Even his own Son sate silent, and undertook the mission but slowly, although the trouble was momentary if compared with his everlasting duration, and the pain small if compared with his anterior and future bliss. Far be it from me," cried he . . .

Barrow. Did he cry so? then I doubt whatever he said; for those are precisely the words that all your sanctified rogues begin their lies with. Well, let us hear however what he asserted.

Newton. "Far be it from me, Mr. Newton, to lessen the merits of our Divine Redeemer. I, on the contrary, am indignant that poets and theologians should frequently lean toward it."

Barrow. Did he look at all indignant?

Newton. He looked quite calm.

Barrow. Ha! I thought so. I doubt your friend's sincerity.

Newton. He is a very sincere man.

Barrow. So much the worse.

Newton. How?

Barrow. We will discourse another time upon this. I meant only . . what we may easily elucidate when we meet again. At present we have three-fourths of the volume to get through.

Newton. "Atheism leaves a man to sense, to philosophy, to natural piety, to laws, to reputation: all which may be guides to an outward moral virtue, though religion were not: but superstition dismounts all these, and erecteth an *absolute monarchy* in the minds of men: therefore atheism did never perturb states."

Again, "We see the times inclined to atheism . . as the times of Augustus Cæsar . . were civil times: but superstition hath been the confusion of many states."

I wish the noble author had kept to himself the preference he gives atheism over superstition: for, if it be just, as it seems to be, it follows that we should be more courteous and kind toward an atheist, than toward a loose catholic or rigid sectary.

Barrow. I see no reason why we should not be courteous and kind toward men of all persuasions, provided we are certain that, neither by their own inclination nor by the instigation of another, they would burn us alive to save our souls, or invade our conscience for the pleasure of carrying it with them at their girdles.

Atheism would make men have too little to do with others: superstition makes them wish to have too much. Atheism would make some fools: superstition makes many madmen. Atheism would oftener be in good humour than superstition is out of bad. I could bring many more and many stronger arguments in support of Bacon: and the danger would be little in adducing them: for the current runs violently in a contrary direction, and will have covered everything with slime and sand before atheism can have her turn against it.

Newton. If *atheism did never perturb states*, as Bacon asserts, then nothing is more unjust than to punish it by the arm of the civil power. It was impolitic in him to remind the world that it was peaceful and happy for sixty years together, while those who ruled it were atheists; when we must acknowledge that it never has been happy or peaceful for so many days, at a time, under the wisest and most powerful (as they call the present one) of the *Most Christian* kings. For, if the observation and the fact be true, and if it also be true that the most rational aim of man is happiness, then must it follow that his most rational wish, and, being his most rational, therefore his most innocent and laudable, is the return of such times.

Barrow. We will go forward to the Essay *On Empire.*

Newton. I do not think the writer is correct in saying that "kings want matter of desire." Wherever there is vacuity of mind, there must either be flaccidity or craving; and this vacuity must necessarily be found in the greater part of princes, from the defects of their education, from the fear of offending them in its progress by interrogations and admonitions, from the habit of rendering all things valueless by the facility with which they are obtained, and transitory by the negligence with which they are received and holden.

"Princes many times make themselves desires, and set their hearts upon toys; sometimes upon a building; sometimes upon erecting of an order; sometimes upon obtaining excellency in some art or feat of the hand."

On which my visitor said, "The latter desire is the least common among them. Whenever it does occur, it arises from idleness, and from the habitude of doing what they ought not. For, commendable as such exercises are, in those who have no better and higher to employ their time in, they are unbecoming and injurious in kings; all whose hours, after needful recreation and the pleasures which all men share alike, should be occupied in taking heed that those under them perform their duties."

Barrow. Bacon lived in an age when the wisest men were chosen, from every rank and condition, for the administration of affairs. Wonderful is it, that one mind on this subject should have pervaded all the princes in Europe, not excepting the Turk, and that we can not point out a prime minister of any nation, at that period, deficient in sagacity or energy.* Yet that even the greatest, so

* There is a remark in a preceding Essay which could not be noticed in the text.

"As for the acquaintance which is to be sought in travel, that which is most of all profitable, is acquaintance with

much greater than any we have had since among us, did not come up to the standard he had fixed, is evident enough.

"The wisdom," says he, "of *all these latter times* in princes' affairs, is rather fine deliveries, and *shifting of dangers and mischiefs* when they are near, than solid and grounded courses to keep them aloof: but this is but to try masteries with fortune. And let men beware how they neglect and suffer matter of trouble to be prepared; for no man can forbid the spark, nor tell whence it may come."

Newton. Sir, it was on this passage that my friend exclaimed, "The true philosopher is the only true prophet. From the death of this, the brightest in both capacities, a few years opened the entire scroll of his awful predictions. Yet age after age will the same truths be disregarded, even though men of a voice as deep, and a heart less hollow, should repeat them. Base men must raise new families, though the venerable edifice of our constitution be taken down for the abutments; and broken fortunes must be soldered in the flames of war blown up for the occasion."

On this subject he himself is too lax and easy. Among the reasons for legitimate war, he reckons the *embracing of trade.* He seems unwilling to speak plainly, yet he means to signify that we may declare war against a nation for her prosperity: a prosperity raised by her industry, by the honesty of her dealings, and by excelling us in the quality of her commodity, in the exactness of workmanship, in punctuality, and in credit.

Barrow. Hell itself, with all its jealousy and malignity and falsehood, could not utter a sentence more pernicious to the interests and improvement of mankind. It is the duty of every state, to provide and watch that not only no other in its vicinity, but that no other with which it has dealings, immediate or remoter, do lose an inch of territory or a farthing of wealth by aggression. Princes fear at their next door rather the example of good than of bad. Correct your own ill habits, and you need not dread your rival's. Let him have them, and wear them every day, if indeed a christian may propose it, and they will unfit him for competition with you.

Newton. I now come to the words, *On Counsel.* "The doctrine of Italy, and practice of France, in some kings' times, hath introduced *cabinet councils;* a remedy worse than the disease."

Cabinet . . council! It does indeed seem a strange apposition. One would sooner have expected *cabinet cards* and *counters, cabinet miniature pictures* . . or what not!

Barrow. Isaac! if you had conversed, as I have, with some of those persons who constitute such councils, you would think the word *cabinet* quite as applicable to them, as to cards or counters, or miniature pictures, or essences, or pots of pomatum.

Newton. How then, in the name of wonder, are the great matters of government carried on?

Barrow. Great dinners are put upon the table, not by the entertainer but by the waiters. There are usually some dextrous hands accustomed to the business. The same weights are moved by the same ropes and pulleys. There is no vast address required in hooking them, and no mighty strength in the hawling.

Newton. I have taken but few notes of some admirable things in my way to the Essay *On Cunning.*

Barrow. I may remind you hereafter of some omissions in other places.

Newton. I find Bacon no despiser of books in men of business, as people mostly are.

Barrow. Because they know little of them, and fancy they could manage the whole world by their genius. This is the commonest of delusions in the shallows of society. Well doth Bacon say, "There be that can pack the cards and yet can not play well; so there are some that are good in canvasses and factions that are otherwise weak men."

Fortunate the country that is not the dupe of these intruders and bustlers, who often rise to the highest posts by their readiness to lend an arm at every stepping-stone in the dirt, and are found as convenient in their way as the candle-snuffers in gaming-houses, who have usually their *rouleau* at the service of the half-ruined.

Newton. I am sorry to find my Lord High Chancellor wearing as little the face of an honest man as doth one of these.

Barrow. How so?

Newton. He says, "If a man would cross a business, that he doubts some other would handsomely and effectually move, let him pretend to wish it well, and move it himself in such sort as may foil it."

What must I think of such counsel?

Barrow. Bacon, as I observed before, often forgets his character. Sometimes he speaks the language of truth and honesty, with more freedom than a better man could do safely: again, he teaches a lesson of baseness and roguery to the public, such as he could intend only for the private ear of some young statesman, before his rehearsal on the stage of politics. The words from the prompter's book have crept into the text, and injure the piece. Bacon might not have liked to cancel the directions he had given so much to his mind: instead of which, he draws himself up and cries austerely, "But these small wares and petty points of cunning are infinite, and it were a good deed to make a list of them: for nothing doth more hurt in a state than that cunning men pass for wise."

Newton. He has other things about wisdom in

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the *secretaries and employed men* of embassadors; for so, in travelling in one country, he shall suck the experience of many."

This, whatever it may appear to us, was not ludicrous nor sarcastic when Bacon wrote it, but might be applied as well to the embassadors and secretaries of England as of other states.

another place: "On the wisdom for a man's self."

Barrow. I must repeat one noble sentence; for I fear, if you begin to read it, I may interrupt you, not being master of my mind when his comes over it. "Divide with reason between self-love and society; and be so true to thyself as thou be not false to others, especially to thy king and country. It is a poor centre of a man's actions, himself: it is right earth; for that only stands fast upon his own centre; whereas all things that have affinity with the heavens, move upon the centre of another, which they benefit."

What an imagination is Bacon's! what splendid and ardent language! In what prose-writer of our country, or of Rome, or of Greece, is there anything equal or similar to it!

Newton. On Innovations I find the sentence which I have heard oftener quoted than any in the volume: "Time is the greatest innovator."

We take the axiom up without examination; it is doubtful and inconsiderate. Does it mean much time or little time? By a *great* innovator we must either signify an innovator in great matters, or in many at once, or nearly at once. Now Time is slow in innovation of any kind; and all great innovations are violences, as it were, done to Time, crowding into a small space what would in ordinary cases occupy a larger. Time, without other agents, would innovate little: for the portions of Time are all the same, and being so, their forces must be the same likewise.

Barrow. That satisfies me.

Newton. Truth and falsehood are the two great innovators, always at work, and sometimes the one uppermost and sometimes the other.

Barrow. Let us engage ourselves in the service of Truth, where the service is not perilous; and let us win Time to help us, for without him few can not stand against many.

Newton. On Friendship there are some things which sit loose upon the subject. The *utility* of it seems to be principally in the view of Bacon. Some positions are questionable.

"Certain it is that whosoever hath his mind fraught with many thoughts, his wits and understanding do clarify and break up in the communicating and discoursing with another; he tosseth his thoughts more easily; he marshalleth them more orderly; he seeth how they look when they are turned into words; finally, he waxeth wiser than himself, and that more by an hour's discourse than by a day's meditation."

This I conceive is applicable to one frame of mind, but not to another of equal capacity and elasticity. I admire the ingenuity of the thought, and the wording of it; nevertheless I doubt whether it suits not better the mind of an acute lawyer than of a contemplative philosopher. Never have I met with anyone whose thoughts are *marshalled more orderly* in conversation than in composition: nor am I acquainted in the University with any gentleman of fluent speech, whose ideas are not frequently left dry upon the bank. Cicero and Demosthenes were laborious in composition, and their replies were, I doubt not, as much studied as their addresses. For it was a part of the orator to foresee the points of attack to which his oration was exposed, and to prepare the materials, and the arrangement of them, for defending it.

"It was well said by Themistocles to the king of Persia, that speech was like cloth of *Arras*," &c.

Themistocles might as well have spoken of velvet of Genoa and satin of Lyons.

On Expense there is much said quite worthy of Bacon's experience and prudence: but he lays down one rule which I think I can demonstrate to be injurious in its tendency.

"If a man will keep but of even hand, his ordinary expenses ought to be but to the half of his receipts; and if he think to wax rich, but to the third part."

Should all private gentlemen, and others who are not gentlemen, but whose income is of the same value, spend only the third part of it, the nation would be more nearly ruined within the century, than it would be if every one of them mortgaged his property to half its amount.

A wiser saying comes soon afterward, where he speaks *On the true greatness of kingdoms and estates.*

"No people overcharged with tribute is fit for empire."

How happy, my dear sir, is our condition, in having been ever both generous and thrifty, ready at all times to succour the oppressed, and condescending on this holy occasion to ask the countenance of none! how happy, to have marched straight forward in the line of duty with no policy to thwart, no penury to enfeeble, and no debt to burthen us! Although our nobility is less magnificent than in the reign of the Tudors, I do verily believe it is as free and independent; and its hospitality so conducive (as Bacon says) to martial greatness, is the same as ever, although the quality of the guests be somewhat changed.

Barrow. Isaac! are you serious?

Newton. Dear sir, the subject animates me.

Barrow. What sparkles is hardly more transparent than what is turbid. Your animation, my friend, perplexed me. I perceive you are vehemently moved by the glory of our country.

Newton. As we derive a great advantage from the nature of our nobility, so do we derive an equal one from the dispositions and occupations of the people. How unfortunate would it be for us, if we had artisans cooped up like tame pigeons in unwholesome lofts, bending over the loom by tallow-light, and refreshing their exhausted bodies at daybreak with ardent liquors! Indeed, in comparison with this, the use of slaves itself, which Bacon calls a great advantage, was almost a blessing.

Barrow. Let us not speculate on either of these curses, which may not be felt as such when they come upon us, for we shall be stunned and torpefied by the greatness of our fall.

What have you next?

Newton. On Suspicion I find an Italian proverb, which the learned author has misconstrued. "Sospetto licenzia fede" he translates, "Suspicion gives a passport to faith." The meaning is (my visitor tells me), "Suspicion dismisses fidelity." "Licenziare un servitore," is, to dismiss a servant. That the person suspected is no longer bound to fidelity, is the axiom of a nation, in which fidelity is readier to quit a man than suspicion is.

It cost me many hours of inquiry, to search into the propriety of his thoughts *Upon Ambition.* He says, "It is counted by some a weakness in princes to have favourites; but it is *of all others* the best remedy against ambitious great ones: for when the way of pleasuring and displeasuring lieth by the favourite, it is impossible any other should be overgreat."

I hope, and am willing to believe, that my Lord Chancellor Bacon was a true and loyal subject; yet one would almost be tempted to think in reading him, that there must be a curse in hereditary princes, and that he had set his private mark upon it when he praises their use of favourites, and supposes them surrounded by mean persons and ambitious ones, by poisons and counterpoisons. Sejanus and Tigellinus, our Gavestons and Mortimers, our Empsons and Dudleys, our Wolseys and Buckinghams, are like certain fumigations to drive away rats, which indeed do drive them out, but also make the house undesirable to inhabit. He recommends "the continual interchange of favours and disgraces, whereby they may not know what to expect, and be, as it were, in a wood."

Barrow. By the effect of this policy, we find the countenances of the statesmen and courtiers who lived in his age, almost without exception, mean and suspicious. The greatest men look, in their portraits, as if they were waiting for a box on the ear, lowering their heads, raising their shoulders, and half-closing their eyes, for the reception of it.

Newton. What he says *Of nature in men,* seems spoken by some one who saw through it from above: the same *On Custom and Education.* Here he speaks with more verity than consolation, when he says, "There be not two more fortunate properties, than to have a little of the fool and not too much of the honest: therefore extreme lovers of their country were never fortunate; neither can they be; for when a man placeth his thoughts without himself, he goeth not his own way."

In the Essay *On Youth and Age,* what can be truer, what can be more novel or more eloquent, than this sentence?

"Men of age object too much, consult too long, adventure too little, repent too soon, and seldom drive business home to the full period, but content themselves with a mediocrity of success."

What he says *Of Beauty* is less considerate.

Barrow. I do not wonder at it: Beauty is not stript in a Court of Chancery, as Fortune is.

Newton. He is inconsequent in his reasoning, when he says, "There is no excellent beauty that hath not some strangeness in the proportion. A man can not tell whether Apelles or Albert Durer were the more trifler, *whereof* the one would make a personage by geometrical proportions; the other, by taking the best parts out of divers faces to make one excellent."

Barrow. Whereof is of *which*, not *of whom.*

Newton. If "there is no excellent beauty that hath not some strangeness in the proportion," then Apelles was no trifler in taking the best parts of *divers faces,* which would produce *some strangeness in the proportion,* unless he corrected it.

Barrow. True: Bacon's first remark, however, is perfectly just and novel. What strikes us in beauty is that which we did not expect to find, from anything we had seen before: a new arrangement of excellent parts. The same thing may be said of genius; the other great gift of the Divinity, not always so acceptable to his creatures; but which however has this advantage, if you will allow it to be one, that, whereas beauty has most admirers at its first appearance, genius has most at its last, and begins to be commemorated in the period when the other is forgotten.

Newton. What you said of beauty, as striking us chiefly in being unexpected from anything we had seen before, is applicable no less to ugliness.

Barrow. I am not giving a definition, but recording an observation, which would be inexact without the remaining words "*a new* arrangement of excellent parts."

Newton. Our author errs more widely than before; not, as before, in drawing a false conclusion. "Such personages," he continues to remark, "I think would please nobody but the painter who made them: not but I think a painter may make a better face than ever was; but he must do it by a kind of felicity (as a musician that maketh an excellent air in music), and not by rule." Nothing of excellent is to be done by felicity.

Barrow. Felicity and Excellence rarely meet, and hardly know one another.

Newton. Certainly no musician ever composed *an excellent air* otherwise than by rule: Felicity is without it.

Barrow. Beauty does not seem to dazzle but to deaden him. He reasons that the principal part of beauty lies in *decent motion,* and asserts that "No youthy person can be comely but by pardon, and by considering the youth as to make up the comeliness." Much of this reflection may have been fashioned and cast by the age of the observer; much by the hour of the day: I think it must have been a rainy morning, when he had eaten unripe fruit for breakfast!

Newton. Perhaps sour grapes.

On Deformity I have transcribed a long sentence: here he seems more at home.

"Because there is in man an election touching the frame of his mind, and a necessity in the

frame of his body, the stars of natural inclination are sometimes obscured by the sun of discipline and virtue; therefore it is good to consider of deformity, not as a sign which is most deceivable, but as a cause which seldom faileth of the effect."

Nothing can be truer in all its parts, or more magnificent in the whole.

Barrow. This short essay is worth many libraries of good books. Several hundreds of esteemed authors have not in them the substance and spirit of the sentence you recited.

Newton. On Building he says, "Houses are built to live in, and not to look on."

Half of this is untrue. Sheds and hovels, the first habitations (at least the first artificial ones) of men, were built to live in, and not to look on: but houses are built for both: otherwise why give directions for the proportions of porticoes, of columns, of intercolumniations, and of whatever else delights the beholder in architecture, and flatters the possessor? Is the beauty of cities no honour to the inhabitants, no excitement to the defence? .External order in visible objects hath relation and intercourse with internal propriety and decorousness. I doubt not but the beauty of Athens had much effect on the patriotism, and some on the genius, of the Athenians. Part of the interest and animation men receive from Homer, lies in their conception of the magnificence of Troy. Even the little rock of Ithaca rears up its palaces sustained by pillars; and pillars are that portion of an edifice on which the attention rests longest and most complacently. For we have no other means of calculating so well the grandeur of edifices, as by the magnitude of the support they need; and it is the only thing about them which we measure in any way by our own.

"Neither do I reckon it an ill seat only where the air is unwholesome, but likewise where the air is unequal: as you shall see many fine seats set upon a knap of ground, environed with higher hills round about it, whereby the heat of the sun is pent in, and the wind gathereth as in troughs," &c.

Now surely this very *knap of ground* is the very spot to be chosen for the commodiousness of its situation, its salubrity, and its beauty. There is as little danger of the wind gathering in these *troughs* as in goat-skins. He must have taken his idea from some Italian work: the remark is suitable only to a southern climate.

Barrow. In one so rainy as ours is, it would have been more judicious, I think, to have warned against building the house upon clay or marl, which are retentive of moisture, slippery nine months in the twelve, cracked the other three, of a colour offensive to the sight, of a soil little accommodating to garden-plants, the water usually unwholesome, and the roads impassable.

Newton. On Negotiating I am sorry to find again our lord chancellor a dissembler and a tutor to lies.

"To deal in person is good when a man's face breedeth regard, as commonly with inferiors; or in tender cases, where a man's eye upon the countenance of him with whom he speaketh, may give him a direction how far to go; *and generally where a man will reserve to himself liberty, either to disavow or to expound.*"

Barrow. Bad enough: but surely he must appear to you anything rather than knave, when he recommends *the employment of froward and absurd men*, be the business what it may.

Newton. He recommends them for *business which doth not well bear out itself;* and in which, one would think, the wariest are the most wanted.

Barrow. But, like men who have just tripped, he walks the firmer and stouter instantly. The remainder of the Essay is worthy of his perspicacity.

Newton. In the next, *On Followers and Friends*, I find the word *espial* used by him a second time, for a minister the French call *espion*. It appears to me that it should denote, not the *person* but the *action*, as the same termination is used in *trial*.

Barrow. Right. We want some words in composition as we want some side-dishes at table, less for necessity than for decoration. On this principle, I should not quarrel with a writer who had used the verb *originate;* on condition however that he used it as a neuter: none but a sugar-slave would employ it actively. It may stand opposite to *terminate*.

Bacon in the preceding sentence used *glorious* for *vain-glorious;* a latinism among the many of the age, and among the few of the author. Our language bears gallicisms better than latinisms: but whoever is resolved to write soberly must be contented with the number of each that was found among us in the time of the Reformation. Little is to be rejected of what was then in use, and less of anything new is henceforward to be admitted. By which prudence and caution we may in time have writers as elegant as the Italian and the French, whom already we exceed, as this little volume proves, in vigour and invention.

Newton. He says further on, "It is true that in government it is good to use men of one rank equally; for to countenance some extraordinarily is to make them insolent, and the rest discontent; because they may claim a due: but contrariwise in favour, to use men with much difference and election is good; for it maketh the persons preferred more thankful, and the rest more officious; because all is of favour."

Here again I am sorry so great an authority should, to use the words of my visitor, let his conscience run before his judgment, and his tongue slip in between. 'In saying that all is of favour' (thus carps my visitor) 'he gives a preference to another form of government over the monarchal; another form indeed where all is not of favour; where something may be attributed to virtue, something to industry, something to genius; where something may accrue to us from the gratitude of our fellow-citizens; and not every-

thing drop and drivel from the frothy pulings of one swathed up in bandages never changed nor loosened; of one held always in the same arms, and with its face turned always in the same direction.'

Barrow. Hold! hold! this is as bad as Bacon or Milton: nay, Cicero and Demosthenes, in the blindness of their hearts, could scarcely have spoken, to the nations they guided, with more contemptuous asperity of royal power.

Newton. I venerate it, as coming of God.

Barrow. Hold again! all things come from him: the hangman and the hanged are in the same predicament with the anointer and the anointed.

Newton. Sir, you remind me of an observation made in my father's house by the son of a republican, and who indeed was little better than one himself. My father had upbraided him on his irreverence to the Lord's anointed: he asked my father why he allowed his mind to be lime-twigged and ruffled and discomposed by words; and whether he would feel the same awe in repeating the syllables, *God's greased*, as in repeating the syllables, *God's anointed*. If the Esquimaux heard them, said he, they would think the man no better reared than themselves, and worse dressed, as dressed by one less in practice.

Barrow. No men are so facetious as those whose minds are somewhat perverted. Truth enjoys good air and clear light, but no playground. Keep your eyes upon Bacon: we may more safely look on him than on thrones. How wise is all the remainder of the Essay!

Newton. He says *On Suitors*, and truly, that "Private suits do putrefy the public good." Soon afterward, "Some embrace suits *which* never mean to deal effectually in them." This seems ordinary and flat; but the words are requisite to a sentence founded (I fear) on a close observation of human nature, as courts render it. I noted them as presenting an incorrectness and indecision of language. *Who* is proper; not *which*; although *which* was used indiscriminately, as we find in the beginning of the 'Lord's Prayer:' but in that place there could be no confusion.

Barrow. Among the few cruditics and barbarisms that yet oppressed our language in his learned age, Bacon has this, "A man *were better rise* in his suit." Indeed he uses *were better* more than once; with the simple verb after it, and without *to*.

Newton. On Studies he can not lose his road, having trodden it so frequently, and having left his mark upon so many objects all the way. Therefore it is no wonder that his genius points with a finger of fire to this subject.

He says *On Faction*, that "Many a man's strength is in opposition, and when that faileth he groweth out of use." He must have written from inspiration; for in his age I find no person to whom he can have alluded.

Barrow. Perhaps not; yet the preceding may have furnished him with examples.

Newton. In the first sentence *On Ceremonies and Respects*, are the words, "He that is only real had need have exceeding great parts of virtue." This weighty and sorrowful truth does not prevent me from questioning the expression, *had need have*.

Barrow. The true words, which all authors write amiss, are, *ha' need of*. *Ha' need* sounds like *had need*, and *have* sounds like *of*, in speaking quickly. Hence the wisest men have written the words improperly, by writing at once from the ear, without an appeal or reference to grammar.

Newton. On Praise he says ingeniously, but not altogether truly, "Fame is like a river, that beareth up things light and swollen, and drowns things weighty and solid."

Barrow. This is true only of literary fame: and the drowned things are brought to light again, sometimes by the warmer season and sometimes by the stormier.

He uses *suspect* for *suspicion*: we retain *aspect, respect, retrospect, prospect*: I know not whether the chancellor's award in favour of *suspect* will be repealed or acquiesced in.

Newton. In the next Essay, *On Vain-glory*, he says, "In fame of learning the flight will be slow without some feathers of ostentation." That is hard, if true.

Barrow. There must be a good deal of movement and shuffling before there is any rising from the ground: and those who have the longest wings have the most difficulty in the first mounting. In literature, as at foot-ball, strength and agility are insufficient of themselves: you must have your *side*, or you may run till you are out of breath, and kick till you are out of shoes, and never win the game. There must be some to keep others off you, and some to prolong for you the ball's rebound. But your figures, dear Isaac, will serve as tenterhooks to catch the fingers of those who would meddle with your letters. Do not however be ambitious of an early fame: such is apt to shrivel and to drop under the tree.

Newton. The author continues the same subject in the next Essay, though under a different title. *Of Honour and Reputation* he says, "Discreet followers and servants help much to reputation." Then he who has no servant, or an indiscreet one, must be content to be helped to little of it.

Barrow. Seeing that reputation is casual, that the wise may long want it, that the unwise may soon acquire it, that a servant may further it, that a spiteful man may obstruct it, that a passionate man may maim it, and that whole gangs are ready to waylay it as it mounts the hill, I would not wish greatly to carry it about me, but rather to place it in some safe spot, where few could find, and not many will look after it. But those who discover it, will try in their hands its weight and quality, and take especial care lest they injure it, saying, "It is his, and his only; leave it to him and wish him increase in it."

Newton. Where Bacon is occupied "in the

true marshalling of sovran honour," he gives the third place to *liberatores* or *salvatores*. He wishes to speak in Latin; one of these words belongs not to the language.

Barrow. His Latin is always void of elegance and grace; but he had the generosity to write in it, that he might be useful the more extensively. We English are far below the Italians, French, Germans, and Dutch, in our latinity: yet we have Latin volumes written by our countrymen, each of which, in its matter, is fairly worth half theirs. They, like certain fine gentlemen, seem to found their ideas of elegance on slenderness, and in twenty or thirty of them we hardly find a thought or remark at all worthy of preservation. I remember but one sentence; which however, if Cicero had written it, would be recorded among the best he ever wrote. "Valuit nimirum maledicentiâ, gratâ cunctis, etiam iis qui neque sibi maledici neque maledicere ipsi aliis velint."

Newton. Permit me to inquire, sir, by whom was this strong and shrewd and truly Sallustian sentence written?

Barrow. By Vavassor, a Jesuit.

It may be remarked, and perhaps you have done it, that the title itself of this Essay, *The True Marshalling of Sovran Honour*, is incorrect. By *marshalling* he means *the giving of rates or degrees:* now what is *sovran* has no rates or degrees: he should have said "of titles assumed by sovran princes."

Newton. In the first sentence *On Judicature*, he uses the singular and plural in designating the same body: either is admissible, but not both.

"Else will it be like the authority claimed by the Church of Rome, which, under pretext of exposition of Scripture, *doth* not stick to add and alter, and to pronounce that which *they* do not find, and, by show of antiquity, to introduce novelty."

What gravity and wisdom is there in the remark that, "One foul sentence doth more hurt than many foul examples: for these do but corrupt the stream, the other corrupteth the fountain."

The worst, and almost the only bad sentence in the volume, is the childish antithesis, "There be, saith the Scripture, that turn judgment into wormwood . . and surely there be also that turn it into vinegar: for injustice maketh it bitter, and delays make it sour."

On the Vicissitudes of Things he observes that "The true religion is built upon the rock, the rest are tossed upon the waves of Time." My visitor said hereupon, 'I doubt whether this magnificent figure has truth for its basis. If by true religion is meant the religion of our Saviour, as practised by his apostles, they outlived it. They complain that it never took firm possession even of their own auditors. Saint Peter himself was reproved by his master for using his sword too vigorously, after all he had said against any use of it whatever: yet, so little good did the reproof, he fell immediately to betraying the very man he had thus defended. But if by true religion we mean the Church of Rome, we come nearer the fact: for that religion, with patchings and repairings, with materials purloined from others, with piles driven under the foundation, and buttresses without that darken everything within, surmounted by pinnacles raised above the upper story, hath lasted long, and will remain while men are persuaded that wax and stockfish can atone for their vices. The obstacle to our acceptance of the meaning is, that it hath been convicted of many impostures in its claims and miracles, that it continues to insist on them, and that it uses violence (which is forbidden by Christ) against those who stumble or doubt.'

Barrow. Deafness is not to be healed by breaking the head, nor blindness by pulling the eyes out: it is time the doctors should try new experiments: if they will not, it is time that the patients should try new doctors.

Newton. A bad religion may be kept afoot by the same means as other kinds of bad government; by corruption and terror, by spies and torturers. No doubt it will please God to see all things set to rights: but we must acknowledge that the best religion, like the best men, has fared the worst.

Bacon says he "reckons martyrdoms among miracles, because they *seem* to exceed the strength of human nature." If they did *seem* to exceed the strength of human nature, this is no sufficient reason why they should be ranked with miracles: for martyrdoms have appertained to many religions, if we may call voluntary death to prove a misbeliever's sincerity a martyrdom, while we know that miracles belong exclusively to the Christian: and even in this faith there are degrees of latitude and longitude which they were never known to pass, although, humanly speaking, they were much wanted. The Lithuanians, and other north-eastern nations, were long before they were reclaimed from paganism, for want of miracles. God's good time had not come; and he fell upon different expedients for their conversion.

On the Vicissitudes of Things we find mention of Plato's great year. I think you once told me, Plato took more from others than he knew what to do with.

Barrow. Instead of simplifying, he involves and confounds.

Newton. I hope hereafter to study the heavenly bodies, with greater accuracy and on other principles than philosophers have done hitherto. The reasons of Bacon why "the northern tract of the world is the more martial region," are unworthy of his perspicacity. First he assigns the stars of the hemisphere; then the greatness of the continent; "whereas the south part is almost all sea;" then, the cold of the northern parts, "which is that which, without aid of discipline, doth make the bodies hardest and the courage warmest." The stars can have no effect whatever on the courage or virtues of men, unless we call the sun one of them, as the poets do. The heat

of the sun may produce effeminacy and sloth in many constitutions, and contrary effects in many: but I suspect that dryness and moisture are more efficient on the human body than heat and cold. Some races, as in dogs and horses, and cattle of every kind, are better than others, and do not lose their qualities for many ages, nor, unless others cross them, without the confluence of many causes. There may be as much courage in hot climates as in cold. The inhabitants of Madagascar and Malacca are braver than the Laplanders, and perhaps not less brave than the Londoners. The fact is this: people in warm climates are in the full enjoyment of all the pleasures that animal life affords, and are disinclined to toil after that which no toil could produce or increase: while the native of the north is condemned by climate to a life of labour, which oftentimes can procure for him but a scanty portion of what his vehement and exasperated appetite demands. Therefore he cuts it short with his sword, and reaps the field sown by the southern.

Bacon seems to me just in his opinion, if not that *ordnance*, at least that inflammable powder, and annoyance by its means, perhaps in rockets, was known among the ancients. He instances the Oxydraces in India. The remark is, I imagine, equally applicable to the priests of Delphi, who repelled the Gauls with it from the temple of Apollo. This is the more remarkable, as the Persians too encountered the same resistance, and experienced the double force of *thunderbolts and earthquake*. Whence we may surmise, that not only missiles, propelled by the combustion of powder, were aimed against them, but likewise that mines exploded. And perhaps other priests, the only people in most places who formerly had leisure for experiments, were equally acquainted with it, and used it, for their own defence only, and only in cases of extremity. Etruscan soothsayers were appointed to blast the army of Alaric with lightning, and the Pope acceded to the proposal: but his Holiness, on reflection, was of opinion, that *aurum fulminans* was more effectual.

I wish the Essay *On Fame* had been completed: and even then its chief effect on me, perhaps, would be to excite another wish; as gratification usually does. It would have made me sigh for the recovery of Cicero *On Glory*, that the two greatest of philosophers might be compared on the same ground.

Barrow. Let us look up at Fame without a desire or a repining; and let us pardon all her falsehoods and delays, in remembrance that the best verse in Homer, and the best in Virgil, are on her. Virgil's is indeed but a feather from the wing of Homer.

Newton. You show a very forgiving mind, sir, and I hope she will be grateful to you. I do not know what these lines are worth, as they give me no equations.

Barrow. Nothing should be considered quite independently of everything else. We owe reverence to all great writers: but our reverence to one would be injustice to another, unless we collated and compared their merits.

Newton. Some are so dissimilar to others, that I know not how it can be done.

Barrow. Liquids and solids are dissimilar, yet may be weighed in the same scales. All things are composed of portions; and all things bear proportions relatively; mind to mind, matter to matter. Archimedes and Homer are susceptible of comparison: but the process would be long and tedious, the principles must be sought from afar, nor is the man perhaps at the next door who must be called for the operation. Bacon and Milton, Bacon and Shakspeare, may be compared with little difficulty, wide asunder as they appear to stand. However, since the cogitative and imaginative parts of mind are exercised by both, in broad daylight and in open spaces, the degrees in which they are exercised are within our calculation. Until we bring together the weightiest works of genius from the remotest distances, we shall display no admirable power of criticism. None such hath been hitherto exhibited in the world, which stands, in relation to criticism, as it stood in relation to metaphysics until the time of Aristoteles. He left them imperfect; and they have lain little better ever since. The good sense of Cicero led him to clearer studies and wholesomer exercise; and where he could not pluck fruit he would not pluck brambles. In Plato we find only arbours and grottoes, with moss and shellwork all misplaced. Aristoteles hath built a solider edifice, but hath built it across our road: we must throw it down again, and use what we can of the materials elsewhere.

Newton. Bacon, seen only in his *Essays* would have appeared to me (fresh as I come from the study of the ancients, and captivated as I confess I am by the graces of their language) the wisest and most instructive of writers.

Barrow. In calling him the wisest of writers, you must except those who wrote from inspiration.

Newton. Ha! that is quite another thing.

Barrow. Henceforward I would advise you to follow the bent of your genius, in examining those matters principally which are susceptible of demonstration. Every young man should have some proposed end for his studies: let yours be philosophy: and principally those parts of it in which the ancients have done little, and the moderns less. And never be dejected, my dear Isaac, though it should enable you to throw but a scarcity of light on the *Revelations*, *The Rape of Helen*, and *The Golden Fleece*.

Newton. I hope by my labours I may find a clue to them in the process of time. But perhaps my conjectures may turn out wrong, as those on the book before me have.

Barrow. How?

Newton. I should always have imagined, if you had not taught me the contrary, that there is more of genius and philosophy in Bacon's *Essays* than in all Cicero's works, however less

there be of the scholastic and oratorical. Perhaps I, by being no estimator of style . . .

Barrow. Peace, peace! my modest Newton! Perhaps I, by being too much an estimator of it, have overvalued the clearest head and the purest tongue of antiquity. My Lord Justice Coke, and probably the more learned Selden, would have ridiculed or reproved us, had we dared entertain in their presence a doubt of Cicero's superiority over Bacon. No very great man ever reached the standard of his greatness in the crowd of his contemporaries. This hath always been reserved for the secondary. There must either be something of the vulgar, something in which the commonalty can recognise their own features, or there must be a laxity, a jealousy, an excitement stimulating a false appetite. Your brief review of the *Essays* hath brought back to my recollection so much of shrewd judgment, so much of rich imagery, such a profusion of truths so plain, as (without his manner of exhibiting them) to appear almost unimportant, that, in the various high qualities of the human mind, I must acknowledge not only Cicero, but every prose-writer among the Greeks, to stand far below him. Cicero is least valued for his highest merits, his fulness and his perspicuity. Bad judges (and how few are not so!) desire in composition the concise and the obscure, not knowing that the one most frequently arises from paucity of materials, and the other from inability to manage and dispose them. Have you never observed that, among the ignorant in painting, dark pictures are usually called the finest in the collection, and grey-bearded heads, fit only for the garret, are preferred to the radiance of light and beauty? Have you yourself never thought, before you could well measure and calculate, that books and furniture thrown about a room, appeared to be in much greater quantities than when they were arranged? At every step we take to gain the approbation of the wise, we lose something in the estimation of the vulgar. Look within: can not we afford it?

The minds of few can take in the whole of a great author, and fewer can draw him close enough to another for just commensuration. A fine passage may strike us less forcibly than one beneath it in beauty, from less sensibility in us at the moment; whence less enthusiasm, less quickness of perception, less capacity, less hold. You have omitted to remark some of the noblest things in Bacon, often, I believe, because there is no power of judgment to be shown in the expression of admiration, and perhaps too sometimes from the repetition and intensity of delight.

Newton. Sir, I forbore to lift up my hands, as a mark of admiration. You ordered me to demonstrate, if I could, the defects of this wonderful man, unnoticed hitherto.

Barrow. You have done it to my satisfaction. Cicero disdained not, in the latter days of his life, when he was highest in reputation and dignity, to perform a similar office in regard to Epicurus: and I wish he had exhibited the same accuracy and attention, the same moderation and respect. The objections of your friend and visitor are not altogether frivolous: take care however lest he, by his disceptations, move you from your faith. If you hold the faith, the faith will support you; as, if you make your bed warm by lying in it, your bed will keep you so: never mind what the ticking or the wadding may be made of. There are few things against which I see need to warn you, and not many on which you want advice. You are not profuse in your expenditure: yet as you, like most of the studious, are inattentive to money-affairs, let me guard you against evils following on this negligence, worse than the negligence itself. Whenever a young man is remarked for it, a higher price is fixed on what he purchases; and dishonest men of every description push themselves into his service, and often acquire his confidence, not only to the injury of his fortune, but likewise of his credit and respectability. Let a gentleman be known to have been cheated of twenty pounds, and it costs him forty a-year for the remainder of his life. Therefore, if you detect the cheat, the wisest thing is to conceal it; both for fear of the rogues about your sideboard, and of those more dexterous ones round the green cloth, under the judge, in your county assize-room.

You will become an author ere long; and every author must attend to the means of conveying his information. The plainness of your style is suitable to your manners and your studies. Avoid, which many grave men have not done, words taken from sacred subjects and from elevated poetry: these we have seen vilely prostituted. Avoid too the society of the barbarians who misemploy them: they are vain, irreverent, and irreclaimable to right feelings. The dialogues of Galileo, which you have been studying, are written with much propriety and precision. I do not urge you to write in dialogue, although the best writers of every age have done it: the best parts of Homer and Milton are speeches and replies, the best parts of every great historian are the same: the wisest men of Athens and of Rome converse together in this manner, as they are shown to us by Xenophon, by Plato, and by Cicero. Whether you adopt such a form of composition, which, if your opinions are new, will protect you in part from the hostility all novelty (unless it is vicious) excites; or whether you choose to go along the unbroken surface of the didactic; never look abroad for any kind of ornament. Apollo, either as the God of day or the slayer of Python, had nothing about him to obscure his clearness or to impede his strength. To one of your mild manners, it would be superfluous to recommend equanimity in competition, and calmness in controversy. How easy is it for the plainest things to be misinterpreted by men not unwise, which a calm disquisition sets right! and how fortunate and opportune is it to find in ourselves that calmness which almost the wisest have wanted, on urgent and grave occasions! If others for a time are preferred to you, let your

heart lie sacredly still! and you will hear from it the true and plain oracle, that not for ever will the magistracy of letters allow the rancid transparencies of coarse colourmen to stand before your propylæa. It is time that Philosophy should have her share in our literature; that the combinations and appearances of matter be scientifically considered and luminously displayed. Frigid conceits on theological questions, heaps of snow on barren crags, compose at present the greater part of our domain: volcanoes of politics burst forth from time to time, and vary, without enlivening, the scene.

Do not fear to be less rich in the productions of your mind at one season than at another. Marshes are always marshes, and pools are pools; but the sea, in those places where we admire it most, is sometimes sea and sometimes dry land; sometimes it brings ships into port, and sometimes it leaves them where they can be refitted and equipt. The capacious mind neither rises nor sinks, neither labours nor rests, in vain. Even in those intervals when it loses the consciousness of its powers, when it swims as it were in vacuity, and feels not what is external nor internal, it acquires or recovers strength, as the body does by sleep. Never try to say things admirably; try only to say them plainly; for your business is with the considerate philosopher, and not with the polemical assembly. If a thing can be demonstrated two ways, demonstrate it in both: one will please this man best, the other that; and pleasure, if obvious and unsought, is never to be neglected by those appointed from above to lead us into knowledge. Many will readily mount stiles and gates to walk along a footpath in a field, whom the very sight of a bare public road would disincline and weary; and yet the place whereto they travel lies at the end of each. Your studies are of a nature unsusceptible of much decoration: otherwise it would be my duty and my care to warn you against it, not merely as idle and unnecessary, but as obstructing your intent. The fond of wine are little fond of the sweet or of the new: the fond of learning are no fonder of its must than of its dregs. Something of the severe hath always been appertaining to order and to grace: and the beauty that is not too liberal is sought the most ardently and loved the longest. The Graces have their zones, and Venus her cestus. In the writings of the philosopher are the frivolities of ornament the most ill-placed; in you would they be particularly, who, promising to lay open before us an infinity of worlds, should turn aside to display the petals of a double pink.

It is dangerous to have any intercourse or dealing with small authors. They are as troublesome to handle, as easy to discompose, as difficult to pacify, and leave as unpleasant marks on you, as small children. Cultivate on the other hand the society and friendship of the higher; first that you may learn to reverence them, which of itself is both a pleasure and a virtue, and then that on proper occasions you may defend them against the malevolent, which is a duty. And this duty can not be well and satisfactorily performed with an imperfect knowledge or with an inadequate esteem. Habits of respect to our superiors are among the best we can attain, if we only remove from our bosom the importunate desire of unworthy advantages from them. They belong to the higher department of justice, and will procure for us in due time our portion of it. Beside, O Isaac! in this affair our humanity is deeply concerned. Think, how gratifying, how consolatory, how all-sufficient, are the regards and attentions of such wise and worthy men as you, to those whom inferior but more powerful ones, some in scarlet, some in purple, some (it may be) in ermine, vilify or neglect. Many are there to whom we are now indifferent, or nearly, whom, if we had approached them as we ought to have done, we should have cherished, loved, and honoured. Let not this reflection, which on rude and unequal minds may fall without form and features, and pass away like the idlest cloud-shadow, be lost on you. Old literary men, beside age and experience, have another quality in common with Nestor: they, in the literature of the country, are praisers of times past, partly from moroseness, and partly from custom and conviction. The illiterate, on the contrary, raise higher than the steeples, and dress up in the gaudiest trim, a maypole of their own, and dance round it while any rag flutters. So tenacious are Englishmen of their opinions, that they would rather lose their franchises and almost their lives. And this tenacity hath not its hold upon letters only, but likewise upon whatever is public. I have witnessed it in men guilty of ingratitude, of fraud, of peculation, of prevarication, of treachery to friends, of insolence to patrons, of misleading of colleagues, of abandonment of party, of renunciation of principles, of arrogance to honester men and wiser, of humiliation to strumpets for the obtainment of place and profit, of every villany in short which unfits not only for the honours of public, but rejects from the confidence of private life. And there have been people so maddened by faction, that they would almost have erected a monument to such persons, hoping to spite and irritate their adversaries, and unconscious or heedless that the inscription must be their own condemnation. Those who have acted in this manner will repent of it; but they will hate you for ever if you foretell them of their repentance. It is not the fact nor the consequence, it is the motive that turns and pinches them; and they would think it straightforward and natural to cry out against you, and a violence and a malady to cry out against themselves. The praises they have given they will maintain, and more firmly than if they were due; as perjurers stick to perjury more hotly than the veracious to truth. Supposing there should be any day of your life unoccupied by study, there will not be one without an argument why parties, literary or political, should be

avoided. You are too great to be gregarious; and were you to attempt it, the gregarious in a mass would turn their heads against you. The greater who enter into public life are disposed at last to quit it: *retirement with dignity* is their device: the meaning of which is, retirement with as much of the public property as can be amassed and carried away. This race of great people is very numerous. I want before I die to see one or two ready to believe, and to act on the belief, that there is as much dignity in retiring soon as late, with little as with loads, with quiet minds and consciences as with ulcerated or discomposed. I have already seen some hundred sectaries of that pugnacious pope, who, being reminded that Christ commanded Peter to put up his sword, replied, "Yes, when he had cut the ear off."

To be in right harmony, the soul not only must be never out of time, but must never lose sight of the theme its Creator's hand hath noted.

Why are you peeping over your forefinger into those pages near the beginning of the volume?

Newton. I have omitted the notice of several Essays.

Barrow. There are many that require no observation for peculiarities; though perhaps there is not one that any other man could have written.

Newton. I had something more, sir, to say . . or rather . . I had something more, sir, to ask . . about Friendship.

Barrow. All men, but the studious above all, must beware in the formation of it. Advice or caution on this subject comes immaturely and ungracefully from the young, exhibiting a proof either of temerity or suspicion: but when you hear it from a man of my age, who has been singularly fortunate in the past, and foresees the same felicity in those springing up before him, you may accept it as the direction of a calm observer, telling you all he has remarked, on the greater part of a road which he has nearly gone through, and which you have but just entered. Never take into your confidence, or admit often into your company, any man who does not know, on some important subject, more than you do. Be his rank, be his virtues, what they may, he will be a hindrance to your pursuits, and an obstruction to your greatness. If indeed the greatness were such as courts can bestow, and such as can be laid on the shoulders of a groom, and make him look like the rest of the company, my advice would be misplaced: but since all transcendent, all true and genuine greatness, must be of a man's own raising, and only on the foundation that the hand of God has laid, do not let any touch it: keep them off civilly, but keep them off. Affect no stoicism; display no indifference: let their coin pass current; but do not you exchange for it the purer ore you carry, nor think the milling pays for the alloy. Greatly favoured and blest by Providence will you be, if you should in your lifetime be known for what you are: the contrary, if you should be transformed.

Newton. Better and more decorous would it be perhaps, if I filled up your pause with my reflections: but you always have permitted me to ask you questions; and now, unless my gratitude misleads me, you invite it.

Barrow. Ask me anything: I will answer it, if I can; and I will pardon you, as I have often done, if you puzzle me.

Newton. Is it not a difficult and a painful thing to repulse, or to receive ungraciously, the advances of friendship?

Barrow. It withers the heart, if indeed his heart were ever sound who doth it. Love, serve, run into danger, venture life, for him who would cherish you: give him everything but your time and your glory. Morning recreations, convivial meals, evening walks, thoughts, questions, wishes, wants, partake with him. Yes, Isaac! there are men born for friendship; men to whom the cultivation of it is nature, is necessity; as the making of honey is to bees. Do not let them suffer for the sweets they would gather; but do not think to live upon those sweets. Our corrupted state requires robuster food, or must grow more and more unsound.

Newton. I would yet say something; a few words; on this subject . . or one next to it.

Barrow. On Expense then: that is the next: I have given you some warning about it, and hardly know what else to say. Can not you find the place?

Newton. I had it under my hand. If . . that is, provided . . your time, sir! . . .

Barrow. Speak it out, man! Are you in a ship of Marcellus under the mirror of Archimedes, that you fume and redden so? Cry to him that you are his scholar, and went out only to parley.

Newton. Sir! in a word . . ought a studious man to think of matrimony?

Barrow. Painters, poets, mathematicians, never ought: other studious men, after reflecting for twenty years upon it, may. Had I a son of your age, I would not leave him in a grazing country. Many a man hath been safe among corn-fields, who falls a victim on the grass under an elm. There are lightnings very fatal in such places.

Newton. Supposing me no mathematician, I must reflect then for twenty years!

Barrow. Begin to reflect on it after the twenty: and continue to reflect on it all the remainder; I mean at intervals, and quite leisurely. It will save to you many prayers, and may suggest to you one thanksgiving.

THE KING OF AVA AND RAO-GONG-FAO.

King. Who is the slave that, in the posture so becoming a mortal, draweth his brow and his knees together on the pavement of this my heaven, pointing with the centre of his circumference to that cloudier one, of which my brother the Sun is rajah?

Prime Chamberlain. Lord of light! behold the created of thy golden foot, him whom we in our language of men do call Rao-Gong-Fao.

King. The Sun our brother permits the tender blade of rice to lift its head under him, after many moons. We likewise, but greater in our clemency, allow the creature of our beneficence to unfold himself by just degrees in the space of one hour. Meanwhile let him answer the words of wisdom, as they flow from the imperturbable fountain of eternal truth.

Rao-Gong-Fao!

Rao. Tiger-crushing elephant! crocodile of chrysolite! river of milk and honey!

King. In our condescension of majesty, we command thee to leave untold, at present, the remainder of the seven thousand names, wherewith the languages of the universal earth, having exhausted themselves, would enrich us.

Rao-Gong-Fao!

Rao. The dust obeys the wind.

King. Answer thou the questions of our all-searching Intelligence.

Hath our slave, the rajah of those two little islets drawn by white bears, accepted our conditions? or must we, in our indignation, submerge him and his islets and his white bears, throwing one of our jewels at them?

Rao. Have mercy! Forbear yet a little while, O right hand of Omnipotence! Let neither a jewel from thy armlet plunge him into the abyss, nor an irresistible ray from thy incensed eye transfix him. Verily he hath heard reason and truth. He hath accepted thy gifts, O disposer of empire! When I informed him that, in consideration of the cold wherewith his people are afflicted, my king consented to use his interest with his brother, not only not to withhold his light, but to increase it; and would graciously order a whole grove of high trees to be levelled with the earth, in order that they might not intercept his warmth from the two bear-borne islets of the western sea, he appeared much gratified. And whereas the noblest of his people wear a garter on the outside of that dress which covers the knee, while others can only wear it on the inside, the rajah gave orders that one should be drawn closely round me, higher than any man present ever wore it; and that it should surround not my knee nor my buttock, but my whole body and arms together, with many folds; not unlike the ceremony which the Persian and Arabian poets, if our learned men understand them, relate as anciently performed amid the funeral honours of Egyptian kings; being the last and greatest the survivors could offer to their defunct masters. They call it in their language a *strait-waistcoat:* and none are permitted to wear it in the streets. Far is thy servant, O mountain of myrrh! from ascribing to himself the desert. It was a token of what the rajah thought due unto thee, O oil of camphor! And when I informed him that, in return for this benefit of warmth, your Celestitude wished only the restitution of the few cities your soldiers and counsellors had entrusted to his people, and the remission of some lacs of rupees, which it was thought reasonable to promise them because they cried for the same, he was overjoyed.

King. What lacs? what rupees? I never heard about them.

Rao. Tortoise of adamant! Earth-sustainer! When the natives of the two islets, together with some vagabonds they had collected from certain plains near the Ganges, lost themselves in our country, they were constrained by hunger to take several necessaries of life from the slaves of your Divine Majesty. The said slaves were angry, and called some soldiers to their aid, and disturbance ensued, in which a soldier of the Celestial empire was slain, and three wounded. The servants of your Divine Majesty then sent other soldiers against them, with orders to bring them into your serene presence, or at least as far as the first court. They, hearing of this order, were coming forward in great haste and perturbation. But certain wise generals then bethought themselves that these unbelievers, in their ignorance of polished customs, might peradventure be inconvenient and indecorous; and chose rather to provide for their necessities with a few pieces of silver to each man, and a few cities to lodge them in. The cannon was left on the walls, with plenty of powder and shot, that they might defend themselves against the jackals and hyenas, when no longer under the protection of your Celestial army. It is wonderful how this plain simple story was changed in the country of the ungodly. The rajah of the two isles was undeceived by me; finally he was persuaded that your Divine Majesty had acted with no other feeling than that of hospitality; and he displayed as serene a countenance as if it had been irradiated by a beam of light from your Divine Majesty's.

King. Show me a copy of the orders he gave, for the remission of the money his servants would obtain from mine.

Rao. Unapproachable Excelsitude! He told me he did not interfere in the quarrels of his servants.

King. He said it before: I pardoned him. Proceed.

Rao. He was happy to hear from me, that your

Divine Majesty had considered the cessions of every kind, both in towns and silver, as gifts of hospitality: and he called three Gods to witness; who however refused to come . . .

King. Then it is a trick. Why did not he bring them by main force?

Rao. O Lamp blazing with sandal-wood! their priests came for them, with their shirts over their coats, and bearing on their heads the last offerings; being the whitest flour, sprinkled into the hair of cattle, and kept from blowing away by the purest liquefied butter and the choicest fat of animals. They had likewise round their legs certain tight silken bands, mysteriously dipped in wine; and in their shoes were buckles, of a metal not unlike silver; mystical types of constancy and firmness. Nor is there an instance, once in a year, of these holy men breaking their words and promises, from the time they put on these buckles to the time they take the same off again. If they swear to anything in them, unless it be that they never will consent to be placed above the other priests, they hardly ever violate the oath. On this one occasion they violate it; chiefly to make the other priests merry with them, and to teach them to do likewise, on the like occasion.

King. Well, but what advantage, what security, dost thou bring me? what were the priests to answer for the rajah?

Rao. Pagod of holiness! He declared, and they declared for him, as seeing into his heart, that he hoped to be the imitator of your Divine Majesty, whenever an equal number of guests from your Celestial dominions should honour him with such a friendly visit in his island.

King. Son of a dog! did he say this?

Rao. Lightning of destruction! thus spake the rajah, son of a dog.

King. Flang Sarabang Quang!

Flang. Sublimity!

King. Count out the money. The children of the White Bear understand and talk peguese.

Rao-Gong-Fao!

Rao. Heart of emerald in diamond case!

King. Lift up thy last two fingers from the earth?

Rao. The lord of life hath spoken.

King. I have heard that in the two bear-borne islets there are no bamboos. What houses then can there be? have the people any?

Rao. Numerous, numerous, numerous, O whirlwind of might! They have cities larger than ours.

King. Lead out that slave; scourge him and slit his tongue for lying, Flang Sarabang Quang!

Flang. Sun of truth! may the voice of grey hairs be heard?

King. Let us hear it.

Flang. Omnipresent! let men lie.

King. How? to me? Art thou too, O Flang Sarabang Quang, come from that islet, where the first slave became the first for lying to his rajah, and betraying his colleague? This we have heard of old; but the rajah wanted him to lie to other rajahs, and found in his whole dominions no other slave so capable. Let Rao-Gong-Fao lie; since such is the voice of grey hairs: but let him not lie unto me, until commanded. Lovest thou not truth, O Flang Sarabang Quang?

Flang. Steel-piercing questioner of prostrate souls! I am aged. When I was a youth I loved that thing and some others, and found they did me little good. Truth, both in seasons of quiet and of disturbance, raiseth men's anger. One speaks truth to another, and both grow hot; even the silent, whose lungs have not laboured. The rajah or king heareth of it, and he groweth hotter still. They two boil on two sides; he in the centre; but all boil and foam and bubble, and fume away the good that is in them. Now, though I have heard lies these sixty-five years, I have always found them productive of complacency. Some of them were malignant; yet the malignancy was for the absent; and, supposing he heard of it afterward, only one could be annoyed where fifty were gratified. If there is a man in the Celestial Empire who will lay his hand upon his breast, and declare in the presence of our Gods that he hath derived more pleasure from truth than from lies, then let Rao-Gong-Fao be thrown on his belly, and let his back be channelled for a bamboo-bed.

King. Thou speakest unprofitably, O Flang Sarabang Quang!

Lies are good only for good government, and are sacred things. We coin, but punish coiners.

I desire to hear from my slave Rao-Gong-Fao the truth only, and the truth plainly, and the truth fully. Swear to me, O Rao-Gong-Fao, that no other word shall escape thy lips in my presence.

Rao. By the great pearl, glory of pearls, greatest of the five on which five worlds repose at the extremity of the golden foot, making all other pearls hide their varying and trembling lustre in the opaque jelly of fishes, and making even the brightest of diamonds take refuge in the rocks before it, I, Rao-Gong-Fao, will speak the truth only, and the truth plainly, and the truth fully.

King. Of what materials do these poor creatures of the islets build their houses? Answer me, as fountain at once and recipient of wisdom, and mingle not my glorious titles in thy relation of them.

Rao. The worm carrieth not his slime into the blossom of beauty and bliss.

The inhabitants of the greater islet, O King, construct their habitations of dust and chaff.

King. Like swallows-nests?

Rao. Not in form, O King, exteriorly or interiorly. Indeed they seem to display some intelligence and aptitude at imitation in their dwellings.

King. I would hear more. Hast thou collected anything about the smaller islet?

Rao. Thy slave hath learnt, O King, that the houses in certain parts of it are not dissimilar: but generally they are low, and built of another kind of dust, totally without chaff, which those in easy circumstances live upon.

King. Voyagers have related that even the royal palace is unvarnished on the outside, and not very bright within; and that the holes in the wall are filled up with pieces of mirror; to hint that you must not examine them, but look to the flaws in yourself.

Rao. I believe it: and although the people are violent, they are capable of reflection, and of receiving such a lesson in the palace of the rajah. He himself hath much prudence, and more courtesy. When he received me at his residence, he was cautious to fasten a star against his breast; unwilling to show anything that could be mistaken for a sun, out of respect and homage to the glorious prince who sent me, resplendent arbiter of the Celestial Empire.

King. He did well.

Rao. The streets of London, his chief city, were mostly narrow and crooked and painted black, but without varnish. This colour, worn likewise by the priests, is in honour of a certain deity they call the devil, in whose service the English are very much employed. The greater part of the day they are doing whatever they can devise as most agreeable to him: toward the evening they call their servants together, and make them cry and sing and kneel and jump up again, and invoke another deity, in various tones of voice, to drive their old favourite away! They are very fond of these single combats, and often imitate them in the streets.

King. It would be humane to instruct them better by means of missionaries.

Rao. Their priests fancy they can instruct ours.

King. Unilluminated by the reflection of light from the golden foot, a priest who fancies he can teach another priest, is the more ignorant and stupid of the two.

It is difficult to believe that all the streets in a city, or even all the temples, are dedicated to a couple of deities.

Rao. The temples bear the names of different ones, but nevertheless are dedicated to the service of two only: the others seem to be merely called as witnesses to the contest; or rather, as spectators of the games instituted in honour of the great competitors. I entered one, resembling a room in a tavern, where it was announced that the devil's old master had come up at last and gained a great victory over him. Would your Celestitude believe it! the whole company wept. The report gained ground, and manifested itself throughout the city. The new houses were not painted black; several of the new temples were not: beside, I found some of the priests in a street to which the king has given his own name, and where he keeps wives for them, and educates young priestesses; and neither these nor the priests wore black outwardly, although one of the females retained a tinge of it about her, made with some unguent, just for appearance, if she should be examined in private. I found the priests better men than those who wept in the other place: for they laughed, and seemed heartily glad. One of them, who lent me a young priestess for a wife, on my paying her mother a few pieces of gold, assured me that the new streets were built wider since the last earthquake; that the houses which I imagined were covered with blue paper, were roofed in fact with a material not unlike stone in substance, although of incredible lightness. Still I am of opinion that, in despite of precautions, if two or three of these houses fell on any very young or very old person, it might harm and even lame him. My guide took up a portion of one, called a *brick*, and pulverised it between his fingers, and blew it into the air. Even this did not satisfy me: it only proved that if the street, in falling, crippled nobody, it might blind fifty: and this might happen to strong men in common with weak ones.

King. Have they any animals among them? any swine, dogs, oxen, horses, elephants?

Rao. Surely such a number of horses doth not exist in the remainder of the world as in the city of London. I have seen six carrying one old woman, who had more years than pounds weight. Agriculture is in such high esteem in this nation, that a waggoner is next in honour to a rajah. Not only is he privileged to wear a long robe in public, and to carry a sceptre of seven cubits, but he alone, like the rajah, hath a right to harness eight horses to his vehicle.

Sheep, oxen, and swine, I have seen in country places, but I winked and dissembled that I saw them. Whether the island contains many, is among the mysteries of state. I often heard it affirmed: but my best friends were unwilling to clear up my doubts upon it. A dealer in tea, very rich, one of the lords of Hindostan, desired me to ask him the question no more: even he was fearful of punishment. Perhaps I might never have known, O Celestitude, that there are elephants in this land, if I had not been accidentally in a street where a fire broke out. Several of the creatures were brought forth from sacred inclosures, all under wooden covers; and marvellous was it to behold them casting up whole fountains of water, not only against the walls, but even upon the roof. The English have the art of making their trunks grow for this purpose, to a length surpassing belief. With what patience did the creatures suffer themselves to be mounted and drenched and directed! and how unmoved they appeared in the midst of an innumerable multitude, shouting and shoving, and under incessant flakes of fire falling round them! I was afraid to ask any questions about them, seeing that Englishmen are unwilling to let strangers know the number they possess of them: for they are in the greatest dread of their enemy called the French, having lately beaten him.

King. How is this? what absurdity art thou talking? afraid of him *because* they have beaten him!

Rao. O king! conqueror of nations! golden-footed! golden-eyed! shaker of thrones! the West differeth from the East . . but not so much as the men differ in them. The English are never afraid

of enemies they have not beaten: the moment they have beaten them, they go bareheaded, and fast, and pray, and implore permission to live quietly another year: which favour they rarely obtain before they have given back all they won, and sworn before three or four gods of good faith that they will be peaceable in future. After which ceremony they entreat their enemies to feel if they have any coin in their pockets, and, if they have, to take it out, and then to tie their hands behind them for a season.

King. Nobody would tell me this until now.

Flang Sarabang Quang!

Flang. Sublimity!

King. Count not out the money. He who cried, "Count out the money," was an evil spirit: it was not thy rajah.

Rao-Gong-Fao!

Rao. Celestiality!

King. Rise to within fourteen inches and one-third of thy natural and utmost highth.

Rao. The atom ascends from the chariot-wheel of Omnipotence, and twinkles in his light, and begins to take its form under the eye of its Creator.

King. Is there any probability of the English engaging in war again speedily?

Rao. Not against the French; whom they beat so severely for imposing a rajah on some kingdom near, that, to make them amends and to keep them good-humoured, they are permitting and encouraging them to impose another, who had attempted to poison his father, on failing to dethrone him. The people made him swear that he would not impale them, nor roast them alive, nor hang any but those who had fought for him and saved his head from the axe. But having hung all these he began hanging the rest.

King. Why did they make him swear then? they deserved it.

Rao. So said the French, O rajah! scale of Equity! and the English owned for once that the French spake truly; and, having seen their error in driving them away, together with the milder rajah, who had forbidden his cooks to roast men alive, they now assist them heartily in replacing the parricide, whose first royal ordinance was, "Let my cooks preach salvation and roast men alive." Upon which, great numbers of cooks, who dwell together, and possess a great part of the kingdom, came forth from their cells, and patted on the face the people they met, and said "God be with you!" and cut their throats in the most tender way, and left them. This they did when they found only few: but when there were enough to pay the value of the faggots, they roasted them alive with great jubilee, according to the royal ordinance. Many poor wretches cried out to the English for protection, and begged at least a knife or a cudgel to frighten the cooks away: but the French declared that if the English lent any assistance, in violation of royalty and religion, they would run before them again over the snowy mountains and break their fat hearts. The English fought before to drive out the French from this country, thinking that the possession of it would make them too powerful, and feeling the injury such possession did their commerce. If ever they fight again, it will be to keep them in: for it is a maxim of state among them, that it is a folly to fight twice for the same thing. The French exclude their ships and supplant their merchandise: so that I see no chance of a war between them: but I descry it in another quarter.

King. Speak on, O Rao-Gong-Fao! Thou hast much wisdom. Speak, and spare not.

Rao. O hooded-serpent among rajahs! striking in silence! insinuator of death and dissolution to whosoever crosses thy path! the English have ever been so dearly beloved by their sisters, that at last they will hang them in their garters.

King. Their sisters! hang them in their garters! for loving them!

Rao. The same policy, O wonderful! reigns here among them, as guides them against their enemy the French. They fear those they have beaten; and hate mortally those who caress and help them. Those who are called their sisters, from their vicinity and affection, are not all women. They are the inhabitants, both male and female, of that other islet called *Sister:* though Britain is never called sister nor brother, nor any such name, having in truth but little right to it.

King. Will the white bears that drag the islets from one place to another, stand still while the people fight and quarrel?

Rao. Dispenser of wisdom! palm-tree of the Genii! No white bears drag either.

King. Away with him! away with him! What benefit can I expect from the mouth of Infidelity? what blessing, unless I close it?

Flang Sarabang Quang!

Flang. Sublimity!

King. Hearest thou this?

Flang. Thy servant heareth.

King. And thine eyes rest within thy head? and thy mouth becometh not as the mouth of a well, with wonder!

Flang. Sublimity! My eyes rest within my head, and my mouth becometh not as the mouth of a well, with wonder; forasmuch as the white bears may have died by the visitation of a god. He may have been wroth with the wicked people for molesting us, and may have smitten the white bears. If Rao-Gong-Fao had said, that the islets were *never* borne about by them, I should be the first to recommend that he be stoned to death, to avert the anger of God both from us and him. For we have it plain and unequivocal in the books composed by the prophet, entitled 'The Manifestations;' which likewise teach us how many wings and eyes each bear hath, and what strength and comeliness.

King. I myself have perused that sacred book, with ineffable delight. It hath foretold me every event of my reign, and in particular the effect of emetics and cathartics, and will foretell everything that must happen on earth, until the great tor-

toise, which supports it, casts his shell. This also it hath foretold.

Rao-Gong-Fao! rise into second life. Open thy lips again, and speak. What hast thou learnt of the new cause of trouble between the islets?

Rao. They do not worship the same Gods.

King. Could not they let the gods, who are stronger than they are, fight it out among themselves?

Rao. The gods, I understand, and particularly the inferior ones, have lost a good deal of blood already, and would fain lie still awhile. But there is an old man in a jungle, several days' voyage from both islands, whom they call, after his residence, the *jungler* or *juggler*. If any man prays to any god, without first asking his leave and paying for it, he curses him member by member, and orders his priests to curse him, and forbids all persons to give him a mouthful of grain or root or cold water, or even to lend him a spark of fire from his pipe. The inhabitants of *Sister* do not listen to any priest without a certificate from the juggler, that he is able to make a god and eat him in a moment: for the inhabitants of *Sister* bear a great respect to those who eat and drink heartily, and an equal contempt for every other kind of ability. It is not requisite that the juggler should see the noviciate who is to become a priest, or should know anything about him: it is only needful that he should receive his vows of obedience, and his protestation that he believes the juggler to derive his authority from God himself, through an unbroken succession of jugglers, and to possess God's own spirit.

King. How can he believe this?

Rao. All things by degrees, O starry Firmament! First, he is taught that grain is meat; and secondly that meat is God; and thirdly that to eat a fish is piety; and fourthly that to eat a monkey or goat is impiety; and fifthly that to eat God himself is the best service his creatures can render him. After these preliminaries, it is not very far nor very difficult to believe that a juggler's spirit is a divine one.

King. Blindness! blindness! Catch me twenty or thirty of my cleverest priests, bind them hand and foot, and send them out missionaries of truth to the benighted.

Is the difference between the two islets old or recent?

Rao. A little while ago the inhabitants of both worshipped the juggler equally. Something, in which a woman and a sum of money were concerned, made a former king of Britain quarrel with the old man, or pretend to quarrel; and he seized upon all the lands and temples, and upon all the cattle and precious metals appertaining to them; and he swore he would be juggler in his own kingdom. The old juggler's priests went over to his side, having much veneration for their lands and temples, and opened many books demonstrating that they should do it, the same being foretold. Nevertheless the consciences of many pricked them, when they saw their ancient gods grinning from the walls at them. By degrees they plucked up courage, and grew as angry as the gods were, and brought buckets of lime into the temples, and whitened the paintings. The principal change in the religion is the transfer of property: the principal difference in the priests themselves is, the old juggler's priests declare and swear that they *do* eat God, and will eat him to their dying day. The new jugglers keep not so constantly to one story: sometimes they say that they *do* eat God *verily and indeed;* sometimes not *quite* verily nor *quite* indeed, but *quasi* verily and *quasi* indeed; a word borrowed from the primitive language of the old juggler. And, if you press them hard, and ask "Do you or do you not?" they tell you their church is liberal, and you may go and be damned.

King. What means that?

Rao. The most favourite term in all the religions of the west. They agree in nothing but in damning one another. I have known even the common people of London ejaculate the sacred word in the streets, without a church near them, and even when they seemed very far from any religious feeling.

King. I would not make a movement until I had ascertained the point in dispute between the islanders, and the chances of reconciliation.

Rao. The old man of the jungle, O meter-out of wisdom and inspirer of concord! will never let that be: and the rajah of Britain says he has learnt his part, and is as good a juggler as the old man. At which *Sister* is exasperated, and calls him impious and accursed. She reminds him that his ancestors believed in the divinity of the old juggler, and that the people of Britain never killed so many of their enemies as when they were under his guidance; and when he consecrated their standards, and blessed and poisoned their arms. She demands that a certain number of her inhabitants may wear their hats, boots, and great-coats, in winter and summer, and sit down, and whistle, and hiss, and hoot, and cry "Hear him, hear him" and "Question, question," in the same large hall where the sugar-boilers and money-changers of England meet to discuss their interests, and to divide among themselves the people's money. He declares he does not mind the people's money, nor regard the interruption and unfitness; but he fears they will propose to transmit a portion of his subsidies to the old juggler, and obey him in voting as he lists. He consents that, if they will swear to have in future no dealings whatever with the old juggler, he the rajah will be graciously pleased to let them wear hats, boots, and great-coats, in winter and summer, in the said hall; and sit down and whistle and hiss and hoot, and cry "Hear him, hear him" and "Question, question;" and that furthermore he will authorise them, in common with the English of the said hall, to call each other one name more than their own.

On their part they protest that, even if they

swear an oath, it shall be an oath no longer when the old juggler says it shall not be one: that they have sworn to him: that, supposing they had not, their fathers and mothers had for them; and that they can not but believe what their parents said they should, the very day of their birth, though it were that a horse-shoe is a sheep's head, or a sow's bristle the crest of a turkey-cock. This is thought the strongest of their arguments, as resting on the common faith of both nations.

King. The question is, I perceive, whether the priesthood of the old juggler or that of the rajah, shall possess power and wealth.

I am minded to despatch thee again, O Rao-Gong-Fao, with a letter of advice to my tributary the king of the islets.

Flang Sarabang Quang!

Flang. Serenity!

King. Incline thy back, and gather up the emeralds: they are these.

My child! rajah of the two islets of the west, Britain and Sister! my peace and protection be with thee!

Wishing to compose the differences that have existed for several moons between thee and *Sister*, my eyes never rested until this dew of wisdom fell from my brain.

My child! Let the children of *Sister* wear hats, boots, great-coats, winter and summer, in the great chamber: let them sit down, and whistle, and hiss, and hoot, and cry "Hear him, hear him" and "Question, question," and do therein whatever else their nature needs, and let them have one name more than their own, as have the money-changers and sugar-boilers. Be not angered, my child, if the children of *Sister* do appeal to the juggler as formerly, and believe in him, and worship him. One previous step is alone necessary to their admission into the great chamber. Take thou, O rajah my child! all the lands and other riches belonging to the temples. No appeals will ever afterward be carried into the jungle: for the old juggler would drive away any who brought him one, and would call it a mockery; and the priests of the two factions, now ready to tear each other's eyes and tongues out, will slink away when they meet, and not look one another in the face.

Rao-Gong-Fao!

Rao. Mine of wealth, terrestrial and celestial!

King. Tell my son that the money thus raised is most sacred and most fortunate; and that I devote it, with my prayers and vigils, to his sole service, in place of those sordid cowries and accursed rupees, which unholy and violent men have touched, and which they would have persuaded me (who have no such mischievous intent) to pour into his treasury.

PHOTO ZAVELLAS AND KAIDO.

Kaido. Photo! we meet in sorrow.

Zavellas. In sorrow, my beloved sister, have we often parted; for often have we lamented the death of those who followed us, and who believed on the word we gave them that the God of battles would protect the just: but never until now did either hear from the other the language of despondency. Tell me, Kaido, what is there that hangs about thy heart so heavily, and will not fall from it between us two?

Kaido. When I remember how much you have suffered, O my brother! first from a perfidious enemy, and latterly from an ungrateful country...

Zavellas. Cease, my sister! One of these things alone should be remembered.

Kaido. Let me return then home. I see, what indeed I saw as clearly ere I came, your righteous indignation. Had only the arcons entreated me to undertake the mission, I should have doubted more and hesitated longer.

Zavellas. Who then sent thee on a way so beset with dangers?

Kaido. Mosko, the tender wife, the timid mother; she whose generous fears would never let her leave your side in battle, nor now unclasp the son so late recovered. She tells you again through me, to return to Ali Bey; to pass the prison of the many who have fought around you; and to ask admittance at the door wherein your youngest child was kept three whole years away from you.

Zavellas. For what?

Kaido. Well may you inquire it. The house of our fathers is sunk in ashes. On my road hither I stept over the remnants of the beams, and among the rude stone images, their supporters, blacked but incorruptible. No man hath ventured to appropriate or remove them: there they lie, as they lay the sad morning when your hand set fire to the roof.

O Suli! O my country! never should my tears have fallen upon this calamity: a worse now threatens thee: the powerful, the magnanimous, abandon and betray thee.

Zavellas. A worse indeed!

Kaido. Nay, a worse yet.

Zavellas. There can not be.

Kaido. There is.

Zavellas. Threatening us?

Kaido. Befalling us. Gold hath entered our walls.

Zavellas. Then it entered through other apertures than the mansion of Zavellas.

Kaido. Some comfort in our adversity!

Zavellas. A great and lasting one.

Kaido. Though it has brought with it fatal counsels.

Zavellas. Fatal they are indeed to those who forfeit the esteem, and grievous to those who lose the fellowship, of the Botzari. Noti and Kitzo, who follow the steps of Markos, how grand are they! Usually it happens in men as in plants,

my Kaido: where one blossom is remarkable for its fulness and its beauty, those beside it are hollow or small. Two great brothers were too much even for fable, when fable went down lower than the gods. Here are two; of whom either may contend with the heroes of antiquity, such as our country alone hath given birth to. Belief that the high capacious soul of these brethren will watch and sustain me from a distance, is dearer to me than to link my hand in theirs. But who is he that should dare to hope it? Who shall stand with them next to Liberty, next to Greece?

Kaido. If only the thought of such as these dwelt with us, we might bear intense evil patiently.

Zavellas. Sad indeed is it to consider how much of mischief can a few bad men accomplish; how little of good can many better.

Now tell me, Kaido, what hast thou heard disquieting?

Kaido. Heard I not, O Photo! the speech of the arcons? Did they not conjure you, in the name of our country, to leave it! to accept the conditions of Ali Tebelen! to rely on his faith! the faith of a traitor! a murderer! an empoisoner!

Zavellas. Thou hast remarked something since; for that only raised thy scorn, and thou wast silent.

Kaido. Saw I not, amid the conflict of my woe and of my exultation, saw I not (and shall I forget it?) Photo Zavellas throw his arms around the necks of those elders, entreating them never more to think of him but in their orisons, never more to trust the enemy after this peace-offering!

Zavellas. If I, undistinguished as I am and destitute of experience, could lay a charge so weighty on such authoritative men, how much greater right have they to demand from me the execution of their designs?

Kaido. Brother! what I undertook to do, I have done; nor dare I attempt to dissuade you. I came not, O Photo! to remind you that you are banished by them who received at your hand their deliverance and existence; that your children through them have no father's roof to shelter, no father's eye to watch over them. This however I will announce to you . . for the blood of our parents cries out on me to say it . . and do not reprove me, Photo, though it should shake your purpose: if I am guilty of duplicity your danger makes me so.

Zavellas. Thou faulterest: faulter still. Thou tremblest: and I do not bid thee not to tremble. Peace! silence! tell me nothing. What canst thou teach me of Ali Tebelen which the least suspicious might not suspect? Sister! it is not this embrace that ought to assure thee I neither am stern toward thee nor insensible of thy love: my determination itself, which thou wouldst remove, should prove it; for on that rests the glory of our father's house. Couldst thou endure to find the voices in the street drop lower at thy approach; mirth become gloom; and hearty laughter hollow brittleness, cracked in the middle at one freezing glance? And what sounds, thinkest thou, will avenge this silence? I will tell thee: they are these. "The courage of Photo was a traitor's; his humility a slave's."

The very thought, in my horror, makes me hug to me virtues which perhaps belong not to me. O! thou hast done wrong already: thou hast made me prize myself! Leave me my true worth; leave me my own: let me be and be known to be what I am!

Kaido. Forgive me! forgive me! do not trust Ali Tebelen.

Zavellas. He hath sworn such perfect esteem for me, and hath declared his resolution to celebrate the treaty with such solemnity, that either the dagger or poison (I foresee) will ratify it. Nevertheless there are those in Suli, who are persuaded that the embassy with which they would entrust me, may prolong, if not establish their freedom. I indeed think differently: but where is now my vote? What right hath an exiled man to offer his opinion on the public weal?

Kaido. Pardon me, O my countrymen and my countrywomen! if I am less faithful in the charge ye have confided to me! I departed with no such intent. My brother stands before me, safe, healthy, free; can I suffer him to go and never more to see him, knowing that I never shall, and that a word of mine may preserve him to us all!

Zavellas. Speak not that word, O Kaido, if reproach must follow it: if, when it hath fallen from thy lips, it must stand for ever between thee and honour. Life we shall have again: a God hath promised it: beatitude we may or we may not: fidelity to our fathers, our children, our country, is the grain that holds the germ of it. Let us never be numbered with those who barter it, or who believe that Heaven hath imparted to man a sounder sustenance.

Kaido. Ali Tebelen (you know it not, I know it to a certainty) hath sworn your death. Now go, if any reason upon earth impels you; if any duty calls where none can be available, where none can be performed; go, if you shall benefit your country by giving up to chains and tortures the bravest of her defenders.

Zavellas. This only course lies before me.

Kaido. Abandon your ruinous and untenable fortress,* while the way is open and the toils unspread. Provisions must soon fail you, and egress be intercepted. Fight among the hospitable and unconquerable of Parga. Their numbers are diminished year after year; but the courage of every man among them who hath fallen, seems to have been portioned out by some guardian angel on the thirsting hearts of the rest. Venice casts a look of compassion on them; and the Seven Isles continually send them succour. Never can that day be dreaded, under no sign in the heavens is it marked by destiny, when so valiant and virtuous a race shall be abandoned. Humbled as

* *Santa Veneranda*, a fortified monastery.

are the fortunes of her Protectress, the memory of her past exploits, of her power and of her dignity, keeps her upright. Will she aid in crushing the desolate? will she sell the bruised slave at her own doors?

Zavellas. No nation, O Kaido, is capable of this turpitude: none would wish it: none, wishing it, could accomplish it. Rather than be delivered over to the infidel, the Pargans would dig up again the bones of their forefathers, carry them in their bosoms, and plunge with them from the summit of the rocks into the sea.

I too have a country: if I cannot save her, I may at least obey her. The injury I have received (but indeed it should never be called so) only raises my heart the higher. Thanks to them who have given me a power, a victory, I could not have gained without them. Promise them my duty.

Kaido. From these arms, then, God receive thee into his!

Zavellas. Courage! courage! weak lingering Kaido!.. pray to Him for the soul of Zavellas.. for the safety of better men.

EPICURUS*, LEONTION, AND TERNISSA.

Leontion. Your situation for a garden, Epicurus, is, I think, very badly chosen.

Epicurus. Why do you think so, my Leontion?

Leontion. First, because it is more than twenty stadia † from the city.

Epicurus. Certainly the distance is inconvenient, my charming friend! it is rather too far off for us to be seen, and rather too near for us to be regretted. Here however I shall build no villa, nor anything else, and the longest time we can be detained, is from the rising to the setting sun. Now, pray, your other reason why the spot is so ineligible.

Leontion. Because it commands no view of the town or of the harbour, unless we mount upon that knoll, where we could scarcely stand together, for the greater part is occupied by those three pinasters, old and horrible as the three Furies. Surely you will cut them down.

Epicurus. Whatever Leontion commands. To me there is this advantage in a place at some distance from the city. Having by no means the full possession of my faculties where I hear unwelcome and intrusive voices, or unexpected and irregular sounds that excite me involuntarily to listen, I assemble and arrange my thoughts with freedom and with pleasure in the fresh air and open sky; and they are more lively and vigorous and exuberant when I catch them as I walk about, and commune with them in silence and seclusion.

Leontion. It always has appeared to me that conversation brings them forth more readily and plenteously; and that the ideas of one person no sooner come out than another's follow them, whether from the same side or from the opposite.

Epicurus. They do: but these are not the thoughts we keep for seed: they come up weak by coming up close together. In the country the mind is soothed and satisfied: here is no restraint of motion or of posture. These things, little and indifferent as they may seem, are not so: for the best tempers have need of ease and liberty, to keep them in right order long enough for the purposes of composition; and many a froward axiom, many an inhumane thought, hath arisen from sitting inconveniently, from hearing a few unpleasant sounds, from the confinement of a gloomy chamber, or from the want of symmetry in it. We are not aware of this, until we find an exemption from it in groves, on promontories, or along the sea-shore, or wherever else we meet Nature face to face, undisturbed and solitary.

Ternissa. You would wish us then away!

Epicurus. I speak of solitude; you of desolation.

Ternissa. O flatterer! is this philosophy?

Epicurus. Yes; if you are a thought the richer or a moment the happier for it.

Ternissa. Write it down then in the next volume you intend to publish.

Leontion. I interpose and controvert it. That is not philosophy which serves only for one.

Epicurus. Just criterion! I will write down your sentence instead, and leave mine at the discretion of Ternissa. And now, my beautiful Ternissa, let me hear *your* opinion of the situation I have chosen. I perceive that you too have fixed your eyes on the pinasters.

Ternissa. I will tell you in verses; for I do think these are verses, or nearly:

> I hate those trees that never lose their foliage:
> They seem to have no sympathy with Nature:
> Winter and Summer are alike to them.

* Cicero was an opponent of Epicurus, yet in his treatise *On Friendship* he says, "De quâ Epicurus quidem ita dicit; omnium rerum quas ad *beate vivendum* sapientia comparaverit, nihil esse majus amicitiâ; nihil uberius, nihil jucundius." This is oratorical and sententious: he goes on, praising the founder and the foundation. "Neque verò hoc oratione solùm sed *multo magis vitâ et moribus* comprobavit. Quod quàm magnum sit, fictæ veterum fabulæ declarant, in quibus tam multis tamque variis ab ultimâ antiquitate repetitis, tria vix amicorum paria reperiuntur, ut ad Orestem pervenias profectus a Theseo. At verò Epicurus unâ in domo, et eâ quidem angustâ, quàm magnos quantâque amoris conspiratione consentientes tenuit amicorum greges. *Quod fit etiam nunc ab Epicureis.*" Certain it is, that moderation, forbearance, and what St. Paul calls *charity*, never flourished in any sect of philosophy or religion, so perfectly and so long as among the disciples of Epicurus.

Cicero adds in another work, "De sanctitate, de pietate adversus Deos libros scripsit Epicurus: at quomodo in his loquitur? ut Coruncanium aut Scævolam Pontifices Maximos te audire dicas."

Seneca, whose sect was more adverse, thus expresses his opinion: "Mea quidem ista sententia (et hoc nostris invitis popularibus dicam) sancta Epicurum et recta præcipere, et, si propius accesseris, tristia."

† Two miles and a half.

The broad and billowy summits of yon monstrous trees, one would imagine, were made for the storms to rest upon when they are tired of raving. And what bark! It occurs to me, Epicurus, that I have rarely seen climbing plants attach themselves to these trees, as they do to the oak, the maple, the beech, and others.

Leontion. If your remark be true, perhaps the resinous are not embraced by them so frequently because they dislike the odour of the resin, or some other property of the juices; for they too have their affections and antipathies, no less than their countries and their climes.

Ternissa. For shame! what would you with me?

Epicurus. I would not interrupt you while you were speaking, nor while Leontion was replying; this is against my rules and practice; having now ended, kiss me, Ternissa!

Ternissa. Impudent man! in the name of Pallas, why should I kiss you?

Epicurus. Because you expressed hatred.

Ternissa. Do we kiss when we hate?

Epicurus. There is no better end of hating. The sentiment should not exist one moment; and if the hater gives a kiss on being ordered to do it, even to a tree or a stone, that tree or stone becomes the monument of a fault extinct.

Ternissa. I promise you I never will hate a tree again.

Epicurus. I told you so.

Leontion. Nevertheless I suspect, my Ternissa, you will often be surprised into it. I was very near saying, "I hate these rude square stones!" Why did you leave them here, Epicurus?

Epicurus. It is true, they are the greater part square, and seem to have been cut out in ancient times for plinths and columns: they are also rude. Removing the smaller, that I might plant violets and cyclamens and convolvuluses and strawberries, and such other herbs as grow willingly in dry places, I left a few of these for seats, a few for tables and for couches.

Leontion. Delectable couches!

Epicurus. Laugh as you may, they will become so when they are covered with moss and ivy, and those other two sweet plants, whose names I do not remember to have found in any ancient treatise, but which I fancy I have heard Theophrastus call "Leontion" and "Ternissa."

Ternissa. The bold insidious false creature?

Epicurus. What is that volume? may I venture to ask, Leontion? Why do you blush?

Leontion. I do not blush about it.

Epicurus. You are offended then, my dear girl.

Leontion. No, nor offended. I will tell you presently what it contains. Account to me first for your choice of so strange a place to walk in: a broad ridge, the summit and one side barren, the other a wood of rose-laurels impossible to penetrate. The worst of all is, we can see nothing of the city or the Parthenon, unless from the very top.

Epicurus. The place commands, in my opinion, a most perfect view.

Leontion. Of what, pray?

Epicurus. Of itself; seeming to indicate that we, Leontion, who philosophise, should do the same.

Leontion. Go on, go on! say what you please: I will not hate anything yet. Why have you torn up by the root all these little mountain ash-trees? This is the season of their beauty: come, Ternissa, let us make ourselves necklaces and armlets, such as may captivate old Sylvanus and Pan: you shall have your choice. But why have you torn them up?

Epicurus. On the contrary, they were brought hither this morning. Sosimenes is spending large sums of money on an olive-ground, and has uprooted some hundreds of them, of all ages and sizes. I shall cover the rougher part of the hill with them, setting the clematis and vine and honey-suckle against them, to unite them.

Ternissa. O what a pleasant thing it is to walk in the green light of the vine-leaves, and to breathe the sweet odour of their invisible flowers!

Epicurus. The scent of them is so delicate that it requires a sigh to inhale it; and this, being accompanied and followed by enjoyment, renders the fragrance so exquisite. Ternissa, it is this, my sweet friend, that made you remember the green light of the foliage, and think of the invisible flowers as you would of some blessing from heaven.

Ternissa. I see feathers flying at certain distances just above the middle of the promontory: what can they mean?

Epicurus. Can not you imagine them to be feathers from the wings of Zethes and Calăis, who came hither out of Thrace to behold the favourite haunts of their mother Orithyeia? From the precipice that hangs over the sea a few paces from the pinasters, she is reported to have been carried off by Boreas; and these remains of the primeval forest have always been held sacred on that belief.

Leontion. The story is an idle one.

Ternissa. O no, Leontion! the story is very true.

Leontion. Indeed?

Ternissa. I have heard not only odes, but sacred and most ancient hymns upon it; and the voice of Boreas is often audible here, and the screams of Orithyeia.

Leontion. The feathers then really may belong to Calăis and Zethes.

Ternissa. I don't believe it: the winds would have carried them away.

Leontion. The gods, to manifest their power, as they often do by miracles, could as easily fix a feather eternally on the most tempestuous promontory, as the mark of their feet upon the flint.

Ternissa. They could indeed: but we know the one to a certainty, and have no such authority for the other. I have seen these pinasters from the extremity of the Pirœus, and have heard mention of the altar raised to Boreas: where is it?

Epicurus. As it stands in the centre of the

platform, we can not see it from hence. There is the only piece of level ground in the place.

Leontion. Ternissa intends the altar to prove the truth of the story.

Epicurus. Ternissa is slow to admit that even the young can deceive, much less the old; the gay, much less the serious.

Leontion. It is as wise to moderate our belief as our desires.

Epicurus. Some minds require much belief, some thrive on little. Rather an exuberance of it is feminine and beautiful. It acts differently on different hearts: it troubles some, it consoles others: in the generous it is the nurse of tenderness and kindness, of heroism and self-devotion: in the ungenerous it fosters pride, impatience of contradiction and appeal, and, like some waters, what it finds a dry stick or hollow straw, it leaves a stone.

Ternissa. We want it chiefly to make the way of death an easy one.

Epicurus. There is no easy path leading out of life, and few are the easy ones that lie within it. I would adorn and smoothen the declivity, and make my residence as commodious as its situation and dimensions may allow; but principally, I would cast underfoot the empty fear of death.

Ternissa. O! how can you?

Epicurus. By many arguments already laid down: then by thinking that some perhaps, in almost every age, have been timid and delicate as Ternissa; and yet have slept soundly, have felt no parent's or friend's tear upon their faces, no throb against their breasts; in short, have been in the calmest of all possible conditions, while those around were in the most deplorable and desperate.

Ternissa. It would pain me to die, if it were only at the idea that anyone I love would grieve too much for me.

Epicurus. Let the loss of our friends be our only grief, and the apprehension of displeasing them our only fear.

Leontion. No apostrophes! no interjections! Your argument was unsound; your means futile.

Epicurus. Tell me then, whether the horse of a rider on the road should not be spurred forward if he started at a shadow.

Leontion. Yes.

Epicurus. I thought so: it would however be better to guide him quietly up to it, and to show him that it *was* one. Death is less than a shadow: it represents nothing, even imperfectly.

Leontion. Then at the best what is it? why care about it, think about it, or remind us that it must befall us? Would you take the same trouble, when you see my hair entwined with ivy, to make me remember that, although the leaves are green and pliable, the stem is fragile and rough, and that before I go to bed I shall have many knots and intanglements to extricate! Let me have them; but let me not hear of them until the time is come.

Epicurus. I would never think of death as an embarrassment, but as a blessing.

Ternissa. How! a blessing?

Epicurus. What, if it makes our enemies cease to hate us? what, if it makes our friends love us the more?

Leontion. Us? According to your doctrine, we shall not exist at all.

Epicurus. I spoke of that which is consolatory while we are here, and of that which in plain reason ought to render us contented to stay no longer. You, Leontion, would make others better: and better they certainly will be, when their hostilities languish in an empty field, and their rancour is tired with treading upon dust. The generous affections stir about us at the dreary hour of death, as the blossoms of the Median apple swell and diffuse their fragrance in the cold.

Ternissa. I can not bear to think of passing the Styx, lest Charon should touch me: he is so old and wilful, so cross and ugly.

Epicurus. Ternissa! Ternissa! I would accompany you thither, and stand between. Would not you too, Leontion?

Leontion. I don't know.

Ternissa. O! that we could go together!

Leontion. Indeed!

Ternissa. All three, I mean . . I said . . or was going to say it. How ill-natured you are, Leontion! to misinterpret me; I could almost cry.

Leontion. Do not, do not, Ternissa! Should that tear drop from your eyelash you would look less beautiful.

Epicurus. Whenever I see a tear on a beautiful young face, twenty of mine run to meet it. If it is well to conquer a world, it is better to conquer two.

Ternissa. That is what Alexander of Macedon wept because he could not accomplish.

Epicurus. Ternissa! we three can accomplish it; or any one of us.

Ternissa. How? pray!

Epicurus. We can conquer this world and the next: for you will have another, and nothing should be refused you.

Ternissa. The next by piety: but this, in what manner?

Epicurus. By indifference to all who are indifferent to us; by taking joyfully the benefit that comes spontaneously; by wishing no more intensely for what is a hair's breadth beyond our reach than for a draught of water from the Ganges; and by fearing nothing in another life.

Ternissa. This, O Epicurus! is the grand impossibility.

Epicurus. Do you believe the gods to be as benevolent and good as you are? or do you not?

Ternissa. Much kinder, much better in every way.

Epicurus. Would you kill or hurt the sparrow that you keep in your little dressing-room with a string around the leg, because he hath flown where you did not wish him to fly?

Ternissa. No: it would be cruel: the string about the leg of so little and weak a creature is enough.

Epicurus. You think so; I think so; God thinks so. This I may say confidently: for whenever there is a sentiment in which strict justice and pure benevolence unite, it must be his.

Ternissa. O Epicurus! when you speak thus...

Leontion. Well, Ternissa! what then?

Ternissa. When Epicurus teaches us such sentiments as this, I am grieved that he has not so great an authority with the Athenians as some others have.

Leontion. You will grieve more, I suspect, my Ternissa, when he possesses that authority.

Ternissa. What will he do?

Leontion. Why turn pale? I am not about to answer that he will forget or leave you. No; but the voice comes deepest from the sepulchre, and a great name has its root in the dead body. If you invited a company to a feast, you might as well place round the table live sheep and oxen, and vases of fish and cages of quails, as you would invite a company of friendly hearers to the philosopher who is yet living.* One would imagine that the iris of our intellectual eye were lessened by the glory of his presence, and that, like eastern kings, he could be looked at near, only when his limbs are stiff, by wax-light, in closed curtains.

Epicurus. One of whom we know little leaves us a ring or other token of remembrance, and we express a sense of pleasure and of gratitude: one of whom we know nothing writes a book, the contents of which might (if we would let them) have done us more good and might have given us more pleasure, and we revile him for it. The book may do what the legacy can not; it may be pleasurable and serviceable to others as well as ourselves: we would hinder this too. In fact, all other love is extinguished by self-love: beneficence, humanity, justice, philosophy, sink under it. While we insist that we are looking for Truth, we commit a falsehood. It never was the first object with anyone, and with few the second.

Feed unto replenishment your quieter fancies, my sweetest little Ternissa! and let the gods, both youthful and aged, both gentle and boisterous, administer to them hourly on these sunny downs: what can they do better?

Leontion. But those feathers, Ternissa, what god's may they be? since you will not pick them up, nor restore them to Calläis nor to Zethes.

Ternissa. I do not think they belong to any god whatever; and shall never be persuaded of it unless Epicurus say it is so.

Leontion. O unbelieving creature! do you reason against the immortals?

Ternissa. It was yourself who doubted, or appeared to doubt, the flight of Orithyeia. By admitting too much we endanger our religion. Beside, I think I discern some upright stakes at equal distances, and am pretty sure the feathers are tied to them by long strings.

Epicurus. You have guessed the truth.

Ternissa. Of what use are they there?

Epicurus. If you have ever seen the foot of a statue broken off just below the ankle, you have then, Leontion and Ternissa, seen the form of the ground about us. The lower extremities of it are divided into small ridges, as you will perceive if you look round; and these are covered with corn, olives, and vines. At the upper part, where cultivation ceases, and where those sheep and goats are grazing, begins my purchase. The ground rises gradually unto near the summit, where it grows somewhat steep, and terminates in a precipice. Across the middle I have traced a line, denoted by those feathers, from one dingle to the other; the two terminations of my intended garden. The distance is nearly a thousand paces, and the path, perfectly on a level, will be two paces broad, so that I may walk between you; but another could not join us conveniently. From this there will be several circuitous and spiral, leading by the easiest ascent to the summit; and several more, to the road along the cultivation underneath: here will however be but one entrance. Wild pomegranates and irregular tufts of gorse unite their forces against invasion.

Ternissa. Where will you place the statues? for undoubtedly you must have some.

Epicurus. I will have some models for statues. Pygmalion prayed the gods to give life to the image he adored: I will not pray them to give marble to mine. Never may I lay my wet cheek upon the foot under which is inscribed the name of Leontion or Ternissa!

Leontion. Do not make us melancholy: never let us think that the time can come when we shall lose our friends. Glory, literature, philosophy, have this advantage over friendship: remove one object from them, and others fill the void; remove one from friendship, one only, and not the earth, nor the universality of worlds, no, nor the intellect that soars above and comprehends them, can replace it.

Epicurus. Dear Leontion! always amiable, always graceful! how lovely do you now appear to me! what beauteous action accompanied your words!

Leontion. I used none whatever.

Epicurus. That white arm was then, as it is now, over the shoulder of Ternissa; and her breath imparted a fresh bloom to your cheek, a new music to your voice. No friendship is so cordial or so delicious as that of girl for girl; no hatred so intense and immovable as that of woman for woman. In youth you love one above the others of your sex: in riper age you hate all, more or less, in proportion to similarity of accomplishments and pursuits; which sometimes (I wish it

* Seneca quotes a letter of Epicurus, in which his friendship with Metrodorus is mentioned, with a remark that the obscurity in which they had lived, so great indeed as to let them rest not only unknown, but almost unheard of, in the midst of Greece, was by no means to be considered as an abatement of their good fortune.

were oftener) are bonds of union to men. In us you more easily pardon faults than excellences in each other. *Your* tempers are such, my beloved scholars, that even this truth does not ruffle them; and such is your affection, that I look with confidence to its unabated ardour at twenty.

Leontion. Oh, then, I am to love Ternissa almost fifteen months!

Ternissa. And I am destined to survive the loss of it three months above four years!

Epicurus. Incomparable creatures! may it be eternal! In loving ye shall follow no example: ye shall step securely over the iron rule laid down for others by the Destinies, and *you* for ever be Leontion, and *you* Ternissa.

Leontion. Then indeed we should not want statues.

Ternissa. But men, who are vainer creatures, would be good for nothing without them: they must be flattered, even by the stones.

Epicurus. Very true. Neither the higher arts nor the civic virtues can flourish extensively without the statues of illustrious men. But gardens are not the places for them. Sparrows wooing on the general's truncheon (unless he be such a general as one of ours in the last war), and snails beliming the emblems of the poet, do not remind us worthily of their characters. Porticoes are their proper situations, and those the most frequented. Even there they may lose all honour and distinction, whether from the thoughtlessness of magistrates or from the malignity of rivals. Our own city, the least exposed of any to the effects of either, presents us a disheartening example. When the Thebans in their jealousy condemned Pindar to the payment of a fine, for having praised the Athenians too highly, our citizens erected a statue of bronze to him.

Leontion. Jealousy of Athens made the Thebans fine him; and jealousy of Thebes made the Athenians thus record it.

Epicurus. And jealousy of Pindar, I suspect, made some poet persuade the arcons to render the distinction a vile and worthless one, by placing his effigy near a king's, one Evagoras of Cyprus.

Ternissa. Evagoras, I think I remember to have read in the inscription, was rewarded in this manner for his reception of Conon, defeated by the Lacedemonians.

Epicurus. Gratitude was due to him, and some such memorial to record it. External reverence should be paid unsparingly to the higher magistrates of every country who perform their offices exemplarily: yet they are not on this account to be placed in the same degree with men of primary genius. They never exalt the human race, and rarely benefit it; and their benefits are local and transitory, while those of a great writer are universal and eternal.

If the gods did indeed bestow on us a portion of their fire, they seem to have lighted it in sport and left it: the harder task and the nobler is performed by that genius who raises it clear and glowing from its embers, and makes it applicable to the purposes that dignify or delight our nature. I have ever said, "Reverence the rulers." Let then his image stand; but stand apart from Pindar's. Pallas and Jove! defend me from being carried down the stream of time among a shoal of royalets, and the rootless weeds they are hatched on.

Ternissa. So much piety would deserve the exemption, even though your writings did not hold out the decree.

Leontion. Child, the compliment is ill turned: if you are ironical, as you must be on the piety of Epicurus, Atticism requires that you should continue to be so, at least to the end of the sentence.

Ternissa. Irony is my abhorrence. Epicurus may appear less pious than some others; but I am certain he is more; otherwise the gods would never have given him . . .

Leontion. What? what? let us hear!

Ternissa. Leontion!

Leontion. Silly girl! Were there any hibiscus or broom growing near at hand, I would send him away and whip you.

Epicurus. There is fern, which is better.

Leontion. I was not speaking to you: but now you shall have something to answer for yourself. Although you admit no statues in the country, you might at least methinks have discovered a retirement with a fountain in it: here I see not even a spring.

Epicurus. Fountain I can hardly say there is; but on the left there is a long crevice or chasm, which we have never yet visited, and which we can not discern until we reach it. This is full of soft mould, very moist; and many high reeds and canes are growing there; and the rock itself too drips with humidity along it, and is covered with more tufted moss and more variegated lichens. This crevice, with its windings and sinuosities, is about four hundred paces long, and in many parts eleven, twelve, thirteen feet wide, but generally six or seven. I shall plant it wholly with lilies of the valley; leaving the irises which occupy the sides as well as the clefts, and also those other flowers of paler purple, from the autumnal cups of which we collect the saffron; and forming a narrow path of such turf as I can find there, or rather following it as it creeps among the bays and hazels and sweet-briar, which have fallen at different times from the summit, and are now grown old, with an infinity of primroses at the roots. There are nowhere twenty steps without a projection and a turn, nor in any ten together is the chasm of the same width or figure. Hence the ascent in its windings is easy and imperceptible quite to the termination, where the rocks are somewhat high and precipitous: at the entrance they lose themselves in privet and elder, and you must make your way between them through the canes. Do not you remember where I carried you both across the muddy hollow in the foot-path?

Ternissa. Leontion does.

Epicurus. That place is always wet; not only

in this month of Puanepsion*, which we are beginning to-day, but in midsummer. The water that causes it, comes out a little way above it, but originates from the crevice, which I will cover at top with rose-laurel and mountain-ash, with clematis and vine; and I will intercept the little rill in its wandering, draw it from its concealment, and place it like Bacchus under the protection of the Nymphs, who will smile upon it in its marble cradle, which at present I keep at home.

Ternissa. Leontion! why do you turn away your face? have the Nymphs smiled upon you in it?

Leontion. I bathed in it once, if you must know, Ternissa! Why now, Ternissa, why do you turn away yours? have the Nymphs frowned upon you for invading their secrets?

Ternissa. Epicurus, you are in the right to bring it away from Athens; from under the eye of Pallas: she might be angry.

Epicurus. You approve of its removal then, my lovely friend?

Ternissa. Mightily.

(*Aside.*) I wish it may break in pieces on the road.

Epicurus. What did you say?

Ternissa. I wish it were now on the road.. that I might try whether it would hold me.. I mean with my clothes on.

Epicurus. It would hold you, and one a span longer. I have another in the house; but it is not decorated with Fauns and Satyrs and foliage, like this.

Leontion. I remember putting my hand upon the frightful Satyr's head, to leap in: it seems made for the purpose. But the sculptor needed not to place the Naiad quite so near: he must have been a very impudent man: it is impossible to look for a moment at such a piece of workmanship.

Ternissa. For shame! Leontion!.. why, what was it? I do not desire to know.

Epicurus. I don't remember it.

Leontion. Nor I neither; only the head.

Epicurus. I shall place the Satyr toward the rock, that you may never see him, Ternissa.

Ternissa. Very right; he can not turn round.

Leontion. The poor Naiad had done it, in vain.

Ternissa. All these labourers will soon finish the plantation, if you superintend them, and are not appointed to some magistrature.

Epicurus. Those who govern us are pleased at seeing a philosopher out of the city, and more still at finding, in a season of scarcity, forty poor citizens, who might become seditious, made happy and quiet by such employment.

Two evils, of almost equal weight, may befall the man of erudition: never to be listened to, and to be listened to always. Aware of these, I devote a large portion of my time and labours to the cultivation of such minds as flourish best in cities, where my garden at the gate, although smaller than this, we find sufficiently capacious. There I secure my listeners: here my thoughts and imaginations have their free natural current, and tarry or wander as the will invites: may it ever be among those dearest to me! those whose hearts possess the rarest and divinest faculty, of retaining or forgetting at option what ought to be forgotten or retained.

Leontion. The whole ground then will be covered with trees and shrubs.

Epicurus. There are some protuberances in various parts of the eminence, which you do not perceive till you are upon them or above them. They are almost level at the top, and overgrown with fine grass; for they catch the better soil, brought down in small quantities by the rains. These are to be left unplanted; so is the platform under the pinasters, whence there is a prospect of the city, the harbour, the isle of Salamis, and the territory of Megara. "What then," cried Sosimenes, "you would hide from your view my young olives, and the whole length of the new wall I have been building at my own expense between us! and, when you might see at once the whole of Attica, you will hardly see more of it than I could buy."

Leontion. I do not perceive the new wall, for which Sosimenes, no doubt, thinks himself another Pericles.

Epicurus. Those old junipers quite conceal it.

Ternissa. They look warm and sheltering: but I like the rose-laurels much better; and what a thicket of them here is!

Epicurus. Leaving all the larger, I shall remove many thousands of them; enough to border the greater part of the walk, intermixed with roses.

Ternissa. Do, pray, leave that taller plant yonder, of which I see there are several springing in several places out of the rock: it appears to have produced on a single stem a long succession of yellow flowers; some darkening and fading, others running up and leaving them behind, others showing their little faces imperfectly through their light green veils.

Leontion. Childish girl! she means the mullen; and she talks about it as she would have talked about a doll, attributing to it feelings and aims and designs. I saw her stay behind to kiss it; no doubt, for being so nearly of her own highth.

Ternissa. No indeed, not for that; but because I had broken off one of its blossoms unheedingly, perhaps the last it may bear, and because its leaves are so downy and pliant; and because nearer the earth some droop and are decaying, and remind me of a parent who must die before the tenderest of her children can do without her.

Epicurus. I will preserve the whole species; but you must point out to me the particular one as we return. There is an infinity of other plants and flowers, or weeds as Sosimenes calls them, of which he has cleared his olive-yard, and which I shall adopt. Twenty of his slaves came in yester-

* The Attic month of Puanepsion had its commencement in the latter days of October: its name is derived from εὐειν, the legumes which were offered in sacrifice to Apollo at that season.

day, laden with hyacinths and narcissuses, anemones and jonquils. "The curses of our vineyards," cried he, "and good neither for man nor beast. I have another estate infested with lilies of the valley: I should not wonder if you accepted these too."

"And with thanks," answered I.

The whole of his remark I could not collect: he turned aside, and (I believe) prayed. I only heard "Pallas" . . "father" . . "sound mind" . . "inoffensive man" . . "good neighbour." As we walked together, I perceived him looking grave, and I could not resist my inclination to smile as I turned my eyes toward him. He observed it, at first with unconcern, but by degrees some doubts arose within him, and he said, "Epicurus, you have been throwing away no less than half a talent on this sorry piece of mountain, and I fear you are about to waste as much in labour: for nothing was ever so terrible as the price we are obliged to pay the workman, since the conquest of Persia, and the increase of luxury in our city. Under three obols none will do his day's work. But what, in the name of all the deities, could induce you to plant those roots, which other people dig up and throw away?"

"I have been doing," said I, "the same thing my whole life through, Sosimenes!"

"How!" cried he: "I never knew that."

"Those very doctrines," added I, "which others hate and extirpate, I inculcate and cherish. They bring no riches, and therefore are thought to bring no advantage: to me they appear the more advantageous for that reason. They give us immediately what we solicit through the means of wealth. We toil for the wealth first; and then it remains to be proved whether we can purchase with it what we look for. Now, to carry our money to the market, and not to find in the market our money's worth, is great vexation: yet much greater has already preceded, in running up and down for it among so many competitors, and through so many thieves."

After a while he rejoined, "You really, then, have not overreached me?"

"In what? my friend!" said I.

"These roots," he answered, "may perhaps be good and saleable for some purpose. Shall you send them into Persia? or whither?"

"Sosimenes! I shall make love-potions of the flowers."

Leontion. O Epicurus! should it ever be known in Athens that they are good for this, you will not have, with all your fences of prunes and pomegranates, and precipices with gorse upon them, a single root left under ground after the month of Elaphebolion *.

Epicurus. It is not everyone that knows the preparation.

Leontion. Everybody will try.

Epicurus. And you too, Ternissa?

Ternissa. Will you teach me?

Epicurus. This, and anything else I know. We must walk together when they are in flower.

* The thirtieth of Elaphebolion was the tenth of April.

Ternissa. And can you teach me then?

Epicurus. I teach by degrees.

Leontion. By very slow ones, Epicurus! I have no patience with you: tell us directly.

Epicurus. It is very material what kind of recipient you bring with you. Enchantresses use a brazen one: silver and gold are employed in other arts.

Leontion. I will bring any.

Ternissa. My mother has a fine golden one: she will lend it me: she allows me everything.

Epicurus. Leontion and Ternissa! those eyes of yours brighten at inquiry, as if they carried a light within them for a guidance.

Leontion. No flattery!

Ternissa. No flattery! come, teach us.

Epicurus. Will you hear me through in silence?

Leontion. We promise.

Epicurus. Sweet girls! the calm pleasures, such as I hope you will ever find in your walks among these gardens, will improve your beauty, animate your discourse, and correct the little that may hereafter rise up for correction in your dispositions. The smiling ideas left in our bosoms from our infancy, that many plants are the favourites of the gods, and that others were even the objects of their love, having once been invested with the human form, beautiful and lively and happy as yourselves, give them an interest beyond the vision; yes, and a station, let me say it, on the vestibule of our affections. Resign your ingenuous hearts to simple pleasures; and there is none in man, where men are Attic, that will not follow and outstrip their movements.

Ternissa. O Epicurus!

Epicurus. What said Ternissa?

Leontion. Some of those anemones, I do think, must be still in blossom. Ternissa's golden cup is at home; but she has brought with her a little vase for the filter . . and has filled it to the brim . . . Do not hide your head behind my shoulder, Ternissa! no, nor in my lap.

Epicurus. Yes, there let it lie, the lovelier for that tendril of sunny brown hair upon it. How it falls and rises! Which is the hair? which the shadow?

Leontion. Let the hair rest.

Epicurus. I must not perhaps clasp the shadow!

Leontion. You philosophers are fond of such unsubstantial things. O! you have taken my volume. This is deceit.

You live so little in public, and entertain such a contempt for opinion, as to be both indifferent and ignorant what it is that people blame you for.

Epicurus. I know what it is I should blame myself for, if I attended to them. Prove them to be wiser and more disinterested in their wisdom than I am, and I will then go down to them and listen to them. When I have well considered a thing, I deliver it, regardless of what those think who neither take the time nor possess the faculty of considering anything well, and who have always lived far remote from the scope of our speculations.

Leontion. In the volume you snatched away

from me so slily, I have defended a position of yours which many philosophers turn into ridicule; namely, that politeness is among the virtues. I wish you yourself had spoken more at large upon the subject.

Epicurus. It is one upon which a lady is likely to display more ingenuity and discernment. If philosophers have ridiculed my sentiment, the reason is, it is among those virtues which in general they find most difficult to assume or counterfeit.

Leontion. Surely life runs on the smoother for this equability and polish; and the gratification it affords is more extensive than is afforded even by the highest virtue. Courage, on nearly all occasions, inflicts as much of evil as it imparts of good. It may be exerted in defence of our country, in defence of those who love us, in defence of the harmless and the helpless: but those against whom it is thus exerted may possess an equal share of it. If they succeed, then manifestly the ill it produces is greater than the benefit: if they succumb, it is nearly as great. For, many of their adversaries are first killed and maimed, and many of their own kindred are left to lament the consequences of their aggression.

Epicurus. You have spoken first of courage, as that virtue which attracts your sex principally.

Ternissa. Not me; I am always afraid of it. I love those best who can tell me the most things I never knew before, and who have patience with me, and look kindly while they teach me, and almost as if they were waiting for fresh questions. Now let me hear directly what you were about to say to Leontion.

Epicurus. I was proceeding to remark that temperance comes next; and temperance has then its highest merit when it is the support of civility and politeness. So that I think I am right and equitable in attributing to politeness a distinguished rank, not among the ornaments of life, but among the virtues. And you, Leontion and Ternissa, will have leaned the more propensely toward this opinion, if you considered, as I am sure you did, that the peace and concord of families, friends, and cities, are preserved by it: in other terms, the harmony of the world.

Ternissa. Leontion spoke of courage, you of temperance: the next great virtue, in the division made by the philosophers, is justice.

Epicurus. Temperance includes it: for temperance is imperfect if it is only an abstinence from too much food, too much wine, too much conviviality, or other luxury. It indicates every kind of forbearance. Justice is forbearance from what belongs to another. Giving to this one rightly what that one would hold wrongfully, is justice in magistrature, not in the abstract, and is only a part of its office. The perfectly temperate man is also the perfectly just man: but the perfectly just man (as philosophers now define him) may not be the perfectly temperate one: I include the less in the greater.

Leontion. We hear of judges, and upright ones too, being immoderate eaters and drinkers.

Epicurus. The Lacedemonians are temperate in food and courageous in battle: but men like these, if they existed in sufficient numbers, would devastate the universe. We alone, we Athenians, with less military skill perhaps, and certainly less rigid abstinence from voluptuousness and luxury, have set before it the only grand example of social government and of polished life. From us the seed is scattered: from us flow the streams that irrigate it: and ours are the hands, O Leontion! that collect it, cleanse it, deposit it, and convey and distribute it sound and weighty through every race and age. Exhausted as we are by war, we can do nothing better than lie down and doze while the weather is fine overhead, and dream (if we can) that we are affluent and free.

O sweet sea-air! how bland art thou and refreshing! Breathe upon Leontion! breathe upon Ternissa! bring them health and spirits and serenity, many springs and many summers, and when the vine-leaves have reddened and rustle under their feet.

These, my beloved girls, are the children of Eternity: they played around Theseus and the beauteous Amazon, they gave to Pallas the bloom of Venus, and to Venus the animation of Pallas. Is it not better to enjoy by the hour their soft salubrious influence, than to catch by fits the rancid breath of demagogues; than to swell and move under it without or against our will; than to acquire the semblance of eloquence by the bitterness of passion, the tone of philosophy by disappointment, or the credit of prudence by distrust? Can fortune, can industry, can desert itself, bestow on us anything we have not here?

Leontion. And when shall those three meet? The gods have never united them, knowing that men would put them asunder at their first appearance.

Epicurus. I am glad to leave the city as often as possible, full as it is of high and glorious reminiscences, and am inclined much rather to indulge in quieter scenes, whither the Graces and Friendship lead me. I would not contend even with men able to contend with me. You, Leontion, I see, think differently, and have composed at last your long-meditated work against the philosophy of Theophrastus.

Leontion. Why not? he has been praised above his merits.

Epicurus. My Leontion! you have inadvertently given me the reason and origin of all controversial writings. They flow not from a love of truth or a regard for science, but from envy and ill-will. Setting aside the evil of malignity, always hurtful to ourselves, not always to others, there is weakness in the argument you have adduced. When a writer is praised above his merits in his own times, he is certain of being estimated below them in the times succeeding. Paradox is dear to most people: it bears the appearance of originality, but is usually the talent of the superficial, the perverse, and the obstinate.

Nothing is more gratifying than the attention you are bestowing on me, which you always apportion to the seriousness of my observations. But, Leontion! Leontion! you defend me too earnestly. The roses on your cheeks should derive their bloom from a cooler and sweeter and more salubrious fountain. In what mythology (can you tell me, Ternissa?) is Friendship the mother of Anger?

Ternissa. I can only tell you that Love lights Anger's torch very often.

Leontion. I dislike Theophrastus for his affected contempt of your doctrines.

Epicurus. Unreasonably, for the contempt of them; reasonably, if affected. Good men may differ widely from me, and wise ones misunderstand me; for, their wisdom having raised up to them schools of their own, they have not found leisure to converse with me; and from others they have received a partial and inexact report. My opinion is, that certain things are indifferent, and unworthy of pursuit or attention, as lying beyond our research and almost our conjecture; which things the generality of philosophers (for the generality are speculative) deem of the first importance. Questions relating to them I answer evasively, or altogether decline. Again, there are modes of living which are suitable to some and unsuitable to others. What I myself follow and embrace, what I recommend to the studious, to the irritable, to the weak in health, would ill agree with the commonality of citizens. Yet my adversaries cry out, "Such is the opinion and practice of Epicurus." For instance, I have never taken a wife, and never will take one: but he from among the mass who should avow his imitation of my example, would act as wisely and more religiously in saying that he chose celibacy because Pallas had done the same.

Leontion. If Pallas had many such votaries she would soon have few citizens.

Epicurus. And extremely bad ones if all followed me in retiring from the offices of magistracy and of war. Having seen that the most sensible men are the most unhappy, I could not but examine the causes of it: and finding that the same sensibility to which they are indebted for the activity of their intellect, is also the restless mover of their jealousy and ambition, I would lead them aside from whatever operates upon these, and throw under their feet the terrors their imagination has created. My philosophy is not for the populace nor for the proud: the ferocious will never attain it: the gentle will embrace it, but will not call it mine. I do not desire that they should: let them rest their heads upon that part of the pillow which they find the softest, and enjoy their own dreams unbroken.

Leontion. The old are all against you: for the name of pleasure is an affront to them: they know no other kind of it than that which has flowered and seeded, and of which the withered stems have indeed a rueful look. What we call dry they call sound: nothing must retain any juice in it: their pleasure is in chewing what is hard, not in tasting what is savoury.

Epicurus. Unhappily the aged are retentive of long-acquired maxims, and insensible to new impressions, whether from fancy or from truth: in fact, their eyes blend the two together. Well might the poet tell us,

> Fewer the gifts that gnarled Age presents
> To elegantly-handled Infancy,
> Than elegantly-handed Infancy
> Presents to gnarled Age. From both they drop;
> The middle course of life receives them all,
> Save the light few that laughing Youth runs off with,
> Unvalued as a mistress or a flower.

Leontion. It is reported by the experienced that our last loves and our first are of equal interest to us.

Ternissa. Surely they are. What is the difference? Can you really mean to say, O Leontion, that there are any intermediate? Why do you look aside? And you, too, refuse to answer me so easy and plain a question?

Leontion to Epicurus. Although you teach us the necessity of laying a strong hand on the strong affections, you never pull one feather from the wing of Love.

Epicurus. I am not so irreligious.

Ternissa. I think he could only twitch it just enough to make the gentle god turn round, and smile on him.

Leontion. You know little about the matter, but may live to know all. Whatever we may talk of torments, as some do, there must surely be more pleasure in desiring and not possessing, than in possessing and not desiring.

Epicurus. Perhaps so: but consult the intelligent. Certainly there is a middle state between love and friendship, more delightful than either, but more difficult to remain in.

Leontion. To be preferred to all others is the supremacy of bliss. Do not you think so, Ternissa?

Ternissa. It is indeed what the wise and the powerful and the beautiful chiefly aim at: Leontion has attained it.

Epicurus. Delightful, no doubt, is such supremacy: but far more delightful is the certainty that there never was anyone quite near enough to be given up for us. To be preferred is hardly a compensation for having been long compared. The breath of another's sigh bedims and hangs pertinaciously about the image we adore.

Leontion. When Friendship has taken the place of Love, she ought to make his absence as little a cause of regret as possible, and it is gracious in her to imitate his demeanour and his words.

Epicurus. I can repeat them more easily than imitate them.

Ternissa. Both of you, until this moment, were looking grave; but Leontion has resumed her smiles again on hearing what Epicurus can do. I wish you would repeat to me, O Epicurus, any words so benign a God hath vouchsafed to teach you; for it would be a convincing proof of your

piety, and I would silence the noisiest tongue in Athens with it.

Leontion. Simpleton! we were speaking allegorically.

Ternissa. Never say that: I do believe the God himself hath conversed with Epicurus. Tell me now, Epicurus, tell me yourself, has not he?

Epicurus. Yes.

Ternissa. In his own form?

Epicurus. Very nearly: it was in Ternissa's.

Ternissa. Impious man! I am ashamed of you.

Leontion. Never did shame burn brighter.

Ternissa. Mind Theophrastus, not me.

Leontion. Since, in obedience to your institutions, O Epicurus, I must not say I am angry, I am offended at least with Theophrastus, for having so misrepresented your opinions, on the necessity of keeping the mind composed and tranquil, and remote from every object and every sentiment by which a painful sympathy may be excited. In order to display his elegance of language, he runs wherever he can lay a censure on you, whether he believes in its equity or not.

Epicurus. This is the case with all eloquent men and all disputants. Truth neither warms nor elevates them, neither obtains for them profit nor applause.

Ternissa. I have heard wise remarks very often and very warmly praised.

Epicurus. Not for the truth in them, but for the grace, or because they touched the spring of some preconception or some passion. Man is a hater of truth, a lover of fiction.

Leontion. How then happens it that children, when you have related to them any story which has greatly interested them, ask immediately and impatiently, *is it true?*

Epicurus. Children are not men nor women: they are almost as different creatures, in many respects, as if they never were to be the one or the other: they are as unlike as buds are unlike flowers, and almost as blossoms are unlike fruits. Greatly are they better than they are about to be, unless Philosophy raises her hand above them when the noon is coming on, and shelters them at one season from the heats that would scorch and wither, and at another from the storms that would shatter and subvert them. There are nations, it is reported, which aim their arrows and javelins at the sun and moon, on occasions of eclipse, or any other offence: but I never have heard that the sun and moon abated their course through the heavens for it, or looked more angrily when they issued forth again to shed light on their antagonists. They went onward all the while in their own serenity and clearness, through unobstructed paths, without diminution and without delay: it was only the little world below that was in darkness. Philosophy lets her light descend and enter wherever there is a passage for it: she takes advantage of the smallest crevice, but the rays are rebutted by the smallest obstruction. Polemics can never be philosophers or philotheists: they serve men ill, and their gods no better: they mar what is solid in earthly bliss by animosities and dissensions, and intercept the span of azure at which the weary and the sorrowful would look up.

Theophrastus is a writer of many acquirements and some shrewdness, usually judicious, often somewhat witty, always elegant: his thoughts are never confused, his sentences are never incomprehensible. If Aristoteles thought more highly of him than his due, surely you ought not to censure Theophrastus with severity on the supposition of his rating me below mine; unless you argue that a slight error in a short sum is less pardonable than in a longer. Had Aristoteles been living, and had he given the same opinion of me, your friendship and perhaps my self-love might have been wounded; for, if on one occasion he spoke too favourably, he never spoke unfavourably but with justice. This is among the indications of orderly and elevated minds; and here stands the barrier that separates them from the common and the waste. Is a man to be angry because an infant is fretful? Is a philosopher to unpack and throw away his philosophy, because an idiot has tried to overturn it on the road, and has pursued it with jibes and ribaldry?

Leontion. Theophrastus would persuade us that, according to your system, we not only should decline the succour of the wretched, but avoid the sympathies that poets and historians would awaken in us. Probably for the sake of introducing some idle verses, written by a friend of his, he says that, following the guidance of Epicurus, we should altogether shun the theatre, and not only when *Prometheus* and *Œdipus* and *Philoctetes* are introduced, but even where generous and kindly sentiments are predominant, if they partake of that tenderness which belongs to pity. I know not what Thracian lord recovers his daughter from her ravisher: such are among the words they exchange.

Father.

Insects, that dwell in rotton reeds, inert
Upon the surface of a stream or pool,
Then rush into the air on mealy vans,
Are not so different in their varying lives
As we are . . O! what father on this earth,
Holding his child's cool cheek within his palms
And kissing his fair front, would wish him man!
Inheritor of wants and jealousies,
Of labour, of ambition, of distress,
And, cruelest of all the passions, lust.
Who that beholds me, persecuted, scorned,
A wanderer, e'er could think what friends were mine.
How numerous, how devoted! with what glee
Smiled my old house, with what acclaim my courts
Rang from without whene'er my war-horse neighed.

Daughter.

Thy fortieth birthday is not shouted yet
By the young peasantry, with rural gifts
And nightly fires along the pointed hills,
Yet do thy temples glitter with grey hair
Scattered not thinly: ah! what sudden change!
Only thy voice and heart remain the same:
No, that voice trembles, and that heart (I feel)
While it would comfort and console me, breaks.

Epicurus. I would never close my bosom against

the feelings of humanity: but I would calmly and well consider by what conduct of life they may enter it with the least importunity and violence. A consciousness that we have promoted the happiness of others, to the uttermost of our power, is certain not only to meet them at the threshold, but to bring them along with us, and to render them accurate and faithful prompters, when we bend perplexedly over the problem of evil figured by the tragedians. If indeed there were more of pain than of pleasure in the exhibitions of the dramatist, no man in his senses would attend them twice. All the imitative arts have delight for the principal object: the first of these is poetry: the highest of poetry is tragic.

Leontion. The epic has been called so.

Epicurus. Improperly; for the epic has much more in it of what is prosaic. Its magnitude is no argument. An Egyptian pyramid contains more materials than an Ionic temple, but requires less contrivance, and exhibits less beauty of design. My simile is yet a defective one; for, a tragedy must be carried on with an unbroken interest; and, undecorated by loose foliage or fantastic branches, it must rise, like the palm-tree, with a lofty unity. On these matters I am unable to argue at large, or perhaps correctly: on those however which I have studied and treated, my terms are so explicit and clear, that Theophrastus can never have misunderstood them. Let me recall to your attention but two axioms.

Abstinence from low pleasures is the only means of meriting or of obtaining the higher.

Kindness in us is the honey that blunts the sting of unkindness in another.

Leontion. Explain to me then, O Epicurus, why we suffer so much from ingratitude.

Epicurus. We fancy we suffer from ingratitude, while in reality we suffer from self-love. Passion weeps while she says, "I did not deserve this from him:" Reason, while she says it, smoothens her brow at the clear fountain of the heart. Permit me also, like Theophrastus, to borrow a few words from a poet.

Ternissa. Borrow as many such as anyone will entrust to you; and may Hermes prosper your commerce! Leontion may go to the theatre then; for she loves it.

Epicurus. Girls! be the bosom friends of *Antigone* and *Ismene;* and you shall enter the wood of the Eumenides without shuddering, and leave it without the trace of a tear. Never did you appear so graceful to me, O Ternissa; no, not even after this walk do you; as when I saw you blow a fly from the forehead of *Philoctetes* in the propylæa. The wing, with which Sophocles and the statuary represent him, to drive away the summer insects in his agony, had wearied his flaccid arm, hanging down beside him.

Ternissa. Do you imagine then I thought him a living man?

Epicurus. The sentiment was both more delicate and more august from being indistinct. You would have done it, even if he *had* been a living man: even if he could have clasped you in his arms, imploring the Deities to resemble you in gentleness, you would have done it.

Ternissa. He looked so abandoned by all, and so heroic, yet so feeble and so helpless; I did not think of turning round to see if anyone was near me; or else perhaps . . .

Epicurus. If you could have thought of looking round, you would no longer have been Ternissa. The Gods would have transformed you for it into some tree.

Leontion. And Epicurus had been walking under it this day, perhaps.

Epicurus. With Leontion, the partner of his sentiments. But the walk would have been earlier or later than the present hour: since the middle of the day, like the middle of fruits, is good for nothing.

Leontion. For dinner surely.

Epicurus. Dinner is a less gratification to me than to many: I dine alone.

Ternissa. Why?

Epicurus. To avoid the noise, the heat, and the intermixture both of odours and of occupations. I cannot bear the indecency of speaking with a mouth in which there is food. I caress my body (since it is always in want of repair) in as unobstructed a space as I can, and I lie down and sleep awhile when the work is over.

Leontion. Epicurus! although it would be very interesting, no doubt, to hear more of what you do after dinner . . . (*aside to him*) now don't smile: I shall never forgive you if you say a single word . . . yet I would rather hear a little about the theatre, and whether you think at last that women should frequent it; for you have often said the contrary.

Epicurus. I think they should visit it rarely; not because it excites their affections, but because it deadens them. To me nothing is so odious as to be at once among the rabble and among the heroes, and, while I am receiving into my heart the most exquisite of human sensations, to feel upon my shoulder the hand of some inattentive and insensible young officer.

Leontion. O very bad indeed! horrible!

Ternissa. You quite fire at the idea.

Leontion. Not I: I don't care about it.

Ternissa. Not about what is very bad indeed! quite horrible!

Leontion. I seldom go thither.

Epicurus. The theatre is delightful when we erect it in our own house or arbour, and when there is but one spectator.

Leontion. You must lose the illusion in great part, if you only read the tragedy, which I fancy to be your meaning.

Epicurus. I lose the less of it. Do not imagine that the illusion is, or can be, or ought to be, complete. If it were possible, no Phalaris or Perillus could devise a crueler torture. Here are two imitations: first, the poet's of the sufferer; secondly, the actor's of both: poetry is superinduced. No man in pain ever uttered the better

part of the language used by Sophocles. We admit it, and willingly, and are at least as much illuded by it as by anything else we hear or see upon the stage. Poets and statuaries and painters give us an adorned imitation of the object, so skilfully treated that we receive it for a correct one. This is the only illusion they aim at: this is the perfection of their arts.

Leontion. Do you derive no pleasure from the representation of a consummate actor?

Epicurus. High pleasure; but liable to be overturned in an instant; pleasure at the mercy of anyone who sits beside me. Rarely does it happen that an Athenian utters a syllable in the midst of it: but our city is open to the inhabitants of all the world, and all the world that is yet humanized a woman might walk across in sixty hours. There are even in Greece a few remaining still so barbarous, that I have heard them whisper in the midst of the finest scenes of our greatest poets.

Leontion. Acorn-fed Chaonians!

Epicurus. I esteem all the wise; but I entertain no wish to imitate all of them in everything. What was convenient and befitting in one or other of them, might be inconvenient and unbefitting in me. Great names ought to bear us up and carry us through, but never to run away with us. Peculiarity and solitariness give an idea to weak minds of something grand, authoritative, and godlike. To be wise indeed and happy and self-possessed, we must often be alone: we must mix as little as we can with what is called society, and abstain rather more than seems desirable even from the better few.

Ternissa. You have commanded us at all times to ask you anything we do not understand: why then use the phrase "what is called society?" as if there could be a doubt whether we are in society when we converse with many.

Epicurus. We may meet and converse with thousands: you and Leontion and myself could associate with few. *Society,* in the philosophical sense of the word, is almost the contrary of what it is in the common acceptation.

Leontion. Now go on with your discourse.

Epicurus. When we have once acquired that intelligence of which we have been in pursuit, we may relax our minds, and lay the produce of our chase at the feet of those we love.

Leontion. Philosophers seem to imagine that they can be visible and invisible at will; that they can be admired for the display of their tenets, and unobserved in the workings of their spleen. None of those whom I remember, or whose writings I have perused, was quite exempt from it. Among the least malicious is Theophrastus: could he find no other for so little malice but you?

Epicurus. The origin of his dislike to me, was my opinion that perspicuity is the prime excellence of composition. He and Aristoteles and Plato talk diffusely of attending to harmony, and clap rhetorical rules before our mouths in order to produce it. Natural sequences and right subordination of thoughts, and that just proportion of numbers in the sentences which follows a strong conception, are the constituents of true harmony. You are satisfied with it and dwell upon it; which you would vainly hope to do when you are forced to turn back again to seize an idea or to comprehend a period. Let us believe that opposition, and even hard words, are (at least in the beginning) no certain proofs of hatred; although, by requiring defence, they soon produce heat and animosity in him who hath engaged in so unwise a warfare. On the other hand, praises are not always the unfailing signs of liberality or of justice. Many are extolled out of enmity to others, and perhaps would have been decried had those others not existed. Among the causes of my happiness, this is one: I never have been stimulated to hostility by any in the crowd that has assailed me. If in my youth I had been hurried into this weakness, I should have regretted it as lost time, lost pleasure, lost humanity.

Leontion. We may expose what is violent or false in anyone; and chiefly in anyone who injures us or our friends.

Epicurus. We may.

Leontion. How then?

Epicurus. By exhibiting in ourselves the contrary. Such vengeance is legitimate and complete. I found in my early days, among the celebrated philosophers of Greece, a love of domination, a propensity to imposture, a jealousy of renown, and a cold indifference to simple truth. None of these qualities lead to happiness; none of them stand within the precincts of Virtue. I asked myself, "What is the most natural and the most universal of our desires:" I found it was, *to be happy.* Wonderful I thought it, that the gratification of a desire which is at once the most universal and the most natural, should be the seldomest attained. I then conjectured the means; and I found that they vary, as vary the minds and capacities of men; that, however, the principal one lay in the avoidance of those very things which had hitherto been taken up as the instruments of enjoyment and content; such as military commands, political offices, clients, hazardous ventures in commerce, and extensive property in land.

Leontion. And yet offices, both political and military, must be undertaken; and clients will throng about those who exercise them. Commerce too will dilate with Prosperity, and Frugality will square her farm by lopping off the angles of the next.

Epicurus. True, Leontion! nor is there a probability that my opinions will pervade the heart of Avarice or Ambition: they will influence only the unoccupied. Philosophy hath led scarcely a single man away from commands or magistracies, until he has first tried them. Weariness is the repose of the politician, and apathy his wisdom. He fancies that nations are contemplating the great man in his retirement, while what began in ignorance of himself is ending in forgetfulness

on the part of others. This truth at last appears to him: he detests the ingratitude of mankind: he declares his resolution to carry the earth no longer on his shoulders: he is taken at his word: and the shock of it breaks his heart.

Ternissa. Epicurus, I have been listening to you with even more pleasure than usual, for you often talk of love, and such other things as you can know nothing about: but now you have gone out of your way to defend an enemy, and to lead aside Leontion from her severity to Theophrastus.

Epicurus. Believe me, my lovely friends, he is no ordinary man who hath said one wise thing gracefully in the whole of his existence: now several such are recorded of him whom Leontion hath singled out from my assailants. His style is excellent.

Leontion. The excellence of it hath been exaggerated by Aristoteles, to lower our opinion of Plato's.

Epicurus. It may be: I cannot prove it, and never heard it.

Leontion. So blinded indeed is this great master of rhetoric . . .

Epicurus. Pardon the rudeness of my interruption, dear Leontion. Do not designate so great a man by a title so contemptible. You are as nearly as humiliating to his genius as those who call him the Stagyrite: and those are ignorant of the wrong they do him: many of them are his disciples and admirers, and call him by that name in quoting his authority. Philosophy, until he came among us, was like the habitations of the Troglodytes; vast indeed and wonderful, but without construction, without arrangement: he first gave it order and system. I do not rank him with Democritus, who has been to philosophers what Homer has been to poets, and who is equally great in imagination and in reflection: but no other has left behind him so many just remarks on such a variety of subjects.

Within one olympiad three men have departed from the world, who carried farther than any other three that ever dwelt upon it, reason, eloquence, and martial glory; Aristoteles, Demosthenes, and Alexander. Now tell me which of these qualities do you admire the most?

Leontion. Reason.

Epicurus. And rightly. Among the three characters, the vulgar and ignorant will prefer Alexander; the less vulgar and ignorant will prefer Demosthenes; and they who are removed to the greatest distance from ignorance and vulgarity, Aristoteles. Yet, although he has written on some occasions with as much purity and precision as we find in the *Orations* of Pericles, many things are expressed obscurely; which is by much the greatest fault in composition.

Leontion. Surely you do not say that an obscurity is worse than a defect in grammar.

Epicurus. I do say it: for we may discover a truth through such a defect, which we cannot through an obscurity. It is better to find the object of our researches in ill condition than not to find it at all. We may purify the idea in our own bath, and adorn it with our own habiliments, if we can but find it, though among the slaves or clowns: whereas, if it is locked up from us in a dark chamber at the top of the house, we have only to walk down-stairs again, disappointed, tired, and out of humour.

But you were saying that something had blinded the philosopher.

Leontion. His zeal and partiality. Not only did he prefer Theophrastus to everyone who taught at Athens; not only did he change his original name, for one of so high an import as to signify that he would elevate his language to the language of the gods; but he fancied and insisted that the very sound of *Theophrastus* is sweet*, of *Tyrtamus* harsh and inelegant.

Epicurus. Your ear, Leontion, is the better arbitress of musical sounds, in which (I speak of words) hardly any two agree. But a box on the ear does not improve the organ; and I would advise you to leave inviolate and untouched all those peculiarities which rest on friendship. The jealous, if we suffered them in the least to move us, would deserve our commiseration rather than our resentment: but the best thing we can do with them is to make them the comedians of our privacy. Some have recently started up among us, who, when they have published to the world their systems of philosophy, or their axioms, or their paradoxes, and find nevertheless that others are preferred to them, persuade their friends and scholars that enormous and horrible injustice has been done toward them. By degrees they cool however, and become more reasonable: they resign the honour of invention, which always may be contested or ascertained, and invest themselves with what they style much greater, that of learning. What constitutes this glory, on which they plume themselves so joyously and gaudily? Nothing else than the reading of those volumes which we have taken the trouble to write. A multitude of authors, the greater part of them inferior in abilities to you who hear me, are the slow constructors of reputations which they would persuade us are the solidest and the highest. We teach them all they know: and they are as proud as if they had taught us. There are not indeed many of these parasitical plants at present, sucking us, and resting their leafy slenderness upon us: but whenever books become more numerous, a new species will arise from them, to which philosophers and historians and poets must give way, for, intercepting all above, it will approximate much nearer to the manners and intellects of the people. At last what is most Attic in Athens will be canvassed and discussed in their booths; and he who now exerciseth a sound and strong judgment of his own, will indifferently borrow theirs, and become so corrupted with it,

* Τύρταμος δ' ἐκαλεῖτο πρότερον ὁ Θεόφραστος, μετωνόμασε δ' αὐτὸν ὁ Ἀριστοτέλης Θεόφραστον· ἅμα μὲν φεύγων τὴν τοῦ πρότερου ὀνόματος κακοφωνίαν, ἅμα δὲ τὸν τῆς φράσεως αὐτοῦ ζῆλον ἐπισημαινόμενος. Strabo xiii.

as ever afterward to be gratified to his heart's content by the impudent laconism of their oracular decisions. These people are the natural enemies of greater: they cannot sell their platters of offal while a richer feast is open to the public, and while lamps of profuser light announce the invitation. I would not augur the decay of philosophy and literature: it was retarded by the good example of our ancestors. The seven wise men, as they are called, lived amicably, and, where it was possible, in intercourse. Our seventy wiser (for we may reckon at least that number of those who proclaim themselves so) stand at the distance of a porcupine's shot, and, like that animal, scatter their shafts in every direction, with more profusion than force, and with more anger than aim.

Hither, to these banks of serpolet; to these strawberries, whose dying leaves breathe a most refreshing fragrance; to this ivy, from which Bacchus may have crowned himself; let us retire at the voice of Discord. Whom should we contend with? The less? it were inglorious. The greater? it were vain. Do we look for Truth? she is not the inhabitant of cities nor delights in clamour: she steals upon the calm and meditative as Diana upon Endymion, indulgent in her chastity, encouraging a modest, and requiting a faithful love.

Leontion. How Ternissa sighs after Truth!

Epicurus. If Truth appeared in daylight among mortals, she would surely resemble Ternissa. Those white and lucid cheeks, that youth which appears more youthful (for unless we are near her we think her yet a child), and that calm open forehead . . .

Leontion. Malicious girl! she conceals it!

Epicurus. Ingenious girl! the resemblance was, until now, imperfect. We must remove the veil ourselves; for Truth, whatever the poets may tell us, never comes without one, diaphanous or opaque.

If those who differ on speculative points, would walk together now and then in the country, they might find many objects that must unite them. The same bodily feeling is productive in some degree of the same mental one. Enjoyment from sun and air, from exercise and odours, brings hearts together that schools and council-chambers and popular assemblies have stood between for years.

I hope Theophrastus may live, to walk with us among these bushes when they are shadier, and to perceive that all questions, but those about the way to happiness, are illiberal or mechanical or infantine or idle.

Ternissa. Are geometry and astronomy idle?

Epicurus. Such idleness as theirs a wise man may indulge in, when he has found what he was seeking: and, as they abstract the mind from what would prey upon it, there are many to whom I would recommend them earlier, as their principal and most serious studies.

We will return to Theophrastus. He has one great merit in style; he is select and sparing in the use of metaphors: that man sees badly who sees everything double. He wants novelty and vigour in his remarks both on men and things: neither his subject nor his mind is elevated: here however let me observe, my fair disciples, that he and some others, of whom we speak in common conversation with little deference or reserve, may perhaps attract the notice and attention of the remotest nations in the remotest times. Suppose him to have his defects (all that you or anyone ever has supposed in him), yet how much greater is his intellect than the intellect of any among those who govern the world! If these appeared in the streets of Athens, you would run to look at them, and ask your friends whether they had seen them pass. If you cannot show as much reverence to Theophrastus, the defect is yours. He may not be what his friends have fancied him: but how great must he be to have obtained the partiality of such friends! How few are greater! how many millions less!

Leontion. A slender tree, with scarcely any heart or pith in it, ought at least to have some play of boughs and branches: he, poor man, is inert. The leaves just twinkle, and nothing more.

Epicurus. He writes correctly and observantly. Even bad writers are blamed unjustly when they are blamed much. In comparison with many good and sensible men, they have evinced no slight degree of intelligence: yet we go frequently to those good and sensible men, and engage them to join us in our contempt and ridicule, of one who not only is wiser than they are, but who has made an effort to entertain or to instruct us, which they never did.

Ternissa. This is inconsiderate and ungrateful.

Epicurus. Truly and humanely have you spoken. Is it not remarkable that we are the fondest of acknowledging the least favourable and the least pleasurable of our partialities? Whether in hatred or love, men are disposed to bring their conversation very near the object, yet shrink at touching the fairer. In hatred their sensibility is less delicate, and the inference comes closer: in love they readily give an arm to a confidant, almost to the upper step of their treasury.

Leontion. How unworthy of trust do you represent your fellow men! But you began by censuring *me.* In my Treatise I have only defended your tenets against Theophrastus.

Epicurus. I am certain you have done it with spirit and eloquence, dear Leontion; and there are but two words in it I would wish you to erase.

Leontion. Which are they?

Epicurus. Theophrastus and Epicurus. If you love me, you will do nothing that may make you uneasy when you grow older; nothing that may allow my adversary to say, "Leontion soon forgot her Epicurus." My maxim is, never to defend my systems or paradoxes: if you undertake it, the Athenians will insist that I impelled you secretly, or that my philosophy and my friendship were ineffectual on you.

Leontion. They shall never say that.

Epicurus. I would entreat you to dismiss altogether things quite unworthy of your notice, if your observations could fall on any subject without embellishing it. You do not want these thorns to light your fire with.

Leontion. Pardon the weak arm that would have defended what none can reach.

Epicurus. I am not unmoved by the kindness of your intentions. Most people, and philosophers too among the rest, when their own conduct or opinions are questioned, are admirably prompt and dexterous in the science of defence; but when another's are assailed, they parry with as ill a grace and faltering a hand, as if they never had taken a lesson in it at home. Seldom will they see what they profess to look for; and, finding it, they pick up with it a thorn under the nail. They canter over the solid turf, and complain that there is no corn upon it: they canter over the corn, and curse the ridges and furrows. All schools of philosophy, and almost all authors, are rather to be frequented for exercise than for freight: but this exercise ought to acquire us health and strength, spirits and good-humour. There is none of them that does not supply some truth useful to every man, and some untruth equally so to the few that are able to wrestle with it. If there were no falsehood in the world, there would be no doubt; if there were no doubt, there would be no inquiry; if no inquiry, no wisdom, no knowledge, no genius; and Fancy herself would lie muffled up in her robe, inactive, pale, and bloated. I wish we could demonstrate the existence of utility in some other evils as easily as in this.

Leontion. My remarks on the conduct and on the style of Theophrastus are not confined to him solely. I have taken at last a general view of our literature, and traced as far as I am able its deviation and decline. In ancient works we sometimes see the mark of the chisel; in modern we might almost suppose that no chisel was employed at all, and that everything was done by grinding and rubbing. There is an ordinariness, an indistinctness, a generalisation, not even to be found in a flock of sheep. As most reduce what is sand into dust, the few that avoid it run to a contrary extreme, and would force us to believe that what is original must be unpolished and uncouth.

Epicurus. There have been in all ages, and in all there will be, sharp and slender heads, made purposely and peculiarly for creeping into the crevices of our nature. While we contemplate the magnificence of the universe, and mensurate the fitness and adaptation of one part to another, the small philosopher hangs upon a hair or creeps within a wrinkle, and cries out shrilly from his elevation that we are blind and superficial. He discovers a wart, he pries into a pore, and he calls it knowledge of man. Poetry and criticism, and all the fine arts, have generated such living things, which not only will be co-existent with them, but will (I fear) survive them. Hence history takes alternately the form of reproval and of panegyric; and science in its pulverised state, in its shapeless and colourless atoms, assumes the name of metaphysics. We find no longer the rich succulence of Herodotus, no longer the strong filament of Thucydides, but thoughts fit only for the slave, and language for the rustic and the robber. These writings can never reach posterity, nor serve better authors near us: for who would receive as documents the perversions of venality and party? Alexander we know was intemperate, and Philip both intemperate and perfidious: we require not a volume of dissertation on the thread of history, to demonstrate that one or other left a tailor's bill unpaid, and the immorality of doing so; nor a supplement to ascertain on the best authorities which of the two it was. History should explain to us how nations rose and fell, what nurtured them in their growth, what sustained them in their maturity; not which orator ran swiftest through the crowd from the right hand to the left, which assassin was too strong for manacles, or which felon too opulent for crucifixion.

Leontion. It is better, I own it, that such writers should amuse our idleness than excite our spleen.

Ternissa. What is spleen?

Epicurus. Do not ask her; she cannot tell you. The spleen, Ternissa, is to the heart what Arimanes is to Oromazes.

Ternissa. I am little the wiser yet. Does he ever use such hard words with you?

Leontion. He means the evil Genius and the good Genius, in the theogony of the Persians; and would perhaps tell you, as he hath told me, that the heart in itself is free from evil, but very capable of receiving and too tenacious of holding it.

Epicurus. In our moral system, the spleen hangs about the heart and renders it sad and sorrowful, unless we continually keep it in exercise by kind offices, or in its proper place by serious investigation and solitary questionings. Otherwise it is apt to adhere and to accumulate, until it deadens the principles of sound action, and obscures the sight.

Ternissa. It must make us very ugly when we grow old.

Leontion. In youth it makes us uglier, as not appertaining to it: a little more or less ugliness in decrepitude is hardly worth considering, there being quite enough of it from other quarters: I would stop it here however.

Ternissa. O what a thing is age!

Leontion. Death without death's quiet. But we will converse upon it when we know it better.

Epicurus. My beloved! we will converse upon it at the present hour, while the harshness of its features is indiscernible, not only to you, but even to me, who am much nearer to it. Disagreeable things, like disagreeable men, are never to be spoken of when they are present. Do we think, as we may do in such a morning as this, that the air awakens the leaves around us only to fade and perish? Do we, what is certain, think that every note of music we ever heard, every voice that ever breathed into our bosoms, and played upon its

instrument the heart, only wafted us on a little nearer to the tomb? Let the idea not sadden but compose us. Let us yield to it, just as season yields to season, hour to hour, and with a bright serenity, such as Evening is invested with by the departing Sun.

What! are the dews falling, Ternissa? Let them not yet, my lovely one!

Ternissa. You soothe me, but to afflict me after; you teach me, but to grieve.

Epicurus. At what just now?

Ternissa. You are many years in advance of us, and may leave us both behind.

Epicurus. Let not the fault be yours.

Leontion. How can it?

Epicurus. The heart, O Leontion! reflects a fuller and a fairer image of us than the eye can.

Ternissa. True, true, true!

Leontion. Yes; the heart recomposes the dust within the sepulchre, and evokes it; the eye too, even when it has lost its brightness, loses not the power of reproducing the object it delighted in. It sees amid the shades of night, like the gods.

Epicurus. Sobs, too! Ah, these can only be suppressed by force.

Leontion. By such! She will sob all day before she is corrected.

Ternissa. Loose me. Leontion makes me blush.

Leontion. I?

Ternissa. It was you then, false Epicurus! Why are you not discreeter? I wonder at you. If I could find my way home alone, I would go directly.

Leontion. Take breath first.

Ternissa. O how spiteful! Go away, tormenting girl, you shall not kiss me.

Leontion. Why? did he?

Ternissa. No indeed; as you saw. What a question! Kiss me! for shame; he only held me in his arms a little. Do not make him worse than he is.

Leontion. I wonder he ventured. These little barks are very dangerous. Did you find it an easy matter to keep on your feet, Epicurus?

Epicurus. We may venture, in such parties of pleasure, on waves which the sun shines on; we may venture on affections which, if not quite tranquil, are genial to the soul. Age alone interposes its chain of icy mountains, and the star above their summit soon drops behind. Heroes and demigods have acknowledged it. Recite to me, O Ternissa! in proof of this, the scene of *Peleus and Thetis.*

Ternissa. You do not believe in goddesses; and I do not believe in age.

Leontion. Who fears neither, can repeat it.

Epicurus. Draw, each of you, one of these blades of grass I am holding, and the drawer of the shortest shall repeat it.

Ternissa. O Epicurus! have you been quite fair?

Epicurus. Why doubt me?

Ternissa. Mine, I see, is the shortest. I drew out from your closed hand the blade which stood above the other.

Epicurus. Such grasses, like such men, may deceive us.

Ternissa. Must I begin? You both nod. Leontion, you are poetical: I can only feel poetry. I can not read it tolerably; and I am sure to forget it if I trust to memory. Beside, there is something in the melody of this in particular which I sadly fear will render me inarticulate.

Epicurus. I will relieve you from half your labour, by representing the character of *Peleus.*

Ternissa. Let me down.

Epicurus. The part will never permit it.

Ternissa. I continue mute then. Be quiet. I can not speak a syllable unless I am on my feet again.

Leontion. She will be mute a long while, like the Pythoness, and speak at last.

Ternissa. Mischievous creature! as if you could possibly tell what is passing in my mind. But will not you, Epicurus, let me fall, since it must (I see) be repeated so? Shall I begin? for I am anxious to have it over.

Leontion. Why don't you? we are as anxious as you are.

Ternissa, as Thetis. "O Peleus! O thou whom the Gods conferred on me for all my portion of happiness . . and it was (I thought) too great . . "

Epicurus, as Peleus. "Goddess! to me, to thy Peleus, O how far more than Goddess! why then this sudden silence? why these tears? The last we shed were when the Fates divided us, saying the Earth was not thine, and the brother of Zeus, he the ruler of the waters, had called thee. Those that fall between the beloved at parting, are bitter, and ought to be: woe to him who wishes they were not! but those that flow again at the returning light of the blessed feet, should be refreshing and divine as morn."

Ternissa, as Thetis. "Support me, support me in thy arms, once more, once only. Lower not thy shoulder from my cheek, to gaze at those features that (in times past) so pleased thee. The sky is serene; the heavens frown not on us: do they then prepare for us fresh sorrow? Prepare for us! ah me! the word of Zeus is spoken: our Achilles is discovered: he is borne away in the black hollow ships of Aulis, and would have flown faster than they sail, to Troy."

"Surely there are those among the Gods, or among the Goddesses, who might have forewarned me; and they did not! Were there no omens, no auguries, no dreams, to shake thee from thy security? no priest to prophesy? And what pastures are more beautiful than Larissa's? what victims more stately? Could the soothsayers turn aside their eyes from these?"

Epicurus, as Peleus. "Approach with me and touch the altar, O my beloved! Doth not thy finger now impress the soft embers of incense? how often hath it burned, for him, for thee! And the lowings of the herds are audible for their leaders, from the sources of Apidanus and Enipeus to the sea-beach. They may yet prevail."

Ternissa, as Thetis. "Alas! alas! Priests can

foretell but not avert the future; and all they can give us are vague promises and abiding fears."

Epicurus, as Peleus. "Despond not, my long-lost Thetis! Hath not a God led thee back to me? why not hope then he will restore our son? Which of them all hath such a boy offended?"

Ternissa, as Thetis. "Uncertainties .. worse than uncertainties . . overthrow and overwhelm me."

Epicurus, as Peleus. "There is a comfort in the midst of every uncertainty, saving those which perplex the Gods and confound the godlike, Love's. Be comforted! not by my kisses, but by my words. Achilles may live till our old-age. *Ours!* Had I forgotten thy divinity? forgotten it in thy beauty? Other mortals think their beloved partake of it then mostly when they are gazing on their charms; but thy tenderness is more than godlike; and never have I known, never have I wished to know, whether aught in our inferior nature may resemble it."

Ternissa, as Thetis. "A mortal so immutable, the Powers above are less."

Epicurus, as Peleus. "Time without grief would not have greatly changed me."

Ternissa, as Thetis. "There is a loveliness which youth may be without, and which the Gods want. To the voice of compassion not a shell in all the ocean is attuned; and no tear ever dropped upon Olympus. Thou lookest as fondly as ever, and more pensively. Have time and grief done this? and they alone? my Peleus! Tell me again, have no freshly fond anxieties? . . . "

Epicurus, as Peleus. "Smile thus! O smile afresh! and forget thy sorrows. Ages shall fly over my tomb, while thou art flourishing in imperishable youth, the desire of Gods, the light of the depths of Ocean, the inspirer and sustainer of ever-flowing song."

Ternissa, as Thetis. "I receive thy words, I deposit them in my bosom, and bless them. Gods *may* desire me: I have loved Peleus. Our union had many obstacles; the envy of mortals, the jealousy of immortals, hostility and persecution from around, from below, and from above. When we were happy they parted us: and again they unite us in eternal grief."

Epicurus, as Peleus. "The wish of a Divinity is powerfuller than the elements and swifter than the light. Hence thou (what to me is impossible) mayest see the sweet Achilles every day, every hour."

Ternissa, as Thetis. "How few! alas how few! I see him in the dust, in agony, in death: I see his blood on the flints, his yellow hair flapping in its current, his hand unable to remove it from his eyes. I hear his voice; and it calls not upon me! Mothers are soon forgotten! It is weakness to love the weak! I could not save him! He would have left the caverns of Ocean, and the groves and meadows of Elysium, though resounding with the songs of love and heroism, for a field of battle."

Epicurus, as Peleus. "He may yet live many years. Troy hath been taken once already."

Ternissa, as Thetis. "He must perish; and at Troy; and now."

Epicurus, as Peleus. "The *now* of the Gods is more than life's duration: other Gods and other worlds are formed within it. If indeed he must perish at Troy, his ashes will lie softly on hers. Thus fall our beauteous son! thus rest Achilles!"

Ternissa, as Thetis. "Twice nine years have scarcely yet passed over his head, since 'O the youth of Æmathia! O the swift, the golden-haired Peleus!' were the only words sounded in the halls of Tethys. How many shells were broken for their hoarseness! how many reproofs were heard by the Tritons for interrupting the slumbers . . . of those who never slept! But they feigned sound sleep: and joy and kindness left the hearts of sisters. We loved too well for others to love *us*.

"Why do I remember the day? why do I remind thee of it? . . . my Achilles dies! it was the day that gave me my Achilles! Dearer he was to me than the light of heaven, before he ever saw it: and how much dearer now! when, bursting forth on earth like its first dayspring, all the loveliness of Nature stands back, and grows pale and faint before his. He is what thou wert when I first beheld thee. How can I bear again so great a deprivation?"

Epicurus, as Peleus. "O, thou art fallen! thou art fallen through my embrace, when I thought on him more than on thee. Look up again; look, and forgive me. No: thy forgiveness I deserve not . . . but did I deserve thy love? Thy solitude, thy abasement, thy parental tears, and thy fall to the earth, are from me! Why does aught of youth linger with me? why not come age and death? The monster of Calydon made (as thou knowest) his first and most violent rush against this arm; no longer fit for war, no longer a defence to the people. And is the day too come when it can no longer sustain my Thetis?"

Ternissa, as Thetis. "Protend it not to the skies! invoke not, name not, any Deity! I fear them all. Nay, lift me not thus above thy head, O Peleus! reproaching the Gods with such an awful look; with a look of beauty which they will not pity, with a look of defiance which they may not brook."

Epicurus, as Peleus. "Doth not my hand enclasp that slender foot, at which the waves of Ocean cease to be tumultuous, and the children of Æolus to disturb their peace! O! if in the celestial coolness of thy cheek, now resting on my head, there be not the breath and gift of immortality; O! if Zeus hath any thunder-bolt in reserve for me; let this, my beloved Thetis, be the hour!"

Leontion. You have repeated it admirably; and you well deserve to be seated as you are, on the only bank of violets in this solitary place. Indeed you must want repose. Why do you continue to look sad? It is all over. Ah my silly comfort! That may be the reason.

Ternissa. I shall be very angry with him for the way (if you saw it) in which he made me slip down: and I should have been so at the time, if it would not have hurt the representation.

Yes, indeed, you may expect it, sir!

Epicurus. I shall always say, "at any hour but this."

Ternissa. Talk reasonably; and return to your discourse on age. I wish you had a little more of its prudence and propriety.

Epicurus. And what else?

Ternissa. O! those are quite enough.

Epicurus. There we agree. And now for obedience to your wishes. Peleus, you observe, makes no complaint that age is advancing on him: death itself is not unwelcome: for he had been happier than he could ever hope to be again. They who have long been wretched wish for death: they who have long been fortunate, may with equal reason. But it is wiser in each condition to await it than to desire it.

Ternissa. I love to hear stories of heroic men, in whose bosoms there is left a place for tenderness.

Leontion said that even bad writers may amuse our idle hours: alas! even good ones do not much amuse mine, unless they record an action of love or generosity. As for the graver, why can not they come among us and teach us, just as you do?

Epicurus. Would you wish it?

Ternissa. No, no; I do not want them: only I was imagining how pleasant it is to converse as we are doing, and how sorry I should be to pore over a book instead of it. Books always make me sigh, and think about other things. Why do you laugh, Leontion?

Epicurus. She was mistaken in saying bad authors may amuse our idleness. Leontion knows not then how sweet and sacred idleness is.

Leontion. To render it sweet and sacred, the heart must have a little garden of its own, with its umbrage and fountains and perennial flowers; a careless company! Sleep is called sacred as well as sweet by Homer: and idleness is but a step from it. The idleness of the wise and virtuous should be both, it being the repose and refreshment necessary for past exertions and for future. It punishes the bad man, it rewards the good: the Deities enjoy it, and Epicurus praises it. I was indeed wrong in my remark: for we should never seek amusement in the foibles of another, never in coarse language, never in low thoughts. When the mind loses its feeling for elegance, it grows corrupt and groveling, and seeks in the crowd what ought to be found at home.

Epicurus. Aspasia believed so, and bequeathed to Leontion, with every other gift that Nature had bestowed upon her, the power of delivering her oracles from diviner lips.

Leontion. Fie! Epicurus! It is well you hide my face for me with your hand. Now take it away: we can not walk in this manner.

Epicurus. No word could ever fall from you without its weight; no breath from you ought to lose itself in the common air.

Leontion. For shame! What would you have?

Ternissa. He knows not what he would have nor what he would say. I must sit down again. I declare I scarcely understand a single syllable. Well, he is very good, to teaze you no longer. Epicurus has an excellent heart; he would give pain to no one; least of all to you.

Leontion. I have pained him by this foolish book, and he would only assure me that he does not for a moment bear me malice. Take the volume: take it, Epicurus! tear it in pieces.

Epicurus. No, Leontion! I shall often look with pleasure on this trophy of brave humanity: let me kiss the hand that raises it!

Ternissa. I am tired of sitting: I am quite stiff: when shall we walk homeward?

Epicurus. Take my arm, Ternissa!

Ternissa. O! I had forgotten that I proposed to myself a trip as far up as the pinasters, to look at the precipice of Orithyeia. Come along! come along! how alert does the sea-air make us! I seem to feel growing at my feet and shoulders the wings of Zethes or Calaïs.

Epicurus. Leontion walks the nimblest to-day.

Ternissa. To display her activity and strength, she runs before us. Sweet Leontion, how good she is! but she should have stayed for us: it would be in vain to try to overtake her.

No, Epicurus! Mind! take care! you are crushing these little oleanders . . and now the strawberry plants . . the whole heap . . Not I, indeed. What would my mother say, if she knew it! And Leontion! she will certainly look back.

Epicurus. The fairest of the Eudaimones never look back: such are the Hours and Love, Opportunity and Leontion.

Ternissa. How could you dare to treat me in this manner? I did not say again I hated anything.

Epicurus. Forgive me!

Ternissa. Violent creature!

Epicurus. If tenderness is violence. Forgive me; and say you love me.

Ternissa. All at once? Could you endure such boldness?

Epicurus. Pronounce it! whisper it!

Ternissa. Go, go. Would it be proper?

Epicurus. Is that sweet voice asking its heart or me? let the worthier give the answer.

Ternissa. O Epicurus! you are very, very dear to me . . and are the last in the world that would ever tell you were called so.

THE EMPRESS CATHARINE AND PRINCESS DASHKOF.

Catharine. Into his heart! into his heart! If he escapes we perish.

Do you think, Dashkof, they can hear me through the double door? Yes; hark! they heard me: they have done it.

What bubbling and gurgling! he groaned but once.

Listen! his blood is busier now than it ever was before. I should not have thought it could have splashed so loud upon the floor, although our bed indeed is rather of the highest.

Put your ear against the lock.

Dashkof. I hear nothing.

Catharine. My ears are quicker than yours, and know these notes better. Let me come . . . Hear nothing! You did not wait long enough, nor with coolness and patience. There! . . . there again! The drops are now like lead: every half-minute they penetrate the eider-down and the mattress . . How now! which of these fools has brought his dog with him? What tramping and lapping! The creature will carry the marks all about the palace with his feet and muzzle.

Dashkof. O heavens!

Catharine. Are you afraid?

Dashkof. There is a horror that surpasses fear, and will have none of it. I knew not this before.

Catharine. You turn pale and tremble. You should have supported me, in case I had required it.

Dashkof. I thought only of the tyrant. Neither in life nor in death could any one of these miscreants make me tremble. But the husband slain by his wife: . . I saw not into my heart: I looked not into it: and it chastises me.

Catharine. Dashkof, are you then really unwell?

Dashkof. What will Russia, what will Europe say?

Catharine. Russia has no more voice than a whale. She may toss about in her turbulence; but my artillery (for now indeed I can safely call it mine) shall stun and quiet her.

Dashkof. God grant . . .

Catharine. I can not but laugh at thee, my pretty Dashkof! God grant forsooth! He has granted all we wanted from him at present, the safe removal of this odious Peter.

Dashkof. Yet Peter loved *you:* and even the worst husband must leave surely the recollection of some sweet moments. The sternest must have trembled, both with apprehension and with hope, at the first alteration in the health of his consort; at the first promise of true union, imperfect without progeny. Then there are thanks rendered together to heaven, and satisfactions communicated, and infant words interpreted; and when the one has failed to pacify the sharp cries of babyhood, pettish and impatient as sovranty itself, the success of the other in calming it, and the unenvied triumph of this exquisite ambition, and the calm gazes that it wins upon it.

Catharine. Are these, my sweet friend, your lessons from the stoic school? Are not they rather the pale-faced reflections of some kind epithalamiast from Livonia or Bessarabia? Come, come away. I am to know nothing at present of the deplorable occurrence. Did not you wish his death?

Dashkof. It is not his death that shocks me.

Catharine. I understand you: beside, you said as much before.

Dashkof. I fear for your renown.

Catharine. And for your own good name, ay Dashkof!

Dashkof. He was not, nor did I ever wish him to be, my friend.

Catharine. You hated him.

Dashkof. Even hatred may be plucked up too roughly.

Catharine. Europe shall be informed of my reasons, if she should ever find out that I countenanced the conspiracy. She shall be persuaded that her repose made the step necessary; that my own life was in danger: that I fell upon my knees to soften the conspirators; that, only when I had fainted, the horrible deed was done. She knows already that Peter was always ordering new exercises and uniforms: and my ministers can evince at the first audience my womanly love of peace.

Dashkof. Europe may be more easily subjugated than duped.

Catharine. She shall be both, God willing.

Dashkof. The majesty of thrones will seem endangered by this open violence.

Catharine. The majesty of thrones is never in jeopardy by those who sit upon them. A sovran may cover one with blood more safely than a subject can pluck a feather out of the cushion. It is only when the people does the violence that we hear an ill report of it. Kings poison and stab one another in pure legitimacy. Do your republican ideas revolt from such a doctrine?

Dashkof. I do not question this right of theirs, and never will oppose their exercise of it. But if you prove to the people how easy a matter it is to extinguish an emperor, and how pleasantly and prosperously we may live after it, is it not probable that they also will now and then try the experiment; particularly if any one in Russia should hereafter hear of glory and honour, and how immortal are these by the consent of mankind, in all countries and ages, in him who releases the world, or any part of it, from a lawless and ungovernable despot? The chances of escape are many, and the greater if he should have no accomplices. Of his renown there is no doubt at

all: that is placed above chance and beyond time, by the sword he hath exercised so righteously.

Catharine. True; but we must reason like democrats no longer. Republicanism is the best thing we can have, when we can not have power: but no one ever held the two together. I am now autocrat.

Dashkof. Truly then may I congratulate you. The dignity is the highest a mortal can attain.

Catharine. I know and feel it.

Dashkof. I wish you always may.

Catharine. I doubt not the stability of power: I can make constant both Fortune and Love. My Dashkof smiles at this conceit: she has here the same advantage, and does not envy her friend, even the autocracy.

Dashkof. Indeed I do, and most heartily.

Catharine. How!

Dashkof. I know very well what those intended who first composed the word: but they blundered egregiously. In spite of them, it signifies power over oneself; of all power the most enviable, and the least consistent with power over others.

I hope and trust there is no danger to you from any member of the council-board, inflaming the guards or other soldiery.

Catharine. The members of the council-board did not sit *at* it, but *upon* it, and their tactics were performed cross-legged. What partisans are to be dreaded of that commander-in-chief, whose chief command is over pantaloons and facings, whose utmost glory is perched on loops and feathers, and who fancies that battles are to be won rather by pointing the hat than the cannon?

Dashkof. Peter was not insensible to glory: few men are: but wiser heads than his have been perplexed in the road to it, and many have lost it by their ardour to attain it. I have always said that, unless we devote ourselves to the public good, we may perhaps be celebrated: but it is beyond the power of Fortune, or even of Genius, to exalt us above the dust.

Catharine. Dashkof, you are a sensible sweet creature, but rather too romantic on *principle*, and rather too visionary on glory. I shall always both esteem and love you; but no other woman in Europe will be great enough to endure you, and you will really put the men *hors de combat*. Thinking is an enemy to beauty, and no friend to tenderness. Men can ill brook it one in another: in women it renders them what they would fain call scornful (vain assumption of high prerogative!), and what you would find bestial and outrageous. As for my reputation, which I know is dear to you, I can purchase all the best writers in Europe with a snuff-box each, and all the remainder with its contents. Not a gentleman of the Academy but is enchanted by a toothpick, if I deign to send it him. A brilliant makes me Semiramis, a watch-chain Venus, a ring Juno. Voltaire is my friend.

Dashkof. He was Frederick's.

Catharine. I shall be the *Pucelle* of Russia. No! I had forgotten . . he has treated her scandalously.

Dashkof. Does your Majesty value the flatteries of a writer who ridicules the most virtuous and glorious of his nation? who crouched before that monster of infamy, Louis XV.; and that worse monster, the king his predecessor? He reviled with every indignity and indecency the woman who rescued France, and who alone, of all that ever led the armies of that kingdom, made its conquerors the English tremble. Its monarchs and marshals cried and ran like capons, flapping their fine crests from wall to wall, and cackling at one breath defiance and surrender. The village girl drew them back into battle, and placed the heavens themselves against the enemies of Charles. She seemed supernatural: the English recruits deserted: they would not fight against God.

Catharine. Fools and bigots!

Dashkof. The whole world contained none other, excepting those who fed upon them. The maid of Orleans was pious and sincere: her life asserted it; her death confirmed it. Glory to her, Catharine, if you love glory. Detestation to him who has profaned the memory of this most holy martyr, the guide and avenger of her king, the redeemer and saviour of her country.

Catharine. Be it so: but Voltaire buoys me up above some impertinent troublesome qualms.

Dashkof. If deism had been prevalent in Europe, he would have been the champion of Christianity: and if the French had been protestants, he would have shed tears upon the papal slipper. He buoys up no one; for he gives no one hope. He may amuse: dulness itself must be amused indeed by the versatility and brilliancy of his wit.

Catharine. While I was meditating on the great action I have now so happily accomplished, I sometimes thought his wit feeble. This idea, no doubt, originated from the littleness of everything in comparison with my undertaking.

Dashkof. Alas! we lose much when we lose the capacity of being delighted by men of genius, and gain little when we are forced to run to them for incredulity.

Catharine. I shall make some use of my philosopher at Ferney. I detest him as much as you do; but where will you find me another who writes so pointedly? You really then fancy that people care for truth! Innocent Dashkof! Believe me, there is nothing so delightful in life as to find a liar in a person of repute. Have you never heard good folks rejoicing at it? or rather, can you mention to me anyone who has not been in raptures when he could communicate such glad tidings? The goutiest man would go on foot without a crutch to tell his friend of it at midnight; and would cross the Neva for the purpose, when he doubted whether the ice would bear him. Men in general are so weak in truth, that they are obliged to put their bravery under it, to prop it. Why do they pride themselves, think you, on their courage, when the bravest of them is, by many degrees, less courageous than a mastiff-bitch in the straw? It is only that they may be

rogues without hearing it, and make their fortunes without rendering an account of them.

Now we chat again as we used to do. Your spirits and your enthusiasm have returned. Courage, my sweet Dashkof; do not begin to sigh again. We never can want husbands while we are young and lively. Alas! I can not always be so. Heigho! But serfs and preferment will do . . none shall refuse me at ninety . . Paphos or Tobolsk.

Have not you a song for me?

Dashkof. German or Russian?

Catharine. Neither, neither. Some frightful word might drop : . might remind me . . no, nothing shall remind me. French rather: French songs are the liveliest in the world.

Is the rouge off my face?

Dashkof. It is rather in streaks and mottles, excepting just under the eyes, where it sits as it should do.

Catharine. I am heated and thirsty: I can not imagine how: I think we have not yet taken our coffee . . was it so strong? What am I dreaming of? I could eat only a slice of melon at breakfast; my duty urged me *then;* and dinner is yet to come. Remember, I am to faint at the midst of it when the intelligence comes in, or rather when, in despite of every effort to conceal it from me, the awful truth has flashed upon my mind. Remember too, you are to catch me, and to cry for help, and to tear those fine flaxen hairs which we laid up together on the toilet, and we are both to be as inconsolable as we can be for the life of us. Not now, child, not now. Come, sing. I know not how to fill up the interval. Two long hours yet! how stupid and tiresome! I wish all things of the sort could be done and be over in a day. They are mightily disagreeable when by nature one is not cruel. People little know my character. I have the tenderest heart upon earth: I am courageous, but I am full of weaknesses: I possess in perfection the higher part of men, and, to a friend I may say it, the most amiable part of women. Ho! ho! at last you smile: now your thoughts upon that.

Dashkof. I have heard fifty men swear it.

Catharine. They lied, the knaves! I hardly knew them by sight. We were talking of the sad necessity . . . Ivan must follow next: he is heir to the throne. I have a wild, impetuous, pleasant little *protégé*, who shall attempt to rescue him. I will have him persuaded and incited to it, and assured of pardon on the scaffold. He can never know the trick we play him; unless his head, like a bottle of Bordeaux, ripens its contents in the sawdust. Orders are given that Ivan be despatched at the first disturbance in the precincts of the castle; in short, at the fire of the sentry: but not now: another time: two such scenes together, and without some interlude, would perplex people.

I thought we spoke of singing: do not make me wait, my dearest creature! Now can not you sing as usual, without smoothing your doves-throat with your handkerchief, and taking off your necklace? Give it me then; give it me: I will hold it for you: I must play with something. Sing, sing; I am quite impatient.*

WILLIAM PENN AND LORD PETERBOROUGH.†

Penn. Friend Mordaunt, thou hast been silent the whole course of our ride hither; and I should not even now interrupt thy cogitations, if the wood before us were not equally uncivil.

Peterborough. Can not we push straight through it?

Penn. Verily the thing may be done, after a time: but at present we have no direct business with the Pacific Ocean; and I doubt whether the woodland terminates till those waters bid it.

Peterborough. And, in this manner, for the sake of liberty you run into a prison. I would not live in a country that does not open to me in all directions, and that I could not go through when I wish.

Penn. Where is such a country on earth?

Peterborough. England or France.

Penn. Property lays those restrictions there, which here are laid by Nature. Now it is right and proper to bow before each of them: but Nature is the more worthy of obedience, as being the elder, the more beauteous, the more powerful, and the more kindly. Thou couldst no sooner ride through thy neighbour's park, unless he permitted it, than through this forest: and even a raspberry-bush in some ten feet border at Southampton would be an impediment for a time to thy freewill.

Peterborough. I should like rather more elbow-room than this, having gone so far for it.

Penn. Here we are stopped *before* we are tired; and in thy *rather more elbow-room* we should be stopped *when* we are: a mighty advantage truly! We run, thou sayest, into a prison, for the sake of liberty. Alas, my friend! such hath ever been the shortsightedness of mortals. The

* Can we wonder that a set of despots, who have, in unbroken succession, murdered, or instigated the murder of, sons, husbands, wives, fathers, should feel the necessity of reducing the world to slavery and ignorance, of abolishing the use of letters, of extinguishing the enthusiasm of poetry, of hood-winking the glances of fiction, of shutting up the records of history, and of laying one vast iron hand upon the human mouth, covering the lips and nostrils of aggregated nations, fastened and waxed together for the purpose, like the reeds of Pan's pipe?

† In Spence's *Anecdotes*, he says "I took a trip once with Penn to his colony of Pennsylvania. The laws there are contained in a small volume, and are so extremely good that there has been no alteration wanted in any one of them. There are no lawyers; every one is to tell his own case, or some friend for him. There are four persons as judges on the bench; and, after the case has been fairly laid down on both sides, all the four draw lots, and he upon whom the lot falls decides the question." p. 155.

liberty they have pursued is indeed the very worst of thraldom. But neither am I disposed to preach nor thou to hear a preacher.

Here at least we are liberated from the habitudes and injunctions of semi-barbarous society. We may cultivate, we may manipulate, we may manufacture, what we choose. Industry and thought, and the produce of both, are unrestricted. We may open our hearts to God without offence to man: our brothers we may call our brothers, and without a mockery. If we are studious of wisdom we may procure it at the maker's, and at prime cost: if we are ambitious of learning we may gather it fresh and sound, slowly indeed, but surely and richly, and without holding out our beavers for it, in a beaten and dusty road, to some half-dozen old chatterers and dotards, who, by their quarrelsomeness and pertinacity, testify that they have little of a good quality to impart.

Peterborough. All this is very well; but we can not enlighten men if we shock their prejudices too violently.

Penn. The shock comes first, the light follows.

Peterborough. Most people will run away from both. Children are afraid of being left in the dark: men are afraid of *not* being left in it.

Penn. Well then, let them stay where they are. We will go forward, and hope to find the road of life easier and better. In which hope if we are disappointed, we will at least contribute our share of materials for mending it, and of labour in laying them where they are most wanted.

Prythee now, setting aside thy prepossessions, what thinkest thou, in regard to appearance and aspect, of our Pennsylvania?

Peterborough. Even in this country, like every one I have visited, there are some places where I fancy I could fix myself for life. True, such a fancy lasts but for a moment: the wonder is that it should ever have arisen in me.

Penn. Certainly in thee it is less to be expected than in another; but, as in the earth there is (we have lately been informed) both a centrifugal and a centripetal motion, so in man there is at once a desire of wandering and a tendency to repose.

Peterborough. The scenery does not altogether please me, I acknowledge, quite so well as Bevis-Mount and its vicinity. I love variety in everything: hill and dale, woodland and pasture, even hedge-rows please me, if they are old.

Penn. Why the rather for being old? they must be the less perfect in their kind, the less neat in appearance.

Peterborough. You give two reasons why new hedges should please rather than older; one derived from vision, the other from judgment. The neatness is produced by regularity and symmetry, which are becoming and desirable in our habiliments, in our furniture, and in our houses, but which little accord with external Nature. At home and about ourselves we wish for propriety, as we call it: out of doors we desire to leave and to forget the idea of what is within; and there is something in the open air which renders us abhorrent from the very name of this propriety. Your argument, that old hedges are less perfect, and should therefore please us less, is very good, since pleasure comes from fitness: but surely a higher pleasure may arise and meet us in a higher region of the mind. Instead of arguing that a stout young hedge is the best to keep a calf or a galloway within it; we may imagine, on seeing an ancient one, composed of its variety of plants, differing in size, form, and colour, that these were collected from the unserviceable wild which they deformed, and, after overrunning it for ages, were obliged by a just dispensation to protect it. We may imagine the many happy generations that have enjoyed the beautiful seasons there, under the elder and hawthorn and hickory and maple, under the hazel and dogrose, clematis and honeysuckle, and other flowering shrubs, surpassing their knowledge and mine. It gives us also the idea, though a vague and incorrect one, of the stability and antiquity of property and possession, and of that negligence which we are fond of considering as akin to liberality. The waving and irregular line in itself is beautiful; and perhaps I like it the better, as varying from the column and platoon, and everything else connected with my profession.

Penn. Yet thou pursuest thy wicked profession with enthusiasm.

Peterborough. I pursue it, because it leads to distinction and glory.

Penn. Soldiers, it is said in ancient mythology, sprang from dragons' teeth, sown by Cadmus, who introduced letters: and when I consider to what purposes these also have latterly been applied, it would appear that they surely came from the same sack as the soldiers, and were only the rottenest of the fangs kept till the last.

Art thou not contented with the distinction of the peerage?

Peterborough. The peerage hides its little men under the robes of its greater. I do confess to you plainly, I am not contented with it: I will stand alone while I stand at all; and it is only by my profession that I can expect it.

Why groan so?

Penn. Because millions groan, and millions must groan still: because Crime and Genius, like the wild swans in their wintry course, accommodate one another, preceding and following by turns, and changing their line, but never losing it. In printing and writing the mask of admiration and of horror is the same: oftentimes in life, what we abhor we should admire, and what we admire, abhor. The signs are identified, the things confounded.

I do not wonder that light and trivial minds should look for honour in the army: and indeed if armies were constituted as they were among the ancients, of citizens for the defence of citizens, then indeed, although one might lament their existence, there would be something at least to mitigate the lamentation. But when I hear one gentleman ask another, "how long have you

served!" or, "how do you like the service?" and when I discover glee lighted up on both sides at the name of *servitude*, the least painful of my thoughts is a very painful one; that names and things lose their enormity by habit.

If the wiser and better of every country were its governors, there would be few wars, few wants, few vices, few miseries: and this would certainly be the case were people well instructed, which they easily might be, in their rights and duties. These are plain and simple, easy and pleasant: men would learn them one from another by daily conversation, had they not been seized upon from the moment when they begin to speak, and had no pains been taken to amaze them with marvels, and to bend into one circle their infancy and their decrepitude. Nothing can enter this enchanted circle; nor can anyone straighten it; so hard is the temper it hath acquired from the dust and bellowing fires in which it sweltered, and from the cyclopean anvil on which it was turned and hammered.

Thy vanity prompts and excites in thee the idlest and the foolishest of desires, namely, to be looked at and admired by the idle and the foolish; while, with less effort and anxiety, thou mightest be esteemed and respected by the considerate and the wise.

Peterborough. I have almost every fault a man can have, excepting vanity.

Penn. That thou hast many I do verily believe, and that thou art unaware of this lying at the bottom of them; as a feather will sink below the surface of the water when it is bemired. A sick man knoweth well enough that he is sick, but he knoweth not by what proper name to call his ailment, or whence it originated. If thou art wiser than the many, do that which thou thyself approvest, rather than what they may look for; and be assured that, when they admire thee most, thou hast done something wrong. For, if they are ignorant, as we know they are, it were superfluous and redundant to say that their judgments are incorrect. Thy own heart is the standard which thy intellect should follow, under the command of God. Vanity bears nothing: what wouldst thou from it? a public path of flinty materials, trodden on backward and forward from morning to night, and holding no particle of the dews of heaven. Thou knowest what poor sordid creatures direct and control the counsels, of those who proclaim to us aloud and confidently that they act under God, and God only.

Peterborough. And, some time ago, in the glorious reign of our late gracious king's father, if you did not give ear to them, they took it.

Penn. Whence but from the vapours of the earth appears there to be, to the uninformed vision, a tremulous motion in the stars? and whence but from the cloudiness and fluctuation of their intellects, do they believe themselves the primary movers of those events, which the Almighty from the beginning willeth and disposeth, and of which they are the weakest instruments, though perhaps the only ones in sight. Pardon me, Mordaunt! either a wilderness like this, or a man like thee, would be sufficient to awaken in me the most serious thoughts, and the desire of giving them utterance. Common minds and common localities have no such influence over me. Among them, not to speak is best, and not to think is happiest. One older and more experienced than thyself, will be surety for this; that, if thou lovest true glory, thou must trust her truth; that, like the Eurydice of the poet, she followeth him invariably who doth not turn and gaze after her; and slippeth irrecoverably from his embrace who, amid shadows and hellish sights, would seize her and enjoy her upon earth.

Peterborough. The oil runs to that part of a lamp where there is heat to use it; the animal spirits in like manner to the occupation that can absorb them. I could easily give you my peculiar reasons for following the military profession, if this general one appears vague and idle: but I am certain you can no more wonder at it in me, than to see a larch in the upper part of a mountain: you must acknowledge it befits the place, rather than a lilac or weeping-willow. Men are little better than a row of pins if you stick them close together: but, if you set one upright on a gate-post, the folks below stare, scratch their heads, and cry "The squire!" or "His honour!" Set another in cap and plumes on the upper step of a portico, and he suddenly hears from beneath him an appellation which you serious men refuse to any one but God. The stars themselves are not bright by any brightness of their own. Probably they are merely dull masses, like what our horses are treading on: but, from that light vapour which surrounds them, and from that vast distance at which men see them, they derive and diffuse their splendour.

Penn. Some philosopher hath said, "All's well that ends well." Pithy, but unsound. For thy words end well, but thy pins do not stick in their paper, friend Mordaunt. People who act perversely, are always in readiness to defend themselves with reasons yet more distorted. When I was a youth at Oxford . . .

Peterborough. Ay, Oxford is the arsenal of examples. Come draw out one for me, and throw the sack down again.

Penn. There was a poacher; and happy is it for his soul if he never was employed by the luxurious and wanton in quest of worse game than partridges: he was named Daniel Fogram. So ready was he to engage his services in any ill scheme or device, that one young collegian laid a wager with another, on his promptitude to assist in the murder of his father. He requested, then, Daniel to meet him at dusk in the middle of a plain, called Port-meadow. Daniel was there before the time, and, on the approach of his employer, sprang up from the turf on which, dewy as it was, he had been lying. The young gentleman took his hand in silence, and affected to look behind him, and even behind the man

Daniel. At length said he "Dan! I hope nobody can hear us. I have an affair," added he slowly and in a whisper, and then broke off.

"Out with it, master!" said Daniel, partly in a tone of impatience and partly of encouragement.

"My dear friend Dan!" rejoined the youth, "I have a project which, if you will help me, will bring you five guineas."

"Anything for your honour's service," cried promptly the courtly thief Daniel; "speak out ingenuously and boldly, my good young master!"

"I have then, since the truth must be spoken, a father who is avaricious and rich: if I were not so much in debt, or if tradespeople would trust me any longer, I would not apply to you."

"No, on my conscience," cried Daniel, abruptly. "I have trusted half the gentlemen in Christchurch: and there are grave dons too, in more than one college, who think they are grown again as young and spunky as undergraduates, when they can turn a round oath upon the catching of a poacher. I find no money forthcoming. My pheasants, o' my faith! are no golden ones. I am sorry, master, your five guineas are spent between us here in Portmeadow, and neither of us the better." Thus spake the man Daniel, as men report of him, whose worldly words (mind ye) are none of mine.

The youth laid his hand upon Daniel's shoulder, and with the other drew forth a purse, with many pieces in it, and said calmly, "You have misunderstood me, you see: I must be rid of him."

"Naturally enough! if the old dog tugs so hard with his rotten teeth, and won't let go the pudding-bag though he can't get down the pudding. But, master, five guineas for a father out of the way . . methinks . . you say he is very rich; and indeed I have heard as much; very rich indeed . . . another guinea could do nobody any hurt."

"Well, Dan, you must contrive the means."

"Six guineas, sir?"

"If it must be, we will say six guineas."

"Lay him, master, in one of my eel-trunks: the eels are running just now, and there are big ones about, and many of 'em: the old gentleman will give them a dinner, though he would not give you and me one."

"True, Dan, but he must be dead first."

"That is awkward. I don't like blood; though there is always some about my jacket . . and nobody can swear whose; badger's, hare's, otter's; a young pig's now and then, if he cries after me piteously on the road, to take up a poor passenger without a fare."

"Seriously, Dan, you can surely have no objection to kill the old curmudgeon in good company."

"Hold, master; you must do that yourself."

"Why are you so shy, honest Dan?"

"Nay, nay, master, kill him I will not."

"But why now?"

"Why? in the name o' God! why? the man is no father of mine."

Now, Mordaunt, thy reasons, I reckon, are about as reasonable as Daniel's. Prythee be sober-minded. Wilt thou always be laughing and hiccupping and hooting at mild and sidelong reproofs? Off again! screaming like a boarding-school girl when her bedfellow tickleth her. Fie upon thee! fie upon thee! See there now! Hold! hold! thou makest my mare kick and caper and neigh. Hath Legion entered thee? trot, creature, slower. Comeliness! comeliness! Mordaunt! Hear me! There are unruly horses in the pasture: they will surely come up, and perhaps unseat me.

Peterborough. Friend Penn, prepare yourself to accept the Chiltern Hundreds, and to make room for one or other of 'em.

Penn. Of a truth now this is unseemly.

Peterborough. By my soul, if you had told the story to the late king, he would have given you the rest of America. Come; we are out of danger; I will be grave again.

Penn. God mend thee, madcap! Wilt thou come and live with us?

Peterborough. I confess I should be reluctant to exchange my native country for any other.

Penn. Are there many parts of England thou hast never seen?

Peterborough. Several: I was never in Yorkshire or Lancashire, never in Monmouthshire or Nottinghamshire, never in Lincolnshire or Rutland.

Penn. Hast thou at no time felt a strong desire to visit them?

Peterborough. Not I indeed.

Penn. Yet thy earnestness to come over into America was great: so that America had attractions for thee, in its least memorable parts, powerfuller than England in those that are the most. York and Lancaster have stirring sounds about them, particularly for minds easily set in motion at the fluttering of banners. Is the whole island of Britain thy native country, or only a section of it? If all Britain is, all Ireland must be too; for both are under the same crown, though not under the same laws. Perhaps not a river nor a channel, but a religion, makes the difference: then I, among millions more of English, am not thy countryman. Consider a little, what portion or parcel of soil is our native land.

Peterborough. Just as much of it as our friends stand upon.

Penn. I would say more: I would say, just as much as supports our vanity in our shire.

Peterborough. I confess, the sort of patriotism which attaches most men to their country, is neither a wiser nor a better feeling than the feeling of recluses and cats. Scourges and starvation do not cure them of their stupid love for localities. Mine is different: I like to see the desperate rides I have taken in the forest, and the places where nobody dared follow me. I like to feel and to make felt my superiority, not over tradespeople

and farmers in their dull debates, but over lords and archbishops, over chancellors and kings. I would no more live where they are not, than have a mansion-house without a stable, or a paddock without a leaping-bar.

Penn. Superiority in wealth is communicated to many and partaken by thousands, and therefore men pardon it: while superiority of rank is invidious, and the right to it is questioned in most instances. I would not for the world raise so many evil passions every time I walk in the street.

Peterborough. It would amuse me. I care not how much people hate me, nor how many, provided their hatred feed upon itself, without a blow at me, or privation or hindrance. Great dogs fondle little dogs: but little dogs hate them mortally, and lift up their ears and tails and spinal hairs, to make themselves as high. Some people are unhappy unless they can display their superiority; others are satisfied with a consciousness of it: the latter are incontestably the better; the former are infinitely the more numerous, and, I will venture to say, the more useful. Their vanity, call it nothing else, sets in motion all the activity of less men, and nearly all of greater.

Penn. Prove this activity to be beneficial, prove it only to be neutral, and we meet almost near enough for discussion; not quite: for vanity, which is called idle, is never inoperative: when it can not by its position ramble far afield, it chokes the plant that nurtures it. Consciousness of superiority, kept at home and quiet, is the nurse of innocent meditations and of sound content.

Canst not thou feel and exhibit the same superiority at any distance?

Peterborough. I can not make *them* feel it nor see it. What is it to be anything, unless we enjoy the faculty of impressing our image at full length on the breast of others, and strongly too and deeply and (when we wish it) painfully: but mostly on those who, because their rank in court-calendars is the same or higher, imagine they are like me, equal to me, over me! I thank God that there are kings and princes: remove them, and you may leave me alone with swine and sheep.

Penn. I would not draw thee aside from bad company into worse: if indeed that may reasonably be called so, which allows thee greater room and more leisure for reflection, and which imparts to thee purer innocence and engages thee in usefuller occupations. That such is the case is evident. The poets, to whom thou often appealest for sound philosophy and right feeling, never lead shepherds into courts, but often lead the great among shepherds. If it were allowable for me to disdain or despise even the wickedest and vilest of God's creatures, in which condition a king peradventure, as easily as any other, may be, I think I could, without much perplexity or inquiry, find something in the multitude of his blessings quite as reasonable and proper to thank him for. With all thy contemptuousness, thou placest thy fortune and the means of thy advancement in the hands of such persons; and they may ruin thee.

Peterborough. You place your money in the hands of bankers; and they may ruin you. The difference is, your ruiner may gain a good deal by it, and may run off: mine has no such temptation, and should not run far. All titulars else must be produced by others; a knight by a knight, a peer by a king, while a gentleman is self-existent. Our country exhibits in every part of it what none in the world beside can do, men at once of elegant manners, ripe and sound learning, unostentatious honour, unprofessional courage, confiding hospitality, courteous independence. If a Frenchman saw, as he might do any week in the winter, a hundred or two of our fox-hunters in velvet caps and scarlet coats, he would imagine he saw only a company of the rich and idle.

Penn. He would think rightly. Such gentlemen ought, willing or loth, to serve an apprenticeship of seven years to a ratcatcher.

Peterborough. It would be no unwise thing to teach, if not gentlemen, at least the poor, in what manner to catch and exterminate every kind of noxious animal. In our island it is not enough to have exterminated the wolves: we are liable to the censure of idleness and ill husbandry, while an otter, a weazel, a rat, or a snake is upon it. Zoologists may affirm that these and other vermin were created for some peculiar use. Voracious and venomous animals may be highly respectable in their own society: and whenever it is proved that their service to the community is greater than the disadvantage, I will propose in parliament to import them again duty-free.

Penn. Rats come among us with almost every vessel: and nothing is easier than to entice them to a particular spot, either for the purpose of conservation or destruction, as may seem fittest.

Peterborough. Release me from the traps, and permit me to follow the hounds again; but previously to remark that probably a third of these fox-hunters is composed of well-educated men. Joining in the amusements of others is, in our social state, the next thing to sympathy in their distresses: and even the slenderest bond that holds society together should rather be strengthened than snapt. I feel no horror at seeing the young clergyman in the field, by the side of his patron the squire and his parishioner the yeoman. Interests, falsely calculated, would keep men and classes separate, if amusements and recreations did not insensibly bring them close. If conviviality (which by your leave I call a virtue) is promoted by fox-hunting, I will drink to its success, whatever word in the formulary may follow or go before it. Nations have fallen by wanting, not unanimity in the hour of danger, so much as union in the hours preceding it. Our national feelings are healthy and strong by the closeness of their intertexture. What touches one rank is felt by another: it sounds on the rim of the glass, the hall rings with it, and it is well (you will say)

if the drum and the trumpet do not catch it. Feelings are more easily communicated among us than manners. Everyone disdains to imitate another: a grace is a peculiarity. Yet in a ride no longer than what we have been taking, how many objects excite our interest! By how many old mansion-houses should we have passed, within which there are lodged those virtues that constitute the power, stability, and dignity of a people. We never see a flight of rooks or wood-pigeons without the certainty that in a few minutes they will alight on some grove where a brave man has been at his walk or a wise man at his meditations. North America may one day be very rich and powerful; she can not be otherwise: but she never will gratify the imagination as Europe does. Her history will interest her inhabitants; but there never will be another page in it so interesting as that which you yourself have left open for unadorned and simple narrative. The poet, the painter, the statuary, will awaken no enthusiasm in it: not a ballad can be written on a *bale of goods:* and not only no artist, but no gentleman is it likely that America will produce in many generations.

Penn. She does not feel the need of them: she can do without 'em.

Peterborough. Those who have corn may not care for roses; and those who have dogroses may not care for double ones. I have a buttonhole that wants a posy.

Penn. I do not conceal from thee my opinion of thy abilities, which probably is not a more favourable one than thy own: since however the vices that accompany them, rather than the virtues, thy ambition rather than thy honesty, thy violence rather than thy prudence, may push thee forward to the first station; it is my duty as a friend to forewarn thee that such promotion will render thee, and probably thy countrymen, less happy.

Peterborough. I will not permit anything to produce that effect on me: the moment it begins the operation, I resign it. Happiness would overflow my heart, to see reduced to the condition of my lackeys the proudest of our priesthood and our peerage. I should only have to regret that, my condition being equal to theirs, I could not so much enjoy their humiliation, as if my family and my connections were inferior. When I discover men of high birth condescending to perform the petty tricks of party, for the sake of obtaining a favour at court, I wish it were possible, by the usages of our country and the feelings of Englishmen, to elevate to the rank of prime minister some wrangling barrister, some impudent buffoon, some lampooner from the cockpit, some zany from the theatre, that their backs might serve for his footstool.

Penn. Was there ever in a Christian land a wish more irrational or more impious?

Peterborough. The very kind of wish that we oftenest see accomplished.

Penn. Never wilt thou see this.

Peterborough. Be not over-certain.

Penn. Charles, whose pleasures were low and vulgar, whose parliaments were corrupt and traitorous, chose ministers of some authority. The mob itself, that is amused by dancing dogs, is loth to be ridden by them. The hand that writeth songs on our street-walls, ought never to subscribe to the signature of our kings.

Peterborough. I speak of parliament.

Penn. Thou speakest then worse still. A king wears its livery and eats its bread. Without a parliament he is but as the slough of a snake, hanging in a hedge: it retains the form and colours, but it wants the force of the creature; it waves idly in the wind, and is fit only to frighten wrens and mice.

Thy opinions are aristocratical: yet never did I behold a man who despised the body and members of the aristocracy more haughtily and scornfully than thou dost.

Peterborough. Few have had better opportunities of knowing its composition.

Penn. Those who are older must have had better.

Peterborough. Say rather, may have had more: yet I have omitted few, unless the lady's choice lay below the chaplain; for I was always select in my rivals. How many do you imagine of our nobility are not bastards or sons or grandsons of bastards? If you believe there are a few, I will send the titheman into the inclosure, and he shall levy his proportion in spite of you.

Aristocracy is not contemptible as a system of government; in fact, it is the only one a true gentleman can acquiesce in. Give me anything rather than the cauldron, eternally bubbling and hissing, in which the scum of the sugarbaker has nought at the bottom of it, but the poison of the lawyer's tongue, and the bones of the poor reptiles he hath starved.

Enough for aristocracy; now for aristocrats. Let me hold my hat before my face and look demurely, while I say, and apply the saying to myself, that, to him whose survey is from any great elevation, all men below are of an equal size. Aristocrats and democrats, kings and scullions, present one form, one stature, one colour, and one gait. I see but two classes of men: those whose names are immortal, and those whose names are perishable. Of the immortal there is but one body: all in it are so high as to seem on an equality, inasmuch as immortality admits of no degree: of the perishable there are several sets and classes; kings and chamberlains, trumpeters and heralds, take up half their time in cutting them out and sticking them on blank paper. If I by fighting or writing could throw myself forward and gain futurity, I should think myself as much superior to our sovran lord the king, as our sovran lord the king is to any bell-wether in his park at Windsor.

Penn. Strange! that men should toil for earthly glory, when the only difference between the lowest and highest is comprised in two letters: the one

in a thousand and the one *of* a thousand: an atom in the midst of atoms, take which thou wilt. For the sake of peace and quiet, I would avoid in public too nice inquiries into those dignities, as they are called, which arise fortuitously or spring from favour. Ever since the abolition of the Commonwealth, we have been deafened by exclamations of *Church and King*, and stupified by homilies on *throne and altar*, by which latter the more pious and more intelligent mean *buttery-hatch and cellar*. They indeed declare that by "*throne*" they would signify the *will of one*, and by "*altar*," the *word of the Lord*. Now if the will of one is the degradation of millions; if the will of one is for strumpets and gamesters and ruinous expenditure in idle recreations; if the altar is the marketplace whereto every man is forced to bring a tenth of his corn and cattle, and must be taught by a hireling and extortioner what Jesus and his disciples and apostles, by commanding and preaching and writing, could not teach him, then indeed must I be confirmed in my opinion, formed after many years from all I have experienced and seen, from the honester part of the reasoners I have heard, and from the wiser of the books I have perused, that, until these incumbrances and curses, this throne and altar, are removed from the earth, man never can attain, and unworthily will aspire to, the happiness and dignity of his destination.

Peterborough. I know not to what books you refer. Learned men may be mistaken in their reasonings, and are likely to be: they start with more prejudices than the unlearned, and throw them off with more difficulty. I may differ from Cicero and Sydney . . .

Penn. Thou mayest; but if they are wiser than thou art, might we not surmise that they think more rightly on what hath more fully occupied their thoughts?

Peterborough. That follows necessarily.

Penn. When a man on any occasion saith "I do not think so," we might ask him, if civility allowed it, "Hast thou thought enough upon it? or in truth hast thou thought at all?" In our case, we need not run back to Cicero, we need not invoke the name of Sydney, if in the heaviness of our hearts at the violence of his separation from us it were audible on our lips; it suffices to look into our farm-yards in the morning, and at midnight to mingle with the groom-porters at the palace. The matter of religion is quite indifferent to thee, as far as the heart is concerned; and in my opinion it is here that the heart alone is in question. I am grieved to find it insisted on that the *Word of God* requires more explanation than the *Statutes at Large*; that men are appointed and paid to expound it; that we must give them money for words, and finally must take their words at their own price. We may know the very thing they do, we may know it better, we may have learned it before they learned it; there is no appeal; we must take it after their chewing, and keep it in our mouths and swallow it just as we received it out of theirs. No man whatever is salaried for teaching the laws of the land to the simple, which laws are mostly dark and intricate, although by ignorance or mistake of them a poor creature may be hanged: yet thousands are salaried for teaching what Christ taught better, what is plain to every-one, and what the divine and merciful lawgiver would certainly not hang us for misinterpreting. Indeed he left us no power of doing so: he found a tablet on our bosoms fit for the reception of his precepts, and there is nothing in them which we can erase without a violence to our conscience, nothing which we can neglect without a detriment to our interests. If none traded in the expounding of his laws, none would be called heretics, none would be burned alive, none persecuted. Toleration is in itself the essence of Christianity, and the very point which the founder of it most peculiarly enjoined. It is for God to regard our motives; it is for man to regard our acts: and when an act is proved to be against the law, then, and then only, is it our business to inquire into the motive, and whether it aggravates or extenuates the offence.

Peterborough. Now answer me: would you permit any, whatsoever body of men, to act systematically against the laws?

Penn. If the laws were iniquitous, or forced upon them, there are some who might.

Peterborough. What, if equitable; what, if conservative of peace?

Penn. Thou knowest my mind on this.

Peterborough. The popish priesthood must always be opposed to the civil magistrate.

Penn. In what must it, and by what necessity?

Peterborough. By its institution, by its interests and its vows. Laymen are commanded, by the statutes of every nation in Europe, to denounce a murderer, or whoever is guilty of a capital crime. The popish priest, in quality of confessor, is commanded by other edicts, by edicts issued from without the country, not to denounce any such: so that, by the institutions even of catholic states, he becomes a partaker of the crime.

Penn. There are contradictory laws that protect them.

Peterborough. Surely that country can not be well governed, which has one body of laws for one body of men, another for another; which says, "this crime shall make those amends," and yet allows a priest or friar, a thousand miles off, to whisper by proxy in another's ear, "if you hear of it in confession, oblige the criminal to eat a pound of stale sprats and a bundle of stiff radishes; and, when you three divine agents have touched his entrails, take out your whittle and cut the halter." Nevertheless the papists have a strong argument in favour of their religion, disobedient as it is to the command of Jesus Christ, in rising up against the civil magistrate, and claiming a superiority of power.

Penn. What argument?

Peterborough. Its duration.

Penn. I never knew anything good remain so

long: and other paganisms may boast the same advantage as this. Whatever is equally well contrived to flatter the vices of men, will exist while the vices themselves do. The little there was of learning in the world, and the much there was of craft and violence, were employed for many centuries in the construction of this vast fabric, where, as is reported of a temple in Babylon, every comer was invited to the mysteries of prostitution. But in Babylon we do not read that people were slain for abstaining therefrom, or for preferring fresh water to salt, and cleanliness to perfumes.

Peterborough. Perhaps the greatest harm of the religion does not consist in the domination, in the fallacy, in the fraud, in the cruelty it exercises, but in rendering man selfish and ungrateful. The worst ingratitude lies not in the ossified heart of him who commits it; but we find it in the effect it produces on him against whom it is committed. As water containing stony particles encrusts with them the ferns and mosses it drops on, so the human breast hardens under ingratitude, in proportion to its openness, its softness, and its aptitude to receive impressions. Envy and revenge and lust and tyranny befall the ill-disposed in common with the better; but ingratitude befalls the better only, and curdles the sweetest drop in the gentlest heart. Alms-giving, that is the giving of money to the idle hangers-on of popery, is among the private duties she inculcates, we know for what ends: let us consider with what arguments and incentives. She assures the alms-giver that he will be richly repaid, and indeed that he can nowhere else find such interest for his money. When he hath given it, he not only is quit of old sins in an exact ratio to the sum deposited, but he may run up a fresh account, and always stand on the creditor side. And here I come to the point of gratitude, at the mention of which you looked on me interrogatively. The ragged receiver knows the motive, counts the coin, thanks the Virgin, rubs his shoulder against the angle of some pedestal, or the fret-work of some shrine, consults his confessor what number is most lucky in the lottery, tries his fortune, looses, blasphemes, crosses his bosom, and returns to mass.

Penn. Poor benighted soul! The old serpent putteth out his tongue to belime and catch thee.

Peterborough. Whoever has given the value of a few shillings, carries back with him a ticket for Paradise, delivered at the counter, and the promise of recommendation to the servants of a garden, where every bush is hung with coronels, and every alley rings with hallelujahs; but no signification that he might possibly have been actuated by compassion, by a spirit of benevolence, or by a sense of duty. It would be thought unchristian and ungentlemanly, to make inquiries into the causes of a poor man's sufferings: you have no business with sympathy, none with expostulation, none with admonition, none with advice: you must give because you are commanded by the church: you must abstain from interference because the church has already appointed to that office. Open your purse to the idle, and you may kiss the first woman you fancy, and stab the first man that interrupts you.

Penn. Wilt thou not stay thee, Mordaunt! What slough art thou sinking into?

Peterborough. I ought to have qualified the expression, by adding so as not to give scandal, but sagely and discreetly. Well may you groan, friend Penn, if ever you dreamt that a religion like this could be eradicated. It needs not the word of God to assure us of its perpetuity: it needs but the vices of man; in other words, man's nature. Here couches the serpent that hath swallowed up all the rest: here stands the Temple, with its spacious dome and innumerable pinnacles, where Crime, shaking off Despondency, sits side by side with Virtue.

Penn. Where nothing is divine but mystery, and nothing is damnable but doubt. Nevertheless, the sun of righteousness shall arise . . .

Peterborough. To show the vapour, not to scatter it. Wisdom and Folly, Patience and Violence, have alike and equally lent a hand to this resplendent and indestructible pantheon.

Penn. Have Justice and Truth ever ordered it? Hath Religion, through the clouds of incense that are wafted under her, ever seen there or sought Humanity? Nowhere in turning over the leaves of the *New Testament* do I find the ordinance of cutting and searing in conversions; which therefore I must attribute to some holy father, whose notion of bringing up his children makes me wish he had fewer; or to some pastor who would rather superintend the gelding of his flock than the washing.

Peterborough. Your popish friends in England will be very angry at you if they ever hear you speak in this manner.

Penn. They are the persons who ought to thank me, if any ought. I do not cry at the portcullis of a castle that a fox is under it: I cry at the cottage-door that I saw him steal into the henroost. Men hate us worse for trying to set them right than for trying to set them wrong, and have no more fondness for plain truths than for plain clothes. The popish priest hath grounds for disliking me: the popish gentleman hath no better reason for it than for disliking the man who has liberated him from a madhouse, has cured him of a malady caught by seeing others in it, has allowed him to order his own dinner, has kept his daughters from the defilement of foul questions and suggestions, and his wife's tongue from betraying the secrets of the family. These are only a few of the benefits I should confer on him, if he would be warned by me against that worst of falsehood and impiety, which persuades him that any mortal can stand between God and himself, or aid him in his salvation by other means than good counsel. He may swallow a goatskin of the richest *tinta de Rota* through the channel of his teacher, and his forehead may be smeared with

Provence oil till it shine like a brazen warming-pan: 'twill be in vain.

Peterborough. Really, to speak my mind, a religion to be sound and wholesome must be home-brewed. In running across the way with it, you lose almost all but the froth. To force men into public houses of worship, is as unjust and unreasonable as to force them into public houses of carousal. If you will insist upon it, the least you can do is to pay the reckoning.

Penn. This varieth from thy former fantasies.

Peterborough. It is my custom to say and do whatever occurs to me at the moment. I may be called inconsistent for it, but I can not be called unfair.

Penn. Fairness and consistency are not indeed always the same. Nothing is more consistent with an honest character than to acknowledge a corrected inconsistency.

Peterborough. If I give several sets of opinions while another gives one opinion only, I give what may be received and what may be rejected, which he does not: and the choice between two things is often as good as either.

Penn. And the escape from both of them is often as good as the choice.

Peterborough. In any set speech, in addressing the parliament or the soldiers, you never will find me contradictory or wavering; whereas among my friends I throw out what comes uppermost, and find a pleasure not only in my versatility, but in the watchfulness it excites among those who purchase from me, at an easy price, the titles of wariness and acuteness. Nothing is so agreeable both to children and men, as to let them catch you tripping, and particularly if you are strong and usually walk upright and with stateliness: and to connive at them is the most economical of pleasures.

Penn. It may hinder thy rise in the state; which would fret thee.

Peterborough. What man ever rose in it by his intellects, until he had perverted or contracted or covered them! The wide and abundant and impetuous stream bears pleasure and wonder on its bosom: wealth rises from the narrow and factitious. What is that to me! Let us spur on.

You have already proved that what we call patriotism is very different from what rhetoricians and orators represent it. A man's own glory rests well upon the glory of his country: but how few can claim any for their own! Great generals, great writers: have we in existence or on record, half a dozen of either? We are apt, I know not with what reason, to ridicule the French for their proneness to servitude and their adulation to princes: yet is there another man in the world so proud of his country as a Frenchman is of France? We consider no part of God's creation so cringing, so insatiable, so ungrateful, as the Scotch: nevertheless we see them hang together by the claws like bats; and they bite and scratch you to the bone if you attempt to put an Englishman in the midst of them. Although they tell you they are the most loyal of mankind, yet they are ready at any time to sell their king and abjure their principles, and will haggle less with you about the price of them, than about a bale of linen or a barrel of haddock.

Penn. How is this? We never gained so much by Charles as we paid for him.

Peterborough. That bargain was driven hard with us: but if *we* could make little of him, what could *they* do?

A story comes into my mind, which I heard at Portsmouth just before I left England. It exhibits no unfavourable specimen of a Scot: and it proves to us that there is a certain Patriotism loth to let Truth stand in her way, or Nature herself do anything disagreeable to her. The Lord Halifax, you may have heard perhaps, is the chief patron of our poets. A Scotchman one day came before him, bowing to the earth, and holding out a piece of rumpled paper. His lordship smiled with his usual affability, thanked him, and told him that, being a disciple of Mr. Locke's, he had no occasion for such an offering so long after breakfast. "Hauld! hauld! it's poesy, it's poesy, my laird! written on the scaith of a maiden in Dundalk, and ane of very guid connaxions."

"Well then, my dear sir, let me see it."

The rhymes are in a kind of step like that of Catiline as described by Sallust: *modo citus modo tardus incessus:* the best invention that poetry ever made: never was there one so serviceable to the memory, for you must read them several times over before you can find out whether there are any verses in them. I should not be surprised if they shortly come supported by such a powerful host of partisans, on our side of the Tweed, as to rout the united forces of Milton and Shakspeare. Listen.

> The southern blast was so bitter cold,
> It almost sheared the sheep in our fold
> And made the young maiden look like the old.
> Blue as baboon is, where he is bluest . . .
> Mind thy steps, Meggie! mind, or thou ruest.

"How!" cried Lord Halifax, "can Scotchmen then come so near the English border in their phraseology!" Nevertheless he suspected a mistake, and soon apprehended it. "The southern blast! you must mean the northern."

"Faith and troth! and I did mean the northern, and did e'en write it, my laird! but I thought i' my conscience it ill beseemed me to leave an immortal reflaxion on my ain maither country."

Halifax gave him a guinea, ordered his groom to bring him a sack of oats from the stable, and told him at parting, he ought to be made a doctor of laws for his poetry, and a knight-banneret for his patriotism. The Scotchman looked at his guinea, and said, in the despondency of ambition, "'T wou'd tak anither to bring 't aboot."

Penn. Yet perhaps this very man, so zealous for the honour of his country that he would lie for her all day long, would be heartily glad to abandon her, might he thereby be made an officer of excise

in Muscovy or Poland. By my removal from England to America, I do not think I any more change my country, than my father did when he left Bristol for London. We relinquish her when we relinquish her purer habits, her juster laws, her wiser conversations; not when we abandon the dissidence and dishonesty of her parties, her political craft, her theological intolerance. That is properly the land of our fathers in which we may venerate the image of their virtues; in which we may follow their steps, and leave our own not unworthy to be followed. We want animation, ye tell us; we want liberality. O Mordaunt! in the eyes of men those want everything who want imposture. How many are there in high places who cry aloud to clear the way for the conscience! who shout "Give the poor creatures corn, give the poor creatures liberty;" yet who blink their eyes upon Christian blood flowing forth under the sword of persecution. Cromwell, at whose frown their rotten hearts would have melted away, is now a subject of derision to them. He stretched out his hand over the Alps, and cried, "Defend thy brother! preserve the creature that God made; loose the bondman that Christ redeemed!" Can I think it the most rational of happiness, the most obligatory of duties, to reside in a country at the head of whose councils are the silent associates of thieves and murderers? Doubtless I must lose sight of them in it, I must cherish it, I must love it, because it is the country where I broke my head seven years ago by forcing my horse over a gate! Is it anything for such as thou art, or (I would say it with humility) for such as I am, to be greater in soul and intellect than a king or chancellor or archbishop? Have we the same temptation as they have, for violence, disingenuousness, and falsehood? Let us praise God that we have not, and let us keep where we never may catch it.

Peterborough. Then let us think of the country, the only true comforter; or, if you dispute this point, the only general one. Could not you have left standing in these meadows a few of the shadier and larger trees? It appears to me, friend Penn, that you are like a father who strips two or three of his infants stark-naked, and encourages his elder son to wear several great-coats.

Penn. Why, perhaps it might have been as well to leave here and there a tree, for the sake of the cattle.

Peterborough. And for the sake of ornament.

Penn. I can not see any great ornament in trees, until the carpenter hath had them under his hand. They are dull in summer and ragged in winter, the very best of them, trim them and contrive them as you will. The ornament of a country is the sight of creatures enjoying their existence.

Peterborough. And yet you would not let people dance.

Penn. I would not call them together for that purpose: but when countryfolks have done the business of the day, I might not reprove them for an innocent relaxation.

Peterborough. Really I fancied that even the sound of a fiddle was an abomination to you.

Penn. I was never given to capering: but there is something in a violin, if played discreetly, that appeareth to make hot weather cool, and cold weather warm and temperate: not however when its chords have young maidens tied invisibly to the end of them, jerking them up and down in a strange fashion before one's eyes, and, unless one taketh due caution, wafting their hair upon one's face and bosom, and their very breath too between one's lips, if peradventure one omitteth to shut them bitterly and hold tight.

Peterborough. Egad, friend William, I have talked with dancing-masters in my day who knew less about their business than you do.

Penn. If they knew but half of it, they would change it for a better. They do not see where it finishes.

Peterborough. Impudent dogs, they would see that too, if they could.

Penn. We must accommodate things and practices to their country. Hot-beds do not want stoves, and stoves do not want furnaces, and furnaces do not want blow-pipes. In cities the youth has pastime enough, without incentives to frowardness and lust: but the labourer of the fields may perhaps dance in the evening with the young woman he has worked with in the noon, and do it irreproachably. His truly is a kind of labour that will not whet his appetite for wanton things: and the motion of the limbs, being different from that wherein they had been exercised many hours, would rather tend to refresh than to weary him. Among the idle, by the presence of what is pleasant to the senses, thoughts swell into wishes, and wishes ripen into deeds.

Peterborough. Why should not they?

Penn. Because our destination is higher, if we consent to it; and because we can do good in as little time and with as little trouble as we can do evil. As all parts of the world are equally nigh to the heavens, so by their primary position are all men equally nigh to God; but many rational creatures, as we call them, do by their vices draw back from the Creator, while brute matter stands consistently where he placed it.

Peterborough. I would rather hear a sermon from you than from anybody else: you pluck me for the sake of cooling and cleansing me: the old women who have laid hands on me from the pulpit, plucked me only to get something by my feathers.

Penn. Nobody can lie easily upon such feathers as thine; and the housewife doth well who singes them all round. The powers bestowed on thee by thy Maker are perverted by thy passions, and, instead of serving thee, bear against thee; as guns on shipboard, loosened by foul weather, run ruinously back against those who were appointed to direct them. The trees, the blades of grass, the weakest herbs, assume by degrees the consis-

tency they ought to have, and grow to the uttermost height the climate and soil allow to them: we alone droop when our strength should be at its full; and the strongest man in England sees no reason why we should not. Mordaunt, it would afflict thee to blush at thee: against that fire thou couldst not stand: beware then.

Many in every age have been the hypocrites of Virtue; ours is the only one, I imagine, that ever saw the hypocrites of Vice. Persons of your condition found a difficulty in becoming profligate to their heart's content. It was a point of conscience with them (when every other point of it was blunted or broken) to seem worse than they really were, and to make their intimates worse, if possible, than themselves. This in great measure was done from a spirit of obstinacy and contradiction: for although on the opposite side there were numbers of strict and holy men, there were certainly more of those who were only so in appearance. Thousands were, heart and soul, devoted to the cause of liberty; tens of thousands pretended a love of it, merely to obtain a portion of fines and confiscations. Would you wish to have before you any objects more odious?

Peterborough. The wish would be fruitless.

Penn. And yet there were those who tried whether they could not become so: and as they had opposed real licentiousness to false religion, so they carried what they called loyalty to such a degree of subserviency as would disgrace a troop of Asiatic slaves, and adored the most reprehensible of kings, not only in the language but with the rites of their church-worship, drinking to his health in the same posture as when they celebrate the most awful event in the ministry of their Redeemer, and devoting their lives to him with the same formality.

Peterborough. And the same faith.

Every man would rather eat a good dinner than a bad one; and when it is easier to get it by kneeling and drinking than by labouring and thirsting, I can not call them fools for it.

Penn. Verily I did not designate them by that name, although some of them have seen reason to bestow it on themselves.

Peterborough. Poverty gives a man of family great privileges: I do not make use of mine, and care little about those who have stolen a march of me, and rest in-oblivion. Yet I am poor enough for any pretensions, and am likely to remain so in despite of contingencies; for I have rather a large family of vices, and am resolved, as becomes a good parent, to cherish and maintain them.

Penn. Inconsiderate young man! Know, for thy comfort and encouragement, it is less easy in youth to extinguish vices than to convert them into virtues. Afterward we lose the power of doing either, and fancy that to whine and promise serves as well. Fit thyself to become the head and ornament of a family: love some one.

Peterborough. Easy enough that!

Penn. Perhaps not so easy as at first it appeareth to thee. To desire is not to love: the passions are moderated by tenderness.

Peterborough. Faith! I am afraid they are among us men. Love, like canine madness, may be fairly stifled in a feather-bed, with proper assistance. Your advice reminds me of a recitative, I know not in what opera.

> Amare una, e dall' una esser amato,
> E' il sommo ben che possa l' uom godere;
> Due mi amano; amo tré; sono infelice.

Penn. Which being Englished, what may be the import?

Peterborough.

> To love one, and to be beloved by one,
> Is the greatest good a mortal can enjoy:
> Two love me; I love three; I am unhappy.

Penn. And he deserved it, whoever he was: for truth had opened his eyes, and he would not see. The sentiment is worthy of a pagan in red boots.

Peterborough. An idle friend of mine spent an autumn and winter in Italy. Soon after his arrival in that country, he took a residence at the lake of Como, and was particularly fond of a shady walk beside the rivulet which runs near the city. Here he saw in the old hedge of a little wood, about a mile from the Milan gate, a very beautiful green lizard. The animal looked at him as stedfastly as he looked at the animal; and, it being the first he had ever seen of that large kind, he continued to admire it for almost half an hour. On the morrow, at the same time of day, he repeated his visit to the place, and found in a few minutes the same inhabitant: and their interview was again the same. Curiosity led him a third time to the spot; but somewhat later; and he really felt a disappointment at not finding his lizard. He sate down and began to read, and after a time was about to change his posture (for the short grass hardly covered the gravel, and he had not under him such a cushion as you have), when the lizard's eyes met his, between him and the bank. It stopped and gazed at him, and then walked slowly into the hedge, and gazed again from the very place in which it was first discovered. Confidence was now established between the parties. One day my friend was tempted to take his lizard home with him, and tried to catch it. The creature, equally swift and quicksighted, sprang away, looked once more at him from its first position, and was never seen afterward. This is the recital of my friend; a friend as foolish as any I have: but I suspect his folly will save me from a greater; and, if idleness should attract me to the side of marriage, I shall think of him and his lizard. He was not contented with all the pleasure it ever could have given him: he must forsooth catch it and keep it: had he succeeded, he would soon have been as tired of the creature as the creature would have been of him. Marriage is the first step to Repentance: and there are not many to climb.

Penn. I have better hopes of thee than thou appearest to entertain of thyself. A conversion

was produced in my own family through means extremely slight, and (if there be any such) upon a fortuitous occasion. My good father had once a waiting-man, whom, among other services, he employed in the pouring out of wine at the side-board from black bottles into white, of which white there being some lack, he bade the man buy two more. The man went forthwith, and bought them; but ere dinner-time they were broken. Whereupon my father said to him, "Hast thou broken the two bottles?"

"Yea," said he.

"How? thou fool!" cried my father; for he was quick and choleric.

His waiting-man then answered, and said, "I brake them by striking one against the other, to try if they were good for anything."

The patience of my beloved parent did not hold out against this, and, rising from his seat, he would have smitten the waiting man: but I arose also, and caught him by the sleeve, and said to him, "Father! thou art angered. I would speak to thee with all dutifulness, as becometh a young man and thy son. Bethink thee now, my good father, if thou, being a man of war, hast not done to men what thy servant hath done to bottles; if thou hast not been fain to try, whether, in thy estimation, being a man of war, they were good for anything, and by the same experiment and proof, namely, by making one of them strike the other. Pardon then this thy servant, for that he hath confessed he did it, when it may be that such confession is not yet made by thee, my honoured parent, nor deemed requisite."

Peterborough. And what said the old admiral to this?

Penn. I need not tell thee; since it aideth in nothing my discourse.

Peterborough. But do tell me.

Penn. I will, then, inasmuch as it evinceth his compliancy of temper.

"Son William," said he, "for one sally of such good sense and good nature, I could bear thy sanctification and grimaces seven years. Give me thy hand, my lad! we are friends again for life."

Now I had angered him, by hoping and resolving to live in future more regularly and religiously than we had been accustomed to do among his nautical companions.

Peterborough. If joy, which is much less ingenious, much less argumentative, than grief, had allowed him a few moments of reflection, he might have told you that men are well tried whether they are *good for anything*, by this process. For not only do they prove their courage, without which, as the world is constituted, there is neither peace nor equity, the two best things of good things, as you above all people will admit; but they promote one another's self-esteem, and superadd the delicacy of good manners to those higher and purer attributes of sound morality.

Another thing, my friend, or rather, if you will bear it, two, I must object against your system. You prohibit not dancing only, but singing and drawing. As you will perhaps make the better defence for yourself on singing, I shall speak first upon drawing, and then attack you mainly.

One would imagine that so contemplative a race of people as you are, would cultivate an art of which the early shoots require shade and seclusion, and the first efforts are made in privacy. Others are *chaperons* to society and dissipation. In dancing, I concede to you, the figure of the dance is the last figure that is thought of; and in music, there never was a young person of either sex who, in the softest parts, did not sigh a note higher than the flute. Drawing has no such inconvenience or aberration. This creative faculty is silent and meditative: it leads to a temperate love of Nature, to a selection of what is beautiful, and to a habit of what is correct.

In poetry, the most tender and the least tender emotions are excited. He who draws tears from me, would draw his sword against me, if I tried as a poet to draw any tears from him: so fixedly is jealousy the associate of poetry. And when a woman takes up the art, as some have done among us, I would whisper in her ear, if I dared, that there never was a Sappho who would not plunge over-head for a Phaon.

Drawing here too is widely different. If it raises any aspirations after Fame, they are solitary and sober, and after Fame in her calmest and most quiescent hour.

Penn. Friend, we can do without both Fame and her aspirations, and what we *can* do without, we *should*, or we must forfeit the name of temperate men.

Peterborough. Surrender then to me this province of Pennsylvania.

Penn. Nay, nay; I do not play at forfeits with thee: and beside, the gift would harm thee. My prudence is greater (discreetly be it spoken) than thine.

Peterborough. Faith is it!

Penn. And thou wouldst never erect such an asylum for peace and industry, as, by the blessing of God, I hope to erect herein for future generations.

Peterborough. I must attack you then on the side of singing, and argue upon it as a moralist might do.

Penn. Then verily, friend Mordaunt, thou wilt display much originality: I yearn to behold thee in that character.

Peterborough. Have you never heard soldiers and apprentices sing lewd songs?

Penn. Why, songs under that description and from those quarters have reached mine ear: and, if report speak truly, the breath of such hath tarnished the nearest gold lace on each side of them.

Peterborough. If patriotic or tender ones had been written well among us, and set to good music, they would have gained access to those persons who, for want of them, amuse their idleness and indulge their fancies with ribaldry.

Nay, had they been awakened early by them, such idleness and such fancies never would have existed: for music of this nature is a strengthener both of the mind and of the heart. I am persuaded that even the highest national character might be raised still higher, by inspiring boys with a timely love of it, and by supplying them with lofty and generous sentiments in graceful and well-composed songs. The Lacedemonians were the rudest people in Greece: I doubt whether the admirable order that subsisted long among them, as citizens and as soldiers, is more owing to the laws of Lycurgus than to the elegies of Tyrtæus. The Athenians were the softest and most effeminate: yet they dashed down tyranny and strode over valour, singing the praises of Harmodius and Aristogiton.

Penn. We have no tyranny to dash down and no valour to stride over: our voice is, "God is among us: he commands us peace." Thy observations, as applicable to the turbid state wherein it is (as thou fanciest) the interest of such as thou art to keep thy country, are not incorrect.

Peterborough. This avowal is very liberal: keep up with it in practice. Why cannot you take men as you find them? You might make a great deal of them, and spare yourselves the trouble of turning them inside-out. You resemble the puritans too much for me.

Penn. Are we cruel then, and intolerant, and arrogant? are we without mercy, without forbearance, without patience? do we look for God everywhere but where he is to be found? and are we desirous of setting up before him such another figure as ourselves?

Peterborough. No, certainly not, at present: but, if religions were not sideling in their infancy and retrograde in their maturity, one might fear it. Calmness and quietude are your darlings.

Penn. They are the things that men want most.

Peterborough. You undervalue, or rather you despise and contemn, what exalts us in the arts and sciences, and hence inhibit the growth and tendency of intellect, which surely, to speak in your own manner, God bestowed upon us for our improvement. What is worse, you allow no compromise between Vice and Virtue: by which system, if universal, men, finding the impracticability of perfection, and experiencing the loss of esteem for not bringing what you exact from them, would relapse without a struggle or an effort from the eminence they had attained. In the large heart, the habitation of generosity and beneficence, I would leave a cell or two vacant for less worthy guests, and pass without peeping in.

Penn. But prythee shut the door, if thou findest it wide open, with the intruders at their tricks.

Peterborough. It is the privilege of man to do irrational things.

Penn. Do you people who talk of privileges, and (such is the phrase) enjoy them, exert them every day?

Peterborough. Only this one.

Penn. Mordaunt! Mordaunt! would that thy confession, frank and honest as it is, were made in another tone, and with another feeling, and to a holier than I am, or than man can be!

Peterborough. You have given me leave to speak plainly and unreservedly with you, upon every question and every objection.

Penn. Else neither were I thy friend nor wert thou mine.

Peterborough. I will venture then to declare that, in the opinion of the world, enemies as you profess yourselves to pride, you are no less proud than other men, though differently.

Penn. There are some among us, I wish I were confident of being one, who have twisted back and cut off many rank branches from this most poisonous plant, the roots whereof twine about the heart until they suck out the best juices, and until its wind-catching and ever-fluttering foliage overshadows and starves the brain. Self-complacency is often mistaken for pride, and stands not far from it in certain places. The consciousness of having mastered some prepotence of passion, or of having rectified some obliquity of disposition, may leave the expression of disdain for the evil subdued not unmingled with gladness, perhaps too triumphant in the subduer. I will never animadvert on thee, friend Mordaunt, at seeing a grand illumination in thy countenance after such a victory.

Peterborough. In this warfare you are among the few great captains.

Penn. Never say it. Hear the wise one. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick:" and mine is sick indeed; for I myself have deferred the hope I raised and cherished. Perverse as we are, we sigh for happiness; we know where to find it; and we will not go for it one step. Would we increase it, we must do with it as we do with money; we must put it out. Whatever of it we place in the hands of another, let him be improvident, let him be thankless, is sure to return to us, and without delay: whatever we keep to ourselves, lies dead the moment we have thus settled it, and cannot be lifted from the chest. I have begun to do good late, and can hope, alas! now to do but little.

Peterborough. A truce with sighing, friend Penn; for that is a thing in which I never can join with you; unless I find you in debt, or with bad wine before you: these being two evils beyond my mending, and growing no better for waiting.

You have turned me aside from the conversation I would have holden with you about pride.

Penn. Dost thou find any growing in this wilderness? or dost thou fancy I have chosen a fit spot for the cultivation of it?

Peterborough. No, no; but tell me whether you do not believe there are some kinds of it useful and beneficial to society.

Penn. I do not.

Peterborough. I would by no means advert to that which arises from antiquity of family, unless I were fully confident of surpassing one day,

in services to my country, the foremost of my ancestors.

Penn. In regard to antiquity of family, the hedge-hog and sloth fairly beat the best of us, by a good day's run.

Peterborough. So says Moses.

Penn. And, friend, art thou wiser than he?

Peterborough. I do not speak of the creature man; I do not speak of our commoners or peers. The only claim to distinction in the generality of the better, is, that their ancestors have lived upon the same spot for several ages: so have their groves and avenues: so have their pigs and poultry. Among us of the peerage, there are only ten or eleven whose best forefather rendered any remarkable service to his country, or distinguished his name by valour or by genius. Supposing a peer or gentleman, descended, not from one who crouched or curtesied to a frivolous fantastic Scotch schoolman, or those lying varlets his son and grandsons, but from one who clinked his mail in close array with a Plantagenet's, or, what is more, bade him respect his equals and reverence the laws, shall not that man look back with pride upon the glorious shade gone past, and shall not he become the better for the retrospect?

Penn. With veneration he may indeed look back, but not with pride, which ought to be humbled to the dust before such an apparition. Pride it would be, and folly too in the extreme, if he preferred the dead man, who had once done these things, to the living one who does the same at the same hazard.

Peterborough. The rarity of those who acted and thought generously in times of ignorance and violence, renders a single one such equal in value to some thousands of the foremost who act and think so now.

Penn. It is easy to look down on others; to look down on ourselves is the difficulty. Of all pride however, and all folly, the grossest is, where a man who possesses no merit in himself shall pretend to an equality with one who does possess it; and shall found this pretension on no better plea or title, than that, although he hath it not, his grandfather had. I would use no violence or coercion with any rational creature; but, rather than such a bestiality in a human form should run about the streets uncured, I would shout like a stripling for the farrier at his furnace, and unthong the drenching-horn from my stable-door.

Peterborough. After all you have said, I am but the more confirmed in the sentence of a poet, whose name I have forgotten, that pride is

> Mother of Virtues to the virtuous man,
> And only hateful with her arm round Vice.

Penn. Thou mistakest another for her; she is verily an unsober jade, who in her gravest humour will lead thee into quarrels, and in her gayest will pick thy pocket. Turn away from this foul obscure vision, and discourse again about the land before us, which may constitute hereafter many states, prosperous and independent.

Peterborough. I have an insuperable objection to small states, because of their inability to defend themselves. If some day America should form herself into a republic, as it is evident she will from the political and theological tenets of the settlers, one portion must drop off after another, like noses and ears in such a climate, and everything soon be rotten and at last diminutive.

Penn. Families themselves do not hold together longer than is consistent with the welfare of the members: yet, although they may not hold together, they may abstain from fighting and quarreling. In vain wilt thou devise new forms of government, until thou hast erected something for those forms to stand upon. Until thou hast broken in the horse, do not trouble thy head about the colour or quantity of the trappings; for peradventure thou mayest not sit easily on them, nor long. Small republics have usually been happier than extensive ones: while small principalities serve only as seraglios for the masters of greater, out of which to take their wives: otherwise it would be expedient for them to putty up such bug-holes.

Suppose an Italian wishes to commit a murder, and he hath no cardinal at Rome to protect him, nor any friend among the domestics of the most Christian or most Catholic majesties, whose ambassadors' houses are inviolable asylums for assassins, he hath only to waylay his enemy in such a state as Piombino or Massa, out of which, if he catcheth a cow by the tail and she gallopeth, he shall be carried in twenty minutes.

Peterborough. This reminds me that there is prevalent, through the whole of Europe, a most injudicious, injurious, and iniquitous practice: the custom of protecting, I do not say murderers, for that is not universal, but fraudulent debtors and other fugitive malefactors. One would imagine that common interest and common courtesy should admit, should indicate, should dictate, the pursuit of them, even by an armed force, if necessary, passing the boundaries. No prince ought to be the patron or the protector of lawless men. In private life we not only refuse to receive such characters, but we dismiss from our service those who have given a slight offence to our equals. I am not so visionary as to expect that princes should be gentlemen; but, as they often have gentlemen about them, some one, it may be hoped, at some time or other, will have courage and influence enough to persuade them, that such a conduct is at once dishonourable and disadvantageous.

Penn. Every government should provide for every subject the means of living both honestly and at ease. We should bring out of every man and every creature as much utility as we may: now much utility will never be produced, unless we render life easy and comfortable. If all men and women would labour six hours in the twenty-four, some mentally, some corporeally,

setting apart one day in the seven, all the work would be completed that is requisite for our innocent and rational desires. Dost thou believe that God beholds with pleasure any poor wretch working three-fourths of his whole life-time, reckoned from childhood?

Peterborough. No, nor is the thing possible.

Penn. I tell thee, Mordaunt, the thing is possible, and is done*. Thou countest not the hours when thy horse is at his manger as those of his course; not the hours when our common nature casteth him down into sleep: why then treat thy fellow man more harshly? He too must sleep, whether he will or no: he too must replenish his veins with food and sustenance. These are as requisite to his labour, are in fact as much the implements and tackle of it, as the spade and plough. When Nature hath demanded so much for herself, what remaineth to the creature? Allow six hours for rest in cold climates, eight in hotter, and one in each for refreshment by food; thou wilt then find that not only three-fourths, but nearly the whole of life is hard labour. This ought not to be: and I verily do believe that God hath opened to us our new continent that it may be no longer.

Peterborough. The whole world is not in the condition you represent.

Penn. True, the whole world is not; but only that part of it which is policied and civilized; in other words, that very part which, possessing the experience of ages, ought to liberate itself from its trammels, and to enjoy the refreshening sweetness of well-ripened society.

What art thou musing upon with such complacency?

Peterborough. I know that you rise early, and I cannot see why you allow to others quite so many hours of sleep. I myself sleep only four.

Penn. I could make thee sleep six, and soundly as a Board of Inquiry in the committee-room, and quarrel with him who wakened thee, swearing (for thou dost swear now and then, friend Mordaunt . . God mend thee!) that thou wert already upon thy legs, and wantedst no fool to call thee, and rubbing thine eyes meanwhile with nightcap between them and forefinger.

Peterborough. Indeed could you, friend William, and without a march up the garret-stairs, to the little snug room with a square white curtain at the window, and overlooking the poultry.

Penn. O fie! thou wanton!

Peterborough. That indeed would make a man pant, and desire to rest himself, and take rest therein, though he were as the young cedar, even like unto the cedar that hath not many years.

* The House of Commons lately passed an Act that children under *nine* years of age shall not be obliged to work longer than *twelve* hours in the day. Do not the wretches deserve to be stoned to death who authorize the infliction of such labour on creatures so incapable of enduring it? No animal, though full-grown and vigorous, should labour twelve hours, with all the benefit of open air, refreshment more regular, cessation more frequent, change of position, and variety of motion.

Penn. Who touched thy lips with flame, that thou speakest thus?

Peterborough. Not she, upon my honour! not that bright cynosure with the eye of steel and bosom of snowy cloud, that the cocks crow to, and waken me.

Penn. Be discreet; and ponder not upon the hand-maiden.

Peterborough. In earnest then, do not you think that eight hours' sleep would be excessive for a labourer, in any climate?

Penn. I do not. I would divide his sleep, in some countries; four hours in the hottest part of the day, four at night. I sleep seven, and am convinced that many, and those too who do not labour, may sleep eight without ill consequences.

Peterborough. Yet those who have slept long have mostly been short-lived.

Penn. Not because they slept long, but because they ate and drank immoderately and late, and slept in consequence both long and badly. Long sleep in itself, I conceive, is far from unwholesome, though it is almost always followed by debility.

Peterborough. How can it be other than unwholesome, if followed, as you acknowledge, by debility?

Penn. This proceeds not from the relaxation caused by its continuance, but from breathing the same air the whole time, and losing that which refreshes the earth, and everything alive, animal and vegetable, soon after sunrise. If we arose when we ought to do, we should be the better for a brief and gentle sleep in the middle of the day; a thing which very active and very studious men are improvident in neglecting. Neither love nor poetry have imagined aught more precious than the eyes; insomuch that the poet and lover, when he hath made some idle girl believe everything else, comes hither at last as to the highest pitch of all, telling her that she is dearer to him than they are; and, if she swallows this wafer, her faith is catholic. The eyes would remain much longer unimpaired, by dividing (I do not say equally) the hours of their employment and their repose.

Peterborough. The *Society of Friends* enjoys eyesight in perfection, and with the clearest title; by rejecting with other pleasures those of literature. I never have heard of one, beside yourself and Barclay, who pursued any science or was occupied in any study.

Penn. The knowledge that conduces to practical good is not restricted or undervalued by us: whatever leads away from that direction seems to us reprovable and amiss.

Peterborough. My dear Penn, you are too speculative: too visionary for this world of matter and realities.

Penn. Friend, that which thou callest matter is indeed such: but that which thou callest reality is not. There is nothing so visionary as what the world esteems real; nothing so baseless, nothing so untrue.

Peterborough. Men, it appears to me, are incapable of that perfection to which you would, with whatever gentleness, bring them on.

Penn. We do not hope to conduct them further in the way than our blessed guide and master hath commanded. They are no worse generally in our day than they were in his, although the best governments in these ages are more degrading than Roman or Greek would suffer, until utterly subdued. It is impossible to rescue the human race from the abyss of sin and slavery, unless we can induce our brethren to look on Christianity in its purity.

Peterborough. Ah my friend! nothing on earth has been or ever will be of long continuance, and least so purity.

Penn. Thou speakest untruly, Mordaunt! Of long continuance have been folly and wickedness: shall wisdom then and righteousness be transitory or illusive? Is that which is inconsistent and wrong, of a nature more stabile than that which is consistent and right? Is there singleness in falsehood? is there duplicity in truth? Why then shall corruption stand, and incorruption sink? or why shall the good bend voluntarily to drink, from the cup of the damned, the last and bitterest of its dregs, despair? Let us raise up our heads unto the God who made us: even as he made us let us raise them up: and let us hope and believe that he will help us in our endeavours to render one another free and happy. We take man such as his hand hath formed him; we lead man whither his voice hath called. Is this visionary? is this speculative?

Peterborough. Enthusiasm will cool gradually. Within half a century, I presume to prophesy, the society will dissolve from its very purity.

Penn. Let it continue but that period; and it will contain, in so brief a span as the half-century thou allowest to it, a greater portion of true Christianity and solid happiness, than the sixteen whole ones past over us have contained. After which, supposing that religion may have grown much cooler, habits of industry and feelings of gentleness will have sprung up widely, and have spread far beyond the inclosures of our brotherhood.

Peterborough. Nations, like individuals, interest us in their birth and early growth: every motion, however irregular, seems to us natural, graceful, an indication of vigour or intelligence. For some time afterward the sallies of frowardness and of passion are not only forgiven in them, but applauded and admired. Soon however what we fancied a pleasing peculiarity becomes an awkwardness and uncouthness; what was spirit is petulance; and we confess we were disappointed in our hopes and calculations. In fact the hopes were foolish, and the calculations were traced by a clumsy finger on a moving sand.

Against our expectations and auguries, America may produce boors without the honesty, the simplicity, the frugality, of boors; and merchants not only without the quiet industry and expectant patience of merchants, but with scarcely the steadiness of the elements that waft and convey their merchandize. Do not accuse me of rashness or of incivility, when I declare to you my suspicion, that you, however unconsciously, tend toward this mischief. Whenever a part of society secedes from the general mass under whatever pretext, it grows distrustful, and renders others so: hence moroseness, and the resolution of indemnity, by the acquisition of wealth, to gratify a secluded vanity and enforce an ungracious consequence.

Penn. The ancients were of opinion that every man hath his good and evil genius. They would have believed more wisely that everything human hath about it, near or remotely, somewhat of good and somewhat of evil. There is truth, and perhaps more of it than can unfold itself at present, in thy observation. We will strive, by mutual admonition and encouragement, to make strait and even and pleasant, and to break off and to bend aside as many thorns as we can, from the path we have chosen to pursue. One would think it requireth but little exhortation to warn men against the two mischiefs thou hast pointed out: whereupon I would ask the grossest fool and sensualist, whether he doth not eat a heartier dinner, and digest it better, by keeping in good humour; and I would ask the most dishonest rogue that ever touched a fleece, whether he gaineth not more by being trusted than by being distrusted, and whether he hath not a better chance of being trusted for honesty than for dishonesty? Teach men to calculate rightly, and thou wilt have taught them to live religiously.

Peterborough. Pious and contented as your people seem, they are not indifferent to the good things of this world; indeed none look more attentively to what we call the main chance.

Penn. Honest occupation is favourable to that piety and content which thou attributest to us.

Peterborough. Religious men, in other new sects, have generally placed their reliance more undividedly on Providence.

Penn. Providence uses earthly means. We rely on Providence for blessing us in our endeavours to benefit one another; which we would do by giving employment to the needy, and aiding the laborious.

Peterborough. Fortune has favoured you above others. Industry often fails with them; with you rarely.

Penn. Allegorically speaking, as thou hast done, of Fortune, if we hope to be gainers from her wheel, we must now and then drive a spoke into it ourselves; and we must take what precaution we can that it do not fire by its velocity. Industry has never failed, while she has kept both eyes upon one object, nor until she has risen from her business and gone into partnership with Speculation. Afterward she hath no better right to the name of Industry, than Thievery hath, or Gaming.

Peterborough. The world will turn round still. Industry is produced by Want, Wealth is produced

by Industry, Idleness is produced by Wealth, Poverty is produced by Idleness. Here Poverty finds herself at the side of her sister Want. They agree to go in search of Industry, before it is too late, being sure of finding her, since she may be heard of in every field and traced in every gateway: and the great year proceeds again through the same zodiac. We may calculate in like manner on the order of the political globe, which is destined in all its divisions of country to one series of risings and settings. Barbarians must have a chieftain; the chieftain must have favourites: these are jealous, and quarrel, and stand apart. Each promises what great things he will do, for such as espouse his cause. A part of these benefits is granted, a part extorted. Hence the higher power by degrees is subdivided: but the principal holder of it is never quiet, until he can recover, by force or stratagem, what his interest led him to compromise, or his weakness to concede. That which is balanced can never long be stabile; for a time it nods to the one side, for a time to the other; but at last it falls to that where there are the most hands to drag it down; hence Democracy. The exaltation of spirits which democracy produces in the body politic, and the envy and hatred which every king in its vicinity bears against it, are the causes of eloquence and of war. Popular chiefs are recommended for the army by popular orators: in these chiefs the habit of command abroad is succeeded by the flagrant lust of it at home. Clamours are raised; advantage is taken of great abuses for the entrance of greater; and from the slips of the theatre, thus thrown into confusion, comes Monarchy again in full plumage, sometimes alone and straightforward, sometimes in slower and statelier procession, through the yielding files of a bought and bowing aristocracy.

Penn. Thy wand, friend Mordaunt, hath well pointed out those monstrous signs, under which the industry and felicity of mankind have regularly been blasted.

As the arrow of Paris was directed from behind the brightest and most glorious of the heathen Gods, and occasioned the downfall of his native city, so hath ever that of Policy in later times from behind the fairer image of Christianity; and hath likewise caused the prostration, not of a city, not of a country, not of an empire, not of a continent, but of all God's higher creatures in every quarter of the civilised world. For, without these corruptions and abominations, can we believe that Mahometanism would have risen up, like the Simoom from the Desert, and have thrown Truth upon her face, and stifled Wisdom, in their fairest regions, in their most ancient residences? or that the Gospel would not have penetrated long ago into the furthest recesses of this half-illumined Earth? Half-illumined do I call it? Long will it be, I fear, before a few scanty rays are to fall upon a fourth or fifth of it.

This we owe to Popery; to her turbulence, her insolence, her fraudulence; to her rapacity, her persecutions, her lusts; to her contempt of good faith, of equitable government, of authority both divine and human. Now every establishment of a political church is Popery: every church having a head, which head is not Christ. So long as the pure is dipped in the impure, and left in it, so long as what ought to be the most simple is made the most splendid, and what belongs to the house of God is transferred to the house of parliament, there can not be true Christianity among the people.

The religion of Christ is peace and good will; the religion of Christendom is war and ill will. Popery hath set the worst examples, and hath maintained them the longest.

Peterborough. You appear to dislike the religion of Rome worse than any other modification of Christianity.

Penn. As being more remote from the simplicity of the Gospel, and as violating more of Christ's ordinances. Popery lives on the offal of men's vices.

Peterborough. Not she indeed: she has better dishes; though these, if well dressed, are not amiss.

Penn. For shame! for shame!

Peterborough. Be generous; be just. If the pope has a couch for Vice, he has also one for Virtue.

Penn. He is fraudulent to be domineering, and liberal to be enslaving.

Can anything be so insulting to equity and common sense, as that a gang of priests and friars should be the absolute and self-elected potentates, of enough territory and population to constitute a mighty commonwealth? Alas! and such was it! With less than one-half of its present extent, it was the most potent, the most free, upon the earth. Let those who doubt, or rather who profess to doubt, which is best, arbitrary power or republican freedom, lift up their eyes, if their eyes can indeed be lifted up, to the contemplation, on the one side, of equal laws, of magistrates elected by the people, of frugal habits, of voluntary industry and adequate recompense: on the other, of insolent domination, of rulers imposed by force and maintained by terror, of dissolute manners, no less in the lowest than in the highest, not springing from abundance, but permitted and thrown out as a covering and contentment for privations, a narcotic that at once assuages and destroys the appetite; then of gaming and beggary, which follow; of dilapidated cities, of religious perjuries in the creating of saints to people them; and the triple pestilence of priests, monks, and marshes, of which the last only ever intermits its ravages.

Peterborough. Vigorous description! irresistible truth! The father of lies himself can not find a stone to throw against it: nevertheless I doubt whether you would bring over one convert, though you were permitted to preach it in the *Piazza di Spagna*.

Penn. I doubt it equally. Both in hearing and reading, men rather look for what suits their notions and opinions, than for what may alter and

correct them. By which perversity they often lose much advantage and much pleasure; since nothing is gained by taking up that which is already theirs; no more than by sitting astride their own horses in their own stable yards. They remain there without progression, though they fume, and chafe, and bounce as high on the saddle as if they gallopped.

Peterborough. According to most systems of religion, it seems that the original design, and every botch made upon it, was to leave the greater part in shade, requiring glosses and interpretations, and consequently those who should be paid for making them and for keeping them in repair.

Penn. We have a God who is called the prince of peace: but we seem disposed to keep him in a long minority: and we are turning our eyes more fondly on another, whom we denominate the 'Lord of Hosts.'

O God of peace, Emanuel! make us forgiving as thou wert forgiving, even on the cross! make us tolerant, equitable, and humane!

Peterborough. I am glad you have stopped, William! If you had gone on, I should have prayed myself: for prayers and gaping are contagious. Beside, in all likelihood, you would have prayed that no hirelings should enter the temple, as being contrary to the ordinances of Christianity: and then what the devil would become of our younger children, and chaplains, and college-tutors? Knock down the peerage at once, or keep its props fast in the ground. I will never quarrel with any man about the church; but we may have a word or two and a blow or two about the church establishment.

Penn. Not with me, I promise thee. What I think it wrong to hold, I give up readily. Let us return to our discourse on Rome again. Such is the pertinacity of popes to the system from which they, and their closer adherents, draw their sustenance, that they never abandon a proven falsehood or an iniquitous demand, nor ever resign a pretension once acted on, nor pardon a reclamation made on any side for redress. Hence bishops are still nominated for villages and ruins and rocks *in partibus infidelium*; and hence the more precious privilege of holding an empire over empires. Every tie, human and divine, will be dissolved, entangled, or knotted, as suits the passions of the sitting pope, whose incubation is best warmed by ashes and blood. In the correspondence of Pius the Fifth with Charles the Ninth and Mary de Medici, he orders her to combat the enemies of popery *until they are all massacred.* Afraid that she might not understand him, or that she might think he spoke figuratively or passionately, he repeats the injunction a few lines below, and uses the words *utter extermination.* The Protestants, vanquished by the Duke of Anjou, implore his intercession with his royal brother: on hearing which, his *Holiness* writes to his *Nobleness*, that he ought through piety to be inexorable to all. Furthermore he tells the king that his Majesty will *tire God's patience* and provoke his anger. Suspecting that the gentle Charles might be influenced by the generosity of his brother, he commands him not to listen to the voice of friendship or of consanguinity. In another letter to Catharine, he says authoritatively, "Inflame the spirit of the King to annihilate the last remnant of civil war." Afterward, when peace was concluded, he writes thus to the Cardinal de Bourbon: "We expect you, in your prudence, to confound and overthrow the conditions of so pernicious a treaty. You owe this proof of zeal to God, to the King, and to the character you sustain."

No people are so deeply interested in abolishing the political power of popery, as those who believe in its religious doctrines. For where such doctrines are coupled with such perfidy and cruelty, they expose the holders of them to the worst suspicions, in many cases unjustly.

And what is the inscription on the walls and doors of roman-catholic churches and chapels? is it any commandment from the Decalogue, any proverb from Solomon, any precept from Jesus Christ? No: it is, "Pray for the souls:" and for what souls? Not for thy own, which 'twere easier to darn before it is turning to tinder, but for those in the fires of purgatory. *Praying* means *paying:* the substance of the prayer is a compost of pounds, shillings, and pence. The salt water at the font, into which every one dips a finger, serves for tears; and the money-box, nailed above it, for repentance. These are essential parts of the religion, and not accidents: but if they were accidents, and not essential parts, a prudent man would keep away from a labyrinth, at every turn and passage of which there is a thief to pick his pocket, to tie his hands behind him if he resists, and to gag him if he speaks a word. How long, O Lord! . . .

Peterborough. Ten to one, the Lord will give you no answer, friend William! and in this instance I am more pious and resigned than you are; for I never ask of him how long he will be about anything, particularly such as these, in which I know he likes to take his time. If you wish to know it, I can answer the question, and you need not look up into the clouds for its solution. It will be just as long as the rich can drive the poor before them, and the cunning can lead the rich. I wonder you should object to the order of priesthood, and to the quiet seizure of your property by this order, on your hesitation to deliver up as much of it as the venerable members may demand. Are they not wiser than you?

Penn. They are wise in their generation.

Peterborough. That is enough for anybody.

Penn. Thou misunderstandest me.

Peterborough. Ho! ho! if I had taken the other sense, I should have replied, they ought to be, for they have a good deal of practice in it. Being wiser than you, which they tell you they are, and are ready to fight you with fists if you deny it, they know better than you do what they want, and what they are worth.

Penn. What they want they can not tell, for-

asmuch as their wants increase with their possessions; but what they are worth we may well nigh guess.

Peterborough. They have texts from Scripture proving their divine right to tithes. The Jewish priesthood had them.

Penn. I do not deny their similitude to the Jews, if the old ones were like their descendants: but it pleased God to abolish this priesthood, and the law it followed.

Peterborough. It did not please God nor the servants of God to abolish tithes.

Penn. We must wait.

Peterborough. Indeed must you, and in the mean time count out your money. Now take another text: "The labourer is worthy of his hire."

Penn. Pay the labourer, if he *hath* laboured and thou hast hired him: if he hath never laboured, and if thou hast never hired him, bid him good morrow. Pay the labourer; I repeat it; but pay not the priest. If thou calledst him a clown or a hind, he would maltreat thee for miscalling him; while he is fain to call thee somewhat less; not clown nor hind, but cattle. Use and custom reconcile men to anything; otherwise there are of such tempers, that, on receiving so unseemly and rude an appellation, they would look into the hedge-row for some lithe ash-plant, and feel in their pockets for wherewithal to cut it . . that is, if no discreet friend were at their side to moderate their inclination and to withhold them.

Peterborough. Mounted on a stout contemplative black mare, with a bushy mane and tail, a broad white streak down the forehead, white likewise one fetlock and hoof.

Penn. Ay, ay, more likely to find him on such a creature, than on one opening and shutting his nostrils like a fop at a perfumer's; one as ready to snap slily at his comrade as a competitor in the cabinet; one touching the ground with the extremity of the foot whenever he stops for a moment, as though forsooth that same foot of his were a divining rod; so important and majestical doth he appear to hold himself; a gelding with a silvery tail, and scarcely enough of it to whip a syllabub or fray a gossamer, with a body bright and flashy as a marigold, thin and bony as a Mordaunt, and just as unsteady, and trickish, and mettlesome; and loud in his snorting as a young patriot under the hammer.

Peterborough. Egad! if ever my gelding should be stolen, I will beg a copy of this description for an advertisement.

I see I must clap spurs again: we are off to the steeple-hunt.

Whatever may be objected to the Catholic faith, I find the members of it better-tempered people, when the pope and his *posse* do not stir them up, than other sects. Even the priests and monks, if you leave their temporals untouched and unthreatened, are jovial and rational. I have known many instances of it, for a person who has had so little to do with 'em; one of which I am certain will amuse you.

When I was in Paris, I was admitted to visit a young lady of some attractions. Going out of the door, one morning, I met a capuchin on the steps. I had seen him in the street too frequently, and having remarked that he eyed me more curiously than I liked, I asked him somewhat fiercely what he wanted there. He bowed profoundly, and answered that he came to supplicate for relief to the necessities of the monastery.

"You capuchins and other monks," replied I, "never enter a house where there is only an ugly woman or a poor one."

Again he bowed, and more profoundly than before. "Sir," said he, "we have ugliness and poverty enough among ourselves: I came, as I told you, to obtain what the convent wanted."

I then observed that he was a handsome man, about thirty years of age, of a correctness in his language that indicated a good education, and of an easiness in his demeanour that mere impudence may lend for a moment, but can not long sustain; it was such as gave me an assurance of high birth, and of excellent connexions formed early. Vexed and ashamed that I had treated as a *roturier*, a gentleman whom perhaps nothing but the hope of gratifying his amiable passions had cowled and frocked, I shook him cordially by the hand, dropped a louis into his hood, and apologised for offering only the yellow of the egg, having but that part remaining from my collation. He hesitated a moment; then said he never could object to partake my fast with me, and should be contented in future with a less complimentary distribution.

Penn. I have no proof before me that the capuchin, as thou callest the man, came to the female's house with any pravity of intention: yet he sinned; forasmuch as, having made and sworn to vows of poverty, expressing the rejection of money, he received thy gold, knowing it to be gold, and other than, what thou calledst it, the yellow of an egg. Therefore, whatever might be the placidity of his temper, and certain, as thou wilt have it, that another day he fasted on the white, I can not in my conscience acquit him of offence.

If Popery however displays the dexterous filcher, the Church of England hath greatly the advantage over her in the exertion of brawny strength in the meadow and farm-yard. Neither the catholic priesthood, nor any other that ever existed among men, even in times of ignorance and paganism, hath been so litigious and oppressive. In another age or two they may grow weary of kicking and cuffing us: but they will never cease to exhibit their agility and spirit in leaping over the palings of our corn-stacks, or their observance of the most rigid rules of right in watching our garden-gate for us, and weeding out the tithes of our beet and parsley. The catholic priest, when he enters a family, bringeth at least a pretext of some spiritual concern, some confession to hear or some admonition to impart; but your Church-of-England text-and-tithe collector holdeth in derision all such idle

occupations, and intrudeth on your substance with a pistol in the fist, and with a curse upon the lip, as little a time in discharging.

Surely men can judge for themselves what instructor they shall place the most confidence in: as surely ought they to take his instruction rather than a stranger's, whose first step is intrusion, whose second is violence, and whose every succeeding one leaves defiance and hatred behind it. What wonder that the beneficent hand of Religion should be swollen, festered, and palsied, nailed as it hath been so long to the posts of Palace-yard! If she be spiritual, she belongeth not to the state: if she be carnal, she belongeth not to heaven.

Is not religion, of any plain, honest, unadulterated kind, as easily taught as morality? Again, is it not taught as easily as agriculture or chemistry? Yet we have no establishment, no order of citizens set apart for teaching one or other of these, and demanding from the remainder, willing or unwilling, a tenth of the produce of their land, and another tenth of their labour upon it: though agriculture and chemistry require more study, more exertion, more attention, more precision, than the acquiring and holding forth of those dogmas, which, while they tell us to love our neighbour . .

Peterborough. As ourselves: a thing impossible.

Penn. If thou findest it so, leave it a little on the way side, and let me go on. The dogmas of your gentry in lawn and purple, while they persuade us to love our neighbour, order us also to damn him everlastingly; and are slower, I opine, than the other two sciences, those of agriculture and chemistry, in giving the labourer a clean shirt and good dinner, and in shutting out the fiercer or the subtiler marauders, from which no path of life is exempt, active in spring and autumn, active in winter and summer, at undermining or battering his frail corporeal tenement.

Peterborough. People must be imposed upon for their good. He who said in his heart that all men are liars, was none himself on that occasion. Lies and liars are the things and persons the most necessary in our sublunary condition; and without a tinge of falsehood the colours of the fairest character are faint.

Penn. Hold: hold! or I whip thy horse before me, since I may not ride faster. One would think the cloven hoof surmounted the uncloven.

Peterborough. I will proceed more circumspectly. Grant me this. A man in a wig gains credit, where one with a cropped head would be kicked out of doors. In religion too, a white hand waves about it more persuasion than a browner; and a hairy one in church would be looked at as suspiciously as Esau's. My father was fond of repeating two couplets, which he was likewise fond of attributing to a maiden aunt: she, however, although the stoutest of episcopalians, disclaimed them.

> Little that theologian teaches
> Under whose text hang tattered breeches.
> Devil take him who disbelieves
> Verities shaken from lawn-sleeves.

Penn. There is soundness of observation in the first stave of the canticle: let us hope that so sedate and curious an observer spake the remainder more in levity than in malice. Otherwise it were well if we ascribed it to the sudden influx of melancholic humour, which we may collect from the import of the words preceding.

Peterborough. Even had we no establishments, we should still have sects.

Penn. What then? whom would they fight for? who would pay them? Although there were no establishments, there might indeed be sects in religion, as there anciently were in philosophy: yet either we must suppose that Christianity is prouder and crueller and more avaricious than philosophy, or we must admit that establishments, and not Christianity, have, wherever they existed, raised such tumults, seized upon such wealth, and shed (O blessed Redeemer, was not thine enough!) such torrents of human blood. If philosophy has not done it with her sects, neither would Christianity have done it with hers, without her purple and pretorians. These are as unfriendly to the one as to the other; and, while they exist upon earth, the more civilised parts of it can expect no better state, long together, than external wars, internal discord, and universal oppression. Revolutions may for a while relieve them; chastisement and the fear of it may render the princes more conciliatory and submissive: but the poison will be poured again into the drowsy ear, by those upon whose pillow they slumber. Hence even the recluse and quiet reasoner will be tempted to point toward the natives of these wilds: and some one, in the moroseness of sad triumph, will say to the inhabitant of the city, Are not such men more happy, are not they more virtuous, are not they more dignified, and, O slave! so bruised and abject as to be insensible to thy slavery! are not they more deeply enlightened, more vitally wise, than thou?

Peterborough. There is a strange idea gone abroad for a long time, and moving about much at its ease, by which we are to understand that *minister* means *master;* the exact opposite of its original and right import. Thus the ministers of the church call themselves the church, and the ministers of the state are the state. Now, in my humble opinion, the state is composed of all the *people* in it, and the church of all the *Christians.* If this opinion is correct, and ever should be acted on consistently, what will become of our princely hierarchy? And may it not happen that some of those who carry white and black rods, shall lay them aside, and with equally kind officiousness help the traveller to mount at the inn-door, and snatch his skirt from between him and the saddle-bag?

Penn. Political institutions, or *establishments,* should be founded on Christianity, and not Christianity on them. This perverts the order of things; which order, insomuch as passive example can effect, we would set right. But what is example, what is reason, what is Christianity

itself, in opposition to the force of wealth under the shield of government! Every rich family sees or imagines its interest in the present system, which, whatever it may be called, is no better nor other than Popery in any state throughout Europe; and every poor one hopes it, excepting those few who look to one rule of faith, under one immutable and immortal teacher, where they indeed find room enough to place their interests and rest their hopes.

Nothing can exceed the impudence of men pretending to be Christians, professing to follow the ordinances of Christ, reproaching the Pope for his perversion of them, and themselves at the same time violating the most positive and unequivocal command of our blessed Lord and Saviour: "Call no man your *father* upon earth: for one is your father, which is in heaven." Now, though dignities of state were left untouched, dignities, as men vainly call them, in religion are here distinctly and solemnly forbidden. I say nothing of the prevarications and perjuries that must be crossed to reach them. Can the calmest face, can the best-plaited lawn-sleeves, can the highest-drawn pink stockings, can the comeliest thigh-cases the most nicely puckered at the knee-band, or can the most virginal apron, do away with or cover this? In the ritual of the Apostles there was no string of prayers ordained, no dressing and undressing in the public place of worship, no pagan ceremonies, no other precedency than eldership. Priests, we have heard, were appointed to put down the devil. If they have been seventeen centuries about it, and could neither do it while they were holier men and worked miracles, nor afterward, when they became less holy but more wise, and had learned all his tricks and devices, it is time methinks they should give in, and own themselves worsted. If, on the contrary, they have put him down, or if he has been put down without them, or if we have brought him to decent terms, or if he lieth quiet by his fireside of his own accord, and we no longer feel ourselves in danger from him, we may just as reasonably and constitutionally demand from Parliament the disbanding of them as of any other body of troops, appointed for any other service, when that service hath been performed. But if, after so many thousand years, he fighteth only the more desperately for the blows he hath received, I would try other methods of attack and other implements of warfare, or I would keep myself shut up close in my fastnesses at home. Are scouts and watchmen here likewise necessary? Enow of men for the purpose will ever be remaining, whose vanity and ambition, whose love of teaching and of talking, whose impatience to display a fine voice, a fine person, a fine gesture, a fine doctrine, a fine metaphor, will clothe them in the garb of piety, and place them astride the gate of the sheepfold. Furthermore, let us hope that better inducements will exist at all times, and that the necessities of the soul will be supplied in their due season; that every father and mother, every experienced man, every considerate woman, will exercise the duties of private life and social, by inculcating those morals wherefrom arise the listener's content and the teacher's security; and which, if no other benefit accrued from them, would detruncate our rank expenditure on the three most wasteful and unprofitable of consumers: on him who carries the sword in his hand; and on those two wilier ones who carry it in their mouths, flaming and empoisoned.

Peterborough. But Christ himself said, if what I fancy I once heard at a sermon is exact, which indeed it may not be, for I was half-asleep, "I bring not peace, but a sword."

Penn. Christ never said anything like it; for Christ never contradicted his own doctrine. We find the words among better; and we find them attributed to him: falsely, falsely. No construction can ever make Christ a murderer; though his name hath been used among men for hardly any other purpose. Either the words were reversed by accident, which is the more charitable supposition; or were corrupted by design, which I am afraid is the more probable and correct one. Some conciliatory and harmonizing theologians would assure us, that they never were changed, interpolated, or transposed; and that they signify the hard service of the first Christians, and the persecutions they must suffer. This is foretold plainly enough in other places: *here* the expression would show the *object* of Christ's mission, and not its accidents; that he came to bring slaughter, and not peace. Therefore, even if we found it in the writings of all his disciples and of all his apostles, in the same terms, we should at once reject it; because it never could have been said by the person who proclaimed universal good-will and unqualified forbearance, supposing him sent, as we do, by the God of mercies, and breathing the spirit of truth.

Peterborough. There is one text of Scripture, and only one, upon which all establishments and sects agree, excepting yours: which makes them all think you an unconscionable set of people.

Penn. That text doth not occur to me at the present time.

Peterborough. Priests and rulers preach and proclaim it incessantly; and, what is more remarkable, act as they proclaim and preach.

Penn. Canst thou repeat it?

Peterborough. "Kill and eat."

It appears to me that there was more Christianity before Christ than there has been since.

Penn. Hast thou any objection that there should be more after than there was before?

Peterborough. None at all.

Penn. Let us then begin to speed it, and to recover as much time as we can. It consoleth me to find that thou occasionally dost think on worship.

Peterborough. I have left it off.

Penn. What was thy motive; if indeed thou didst not drop away from it through lightness of mind?

Peterborough. I dropped away from it through piety itself.

Penn. I am afraid to question thee further, lest thou say aught irreverent.

Peterborough. Reverence urged me. The clergyman told us repeatedly that we were all children of Satan, and ordered us in the next breath to turn him out of doors. Lear's children were detestable for this very proceeding: yet Lear was neither older nor madder, nor was he worse pelted.

Religion is apt to wince if you handle her quarters near her stalls and mangers. Here however one may treat her as having grown more tractable: and since her price is out of the question, and no dealer is within ear-shot, we may express a wish that those usually about her had consulted their own interests better, and had attempted to show us that she can bring us to happiness somewhat less circuitously, and without relay and baiting.

Penn. The road hath been pointed out unto us by the same divine hand that made us; and such is, and such was ever, our hanging back, I do not wonder that God repented of creating man.

Peterborough. Nor I, since he must have foreknown the trouble we should give him, and that we should be even less obedient to his Son than our first progenitor had been to *Him*. But it is surely by some unfair interpretation, that the living God is represented to us as hardening the heart of Pharaoh, expressly that he might disobey his commands; which disobedience caused the death of that king, and of thousands with him; of thousands who were innocent even of having their hearts hardened, on the contrary, who were engaged at the very moment in bringing God's tragedy to the close, and performing the duty which he himself inculcates, of obedience to the prince.

Penn. Worm! worm! thou wouldst question the Lord.

Peterborough. Not I indeed; but I would question those who dress him in their own dirty suits, to frighten folks out of their senses and their money. And even them I would let pass on, when I had joked or reasoned them into a passion: for I am as much an episcopalian at heart as any of them, and see the matter in the same light. Nevertheless I can allow my zeal for the Church of England to subside a little, in compliance with the humours of the weak and lukewarm; and indeed I hoped to fall in with your opinions and feelings, when I showed the folly and culpability of men who would represent our Creator as inconsistent and cruel.

Penn. We appeal to the Gospel, not to the old Jews.

Peterborough. Perhaps there are some reasons why I should hit upon the old Jews first. Now then we here have done with them: and I beg you to give me a little light on the sepulchre of our Saviour, as there appears to be some discordance in the history of those who visited it, and of those who were found at it by the visitors, and in the number of times that their master came among them afterward.

Penn. Follow thou the righteousness of Christ, his gentleness, his forbearance; and leave his ascension to the more speculative, and his sepulchre to the more devout.

Peterborough. Would he, with such righteousness, such gentleness, such forbearance, have treated Ananias and Sapphira as Peter his successor did? Certainly the popes descend in a right line from this prince of the apostles; who very properly bears in his statue the head of Jupiter the thunderer. If he really did toward Ananias and Sapphira, what we are bound to believe he did, he neglected the example and disobeyed the commands of his master, and he infringed the laws and usurped the magistrature of his country. Would any modern king, Christian or Mahomedan or idolater, would any republic of any age, permit a private man to enforce, under pain or threat of death, so rigid and bitter an equality? Would you yourselves, who come nearest to the discipline of Christ, insist upon it? I do not ask whether you would point out for reprobation, I do not ask whether you would strike with extinction, a virtuous, generous, unsuspicious couple, who had given to the indigent the greater part of their possessions. Extinction for what crime? the crime of holding back from their enthusiastic prodigality a slender pittance, with an object perhaps as justifiable and as sacred as charity itself. Their motives were unexamined, their cause unheard. We may suppose them desirous of repurchasing some quiet country-house, some shady little meadow, some garden with its trellised alcove or its woodland path at the end of it, the scene of their earliest tenderness and first caresses. There may be things about us so dear to us, that we should almost bear our soundest flesh to be cut away, before we could surrender them to another; and from a feeling so very different from avarice, that the avaricious man is perhaps the only one who is quite incapable of it. There are localities that have in them somewhat of an identity with ourselves: insomuch that, in almost all ages and countries, the poets have appealed to their consciousness: and poets search out and seize on resemblances of truth, even more striking than truth itself.

Penn. What does that prove?

Peterborough. It proves the affection we may naturally bear to certain parts of property, consistently with the most generous spirit, the most exuberant and profuse liberality. We must believe the sudden and almost simultaneous death of this unfortunate couple to have been designed and exhibited by Saint Peter, in order to strike terror into the disobedient, who might withhold from the common stock any particle of their property.

Penn. Be candid, be just and veracious. Remember, he told Ananias it had been at his

option to give in, or decline to give in, the whole; to enter or not enter into that society of Christians which agreed to hold all property in common. The punishment of perfidy was exemplary, but not severe: it was striking, but not painful. Thou appearest to intimate that the apostle called it down on the offender, who brought it on his own head. The chastisements of the Almighty may (we hope) be averted, never can they be accelerated or aggravated, by human prayer. Paul, after his conversion, never was intolerant or inhumane.

Peterborough. As we can not see clearly, though we may suspect, the aim of such an institution, let us try whether we cannot find out the natural and necessary end of it. Nearly all Christian sects, and mostly the episcopalian, have greatly corrected the practice of the apostles: which they never would have done if it had been ordained by God. So much my mother the Church of England will not permit me to doubt of: and now from the motives we will proceed to the results. You, who calculate better than I do, may inform me how long could have existed, if the laws had allowed it, the order of society laid down by Saint Peter, for those who followed the apostles. Since it was necessary that all the new Christians should sell their property, the purchasers would have the whole at nearly their own price. Hence the greatest misfortune that could befall the faithful would be the propagation of the faith itself. If the apostles worked with equal zeal and success, and converted the rich as well as the poor, where could they find purchasers? They sold both lands and houses: where would the people live in winter? For the mountainous parts (and nearly all Judea is of that quality) are cold and stormy. In the imagery of the Psalms, we find flakes of snow and violent winds and tempests. After the sale and alienation of their houses, both sexes must herd together. In fact, they did so; and their guides were, in the nature of things, obliged to make loud and incessant complaints against certain immoralities, which they did not or would not believe to be dependent on their own system, and inevitable in it.

But my main and plain question is, how long could the money have lasted? Certainly not for two whole generations: what then would have become of the next?

Penn. We want leisure, and pen, ink and paper, for these calculations. The Lord would have taken care that nothing should be deficient for such as believed in him.

Peterborough. I am answered.

Penn. Ride on then in quietness and sobriety. Every child, six or seven years old, thinks his father can do everything and knows everything: and we smile at his simplicity. Are there no intelligences that smile at ours, who, in the meridian and maturity of the faculties, so act toward others and toward ourselves, as if our father in the heavens knew nothing and could do nothing? The little boy of that age, whom thou tellest he is older than the great and strong coach-horse, will disbelieve thee, forming his idea of age from size and strength: again thou smilest at such simplicity: yet here the reasoning powers are coming into action, although the powers of reflection are yet dormant and inert: here likewise I could point out to thee in riper years a worse and weaker inconsistency of unbelief.

Law should provide that the inhabitants of the land be brought up religiously: but never let her dandle Religion in her lap, play with her at the desk, cater for her, pamper her with sweetmeats, indulge her in childish freaks and acrimonious passions, teach her cant and cozenage, mimic steps and sidelong glances, and take her thus accomplished into partnership.

Peterborough. I never was fond of questioning or debating on matters in which I have no practice or skill: otherwise I would ask how it happens that you, the most remote of all Christians from the papists, employ nevertheless excommunication. If going to places of worship is good and needful, it certainly is most so in those who have done wrong. The pope on the contrary does not wait for an incorrigible fault: the moment an order of his is transgressed, let the offence itself be the lightest possible, he shuts the doors of Saint Peter in the face of the transgressor, and forbids him to say his prayers and seek forgiveness in any church upon earth.*

Penn. We have nothing to do with such a fisherman, or such fish. We never excommunicate, while the moral character of the sinner hath a sound or curable part left, or while a hope survives of reclaiming him. We can not issue an arbitrary order, nor receive one. Paul recommends to his disciple Titus, that he should admonish a heretic *once or twice*; and, if he can not convert him, that he should *leave* him: a punishment (if one at all) very different from the pulley and the gridiron. And what was heresy in those early days? Not a diversity of opinion on a metaphysical point, for such questions were started later, but a rash determination to set aside the ordinances of Christ himself, at that time the sole authority and guide. Moderate as this chastisement is . . .

Peterborough. Chastisement!

Penn. Without talking of chastisement we can not talk agreeably with any denomination of Christians. Paul, I was about to remark, is severer than his master, who orders that the admonition shall be repeated *thrice*.

Peterborough. How! alter his master's message at his humour! and scratch out the best line in it!

Penn. He hath only too much zeal.

Peterborough. All the rogues that ever lived have brought little misery upon the world, in comparison with those who had too much zeal.

Penn. True: but take heed lest thy mouth offend, and thy speech give offence.

Peterborough. I am called an infidel; and an infidel I am: but is my infidelity so mischievous

* Qui contra mandatum hoc nostrum fecerit, is universæ Dei ecclesiæ toto orbe terrarum expers esto.

in itself, or in its consequences, as the conduct of that man who exaggerates the words or changes the directions of his master?

In what and against whom am I an infidel? At worst I do not find reason enough to believe what others do. If I believe I see a tree, it may not be a tree: but how can I help believing that I see a tree? and if I see no tree, and can not by any stretch of vision see it, will the smoke of faggots mend my eyesight?

Do not groan, William, nor let your arms hang down in that manner: for, if your mare should stumble among these old charred roots, it might do somewhat worse, I apprehend, than blacken your dove-coloured thigh-case.

Penn. Wonderful, but saddening to the soul, unless we had better hopes from better justice! whoever thinks worthily of God is in danger of being styled an atheist, and whoever would frame his will to the rules of the divine one, a visionary, an enthusiast, or a hypocrite. Fears and formularies, received by men from men, are called religion; belief and trust in Providence, truth, kindness, equity, mere things of this world. O! were they so, were they so indeed! then the confines of this world would touch and almost be confounded with the other; and our hearts and imaginations might every day take exercise and repose there. Why are so many folks necessary with parliaments and penalties, with castles and battlements and bayonets and bells, to make us of a true religion? Why are we in a state of despondency without plush, and damned without the dyer? We friends are reprobated: wherefore? because we offer no sureties to God for infants whom we may never see after they grow up, and about whose conduct it is deemed needless to be solicitous, and unbecoming to be inquisitive; because we have no hand laid a moment on our heads in childhood to make us upright and steady for life; because we do not take a morsel of bread and a sip of wine in the morning, to remind us of eating a supper, of which others were in fact the eaters.

Peterborough. This part at least of the vital in religion is, methinks, what the imitators might imitate better, with little pains.

Penn. I do not approve of thy scoffing at the *vital in religion.*

Peterborough. Friend Penn! every man hath his favourite guard and pass. You made several lunges at the midriff; I made but one.

Penn. Thy words were inconsiderate, and might become a stumbling-block of offence.

Peterborough. I now perceive, my worthy friend, no man ever fought for religion: it was for some little idol which his own heart had fashioned, or which, whether bought or given or snatched up and run off with, he carried in secret under his doublet, either to help him in his crimes or to keep him at least from punishment. You need none such: but every kind of love must have its object; self-love among the rest, an object the most distinct and definite.

Penn. Thou art hard upon me: and yet, who knoweth whether God hath not given thee on this occasion the spirit of truth, to strike me the more forcibly. I have suspected in myself the thing thou sayest: nay, I have found it, and have cast it out. It may have entered again under the haze of zeal, and have stood invisible in the high place, in the rock of Zion, in the shadow of the temple.

Come over unto us! come over unto us! come into our camp! and thou shalt rejoice with exceeding great joy.

Peterborough. I am not so wild: I am on leave of absence.

Penn. Be persuaded at least that with us excommunication is according to the command of Christ, although in churches it be not. Excommunication precluded no man formerly from the enjoyment of legal protection and of civil rights; but only from the communion of believers, from their assemblies, their contrition, and their fasts: a penalty by no means intolerable to people of such a turn.

Peterborough. I could have borne it myself, though none of the meekest. These humble men however would not let their superiors sit quiet.

Penn. Thou wrongest them. When they grew rich they grew restless.

Peterborough. I could have cured this disorder in them.

Penn. Even bishops, and those of Rome too, so far from assailing the rulers of the world, requested and implored their protection: so far from excommunicating them, as they did afterward, and ordering their subjects to rebell against them, they came forward as supplicants for gratuities and favours; and boasted of deserving them, by having prayed in their churches for the safety of the prince and the prosperity of the empire.

Peterborough. Ho! ho! they did, did they? I always had heard and believed that our own holy fathers bore no resemblance whatsoever to the old ones: I see they differ little in essentials.

Penn. Christianity, in my view of her, not only makes us able to bear our sufferings, but in great measure to avoid them; not only to obey, but to select the proper objects of obedience. She enlarges the intellectual and moral world about us: and by this enlargement the horrible signs of thy zodiac, friend Mordaunt, if gape upon us they must, will gape upon us after longer intervals. But I trust that a new order of things hath commenced and will continue. In England you may want perhaps, for some time longer, kings, bishops, chancellors, lords: in America our wishes are humble and tranquil, by not having such objects of excitement and delight before our eyes. We shall be contented with equality of rank and right, with honest unpresuming plain-spoken Christianity, and with a paternal distribution of uncostly justice.

Peterborough. Though addicted to no particular

system of philosophy or religion or government, I am convinced that if you destroy the institutions and customs of men, however bad a great part of these may be, you also chill the blood of their attachments, which are requisite for the prosperity and indeed for the safety of nations. At the same time, I am not sorry to find you setting an example here of sobriety and forbearance. These virtues will gradually allure and conciliate many, by the wealth and respectability attendant on them. If, however, all Englishmen were at once such as the society of friends, they would have their throats cut before the next harvest: a consideration which has hindered the greater and better part of Christianity from being yet admitted in any European state.

Penn. My young friend, genius with thee is like the bird of paradise, all wing: should it wish to alight and settle on anything, it finds under it no support.

Peterborough. Penn, I was once a great admirer of Rochefoucauld, and fancied his *Maxims* were oracles. It happened that, quoting them one day at dinner, my adversary told me I had reversed the sentiment: I found I had. Upon this, I began to reverse, for curiosity's sake, almost every third sentence of my shrewd and smart philosopher; and discovered that, like superfine cloth, they look as comely the wrong side outward as the right, wherever I could give as easy and quick a turn as that of the original. This persuaded me that we receive for the wisest things the gracefullest and the boldest, and that what are called speculative truths are in general not only unimportant, but no truths at all. Industry, cleanliness, equanimity, beneficence, are the intelligible parts of your system: these constitute civilisation, and will not suffer it, I hope, to slide or bulge or decline. It is quite a new and ingenious thought, to try whether Christianity can stand alone: and the experiment is well worthy of our attention.

Penn. Thou speakest with levity and indifference, young man, upon matters of eternal interest.

Peterborough. I know nothing, I must repeat it, about these affairs; but I have experienced that some of eternal interest, if there be any such in reasoning, ought to be held as lightly as a rapier, or they may be twisted out of our grasp into the air. Having asked the discreet and pious of several persuasions, whether in their judgment God alone is uncreated, infinite, and eternal, each, however he might differ from the rest on other topics, replied in the affirmative. What an opinion must I form on the perversion of the human mind, afraid as I find it everywhere of admitting that time and space must also be eternal, infinite, and uncreated! Day and night only mark time out, and are in regard to it what clocks and watches are. God himself, although he may be said to extend through all space, can not be said to extend any farther: yet what is *through* is *beyond*. Are we not here in want of terms?

Penn. Rather, in want of curbs, to check us on a precipice.

Those doctors you have cited would have acted more judiciously and honestly in owning that they knew nothing about the business, and that it is a question which our Saviour did not come upon earth to agitate or to solve. We have already more knowledge than we are disposed to bring into use: when we have well practised the whole of it, perhaps He who gave us it may give us more. One would imagine that the wisdom of those who govern might be better for a supply now and then from the wisdom of those who reason in retirement. Instead of which, politicians and philosophers are the two classes of men the most opposite in the world, standing with their eyes fixed one upon the other, in suspicion, or indignation, or scorn. The most extravagant are the oftenest quoted: but it is merely to exhibit the futility of innovation or reform. I do not assert that there is a single axiom in Plato, which a minister in any country or any age ought to receive and act on: but many of them, taking up his fame when it suits their purpose, announce him as a high authority, holding in derision those who stand nearer, such as Harrington and Milton, superior to him in gravity and in virtue.

Peterborough. I remember one axiom of the divine man, which every minister in my time has both received and acted on.

Penn. Although I perused his dialogues on polity a little while ago, I can not recollect it.

Peterborough. He forbids the use of falsehood to the community at large, but allows it to the rulers: just as the papal priests do with the wine at the sacrament, giving it one to the other, but withholding it from the people. Plato calls it a medicine, and tells us we must concede it to the physician, in order that we may use it as he pleases; but we must let no other man meddle with it. Surely, my friend Penn, you can not deny that persons in authority, with us, cherish this Platonic sentiment with somewhat more than Platonic affection.

Penn. I grieve at the man's vacuity, who imagines that falsehood, of all vices the easiest to take root and the hardest to extirpate, is likely to be long in overrunning the country, when the breath of those who govern us blows it abroad at will, in every direction. Beside, did he not see that, sooner or later, the lie must be exposed? and that not only the bad example would ramify in the closest and most sheltered concerns of life, but that the government itself must be rendered unstabile, when the governors were found cheats and liars.

Peterborough. He would not permit the soldiers to reside in the city.

Penn. In other words, he would not permit them to care a farthing for the townsmen they are to protect: in that case a slight matter would incline them to the invader.

Peterborough. Not at all: he provides against

it, by informing them it is idle and sacrilegious to aspire after the poor corrupt money current upon earth.

Penn. They would buffet him for an impostor, or tie him to his bedpost for a madman.

Peterborough. He has provided against that also. He tells them another story first: he says to them, "You and your arms and your equipments sprang up from the bosom of your mother Earth. You must protect your mother Earth, and likewise her weaker children, your little brother fellow-citizens. As for gold, the Almighty mixed a quantity of it in your primary conformation, which adapts and entitles you to command; while in your little brother fellow-citizens he mixed up only brass and iron, rendering them fitter for artisans and husbandmen."

Penn. I remember this foolery.

Peterborough. Now tell me, friend Penn, whether you yourself are not, in some sort, equally liable to be taken for a visionary.

Penn. Thou mayest take me for a visionary, friend Mordaunt, but thou shalt never take me for a liar.

Peterborough. Of that indeed there is no danger. I would have added the chief reason on which you might appear as a visionary to many, or rather indeed to most people.

Penn. Prythee add it: since, should it be wanting, I see not how thou mayest so soon correct me.

Peterborough. You fancy we can live without war.

Penn. That is, I fancy we can live without slaughter. It sounds absurdly, no doubt. A strange fancy, a hot, wild, wrong-headed aspiration, in me and my brethren! No wonder thou laughest at so novel, so irregular, so awkward a stretch and strain of my humble and squat imagination.

Peterborough. Do you believe that others would let you remain quiet, and admire, with uplifted and united palms, your industry and your innocence? or rather that to flourish is not to invite the visit and quicken the appetite of spoliation? Do you expect that the bad man will forbear because the good man will?

Penn. I believe that the desire of possession is universal, or nearly; that it may produce good, and that it may produce evil. Property is the bond and seal of civilisation. The sight of it, however, will arouse in those who have it not, and in some also who have it, the lust of violating it. Prisons and chains and halters are coarse reproofs at best. If we would be rather less dignified, and rather more humane, we should be safer and usefuller. Can not we go among those whom we suspect of rapacity or cruelty, and speak tenderly with 'em, and remonstrate reasonably? Can we not lead them to our garners, our growing corn, our furrows, and say to them, "These very things which you so much covet are your own upon the same conditions as they were ours or our fathers. They were laboured *for* before they were laboured *in*. Believe me, friends, there is less *wear and tear* in the body and in the mind to obtain them as we have done than as you would do. Doubtless you love your children: provide then for them, as ye may with certainty, by teaching them how to provide for themselves; how to be out of want and danger, out of grief and sorrow; how to form those marriages which will bring them into peaceful and plentiful houses, where they will be welcome and respected."

Reason, preceding a chastisement, forming no portion of it, and unconnected with it, has an effect on all; following one, it comes as a scoff, or as a section of the sentence.

Ideas of property can not be very correct where there is little distribution of it; and those whom we call savages we often may find thieves. But heavier injustice is done every six months in our English court of chancery, the Acropolis of Themis, than by all the savages on our borders in as many years. I have found them universally just, whenever I argued patiently and mildly, and greatly more calm and civil than our silken sergeants. Men are never very unjust until they see and enter and grope their way along the perplexities and subterfuges of law. Feeling at first no reluctance to run into it, they experience at last no compunction to run through it.

In England the statutes are often in opposition to religion, and religion to God's anointed, as you call the thing. Why cannot both together rest upon one foundation? Is Christ unable or unworthy to lead us? reject him then totally. But if his example and precepts are such as of themselves can make us virtuous and happy, should we not follow them without any deviation; and without stopping at any half-way house, to assemble a riotous and roaring party, to elect a toast-master, to booze and confound our intellects, to quarrel and fight, to slaver and slumber, and, after such heartiness and manliness, to toss about and tumble, and find ourselves at last unfit for the prosecution of our journey. Our master doth not permit us to compromise and quarter with another: he doth not permit us to spend an hour with him and then to leave him. Either our actions must be regulated by him wholly, both individually and socially, both politically and morally, or he turns us out. We must resign the vanities and vices, the prostrations and adorations, of the heathen world altogether, or avoid his presence! We must call no others by his name, until those others shall possess the same authority and power. He did not place himself, great as he was, on the tribunitial chair with Cæsar, nor on the judgment-seat with Felix: he governed, but it was in spirit; he commanded, but it was of God. Christianity could never have been brought into contempt or disrepute, unless she had been overlaid with false ornaments and conducted by false guides. Her expounders and high priests, in all monarchies, are prompt and propense to be keepers of the regalia, and studious

how they shall be, externally and intrinsically, as unlike as possible to the disciples and apostles.

Peterborough. I am afraid, my friend William, you will generally find men of genius indifferent to the externals of religion.

Penn. What are its externals? Canst thou point out to me the place where vitality and feeling commence, in this purest and most delicate of existences? By *externals* thou canst mean nothing but *administration.* Men of genius then, I am to suppose, are utterly indifferent to the administration of religion and law, if the law or the religion in themselves be good.

Peterborough. I did not say law.

Penn. I insist that religion is law: not the law of popes and parliaments, but the law of God. I do not contend that it is graven on the heart of man: nevertheless I must ever think that the heart of man is the better and the richer for receiving it. I will not assert to thee that corn was scattered by Providence on each side of us: yet how pleasantly these green waves do rustle in the air, whispering to us of divine bounty, and displaying to us how much better is a state of peace and industry, than of ferocity and of idleness. And what is genius? so elevated in its disdain, so glorious in its indifference! This is a question, one would conceive, to be solved more easily. I will not take it however, where thou wouldst rather let it lie, from among our dialecticians; although there can be no great genius where there is not profound and continued reasoning. I will not lead thee to Hooker or Taylor, or that loftier man now living, Isaac Barrow, but among those rather who delighted more in the excursions of fancy and imagination; which the abovementioned had not to seek, but entertained with equal fondness and better mastery at home. Was Chaucer then indifferent? was Spenser? was Milton? Did they not all oppose abuses and corruptions? did they not all turn the acuteness of their wit on these externals? By the help of God, my own industry shall be employed in brushing off the tender-bellied grubs from the beautiful plant which I hope to leave behind me, flourishing in this wilderness. We friends are reported to believe too little: yet we believe that God can hear our voices five feet eight inches from the pavement, as easily as with the calves of our legs tucked up against our breech, and leaving us but four feet above-ground.

Peterborough. This is only a childish trick: who would object to it, or care about it?

Penn. It is among those postures and pranks which enable the bustling and authoritative of the place to pick our pockets, and master us, and hold us down, and scourge us, at their greater convenience. The plainest and simplest things are the wholesomest; mostly of all in religion. Peace and equity are its only ends: if no system in Europe hath yet produced them, it is time to try another: for without them, we are not Christians, and but corporeally men.

Peterborough. Some latitude, some dignity, should be allowed to religion, in highly civilised nations.

Penn. What would be thy feeling, if a simple beauty were introduced at court in silks and flounces and rubies, and spoke the first sentence in her own plain homely dialect, the second in the conventional language of the palace? Surely the maiden would lose thereby much of her loveliness in thy sight, even though thy passions had been engaged: how much more then must Christianity lose in the like condition, when the passions are very far indeed from any engagement in her behalf!

Peterborough. I can not answer that satisfactorily: and can you answer me any more so, when I ask whether you do not wander from your own principles, and from the command of Jesus Christ, in refusing to pay taxes and tithes? Your master says, "Give unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's."

Penn. He doth; and we obey him.

Peterborough. How! by refusing the surrender of tithes and taxes, you obey the gospel, or the higher powers!

Penn. Certainly; the higher powers are God and his eternal justice. After giving up to God all that belongeth to him, prythee, friend Mordaunt, what remaineth to Cæsar? Verily that broken switch in thy hand, or that foam about thy horse's bridle, would overpay him his right demands. He who delivered the ordinance, enabled those to whom he delivered it, to understand its import.

Peterborough. It is pity that everything in the *New Testament* is not plain and explicit.

Penn. No pity at all: it is explicit and plain enough for whoever is earnest to emend his life by it. The little that is difficult to comprehend, serves to occupy attention and stimulate enquiry. Thou mightest say, it would be better still, if everything it conveyeth were impressed upon the heart, without any book whatever. Not so: the human heart and intellect want exercise and excitement; and the eye is the first organ of meditation, although in the end meditation is abstracted from the visual sense, and every other. Many are no less mistaken in an opposite judgment on the *New Testament,* and imagine there is more philosophy in abstruser volumes. Such volumes being merely didactic, should be clearer, more systematic, more explanatory. If the authors could have rendered them so, they would have done it; just as the maker of glass would have made it whiter. Nothing is easier to men of genius, nothing more certainly a proof and part of it, than to compose what raises men's wonder and admiration: nothing more difficult than to show them distinctly the simplest and most obvious truth. They can no better see or comprehend it than they can see or comprehend the air, until thou hast quickened their sight by purifying their affections. During this operation they will call thee pedant or enthusiast, and throw perhaps some heavy book at thy head,

bidding thee to read it again and again, and to be modester and wiser. Little as I shall ever be contented with my modesty or my wisdom, I hope to improve and to increase them daily, by a patient and kindly intercourse with my fellow men, and a humble unquestioning obedience to our heavenly father. Peace and quiet are, in this happy climate, the unfailing fruits of concession and forbearance; fruits which I hope may be transplanted and husbanded, with all the attention and solicitude they ought to be, in countries where at present they have been but heard of, and with indistinctness and with incredulity.

Thou thyself art inclined, my friend, to doubt and dispute the verities of Revelation. I shall not argue with thee on the tenets of any particular sect, nor speak in my own person, nor according to my own belief, but generally and loosely, and as an indifferent man might reason, when a scheme was laid before him for the improvement and emolument of his kind. Something of fear, thou wilt acknowledge, is requisite, for the coercion of the ungenerous and unjust: something of hope, something of promise, something of security, for the beneficent and righteous, for the afflicted and oppressed. Thou thinkest thou art doing no wrong in removing the foundations of hope: to think it, is a folly; to do it, is a robbery.

Peterborough. In what way a robbery? Come, tell me; for you stopped to expect my question.

Penn. Hope is the best of possessions.

Peterborough. Of possessions truly!

Penn. Ay, that it is. The provident rear it early in their bosoms; and the improvident, when everything else is squandered, cling at it to the last.

If we find a few stubborn texts of Holy Scripture that would exclude many good men from their rewards, we may reasonably think them the dreams of hot enthusiasts, exhausted by their aspirations and distempered by their zeal. We should more wisely turn to the words of the teacher than to the glosses of the interpreter, and press toward him through the clouds that surround him, in which alone is darkness and dismay: for his countenance is irradiated, his speech is simple, in his voice is confidence, and in his mien is peace. Why wouldst thou push men away from him, even if thou wert persuaded that he has nothing for them? They are better by trying to merit it, and happier by continuing to expect it. Neither of us can say to a certainty that it is unattainable: on the contrary, the means, we are assured, are not difficult, and the mediator is not repulsive. There may be folly in most religions, and if thou wilt, in all; but the greatest of folly is to hinder men from happiness, to render them turbulent, disorderly, lawless, desperate.

Peterborough. Certainly it is wiser, when you have broken their bones, to tell them that they may pick them up again and case them better hereafter.

Penn. Oppression and injustice are not wanted to make the promises of a man's own heart acceptable to him, and to expand his breast with joy and gladness, at the responses given to them (as he believes they are) from above. These he may have without purchasing, and without going to seek them at another's door.

If commerce itself is generally bad and iniquitous when it falls into the hands of a company, what is religion? At first a craft, and afterward a cheat.

Woe! woe! to those who make it one: woe! woe! to those who enter into it . .

Peterborough. Without a patron in the chancellor, or a friend in the huntsman of the squire.

Penn. Thy light spirits will one day carry thee into the wilderness, and there leave thee sore smitten and without strength. Unworthiness! thou laughest at men's wrongs.

Peterborough. Because men are made now as they were made formerly, and yet bear them. Such being the fact, I think I have esteem enough for them in ranging them with my other instruments, lead and iron.

Penn. Great God! the proud themselves decry and detest the oppressor, while only the powerless pity the oppressed.

Peterborough. Nations are to be commiserated for few other evils than what the elements cast among them; such as famine and pestilence. A quiver of arrows, well directed by half a dozen boys, would remove in a single hour the heaviest that philosophers and patriots have tugged against for ages. Injuries grow up quickly and rankly under impunity. I do not deliver such an opinion because I have acted on it; for I may say to you in confidence, that I often have forgiven injustice done against me, not indeed to bring a Christian spirit on the parade, but for the satisfaction I feel in the consciousness of superiority, and in the intensity of contempt. It was wrong to gratify my humour at the expense of society, as I have frequently; and the only counterbalance is, to serve society at my own peril and loss: and this, as you must acknowledge, hath been my conduct in regard to King James. It is just and necessary to shake a salutary fear into the breasts of insolent stupid despots, when they shake an unsalutary one into thousands, who, without such nuisances, would be brave and free. Whoever lets a prince escape him after suffering an act of arbitrary power, neglects his duty to himself and others; and neglects it from the worst motive, indifference to public security and private honour. Never let me hear that it is no easy matter to accomplish. I have only one reply; and an obvious one is it: that it may be no easy matter to catch or poison a rat at the time of its depredation: but let traps and arsenic be always in its way; and finally, you are certain of success. Here indeed you may more justly censure me as cruel: for these poor creatures do us little harm comparatively, and consume what is as much

theirs as ours, and what they are guided by instinct to partake with us. But animals without hearts are not directed by Nature or Providence to consume the hearts of others, and the most generous with the most voracity. These now and then recoil, swell against and overpower them.

Penn. Hold! hold! less animation and heat, I do beseech thee! *Vengeance is mine,* saith the Lord.

Peterborough. We can not do better than imitate him on it, when we find him ready to help us.

Penn. By long and patient endurance thou mayst make unrighteous princes ashamed.

Peterborough. You may make a dog ashamed by looking him fixedly in the face! You can only make a prince afraid by it: and if you do, and nothing more, he hangs you. We never play the farce before the tragedy.

Penn. I am slow and reluctant to admit what I am afraid must be admitted; that certain plagues, like certain weeds, ought to be cut down rapidly three or four times in the season: this alone kills them. Happy the land where such cutting down can be avoided!

Peterborough. And where it can not be, your friends will supply neither hatchet nor rope. The better your institutions are, and the purer your religion and morality, the less likelihood is there that your numbers will increase. Want indeed may compell a few to emigrate from England: but what gain you by such colonists as those?

Penn. A pledge; a security. Whoever emigrates from want, presents a token that he would rather work than steal, rather help his neighbour than beg. In England a family may often be a curse; in America it will always be a blessing. In England a child brings with it poverty in most instances; in America wealth.

Peterborough. In England they are swamps and bushes, in America ploughs and oxen; ay, Penn?

Penn. Without them, and in greater proportion than the luxuries of England can afford, our ploughs would rot, our oxen run wild. Wherever I see a child before me in America, I fancy I see a fresh opening in the wilderness, and in this opening a servant of God appointed to comfort and guide me, ready to sit by me when my eyes grow dim, and able to sustain me when my feet are weary. Look forward, and behold the children of that child. Few generations are requisite to throw upon their hinges the heavily-barred portals of the vast continent behind us. Thy horse appeared to scent by instinct the high-road across it; and thy heart, Mordaunt, panted with prescience to pass the barrier, which, the tyrant and his fool would tell thee, Nature hath interposed. Who knows but, a century or two hence, we may look down together on those who are journeying, in this newly-traced road, toward the cities and marts of California, and who are delayed upon it by meeting the Spaniards driven in troops from Mexico.

Peterborough. You began with a dream, you are ending with a vision.

Penn. Everything good hath been ever called so: my answer is, past events shadow out future ones.

Peterborough. We move in the midst of these shadows, but discern not their forms and tendencies.

Penn. Perfectly we do not discern them: nevertheless, from the invariable practice of hereditary potentates to abuse and arrogate power, and from the spirit of agricultural states in their adolescence, and from the vantage-ground whereon that spirit stands when it settles but to soar away, he who is not an idiot must be a prophet.

First the brutes possessed the earth: afterward they and men contended for it, and held it equally: by degrees men acquired the ascendancy: lastly, as the monsters were thinned and scattered, men contrived to raise up artificial ones, covering them with furs and hair, and admiring their truculent looks and flaring colours. These creatures, like the pig-enactor in the fable, did bravelier than those they represented, and allowed no better than a precarious and merely animal existence to their fanciful dressers and complacent fosterers. It was not the tree of folly that

> Brought death into the world and all our woe;

it was the tree of wisdom. As this apologue is liable to many interpretations, it may admit mine among the rest.

Peterborough. Let me hear it: a fable is sometimes a refreshment.

Penn. Mine is, that neither the ignorance nor the passions of mankind are immediately and of themselves the causes of their corruption and wretchedness, but the uses and ends to which they have been converted by the warier.

Peterborough. I think so too; and, although our creeds are not quite homogeneous, one thing peculiarly pleases me in your religious doctrines.

Penn. I rejoice to hear it: say which.

Peterborough. You pay nothing for them.

Penn. To suppose that we want hirelings to teach us our duties, is to suppose that our fathers and mothers have given bad examples and appointed bad executors. Taking a different view of the subject, holiness, you may tell me, hath little weight with most people: I know it: but every man who wishes to leave his children either rich or respectable, will provide that they first acquire from him what shall preserve their riches and promote their respectability; that is, frugal habits and civil demeanour. Quarrels for tithes, and appointed prayers, imperfectly serve the purpose. They supersede those endeavours which would be made for every man's own interest, in every man's own house; not perhaps by psalms and sermons, but by exhortations and examples.

Peterborough. There is something grand and imposing in our hierarchy.

Penn. Troth is there! and more than enough of both: yet there was nothing grand or imposing

in Christ and his successors, who gained more proselytes than your hierarchal folks lose.

Grandeur is what the eye makes it. For my part, I see nothing grand in frocks and flounces: I see nothing grand in a fellow who wears one shirt next his skin and another over his coat. I find in your church

Luxuriam spoliorum et censum in damna furentem,

as the pagan poet hath it; and we brethren are convinced that it not only is no help or assistance to true piety, but that it torpefies and impedes it. I speak of its effect on the whole; not on one individual, one family, or one parish. Moreover we think, and can prove by figures, that its revenues are more than sufficient to maintain an army (since armies you will maintain) of such strength as should repell the most obstinate aggression. This is not always to be expected: suppose then that warfare shall exist among us, even when we grow wiser, one year in three; the other two years' income might be applied to the education of the poor: shortly, it would leave none in that predicament. We demonstrate in our society the practicability of the thing, without any such abundant means at our disposal, and suffering under the aggravation of war-taxes, as may happen, and church-taxes, as must befall us irremissibly.

Peterborough. In this you have done admirably, divinely.

Religions are calculated for climates. Popery is lax enough for the warmest. Its modification in the Church of England, stiff but elastic, serves best for the variable atmosphere it was composed in. Yours is the most judicious where there is a trade in beavers: the thornier and rigider Calvinism takes root and flourishes under the Alps and Ben-Lomond. I could dandle the pretty baby of Catholicism, with its whistle and bells and coral and flounces about it; but in regard to the capricious and ferocious Tiger-God, that looks at it with such growls, I think it prudent to stand on this side of the grating.

Penn. Governors, who are the gainers, will allow any creed, provided the people pay them regularly, and ask no questions. Calvinism is the product of cold and gloomy countries; and such countries being likewise poor, nobody is at the trouble to extirpate it out of them, if the natives will but abstain from leagues and covenants. Let it however sprout up for a season in any rich soil and sunny exposure, and thou shalt find dragoons turned into the field against it, with such hoes and harrows as the like husbandmen use most expertly. Languedoc has witnessed this. The catholic priest himself is less intolerant than one might imagine: and it is not the reprobate creed that troubleth his slumbers: it is the new-fangled bolt wrapt up in it, made on purpose for the apartment of thy daughter. An accursed creed! it turneth him out of more dormitories than were contained in the palace of Priam, and strippeth from him the supervisorship of more kitchen-stoves than smoked for Elagabalus. With one foot upon thy bed and the other upon thy belly, he fancied thee fairly his: and now he thinks the devil must be in thee if thou hast turned thy back against him. He curses thee, kicks thee, and leaves thee to that *Evil one's* disposal.

Peterborough. I am not sordid nor avaricious; yet, in my opinion, the worst of the matter is the money we are obliged to contribute, although we have no appetite for the ordinary. Those who receive the best education, and who want no new instruction, pay the most: those who, being seceders, decline the doctrine and follow another, pay for both, and perhaps thrice as much for that which they reject as for that which they cherish. This in another age or two will be incredible, at least in England and in America.

There are two reasons however why I never could become a member of your society: first, I never should be quiet or good enough: secondly, supposing me to have acquired all the tranquillity and virtue requisite, my propensity toward the theatre and its fair actresses would seduce me.

Penn. Thy language is light and inconsequent. Thou couldst not indeed be quiet and good enough for any rational and sedate society, and oughtest not even to discourse with any confidence on virtue, unless thou hadst first subdued such an idle fantasy as that of mockery, and such vile affections as those for paint and fiddles, and wind-instruments and female ones.

Peterborough. They who are to live in the world, must see what the world is composed of; its better and its worse.

Penn. No doubt; he who is to live in a street, must see the cleaner parts of the pavement and the dirtier: but must he put his foot into them equally? or, according to thy system, step over the plain flagstone to splash into the filth?

Peterborough. Philosophers tell us our passions and follies should be displayed to us together with their evil consequences, that we may regulate and control them.

Penn. In my opinion, who am no philosopher, we should grow as little familiar even with their faces as may be. We ought to have nothing to do with such as are exhibited on the tragic stage: if they really exist, they are placed by Providence out of our range; they can not hurt us unless we run after them on purpose. Then do we want strange characters of less dimensions, such as can come under our doorway and affect us at home? We meet them everywhere; nay, we can not help it.

Peterborough. Elevated sentiment is found in tragedy; elegant reproof in comedy.

Penn. Comedy is the aliment of childish malice; tragedy of malice full-grown. Comedy has made many fools, and tragedy many criminals. Show me one man who hath been the wiser or the better for either, and I will show you twenty who have been made rogues and coxcombs, by aping the only models of fashion they can find admittance to, and as many more who have grown indifferent

and hard-hearted, and whatever else is reprehensible in higher life.

Who, being thoughtless, ignorant, self-sufficient, would not be moody, vindictive, unforgiving, if great monarchs set the example before him? and who fears those chastisements at the end, which it would be a thousand times more difficult for him to run into than to avoid? There is only one thing in either kind of scenic representation which is sure enough never to hit him; the moral.

If however thou visitest the theatre for reflection, thou art the first that ever went there for it, although not the first that found it there. Reflection, from whatever quarry extracted, is the foundation of solid pleasures, which foundation, we think, can not be laid too early in the season.

Peterborough. Solid pleasures, like other solid things, grow heavy and tiresome: I would rather have three or four lighter, of half the value, readily taken up, and as readily laid down again.

Penn. The time will come, young man, when thou wilt reason better, and wilt detest that wit, the rivet of sad consistency. Thou hast spoken, as thou fanciest, a smart and lively thing; and, because thou hast spoken it, thou wilt tie thy body and soul to it.

Peterborough. Possibly the time may come, but it lies beyond my calculation, when the frame of my mind may be better adapted to those cubic joys you were proposing for me: but I have observed that all who in their youthful days are the well-strapt even-paced porters of them, have been the first broken down by calamity or infirmity.

Penn. The greater sign of infirmity, the greater of calamity, is there apparent, where the intertexture of pleasures and duties seems intractable.

Peterborough. If the theatre were as hostile and rancorous against the church, as the church in some countries is against the theatre, we should call it very immoral, not because it had less justice on its side, but because it had more virulence. Splendour and processions and declamation and rodomontade are high delights to the multitude. Accompanied by lofty and generous sentiments, they do good; accompanied by merriment and amusement, they do more good still: for lofty and generous sentiments are so ill fitted to the heads and hearts of most men, that they fall off in getting through the crowd in the lobby; but the amusement and merriment go to bed with man and wife, and something of them is left for the children the next morning at breakfast. I have no greater objection to parade and stateliness in that theatre where the actors have been educated at the university, than in that where one can more easily be admitted behind the scenes: what I want is, a little good-nature and good-manners, and that God should be thought as tolerant as my lord chamberlain.

The worst objection I myself could ever find against the theatre is, that I lose in it my original idea of such men as Cæsar and Coriolanus, and, where the loss affects me more deeply, of Juliet and Desdemona. Alexander was a fool to wish for a second world to conquer: but no man is a fool who wishes for the enjoyment of two; the real and ideal: nor is it anything short of a misfortune, I had almost said of a calamity, to confound them. This is done by the stage: it is likewise done by engravings in books, which have a great effect in weakening the imagination, and are serviceable only to those who have none, and who read negligently and idly. I should be sorry if the most ingenious print in the world were to cover the first impression left on my mind of such characters as Don Quixote and Sancho: yet probably a very indifferent one might do it; for we can not master our fancies, nor give them at will a greater or less tenacity, a greater or less promptitude in coming and recurring.

You friends are no less adverse to representations by painting than by acting.

Penn. We do not educate our youth to such professions and practices. Thou, I conceive, art unconcerned and disinterested in this matter.

Peterborough. Nearly, but not quite. I am ignorant of the art, and prefer that branch of it which to many seems the lowest; I mean portraiture. I can find flowers in my garden, landscapes in my rides, the works of saints in the bible, of great statesmen and great captains in the historians, and of those who with equal advantages had been the same, in the *Newgate Calendar*. The best representation of them can only give me a high opinion of the painter's abilities, fixed on a point of time. But when I look on a family-picture by Vandyk; when I contemplate the elegant and happy father in the midst of his blooming progeny, and the partner of his fortunes and his joys beside him; I am affected very differently, and much more. He who there stands meditating for them some delightful scheme of pleasure or aggrandisement, has bowed his head to calamity, perhaps even to the block. Those roses gathered from the parterre behind, those taper fingers negligently holding them, that hair, the softness of which seems unable to support the riot of its ringlets, are moved away from earth, amid the tears and aching hearts of the very boys and girls who again are looking at me with such unconcern.

Faithfullest recorder of domestic bliss, perpetuator of youth and beauty, vanquisher of time, leading in triumph the Hours and Seasons, the painter here bestows on me the richest treasures of his enchanting art.

Penn. Vanity! vanity! vanity! as thou hast proved. The fine arts, as you call them, have always been the attractive clothing of a venal religion. Ours is none such, and needs no such lures. Come away: let us leave the vain, and look once again at the grasping. Religion ought no more to be forced on us for payment, than soap and candles.

The first property was a portion set apart for the Gods; that is for the conjurors or priests. Shortly, those who decided on subjects of litigation, took presents for their good offices, and by degrees claimed rewards. Hence originated two

classes or professions, which have absorbed in the course of ages, more by many times than the fee-simple of the whole cultivated earth. They are contrary to Christianity and subversive of it.

Peterborough. I know enough of both to see this. Here indeed you stand beyond controversy.

Penn. Friend, whenever thou hearest it said, as thou often must do, that there is some excellent sense in this man or the other, thou mayest always find it in strict correspondence with the preconceived opinions of the sage observer: and where the author or speaker is wrong, he is wrong exactly where he would set his reader or hearer right, and can not. If we are weak in proportion to our failures, the best intellects, as ye would call them, are the feeblest of all: for the most rational advice has the fewest followers, the plainest reasoning the most obstinate opposers. We have no right to be angry or vexed at any such disappointment. When a wise man can not make an unwise one better, shall he therefore let the unwise one make him worse? Shall the weak, while he holdeth pertinaciously to his ignorance, snatch away temper and discretion from the strong?

Peterborough. Argumentative enough: but the business is, to remove those insects, which, deriving their sustenence from the juices of the state, take its colour and seem its substance.

Penn. Our society, although it be extinguished, and although its extinction be as early even as thou prognosticatest, will at least leave behind it the remembrance that it marched foremost of the vanguard, and opposed those inveterate unrelenting pestilences, in the spirit of justice and in the gentleness of consistency. That communities, in their most depraved and rotten state, stand more upright without them, is plain and evident; in regard to one, from the practice of your judges, who, whenever a case of property is most difficult and delicate, recommend it to the arbitration of friends; in regard to the other, from the manifestation of more quietude, regularity, and happiness, in those who have seceded from the toilet, the feast, and the theatre, of a city-bred court-aping religion, into their own family party, their private sheltered walks and noiseless untrampled grass-plots. I do not calculate here on worldly loss and profit. I do not demonstrate to thee, as I might do in figures, that after government hath fairly done its worst, a fifth of every man's remaining goods and chattels are piled up and swept away; and we are at last so pressed and elbowed, so jostled and trodden on, between the bar and the pulpit, while we clap our hands to our seals our pockets are slit to the very bottom, with little care or concern for the skin under; and, if we cry out, there is always a hand in readiness to stop our mouths, and to stifle and strangulate such as would resist. Where the lawyers flourish, there is a certain sign that the laws do not: for this flourishing can only arise from the perplexity or the violation of them. If an English lawyer is in danger of starving in a market-town or village, he invites another, and both thrive. Hence, though litigation is their business, they usually are courteous one to another, whenever and for whatever purposes they meet: on the same principle of abstinence as is displayed by vultures, which, however hungry and strangers, do not attack the stronger the weaker, but, sullenly concentrated, await in calm providence the weltering breeze, laden with glad tidings of pestilence or of battle. What is more wonderful and inexplicable to a man who thinks on it, than that, after many hundred years of the same government, and this government called a good one, a wise one, an example to others, some new statute should be deemed requisite every week? When children break their toys and cry for fresh ones, we attend to them only because they are children: when men break those bonds which hold them together, and, as often as the gravest of them assemble, want some of another colour and quality, we give them honourable names for it, instead of scourging and sending them supperless to bed. I fear, my friend, that laws are contrived rather to increase the fortunes of the few than to secure those of the many. The makers and menders of them do a great deal of work in a little time, and have hardly put into their pockets the money for it, when our victuals drop out of some unsoldered chink into the fire, and the same tinkers must hammer, and the same payers must pay, again.*

Peterborough. English law, like the torpedo, kills only those who have no metal to put between it and them. It does not appear that God will ever let the world rest, without one or more of his curses on it. When the rattle-snakes and alligators are exterminated in this country, barristers and attorneys may shoot up.

Penn. Our Maker's plagues upon wealth and avarice! . . but the religion we profess will never allow such a dreadful scourge to infest our people.

Peterborough. Our English Themis, venerable for her paunch, and glorious in the rich array of native carbuncles, makes her scales of gold, her weights of rubies.

Penn. Truly doth she, and rubies concreted from the heart-blood of the people in her cranks and crevices. If, after what goes among the lawyers, the English are to pay a tenth to the clergy, and a tenth to the civil power in taxes, they, on the score of property, derive no advantages whatever from the social state. For, supposing the whole island to be as much over-run by robbers as any part of the globe ever was, you can not yet suppose that these robbers could take to themselves a fifth of all property, immovable and movable. Districts the most infested by them would suffer in a much less degree than this: and common sense and common interest would unite the population, however rude and scattered, how-

* General Bathurst, examined before a committee of the Commons on the county-rates, stated that poor persons were recommended by their solicitors to plead guilty, to avoid the fees: the fee for an acquittal in the Western Circuit being one pound six shillings and eightpence.

ever timorous and abject, against such despoilers. The most exposed to their outrages would be exposed to less ruinous demands; and these demands themselves would soon cease: whereas there is no appearance that those heavier ones under which our mother country labours, will have any other termination than such as our peaceful habits and humane religion teach us to deprecate and avoid.

Tithes, according to the practice of the Anglo-Saxon and British church, never were intended for the priest alone; but, beside the maintenance of the clergymen, for the repairs of the church, for the relief of the poor, and for the entertainment of the pilgrim and stranger. Thus we can not suppose that more than a third of them went to the parson; particularly as the distribution was left to the bishop and his assistants. The tithes of a whole diocese were collected, and as the duties in each parish were the same, so the stipends of the ministers were equal. Men in those days fled from the sword to the church; in these we flee from the church to the wilderness; a longer flight indeed, but a safer refuge. Value the life of every man, in possession of goods, at ten years' purchase; he pays two years' income to be allowed the other eight: and on what security? How does he know that the *posse curiæ* may not encroach as deeply on the rest? Can any wise man endure this state of things, with the power of avoiding it? any brave man with the power of overturning it?

Peterborough. Faith! no. But we always are either staggering drunk with war, or fast asleep with peace.

Penn. Here in Pennsylvania, those who guide us are chosen by us for our guides; those who protect us are chosen by us for our protectors. We do not ask favours from them; we do not solicit that a portion of our own be thrown back to us, like the entrails of a beast to the dogs that have been chasing it; we do not stipulate that one of our sons may have, openly or secretly, a part of what his brothers and cousins, and many houses round, have contributed. Our agents can not form themselves into gangs against us; can not board our vessels, burn our plantations of tobacco, enter our houses, break open our cellars, cast out the materials of our beverage, whip us into their worship, or fine and imprison us for neglecting to attend it.

Peterborough. You lay rather too much stress upon what you call liberty of conscience, and are inconsistent in hating King James for having too much enlarged it. In fact all people in all countries may worship what objects they please, if they will only be contented to keep within doors. But even the quietest love display and dominion in worship. Political freedom is more material.

Penn. Be it as thou sayest. According to the clearest, simplest, best definition, the office and nature of Justice is to give everyone his due. Now, under kingly government, a man not only hath not his due, but hath not the means or even the chance of obtaining it. Those who are most intimately acquainted with his abilities and his virtues, are without the power of placing them where they shall be serviceable to the community. He withers with his fruit upon his branches: and the sycophant, sunned in idleness and vacuity, points at him as a *lusus naturæ*.

Peterborough. If the world were not composed of opposites, and if the actions of men were not in eternal contravention to their reasonings, I should have imagined that the peaceful manners of your people, and your abstinence from resisting, not only against authority, but even against wrong, would have rendered you more favourable to monarchy than to republicanism.

Penn. Although we resist not against wrong, we may like right better.

Peterborough. Quiet is the principle of your institution, the rule of your lives and thoughts: now nothing is further from it than the spirit of democracy; as we may clearly see in the democratical portion of our constitution at home. Go, at the time of an election, to some borough unbiassed by aristocratical influence and ministerial seduction: you will not find the wisest or most upright of its burgesses in the chair; but either a stranger from a distance or an intriguer in the town: and not only the rabble are his partisans: the better sort, as they are called, lean toward him, rather than toward one whose shadow chills them, whose genius is a sting and whose grandeur of soul a reproof to them. Newton, Milton, and Shakspeare, would never have been proposed or thought of, in any borough where they might happen to be born, supposing them likewise to have received the requisites of fortune. Had they offered themselves, they would have been told, "We do not want men of books or genius, but men of business:" as if men of genius are not men of business in the higher sense of the word; of business in which the state and society are implicated for ages.

Common minds revolve these reasonings about them. Let them be contented with the prospect of their future glory; let us be, with the certainty of never being heard of hereafter: which saves us a great deal of concern, and allows us a perfect freedom of action.

Penn. Thou reasonest well, and from observation. Thy arguments are the surest proof I could adduce, that a sounder morality and a purer religion are necessary, to guide the inconsiderateness of those whom thou callest (I wish the word were gentler) the *rabble*, and to mollify the malignity of (here too the expression is susceptible of improvement) the *better sort*.

Institutions can not make men perfect. Fraud, injury, violence, may be discountenanced and diminished, if thou removest those whose authority began upon them, rests upon them, and must go upon them. Keep thy fellow-creatures temperate, keep them sane, strong, tractable, by early and late discipline: speak mildly to the obedient; more mildly to the refractory; and on one side of thee thou wilt soon find friendship in the

bonds of peace, and violence on the other self-disarmed.

Peterborough. We should imagine, if we did not much reflect on the subject, that equality is a very natural sentiment; yet there is none to which nearly the universality of mankind is constantly so averse. Bring before you the whole train of your acquaintance, of all ages, tempers, and conditions, and you will acknowledge at once the justice of my remark. I have observed among the peers whom I was accustomed to meet at my father's and uncle's, that they invariably bear toward one another a constrained familiarity or a frigid courtesy: while to their huntsmen and their prickers, to their chaplains and their cooks, or indeed another man's, they display unequivocal signs of ingenuous cordiality. Baronets are prouder than anything we see on this side of the Dardanelles, excepting the proctors of universities, and the vergers of cathedrals; and their pride is kept in eternal agitation, both from what is above them and from what is below. Gentlemen of any standing are apt to investigate their claims a little too minutely; and nobility has neither bench nor joint-stool for them in the vestibule. During the whole course of your life, have you ever seen one, among this our King James's breed, that either did not curl himself up and lie snug and warm in the lowest company, or slaver and whimper in fretful quest of the highest?

Penn. Without any disposition to answer what never engaged a moment of my attention, let me suggest to thee, that whether thy remark be well or ill founded, the desire of equality is not the less nurtured by reason or the less approved by Christianity. Mankind is certainly quite as averse to patience, to forbearance, to returning good on receiving evil: still I never heard of the preacher who discountenanced the recommendation of them.

Peterborough. I mean only to show you that, founded upon abstract principles, your society can not last long.

Penn. Not among the meal and tallow that breed the grubs thou hast thrown out before me: I know it: but friend Mordaunt, there are sieves and ventilators in the world, and there will always be people who know alike how to make and where to exercise them.

Peterborough. Men can only be kept in concord by their vanity; which, weak as you may call it, is the strongest and most sensitive nerve in the human heart. If you will not let them be unjust, nay, if you will not be unjust toward the greater part of them, this greater part itself will scorn you. Nothing would raise such violent and such general discontent, as giving to every man his due.

Penn. Such alas is the world! May we not improve it?

Peterborough. May you not turn wolves into fawns, thistles into wheat, granite into peas and clover? Try this first.

Penn. By the help of God I will undertake the other experiment. If I am to raise discontent, be it on this foundation! if men are to scorn me, be it for this offence!

Peterborough. The object of your institution is to establish universal peace on universal equality. I do not assert that equality, inasmuch as relates to rights, is impracticable; which many have done too rashly: but I doubt its extent; I doubt its durability. Beside, since violence is the thing most hateful to you, I must remind you again and again that republics are usually more turbulent than monarchies.

Penn. The mother who gives her own milk to her infant, hath often more trouble to make him quiet, than a boon-companion hath, twenty years afterward, to make him drunk, and may seem severer to the dissolute. Monarchy lets the wood run wild, lets swamps extend through it, and reptiles infest it: this is her easiness, this is her providence, this is the blessing she imparts. If in a republic thou tracest the mark of the waggon-wheel and of the hatchet, do not suddenly set it down among the certainties, that they were brought in for devastation: look round a little: see whether the plants are not the larger and the loftier and the healthier for letting in air and light; whether the grass can not grow under them for pasture, whether the alleys are not useful for the exportation and importation of what is profitable, and whether they do not enable the proprietor to watch that "no thieves break in and steal."

Teach people to rule themselves, and they will neither bear violence nor inflict it.

Something of consistency, one would desire, should appertain to those discreet and regular men who uphold the government of hereditary kings, unanswerable for their misdemeanours, both as the most lawful and the most convenient. If the gardener had pruned thy fruit-trees improperly, wouldst not thou admonish him or dismiss him?

Peterborough. Certainly.

Penn. Thou thinkest it equitable and expedient.

Peterborough. Beyond a doubt.

Penn. If he seized thee by the throat for it, and protested he would hang thee, calling it atrocious, and insisting that only the devil could have instigated thee.

Peterborough. I would trip up the knave's heels, and cudgel him soundly.

Penn. There are those peradventure who would incline to say that he deserved no better at thy hands. Howbeit, suppose he should struggle and prevail against thee, and asseverate that not only he himself would continue to manage thy fruit-trees as beliked him, but that furthermore his son and grandson should do likewise, whether they had acquired a knowledge of horticulture or not; for that, as his father had been thy father's gardener, it was undeniable that he ought to be thine, and his elder son thy elder son's; waiving which argument, haply he would throw up a worm in

thy face, and inform thee triumphantly, that if antecedently no fitness or reason had existed, yet both reason and fitness sprang up full-grown when he overthrew and smote thee.

Peterborough. Famous illustration.

Penn. Sneer not at what prelacy holds the most pertinaciously of her doctrines, and what, if thou wilt not swallow it from the pulpit, thou must gulp from the drum-head. Nay, Mordaunt, with all thy pride, impetuosity, and disdain, thou, even thou art the liveryman of this gardener: yea, thou who wert indignant to be designated as his master. Inconsistent creature!

Peterborough. It is something to have an influence on the fortunes of mankind: it is greatly more to have an influence on their intellects. Such is the difference between men of office and men of genius, between computed and uncomputed rank.

Penn. Thou art not among those who place Fortune above Nature, and the weakest work of the weakest mortals above the greatest work of Deity in his omnipotence. It is generous in thee to acknowledge what it would be expected from thee to deny, if thou wert not higher than a garter could lift thee.

Peterborough. I should be as mean as a man of fashion if I disallowed it, and as silly as a president of the council if I attempted to dissemble it. Only the first personage in the kingdom should be unenlightened and void, as only the first page in a book should be a blank one. It is when it is torn out that we come at once to the letters.

Your complimentary terms shall not preclude me from an attack on you, now we are away from your garden and gardener. You also in manners and regimen have your inconsistencies.

Penn. Let us correct them: we can do it, and are ready: what are they?

Peterborough. I am not captious by nature, nor over-nice.

Penn. Thou beginnest well.

Peterborough. Really I am almost ashamed to take exceptions at mere words.

Penn. Better and better.

Peterborough. I will not spare you then. On my conscience, I do not see why your people, in reality so sincere, should use expressions in which there is no sincerity. *Friend*, on all occasions, is an abuse. A friend is a creature now extinct: we read of its petrified bones in distant regions, and those who would represent its figure in their persons, resemble it only in its petrifaction.

Penn. We call every man our friend because we wish to be every man's. Thou hast not found friendship in certain places, because thou wert looking for something else. Take virtue with thee, and thou wilt either find it or not want it. Here thou art as unfair with us as thou wert on excommunication, of which I will now explain to thee our employment.

We admonish our younger brethren to omit no opportunity of pouring their ill actions and ill thoughts into quieter and more capacious minds, wherein the swells of their sorrows and the irregularities of their other affections may subside and sweeten. This practice remains with them through life. I see no similitude in it to that of the papist, when all the confidence a young man places in his father, and a young woman in her mother, is considered by the priest as not among the duties of life, unless both of them come before him, and submit the tenderer and purer mind to his hardened and intrusive touch. He tells them such confession, and such only, is necessary to their happiness in a future state. God, he says, accepts it not as a merit, but as an atonement: those who have been injured may be passed aside: he himself acts for these, without seeing them, without communicating with them, without making them reparation, without rendering them account.

Peterborough. There are creatures brought from other countries, as these priests were, and exhibited in fairs and markets and festivals (and wherever men and money are idly tossed about), as these priests are, which superintend each other's polls with much care and cunning, as these priests do, and pick out from them, and put between their grinders, the minute generations of incommodious things springing up innumerably from pruriency and scurf. What thinkest thou? Thinkest thou that these animals, the bigger or the smaller, do the same for cleanliness? No; they do it for eating, as these priests do.

Penn. Inconveniences there may be in our manners, but not to us: inconsistencies there may be in our government, but not ours are those. In this country, where we are left to ourselves, we reconcile them gradually or remove them peaceably.

Peterborough. If they were serious, and in your native country, you would find your religious scruples an impediment to every such exertion.

Penn. Thy difference to modes of worship and to articles of faith is founded on the principle, I suppose, that a virtuous man will be virtuous in any of them.

Peterborough. Unquestionably.

Penn. What maketh him virtuous?

Peterborough. His inclination: the current and quality of his blood.

Penn. Hast thou reflected so little as not to know that inclinations are given by discipline and habit; and that the quality and current of the blood are as much to be modified by indulgence or coercion, as they are by pepper or hemlock. I would never try to arouse thy soul from the only state of languor it is subject to, did not this indifference to externals, as thou callest them, cover in almost every breast (and might hereafter in thine) an equal indifference to what lies deeper. But, the thing being so, rise from thy apathy, from thy lethargic trance, if true courage, or even if false, be within thee! Away to Piedemont; away to the people of the Valley! Doth the sword charm thee? doth blood thrill thee? or hath it lost its voice with thee when it crieth unto God? Thousands had been cast into infected prisons;

yea, seventeen thousands. Winter stepped in between the pestilence and them; and those whom the ice had not fastened to the floor were at last in number three thousand; when it appeared to their prince to be a costly matter, and an offence to the Virgin, to feed any longer these heretics. Scourged from their dungeons, bayoneted from their country, they traverse Geneva; they reach Berne. Not houses nor lands nor brotherly love, nor compassion, so sweet a stranger to them, so long unlooked for, could detain them there, nor the only alluring one of interdicted pleasures (for such it had ever been to them) the blessed communion of Christian faith. Their grain was growing yellow on its stalk, when they assembled by night in the wood of Nyon. The boldest of human enterprises was undertaken on the sixteenth of the eighth month, in the year of our redemption sixteen hundred and eighty-nine.

I designate the year particularly, although two have not since elapsed, because the existence of these persecuted men appears to be one of those glorious actions which both contemporary and future annalists may overlook. For History is now become as fond as Poetry ever was of the violent and powerful, and much more contemptuous of low condition. She loves better great nations than great actions, great battles than great examples, and is ready to emblazon no name under which she descries no shoulder-knot. Of these holy men, pursued like wolves, but never dropping in their flight the ark of true religion, fewer than nine hundred climb the hostile mountains of Savoy. Prudence and Justice guide them in their path: they pay their cruel enemies for everything needful, out of a pittance insufficient for perhaps another day. Between Suze and Brianson, at the bridge of Salabertrans, they are opposed by two thousand five hundred regular troops, and by a numerous armed peasantry. The bridge is barricaded: a battle of two hours renders them masters of this position. Weary with their conflict, hungered (for now those among them who had money can procure no subsistence with it, the peasantry being in the field against them), they still pursue their march, and attain the summit of the highest mountain on the road.

Why have they fallen on the earth? and wherefore are they praising God? Because they see again the land that nurtured them in the strength of holiness, the rafters (for some are unconsumed) of the churches wherein their parents were united, and the elder-tree in full flower upon their graves. Orchards and gardens had disappeared: flocks there were none, nor any beast whatever. The villages were to be conquered from the invader: in another day not a trace remained of them, excepting two black lines, where the fire had run along. Reduced at last to four hundred combatants, they threw up strong entrenchments, and resisted until winter the repeated assaults of their increasing enemies. Early in the spring an army of twenty-two thousand men attacked them, and was repulsed. Eight days afterward the entrenchment was cannonaded and bombarded, and there was on every side a pertinacious and most desperate assault. This too failed: but as the ill-constructed parapet was laid in ruins, they escaped down the precipices by night, amid the sentinels of the beleaguerer, and posted themselves at some distance, in the *Pré du Tour*, a small plain surrounded by the wildest mountains, where their ancestors like themselves had displayed such courage, as never was exhibited in any region of the earth, by any other portion of the human race.

Peterborough. Are you not ashamed of being so eloquent?

Penn. I know nothing of oratory: I carry no piece of tape to measure periods; but reflection shows me that the greater part of the most eloquent books that ever were written, might with more advantage be cast into the ovens of Paris and London, than placed in the hands of the young and inconsiderate. Philosophy, whatever it may do hereafter, has done little good at present: and History has reserved all her applauses for the destroyers of mankind. Point out to me one single schoolmaster or professor, in any age, who has not applauded the speech of Alexander to Parmenio: that if he were Parmenio he would sheathe the sword. Was the man so besotted as not to see clearly that Parmenio spoke in the interests of humanity and in the opinion of all nations, and that he himself spoke not even in his own interests, and directly against the well-being of the world.

Peterborough. What an unfortunate man was Ludlow, not to have been present at the battles of these brave fellows! He left their vicinity just before, and came into England, hoping to end his days among us. I met him in Westminster-abbey the morning of that memorable sitting when Sir Edward Seymour, who enjoyed the general's estate at Maiden Bradley, moved the house of commons for an address to the king, praying that he should be arrested. Whiggism prevailed: and the soundest and sincerest friend of liberty went again into exile for the constancy of his attachment.

I was struck by the manly, calm, unassuming, military air, of a robust and fresh-coloured man, about seventy years of age, who stood before me with his eyes fixed downward on one spot. Being neither very shy, nor more disposed to balk my curiosity than my other propensities, I bowed to him respectfully, and expressed my persuasion that whoever was interred there, merited the sympathies of the nation.

"Young gentleman," answered he mildly, "you do not know, apparently, whose bones have lain here?"

"Certainly not, sir," I replied; "but probably many men's in many ages: for, whatever may be the respect which, in this place above others, is paid to the deceased, it will not ensure to their bones an undisturbed and permanent station."

"If it could," replied he, "surely those of the most prudent, humane, intelligent commander,

that ever led Englishmen to victory, would not have been disinterred."

"The felonious Stuarts and their insatiable jackals," cried I, "prowled after rotten carcasses, and had more stomach to lap congealed blood than to fight for fresher. And there are sycophants yet among us who would excite our commiseration for their chastisement. The same fellows, next week, will be just as loyal and religious in extolling the powers that be."

He seemed neither to notice my expressions nor to partake in my emotion, but, laying his hand gently on my shoulder, said, gravely and tenderly, "Even generous enthusiasm leaves men sometimes ungenerous. We have removed the evil; let us pardon and forget it. Let us imitate, as far as we can, him whom we ought rather to think on than on the Stuarts. We are treading the ground that covered Blake; the man of men."

Roused to higher enthusiasm by his calmness than I could have been by his eloquence, if he had any, I seized him by the hand, and swore by God the eulogy was merited and true.

Penn. And God will forgive thee; for though thou didst (as many wise men will tell thee) take his name in vain, never was it taken in adjuration less in vain than then. Some admirals have maintained the glory of England; some have increased it: he found it lower than that of Holland, of Spain, or even of France, and raised it by his genius and valour far above them all. The hope is more reasonable that we may never want such men again than that we shall ever see them.

Peterborough. Hold! friend William! With your leave, I will entertain both hopes alike; little as is the probability that, if any admiral shall equal him in the union of nautical skill and moral bravery, the same person will be equally grave, disinterested, dispassionate, humble, and tender-hearted. I agree with you that no fighting man was ever at once so great and so good a man as Blake: and since History does not inform us that there has been, Reason does not encourage us to believe that there will be at any time hereafter: but Hope may whisper when these are silent. In all ages, party and self are the prime movers of human action, and never were they more busy than in the whole of his lifetime. Firm as he was in the principles of republicanism, he belonged to no party, and was as far removed from selfishness as from faction. He declined the honours of the state, he avoided the acclaim of popularity, he won battles against calculation, he took treasures above it, he lived frugally, he died poor.

Ludlow was moved by the earnestness of my language and demeanour, and said gracefully, "Sir! I perceive you are a military man; so was I, while I had any existence as an Englishman."

"How! sir!" exclaimed I.

"They under these stones," continued he, "inherit their place of rest: I come to seek it: and if rumours are to be trusted, I may fail to find it. Again I behold my beloved country in the enjoyment of peace and freedom. Much of my property, most of my days, all of my thoughts, designs, and labours, have been devoted to the consummation of this one event. How gladly have I bestowed them! how gladly shall I bestow the remainder. To see the country I have served by my life and writings, is an ample recompense for any service I could render her, and almost comforts me under the privation of friends, associates, and comrades, swept away by the storm that split our island and convulsed all Europe."

An old beadle at this moment twitched me by the skirt of my coat, and drew me aside. "Have a care," said he, in a tremulous voice; "that is old Ludlow. The tories would pink him, and the whigs poison him."

"Faith! honest friend," said I, "you describe the two parties better than anyone in the land." Then, turning to the general, I told him he had a right to reprove my forwardness; and in order that he might know on what person the reproof should fall, I gave him my name. He said many kind things, and added some compliments. I regretted that he was not received in the country with public honours, as having been commander in chief, and against a family then excluded by a majority of the nation, and now expelled by the whole. My indignation burst out against that wrangler and robber, Seymour, who a few days afterward drove him from the country, lest his virtues should be acknowledged, his sufferings pitied, his losses compensated, and his estates restored.

Penn. We may discourse on better people and better things.

Peterborough. We will then

> Away to the valleys, the mountains, and moors.

Pardon my bad singing. Even your mare flinched at it.

Our accounts of the Valdenses in England have never been explicit and particular.

Penn. Latterly the government has always been unfriendly to the growth of freedom in foreign countries, and to the purity of religion at home: wherefore, as we yield to the impulse it gives, their success or annihilation would concern fewer now than formerly. In the time of Cromwell this oppressed people was commiserated and protected.

Peterborough. I remember some verses written on their calamities by his Latin secretary, Mr. Milton, a strenuous advocate of their cause.

Penn. And of every cause in which the glory of God and the dignity of man are implicated. He spake with the enthusiam of a prophet, he reasoned with the precision of a philosopher, and he lived with the purity of a saint.

Peterborough. I love all great men, and hate all counterfeits of them, particularly such as are struck and milled at a blow in the royal mint. Cromwell does not displease me, though I should have fought against him, unless my uncle, who commanded the artillery under Essex, had led me preferably to that side.

Penn. Thou wouldst have judged ill in fighting

against him, for his side was the righteous one, the side of the sufferer and the oppressed: and thou judgest no less ill in saying he doth not displease thee. He is thought to have been a hypocrite for the sake of power; whereas in fact he was sincere, until power by degrees made him a hypocrite. How little then of it should be trusted to any man, when the wisest, and the bravest, and the calmest are thus perverted by it! However, in no instance did he exercise his authority to the detriment of his country, which indeed he elevated as high in glory as the hereditary Charles immersed it in disgrace. So great and so desirable a prince as Cromwell never since the creation had been appointed by the Lord of it, to preserve the liberties and to moderate the passions of a turbulent, a factious, and a sinful people.

Peterborough. When so many high-minded men were against him, and those nearest him the most, I wonder how he could contrive to mount above them as he did.

Penn. Whoever is possessed of such a genius, or anything like it, and is resolved on deception, may rise to the first distinction: but neither deception without genius, nor genius without deception, will elevate him to that wide prospect of dominion, at which the tempter in his breast says, "This, O my worshipper, shall be thine."

Peterborough. In general there is as much difference between a usurper and a hereditary King, as there is between a wild boar and a tame one: but Cromwell had nothing in him ferocious; nor had Charles anything sordid, if we except the abandonment of his friends when they were distressed, and of his promises when they were inconvenient. I disapprove of the clownishness in some and of the levity in others, with which they treated the criminal on his trial; nor do I less disapprove of the slavish baseness, the corrupt sycophancy, with which in his prosperity the king was served by his equals: for above an English gentleman there neither ought to be, nor is there, in character and dignity, anything upon earth. The king is the work of our hands, we are not the work of his: we existed before him, and shall exist after him: he may do much with us, without us nothing.

Penn. In this thou art wise; and on this secure part of thy wisdom let thy bravery act and rest.

Peterborough. I know not upon what principle the chancellor Clarendon called Cromwell a *bold bad man*, unless it were to persuade us that he had read a play of Shakspeare's; in which we find the same words, rather more happily applied. People are bad and good relatively and comparatively. Oliver would have been but a sorry saint, and no very tractable disciple or apostle; nor do I imagine that you would have admitted him without a scrutiny into the society of friends: but he was a good father, a good husband, a good companion, a good soldier, and (taking up now the point on which we are to consider him) he was certainly the best usurper, if you can call him one at all, and perhaps the best prince, that ever lived. Mind, I speak of the functions of a prince, not of the accessaries, not of what belongs to the man or the philosopher. You will understand my reason for expressing a doubt of the Protector being a usurper. If he was one, so is the gentleman I helped to introduce from Holland, who is likewise a great man, and perhaps the next in dignity among our rulers. It is childish to talk of illegality because the army was the instrument. The army must always be the instrument in fundamental changes; and is never so well employed; not even in repelling an aggression. For we are liable to more mischief in our houses than out; liable to equal violence and greater depredation, and that depredation in costlier things; and the injury is the worse as coming from those about us, and trusted by us implicitly in our concerns.

Among such a people as the Valdenses, there is no danger of such a man as Cromwell obtaining an ascendancy. They warmed you; which is more than he ever did; I will answer for him.

Penn. The commands and the practice of our teacher do not permit me to applaud the bloodshedder, although in resistance. Cruelty, if we consider it as a crime, is the greatest of all: but I think we should more justly consider it, in men of education, as a madness; for it quite destroys our sympathies, and, doing so, must supersede and master our intellect. It removes from us those that can help us, and brings against us those that can injure us: whence it opposes the great principle of our nature, self-love, and endangers not only our well-being but our being. Reason is then the most perfect, when it enables us the most to benefit society: reason is then the most deranged, when there is *that* over it which disables a man from benefiting his fellow men: and cruelty is *that*. We hold it unlawful to kill a fellow creature for any offence whatever.

Peterborough. But if the laws enact it, then surely it is lawful.

Penn. There is a law, above the passions, above the mutabilities of man, from which whatever is lawful must emanate. Herein the commands of God are clear and definite.

Peterborough. Some of them; others not; or rather they run quite contrary. You feel greater horror at murder than any people do, and yet you would punish it less severely.

Penn. I deem that offence the worst which tends furthest to deteriorate our social condition. Were it lawful to punish anyone with death, it would be the conqueror, holding in subjection the people that has not injured him, and that consents not to his domination. If a traveller, who has been robbed and bound by a thief, can unbind himself and recover his property, ye deem him justified in so doing, although he can do it by no other way than by slaying the thief.

Peterborough. Certainly; and praise his spirit.

Penn. If a prince exacteth from his people any part of their substance, without asking their consent, or forces them to labour or fight, ye would

deem that what is done by force may be resisted by force.

Peterborough. Princes who levy taxes and troops despotically, may justly be killed by those who suffer under them, whether born in that condition or not: but every kind of government has made conquests, and has retained them by treaty: these therefore are inviolable.

Penn. By whom were the treaties made?

Peterborough. By the governors.

Penn. But if the majority of the people, convoked and appealed to, did not consent, without force or fear, to pass under the new ruler, he who holds them in bondage may, according to thy principles, and according to worldly justice, be slain by any of the conquered. And until it is agreed and enforced, that no nation in Europe shall take possession of another, or of any part, international law will be no better than quibble and contradiction.

Peterborough. He must be a legitimate fool, and of the purest breed, who believes that the powerful will ever cease to exercise their power for its propagation.

Penn. Ye defend the violence done by system, and punish by the gallows the same violence done by poor wretches incapable of reflection; done perhaps from want of food, perhaps from neglect of education, criminal not in the robber, but in the ministers of the prince. If power is ever righteously to be exercised by one state toward another, it is in taking away the means of injustice and cruelty from the administrators, and in restoring to the people their rights. When they once have them, and find them acknowledged, they will fear to hazard the enjoyment of them, as they must do by assailing or injuring another state. For instance, if the French were free they would have no false appetite: being slaves, they are restless for something to buoy them up from their degradation. They are yet to be taught that Honour may dwell in houses as well as under tents; and that, if they must boast for ever, they may boast of better things than having *served*.

Peterborough. Well said, my Quixote of orders grey! The next proposal I expect from you, is the settlement of differences in the moon; the second, the abolition of the slave-trade; and the third, of the Inquisition.

Penn. As to the moon, thou hast more to look for there than I have, and I should gladly see thee righted: but O that God would grant both those abolitions! I do indeed hold it just and reasonable in any powerful people to insist on them.

Peterborough. Insist! when a nation insists on anything against another, it declares war.

Penn. There is nothing in this life worth quarrelling for, and there is nothing to be gained by it in another: yet, apparently in the present state of things, we never can be long at peace. Our quarrels are as frequent and as irrational as those of children. Since however the great evil of bloodshed must yet for some time continue, let us hope that, if the victory should be ours, the only punishment we inflict on the governors be the civilisation of the governed. Let us hope that we may exact the freedom of the Africans and of the Spaniards, and may empty for ever the holds of the slave-ship and the dungeons of the Inquisition. We have the same right to stipulate the one as the other, and a much greater than to demand the cession of a single village, or the transfer of a single man.

Abolish the slave-trade! Ah, who can ever hope it! Whoever shall effect this, will have effected more than the twelve apostles. *They* but threw a stone at a sparrow, and did not bring it to the ground; he will have placed his foot upon a serpent, more venomous than ever was feigned by fear or poetry, and will have crushed it in all its folds from the setting sun to the rising. What in comparison have all the philosophers done, or what have all the religious? they have raised much dust, and have removed little. He indeed hath conquered his enemy who binds him by moral obligations; he indeed is great and good who knows how to make other men so; and he is in a worse condition than a slave who reduces a higher mind to slavery. Incessant horrors haunt him, and eternal punishments (if there be any such) await him!

Princes of the earth! will ye never hear a truth unless what is preached to you by your fellows at the scaffold? Have ye forgotten so soon your last lesson? Alas! must it be repeated to you?

Peterborough. The old admiral would not perhaps have been so civil as to ask the question of them. He would have preached to them when he had cropped the hair from both ears, and had erected a sounding board to his liking at Whitehall.

Penn. Fools! it is they who make such men as my father. He had his faults: but he feared God and loved his country. Let us honour him! I must ever do it.

Peterborough. And I too. I admire and venerate many whom I should be glad to fight against.

Penn. Strange creature! Are we then images of clay, baked by children in the sun, to be broken for their entertainment?

Peterborough. The first of us are hardly worth a serious thought.

Penn. And yet how much happiness might even those who are not the first of us, confer!

Peterborough. I should have said *enjoy*.

Penn. I said it.

In the spirit of religion, which is humanity and nothing else, I may nevertheless demonstrate why these children of the mountains fought courageously. They believed that they were protecting the household and the house itself of God: they believed that their sufferings were trials, and that this life was given them for endurance, in proportion to which should be their happiness in the next. Hope is the mother of Faith.

Peterborough. Who has a twin daughter very like her, named Folly.

Penn. Thy father may perhaps have said before thee, what mine often did, that good parents have sometimes worse children than one might have wished. It would however be inconsistent in thee to deny that energy and endurance are useful. Now nothing more certainly than Hope gives both endurance and energy to fighting men. If she can likewise give them to the suffering and imbecile, she must appear to thee still more admirable, as doing what is harder and better. Belief in a future state of happiness, as a recompense for unmerited and unavoidable evil, renders men patient and contented: and this effect neither their activity nor their ingenuity, neither their turbulence nor their eloquence, can bring about. It would be strange if that should be a weakness, which all the wisdom in the world can not equal in its efficacy.

Peterborough. I am glad to hear you talk in this manner upon energy, since it proves that you yourself are not, at heart, so indifferent to it as the generality of the sect. Their practices would destroy by degrees the vigour of the human intellect; and the most energetic of our actions would be when we sneeze in the sunshine.

Penn. You, my friend, like the generality of mankind, seem to have formed to yourself no idea of energy but in acts of violence. Now there may be as much of it in saving a man from drowning as in drowning him. If indeed we are prone to evil, which you agree with us in believing, and on which supposition most sects of philosophy, and all religions and all laws are founded, more energy is requisite in doing well than in doing ill. If the mind is subject to its tempests and tornadoes, more strength and firmness are shown amid them by immovability than by velocity. We yield to wrong and falsehood; if indeed I may employ two terms upon one thing.

Peterborough. How is that?

Penn. Wrong is but falsehood put in practice.

Peterborough. Would it not be better to expose the theoretical falsehood and to repress the practical? or do you look only to the private harm done to yourselves, careless how far the evil may run on through its impunity?

Penn. Falsehood is for a season: truth is eternal.

Peterborough. William! William! the eternity of truth is not yet begun: and the season of falsehood has existed from the creation of man. I do not believe that this will ever cease, or the other ever commence: if it should, ninetenths of the world will rise against it and overthrow it. Your wild men here will be the only men neutral, not caring an elk's antler about the matter. Those who could disseminate truth, with a large and copious hand, through all the nations of the world, abstain from doing it: for there is no great mind without a share of foresight, and no share of foresight that does not glance down occasionally on the sharer. Hence those men calculate how much good the disseminating of truth will do to themselves, and how much good the garnering and secreting of it. Few of them come to any other conclusion, than that it is better to hold it back for the present. They put it off from the work-day to the market-day: they put it off from the market-day to the fair-day; and there they walk among the booths and benches, until they find a commodity to exchange for it: a sword-knot, a ribbon, a piece of purple or scarlet silk, or something that roughens in the hand, like gold. You, adverse as you are to the profession of war, or even to personal defence, are more enthusiastic about the Valdenses, and (I would swear for you) would fight better for them, than almost any of our noble generals, who would despise them because they fight without uniforms, and who would hate them because they fight for themselves.

You have related these battles with more spirit and energy than become your stoicism, and you leave me only to regret the want of *names* in the recital of heroism. This is the principal defect in modern historians, the worst of which are the English. They see only kings and ministers, and when they should be busy in action, they sink to the knees in the heavy sands of disquisition. The courage, the firmness, the philosophy, which would have elevated men to the first station in a republic, are mentioned but in their effects. A victory is the king's or the nation's: the head that planned it, the hand that guided to it, are unseen, unknown. Self-devotion to any great cause is without a record; and abstract principles lie among cold reflections. The immortal authors of antiquity chisseled out the more prominent characters, and traced the less: we have only white and black upon one smooth surface.

Penn. Beware! beware! Do not make me more of a republican than I am. Certainly we find the names of fewer great men in our English histories than in the ancient: yet if our nation had produced fewer, our institutions must have been worse. The assertion and the defence of freedom are never made without danger. Some are now living, and many have died lately, who hazarded their properties and lives for public law; and no few lost them for it. Instead of mentioning them with honour and reverence, we calumniate and revile them. This indeed will always be the case under the influence of party: but, taking a wider and fairer view of the subject, we find, as thou leadest me to remark, that English writers are less disposed to celebrate English worthies, than are the writers of any other country those who improved its condition and laboured for its glory. There are histories, and not deemed bad ones, wherein are omitted the names even of the great citizens by whom our freedom was founded. If the Greeks and Romans had done so, we should not have been supplied with that renovating spirit, which keeps alive in us the generous sentiment these ruder but stronger men implanted.

Why dost thou cut the air with thy wand, spurring at once and coercing thy animal?

Peterborough. I was recollecting with admira-

tion the valour of your Valdenses. Glorious! to make such a resistance against a regular force.

Penn. And is it for this only, or for this principally, that they are admirable? Soldiers could not have acted so; for even the best of them are vicious. The very names of vices were unknown for the most-part to these persecuted men; insomuch that in the whole of their annals for many centuries, we find no instance of juridical animadversion on a single crime. Thuanus informs us that there was not a lawsuit among them until the sixteenth century; when a peasant, richer than most others, sent his son to study the law at Turin, who on his return brought an action against his neighbour, for letting some goats eat his cabbage. Pope Innocent the third was resolved on exterminating them. The French historian Girard saith hereupon, that nothing in fact drew down so heavily on them the hatred of His Holiness, as the freedom wherewith they reprehended the vices of ecclesiastics.

Now wilt thou tell me that it is a matter of indifference in religion, whether the professors of it persecute and murder us for the detection of iniquity, or search into it and reprove it? Wilt thou tell me that it is better to keep a strong hand over others than over ourselves? or to examine the secrets of their hearts rather than our own? Lax morals may appear for a time opportune and convenient to thee: but wouldst thou wish thy son or thy daughter, if thou hadst one, to experience the utility of them? or wouldst thou choose a domestic, in town or country, as being the wiser or the honester for thinking like thyself?

Peterborough. It would bring him to the gallows within the year: for such fellows can have no sense of honour to direct them.

Penn. Sense of honour, it appeareth to me, is that exquisite perception, whereby a man apprehendeth how he may do the most injury to others for the longest time; how he may be most acceptable to society at the least expense or pains. My own sense of it, on the contrary, I would desire to be such as may direct me how to do to others what shall both content and improve them, not concealing my own infirmities nor exposing theirs. Among you, a lofty spirit must be ever an inflammable one; and Courage hath not room for Patience at the side of her. Ye pardon everything done against your God, and nothing done against yourselves: which maketh me sometimes doubt, whether those who are called liberal may not be peradventure the most illiberal of mankind.

In this country we must assist one another: and the necessity brings its blessing. Our religion and our polity spring alike from a virgin soil: in neither of them are we tethered to the stump of old superstitions. Haply thou art listening so patiently because thou heedest so little?

Peterborough. No, indeed. Not only do I listen to you with patience and pleasure, but even discuss with you such questions as I should nauseate with others; because your religion does not teach you to seek for occasions of hatred on divergencies of opinion. Men, no longer in wolf-skin, but in velvet or brocade, and slit-sleeved and white-handed, still continue to sacrifice human victims; not indeed with the knife, because the laws wrest it out of the fist, but with heart and soul; and burn the offender in the fires of their evil passions. I do believe that many of the early Christians (for I know that some of the living) would listen calmly to the most inconsiderate doubts, and would rather suffer pain from them than inflict it for them. But such a spirit never was universal or prevalent. And why? because, as I have said before, and as priests of all sects have agreed, Christianity has never yet taken root in any country under heaven. It resembles what we often see on our tables at the dessert, dwarf fruits in ornamental vases.

Penn. Idleness is no sign of dignity with us: ministerial prevarication no passport to princely trust. No man's luxuries are here so mischievous as to wring the mouldy morsel from the famished peasant, and to drill his son against him if he should demand it back. The smoke of our chimneys may rise above our roofs unpaid for; and we may see the face of day and the works of God, without the demand of a shilling to the showman.

Peterborough. Dear William, no nation pays for light and air, although hearths in many countries are still taxed.

Penn. When human beings are so degraded by slavery as to pay another for the use of their own fire-places and fuel, they will in the next generation be coerced to pay even for the common air and light.

Peterborough. Your natural calmness, my worthy friend, softly as you speak, hath surely left you. No nation upon earth ever yet submitted to such branding ignominy, such heart-eating despotism. Abuses, however, and something of usurpation, will ultimately find entrance, or force it, even here. Decorations and distinctions are natural objects of desire throughout the world. Religion herself, so pretty and innocent in her girlish days, becomes, as she grows up,

> A drab of state, a *cloth o' silver* jade:

and, in the midst of her finery, she tosses down her gin grenadierly; cries "Come along with me;" and kicks you if you hang back, in going whither she would closet you. Who knows but that friend Penn, some time hence, may be found cutting out a pair of lawn-sleeves, from the most approved pattern at the milliners in Lambeth! while the wenches are debating round, what colour is best for his more sanctified order of the garter, and whether a loop and button on the beaver might not, in all righteousness, be allowed to his house of peers. It is difficult to say what is the worst part of us: the best part is the possession of good easy fortunes, and the facility of mending them, when they want it, out of any man's shop we choose to enter. But the worst of Religion is,

in my opinion, her wilfulness in having tragedies acted by her own servants, when there are so many fine pieces performed in other houses, with universal applause.

Penn. Friend Mordaunt, I do not require of thee to speak gravely; thy high spirits and wittiness become thee: and truly I love to see every man as Nature formed him, bating his propensity to selfishness and injustice, by which we are most of us influenced, unless we check them. These are the causes why the decorations and distinctions thou mentionest are so generally the objects of desire, that thou deemest them naturally so, and universally. Men see them belonging to others who are without merit, and are angry at it; yet would they themselves snatch them from people who have merit. But suppose that, instead of garters under the knee, like hoydens, and buttons big as sun-flowers on the left pap, ye substituted the hearty smile of every house ye entered, a pressure of the hand for every violence ye had calmed, and the thanks of your own hearts for every wrong ye had redressed, would the exchange be much against you? These trappings and accoutrements, this holiday bravery of groom-boy harness, can influence our people no more than the feathers and ochre of our brethren in the woods. Where there is cleanliness and decency there is usually content: the same well-regulated mind produces both. Ambitious men I have always found disorderly and sordid.

Rising out of a condition so different from the barbarous one, wherein Feodality set up her lions and leopards and other wild creatures, real or feigned, which ye not unaptly call your supporters, we must undergo some ages of savage life in these forests, we must be hunters and murderers and oppressors, long before we can raise ourselves to the same line with you. And what advantages, I will not ask thee, can others derive from it, but what dost thou thyself? Art thou not indignant and scornful that others are preferred to thee? This indignation and scorn could not arise, were your institutions good and fitting. Wherever institutions are not deplorably imperfect, a wise man will find employment for his wisdom. The best carpenter will have work given him, even in places where little judgment is exercised. Shall then he who is most capable of acting or of reasoning, be neglected or unemployed?

A house of peers in Pennsylvania! I have no mistresses; nobody has cut another's throat for me; nobody has increased my prerogative by his interpretation of my laws: on what grounds then can I erect a house of peers! and on what other canst thou trace the foundation of one anywhere?

Peterborough. It is wiser and pleasanter to look at the consequence than at the origin. Polished manners, and that mutual civility which you inculcate and exact, are acquisitions from aristocracy . .

Penn. Made, no doubt, under those who, like lampreys, have always their heads on the ground, wriggling their bodies incessantly: and for what? why, to suck a stone.

Peterborough. Faith! there are many of them who suck better things than that: and whose suckers are of such strength and dimensions, they can wrinkle your pockets and bags across the seas. I am no courtier, nor ever shall be. Soldier I am, and shall be always, and equally in readiness, whether in the field or out. This must depend upon the cabinet, as such things are fitly called.

In games of politics and games of cricket
Some must stand out while others keep the wicket.

There is a rhyme for you.

Penn. Truly I should have suspected it of being one.

Peterborough. Suspect as acutely that I did not take my seat to serve or to sleep on it. If I act and think for myself at present, dependent as I am and in pupilage, there is little danger that a place in the peerage will teach me the trade of a lackey.

Penn. Thou thinkest so; and verily I think so too: but riches make some men vile, as poverty makes others proud. In England, good manners may grow perhaps only in high places; where truly, in the finest seasons, I have met with but scanty crops: the gentry imitate you; the merchants them. Thus far thou art right. But dost thou imagine that good manners may not spring up from under every form of government? The Goths brought them into Europe; the Moors perfected them: yet should we not have had them without the Goths or Moors? or would we desire the Goths or Moors again with us, because we happened to derive from them a modification of good manners? Hast thou ever witnessed a single uncivil act or unbecoming speech, within the fortnight thou hast spent among us?

Peterborough. I must acknowledge I never found anywhere such concession and conciliation. In the French there is a glossiness of character: they are easily broken and easily fused again, and are the best when they are the most superficial. What a scoundrel in scarlet was Richelieu, because he had one tendon more in him than the generality have, and was always springing upon it.

Penn. His intellect (if his writings are any proof) was indeed very limited: and its limits were contracted into a smaller compass by his jealousy and vanity: but his confidence gave him power, and power increased his confidence: so that he overthrew many men stronger than himself. He however had them in a slippery place to trip them up in. A mere child, with a king in his hand, may break many heads and close many eyes about him.

I find, friend Mordaunt, thou wilt soon be one of us.

Peterborough. How so?

Penn. Thou beginnest to speak plainly, albeit thou, in speaking of the man Richelieu, usest a term eschewed and dropt by us friends.

Peterborough. By another such deduction you may argue that I am growing old.

Penn. Nay, there the deduction is too fine for me: take it up and trace it, I pray thee.

Peterborough. I begin to speak plainly, and must therefore be soon one of you, since you speak so. That I am growing old is as clear, since I have begun to be fond of young girls.

Penn. Out upon thee! filthy man! when wilt thou sober? didst thou ride up so closely to me to whisper that? Away! away! Thou wilt not desert thy country for the French, I think: but we may discuss the matter of politeness, in which they excell, as they teach us. Compared with one of our society, who claim none of it, a Frenchman would appear to thee the more polite, from thy preconceived ideas of politeness; and an Englishman more hearty, from preconception also. For the foundation of civility it is requisite that all malignity be smoothened, and that evil-speakers be inhibited like evil-doers.

Peterborough. You must purify our English blood then. We have within us that acrid salt which effloresces eternally, and which, it appears, we must rub off one against the other. The French, and the continentals in general, indulge in evil-speaking, only as the groundwork of witticisms. The Englishman is contented with it crude and massy, and returns day after day to the identical dish, hot or cold, seasoned or unseasoned, with an incurious, equable, persevering, straightforward appetite. I have known even our women, and those the mildest and most religious, insinuate such things of their acquaintance, as would discredit the whole family, and render it wretched throughout its existence.

Penn. Yet thou couldst listen to these sirens; and not only while they sang, but while they were tearing the flesh from their prey.

Peterborough. We must take the evil with the good: the region of spices bears the *upas-tree.* Certain they will speak ill of me when I have turned my back, I defer the moment as long as I am able.

What is here? Wheel round the black mare, William, or you will see what you would rather not.

Penn. Where! show me it.

Peterborough. I did not believe that you countenanced any kind of gaming.

Penn. We forbid it rigorously.

Peterborough. What are those men about yonder, with several looking on? They surely are drawing lots.

Penn. Those four men upon the bench under the old acacia?

Peterborough. The same.

Penn. They are deputed to judge a cause. We have no solicitors, as thou knowest: every citizen statcth his own case: four intelligent men are appointed by lot as judges, in presence of the litigants: they draw a second time, and he to whom the lot falls, decides the question.

Peterborough. You disclaim all honours and distinctions; yet do not you entitle these men judges?

Penn. While they are: to-morrow one of them may be called the hatter, another the mason, another the skinner.

Peterborough. Ha! no wonder that fellow is upon the bench.

Penn. Thou knowest none more prudent in investigating, more patient in deliberating, or more upright in deciding. Despise him not because his skins are in his shop rather than upon his shoulder, nor because an ox's is not an ermine's.

Peterborough. What salaries have these people? or rather, what compensation for loss of time?

Penn. Thou speakest too good English. Loss of time! this at least is not the portion of it that is lost. We repay them, as is reasonable, for the good they do.

Peterborough. That is what I asked: but how?

Penn. By enabling them to do more good.

Peterborough. The honesty and rectitude of your people would induce those of every nation to a commercial intercourse with them, if your agricultural occupations allowed it.

Penn. It is untrue that nations can not be at once agricultural and commercial. That the most commercial are the most agricultural, the states of Holland and indeed the Netherlands at large are evidences, and, in another hemisphere, China. Attica, composed of rocks, was better cultivated than Sparta. Carthage and Alexandria, Bruges and Dantzic, put into motion fifty ploughs with every rudder.

Remove from mankind the disabilities that wrong systems of government have imposed, and their own interests will supply them both with energy and with morality. I speak of men as we find them about us, possessing the advantages of example and experience.

Here we are at home again. Thy valet is running hitherward with his hat off, beating the flies and gnats away. My helper Abel standeth expecting me, but knitting hose.

Abel! Abel!

Abel. Friend, what wouldst thou?

Penn. Take my mare and feed her. Hast thou dined?

Abel. Nay.

Penn. Art hungry?

Abel. Yea.

Penn. Greatly?

Abel. In thy house none hungereth painfully: but verily at this hour my appetite waxeth sharp.

Penn. Feed then first this poor good creature, the which is accustomed to eat oftener than thou art, and the which haply hath fasted longer.

Abel. Thou sayest well: it shall be done even as thou adviscst.

Peterborough. There are only three classes of men that we in general have no patience with; superiors, inferiors, and equals. You have given me abundant and perpetual proofs that you can bear the two latter; and I am persuaded that you would place any decent one of the former in the same easy posture, if God, decreeing his happiness or amendment, should ever direct him toward you.

MIGUEL AND HIS MOTHER.

Mother. My dearest son Miguel! before I give you my benediction on your return, or receive a kiss from you, although in my hurry and in the kindness of my heart I wiped away the snuff for the purpose, and you stand expecting it, I must be assured that you are deserving to bear the name of a glorious archangel, and that what you propose to swear to-morrow you will unswear the day after.

Miguel. Dearest mother! most unworthy should I hold myself to bear the name of our brave and gallant archangel, if I hesitated to assert the dignity of the throne, by breaking that oath, or any other to which the people is a party.

Mother. Now come to my arms, my dutiful child!

Miguel (*sneezing*). What a jar of snuff my mother is!

Mother. Ha! ha! ha! so many blessings upon thee! These sneezes foretell much good; three, in honour of the Holy Trinity . . the very names you swear upon.

A word in your ear! Do you know we have been forced to marry your sister?

Miguel. What uncle have you found for her?

Mother. Alas! none whatever: nor even a relative in blood. The young reprobate had not the confidence to wait a few years for a nephew.

Why do you shake your head, holding the whole red of both lips between your teeth?

Miguel. I too must marry!

Mother. Ay, ay! but lawfully and religiously and royally, and according to the custom of our House. My dear son, I shall put my dear granddaughter into bed with you on the day she is twelve years old. Before that time I will look out sharply, and afterward you must.

Miguel. I heard a sermon at Paris, in which the missionary told the young ladies to their faces, that a man ought to have as many eyes as a spider, and as much facility in spinning a web, if he hoped to catch them or hamper them in their frolics. "Do you receive them elderly," said he, "they are peevish, and make you more so: do you take them in the middle of life, they think themselves just a match for you, and the contest is never decided until one of the antagonists is made suppler by the last unction; before which period there is trick for trick, taunt for taunt, accusation for accusation: if you expect any advantage from a tenderer age, you discover that they are childishly fond of exhibiting before your male friends, how greatly and in how short a time they have advanced under your instructions."

Mother. Nothing short of inspiration could have taught the blessed missionary these truths. Seculars do not know half the wickedness of the world, nor believe it, nor dream of it, until their pastors lead them by the hand and show it them. Well, another time about this. The girl might, however, have waited for some royal prince to ear e her: then many would have taken her part, d more would have sympathised with the . . band. Well, well! these are light matters: very vexatious though, when one has nothing else to think of.

How were you received at the English court?

Miguel. Passably. The court was as civil and polite as could be expected from a Protestant and northern one.

Mother. And the people, how did they behave!

Miguel. The commonalty is the rudest in the world; even the richer.

Mother. I wonder the nation should continue to be so unlike ours: many of it have been at Lisbon: beside, they take snuff and are baptised.

Miguel. They treated me no better than if I had been brought up without either. One asked me who whipped off my father.

Mother. Whipped off! he went off without a whipping!

Miguel. The fellow meant *despatched; sent out of the world.*

Mother. What business was that of the fellow's! Was not the king my own husband? Might not I do as I liked with my own? What have their princes been fighting for? Was it not for the rights of the throne? You had no more hand in it than the rest of us. Ferdinand of Spain attempted the same against my brother Carlos: and was not he complimented in a private letter by the king of England for escaping from the Cortes? and was he ever blamed by that king or any other for what he did in his own house? Would Señor Cannin have been permitted to occupy the post he did occupy, unless he had consented to the overthrow of the liberal party in Spain? and did he not order Señor A'Court to denounce to us the most liberal of them, Alpuente, and to drive him out of his bed at midnight, trembling under the coldness of the rain and under the weight of his eighty-one years? And has not Señor A'Court been made a peer for it, and other such services? All kings love our cousin Ferdinand, excepting those who have lent him money: and none think the worse of him for the misfortune of missing his blow against his father. They cannot laugh at us on that score. If you have no other cause to complain of rudeness, you may ride over this triumphantly.

Miguel. Another man said he was sorry I had no daughter, because it forced me to marry my niece in her stead, which was going too far for an Infante.

Mother. Ignorant creature! The Pope would have had many doubts and doubloons before he consented to it. He boggles at an aunt, and grudges a great-aunt. A golden pix and chalice must precede them, and many jars of tamarinds must loosen his catarrh before he says *benedicite.*

Did our cousin of France take our cause into consideration?

Miguel. He advised me by all means to swear to the Constitution.

Mother. He advise it! an old battered bestial [illegible] He advise it! What! the most Christian [illegible] O the weak powder-puff of throne and [illegible]!

Miguel. I asked his majesty whether in his wisdom he thought I might safely overturn it. He replied that, whatever any king chose to do, it was the duty and determination of the Holy Alliance to provide that he should do it safely. "As for safety then," said he, "be entirely at your ease." I asked him whether he saw any impropriety in it. He answered that he was not sufficiently versed in the finer and higher parts of divinity to solve the question; and that I had universities and confessors in Portugal as clear-sighted as any in France. He doubted not they would enlighten me, and pray for me, and bring their flocks about me to defend me, and was confid nt I had as little to fear in spirituals as in tempo.als.

"In case of a slight commotion," said his majesty with his usual benignity, "my troops are near at hand, and they have had some practice in composing such slight and transient differences. It is time," added he, "that the Bourbons and their connexions should be united in amity and policy, and that Heresy should repose no longer on one single lily."

Mother. Did you know what he meant?

Miguel. The duchess of Angoulême told me.

Mother. Chaves is in the mountains: you must ride over and embrace him, or let him kiss your hand at least. Pedro has been playing the fool in Brazil, and wishes to play it here. When he was a child I could, with a whip or a whistle, make him hear reason; though, to confess the truth, so little of a prince is he by nature, he had not much more understanding at three years of age than he has at present. You, my dear Miguel, have been constantly the same: a rare quality! Such men are fit to rule the world, and, as far as I can see behind and before me, always have ruled it and always will.

Now we will leave reflections for business. Tell me, what said that generous open-hearted man, Prince Metternich? Stay; I hope you did not sit down with him at cards. He plays well; he wins many gold pieces in the year. Tell me, tell me; for if you have lost anything to him, any great matter, I will not send him the seven parrots in honour of the seven churches, nor the twelve monkeys (great and small) in honour of the holy apostles.

Miguel. Dear mother! he does not want parrots nor monkeys, and cares as little for the apostles as an Algerine or a Dutchman. I played with him, and, although he plays remarkably well, I won fifty louis of him.

Mother. Really! well; having made the vow, I must send the monkeys and parrots; they are dedicated and devoted, and I declared to the apostles my intention. Beside, I have a bird-of-paradise for his wife, stuffed with nutmegs, musk, and camphor, and with two rubies for the eyes. Listen! one is a garnet.

Do you happen to have the fifty louis about you, son Miguel?

Miguel. Dear mother! I reserve them as an offering to the archangel. He would be very angry to be treated worse than a dozen poor apostles, some of them not gentlemen by birth.

Mother. The archangel is high-minded: he cares little for money.

Miguel. A fine candelabrum would gratify him.

Mother. There is no room for another in his church.

Miguel. A new hilt to his sword . . .

Mother. Beware, child! People like best the sword they are longest used to handle: his hath a gloriously rich hilt to it, and there are many sapphires in it, rough and prominent, that make the grasp steady. He would not cut so well with another for some time.

Miguel. Mother! I must keep them; seriously I must, for another momentous service.

Mother. Another momentous service! is there any such beside the faith?

Miguel. When I was in England I was forced to ride out every day.

Mother. Have not you paid for your horse-hire?

Miguel. Horses were lent me.

Mother. How then?

Miguel. I have cracked my pantaloon, riding with the Duque do Duero and Conde Dudeli.

Mother. A very christian-like title is the Duque do Duero; is it one of ours, or Castilian?

Miguel. Do not you know the title?

Mother. I thought it had been extinct.

Miguel. Sweet mother! the Duque do Duero is an Englishman, the great captain that killed Don Napoleon da Buenaparte.

Mother. With his own hand?

Miguel. He unhorsed him, and his charger trampled the giant to death. I inquired, and heard it from those who saw it.

Mother. If he had killed the misbeliever with his own hand, I should have thought more highly of him: but that is no great matter which a horse can do best.

And who is the other, the Conde Dudeli, who did such signal mischief to your fork?

Miguel. I lived in his house, he being the first minister of state.

Mother. Did he treat you handsomely, my child?

Miguel. Handsomely, for a heretic. He gave me plenty of fish and eggs both Fridays and Saturdays. People say he has in his service one of the best cooks in England: yet you will laugh when you hear how he cooked things.

The eggs in England are not unlike ours. They have escaped the effects of what is miscalled the Reformation. Fish, I just now told you, they have in that country; but they are somewhat

deficient in the nobler species; no bonita, no dolphin; and porpoises and seals must be excessively dear, and the fishermen very inexpert in catching them, not a single slice having ever been offered to me at the best covered and most delicate table. They seem really to prefer the coarser kinds. The mayor of London sent, as a present to Conde Dudeli, a prodigious fish he called *sturgeon*; a sort of dog-fish, but of the mastiff breed, and uncontrollable by cookery. If veal could be twisted into the consistency of a cable, it would bear a distant resemblance to veal. My teeth are unexceptionable; but they carried off perforce a coil of it between every two. Fishes of this kind are said to be plentiful in Russia, and come pickled into England. Perhaps much of the deal timber, which bears a heavy duty in the port of London, is smuggled under the name of sturgeon.

Mother. Never hint it to them: let the knaves be cheated in the customs. Poor Miguel! so they reduced thee to eat chips, and shavings, and splinters, and blocks! What! nothing more delicate?

Miguel. I once was served with what I flattered myself were surely snails; but I found they were only oysters. Another time, when I fancied I had a fine cuttle-fish before me, they put me off with a sole.

Mother. Heretics! heretics! poor blind creatures! little better than Moors, Jews, and Freemasons!

Miguel. I have tasted in England eight or nine different kinds of soup; and vainly have I sounded the most promising of them for a single morsel of fat bacon or fresh pork.

Mother. Have they no chestnuts and acorns then? or are all the pigs kept to clean the streets?

Miguel. I do not know: but neither fat bacon nor lean ever enters their soup; nor does pork, nor sausage, nor heart, nor liver, nor cavear, nor vetch, nor gourd, nor oil, nor cheese.

Mother. Ha! ha! I see how it is. They must trade with some nations where cheese, and oil, and cavear, and gourd, and vetch, are always in great demand; and these they export for lucre. And perhaps their animals have no heart or liver within them. But sausage, and pork, and bacon . . Son Miguel! don't you smell something there? The English are Jews in disguise: I often thought as much. They won't have Virgin; they won't have Child; they won't have bacon.

Miguel. I did not say quite that. They eat swine-flesh: bacon has been brought to me at table: I have seen them eat it, though strangely.

Mother. With what forms and ceremonies?

Miguel. Little of those; for in the mere act of eating, they really are adepts, and very explicit.

Mother. How then? how then? I crack to hear.

Miguel. Boiled, actually boiled! hot, smoking hot! and served up whole!

Mother. Smoking a little, but put into ice, no doubt, to render it eatable, with the radishes, figs, shalots, chives, bean-pods, green almond-shells, liquorice, and stewed prunes.

Miguel. I never saw those with it, all the while I was in England; but I once observed it eaten with half-grown peas: and another time a minister of state was so preoccupied by stress of business, that he forgot there was chicken on his plate, and (as I live!) ate both together.

Mother. And they gave you neither stewed prunes nor figs with it! My son, they slighted you out of hatred to me, who always had an eye upon them which they never could bear. Ham before a queen's son in this naked fashion! And forsooth they talk about alliance!

Miguel. They often slighted me in the midst of magnificence, and apparently of hospitality. On my birthday, on the festival of our blessed saint and archangel Don Miguel, out of pretence of doing me honour a nobleman of high distinction invited his sons from a public school to dine with him in London. They did not indeed dine with him: and you will presently guess the reason. Their dinner was served up to them in another room: and you must be astonished when I declare to you that the principal dish contained a goose.

Mother. A what?

Miguel. A goose; and roasted. I do protest to you it smelt like a gang of reapers.

Mother. I was never in Galicia; I never saw any reapers.

Miguel. I have passed through them, crossing the roads in this our Portugal.

Mother. Ay, ay; we must have reapers from somewhere: it escaped me. How did the children chew and swallow such carrion? Plenty of raisins, I hope.

Miguel. Not a raisin!

Mother. Why! even a tender and delicate young fox-cub would require a sprinkling of raisins to subdue its domineering lusciousness. Geese are more unctuous than he. Foxes, I suspect, are no daintics when they have left mother's milk for field-mice, and moles, and poultry: but there is never a time when geese have this advantage. Birds, I think I have heard, are unaccustomed to suckle.

Miguel. On recollection, the children ate apple-sauce with their goose.

Mother. Ha, now! that really does come a step nearer Christianity.

Miguel. Once they placed the hinder quarter of a prodigious sheep directly opposite, with the least becoming part of its tail toward me.

Mother. Sheep! tail toward an Infante of Portugal! son of an Infanta of Spain. What, in the name of holy Mary! could a sheep or a tail do there?

Miguel. You will hardly believe me, when I tell you that the English, although they do not eat horse-flesh, yet eat mutton.

Mother. Of course the very lowest only.

Miguel. Not only the lowest, but marquises and bishops.

Mother. In time of scarcity.

Miguel. Latterly all times have been times of scarcity in that over-taxed and over-peopled country. These are the very words of one among the wisest in it; who told me, however, that even the rich in better times would eat mutton.

Mother. Privately, I presume.

Miguel. By degrees they have been brought to eat it openly, and even at great dinners.

Mother. Lord help 'em!

Miguel. I saw a whole quarter, weighing ten pounds at the least, at once upon the table; and the whole in one dish.

Mother. They must have vast cauldrons and furnaces.

Miguel. It was roasted.

Mother. How could it be? Have they any volcanoes in London? or do they cook such dishes at the cannon-foundry?

Miguel. They have no volcanoes in the capital, nor nearer than the county of Iceland.

Mother. You mean Ireland, son Miguel: I know they have a volcano there: priests report it.

Miguel. The rich families keep prodigious stores of carbon under-ground, and sell it to the poorer in hard seasons. Although, in our acceptation of the word, they are not cannibals, nor, strictly speaking, eat raw flesh, yet they only half-roast it: and the government of France came to an understanding with that of England, to give me half-roasted meat, and to serve it up so hot that it burned my mouth. Even the plates and dishes were hot. I think on recollection they once put the same slight upon me at Vienna. That indeed one could endure: one has only to wait a few minutes, and in cold weather the food would grow lukewarm and tractable. They do not cut it in pieces, nor separate it in any manner, before they begin to eat; but set about it voraciously, and as fast as a morsel is detached it is consumed. They have servants enough; they might surely have them taught to divide their meat for them. Already they do indeed cut slices from it at the side-board and hand them round. From the mutton I was mentioning I actually saw the blood follow the knife.

Mother. How! was it killed in the dining-room?

Miguel. No, in carving I saw it, and expected to hear a bleating. Another day there was a peacock served up at the second course, which even had the feathers on its head unsinged, and of as fine a purple as when it strutted on the grass. Involuntarily did I cover my waistcoat and cravat with my napkin and hold it up to my eyes; I feared so the sudden expansion of the tail.

Mother. What! had it the tail on too?

Miguel. Not within sight: I thought it might be concealed in the body: God knows what they did with it, unless they turned it into sauce. The following Thursday there was a young pig, whole, and almost alive. The dirty creatures did not disembowel it, and out came the entrails, with all it had eaten, and it looked in my face as if it squealed to me for protection. There were hares too with their ears on; whole hares! I do believe, though I would not assert it, they had even their teeth in their heads. Certainly they had been well-fed by the cook; their interiors were quite full, and I could smell the herbs they had eaten. They were polished on the outside like military boots, and had neither honey nor treacle, neither anise nor cinnamon, neither chocolate nor canary, neither pomegranate nor citron, neither elicampane nor angelica, neither chestnuts nor pistacchios, nor even fennel and pine-seeds about 'em.

Mother. Do the English take their sustenance by means of the mouth?

Miguel. Entirely, as I imagine; I never saw the contrary.

Mother. Unfortunate benighted souls! So little notion have they of Christianity, they can not even cook!

Miguel. You know they have not any oil, the produce of their county.

Mother. No?

Miguel. No olives.

Mother. Are you sure?

Miguel. Near London and Windsor I am ready to swear there is not one.

Mother. Not even in the king's park? God then has cursed the land.

Miguel. Perhaps toward Scotland there may be, and upon the hills that have the benefit of the sea-breezes.

Mother. No, child! no, no, no! I see how it is; I see it clearly. The Lord in his judgment and mercy has cursed the land of the Philistines.

Miguel. And, what is more, he takes away the flavour from all the oil that is imported, excepting the fish-oil, which he leaves them for encouragement to turn catholics, it always reminding them of the olive. As for theirs, I declare you could as easily taste fresh butter. They tell us it comes from Provence, a city in France: no wonder then, in the hands of Jacobins, it comes over mixed with water. They have indeed fish-oil in plenty.

Mother. But fish-oil, son Miguel, is good neither for body nor soul. Is not Count Dudeli rich enough to allow his wine and oil a seasonable time to mature in?

Miguel. The English use more wine than oil.

Mother. More wine than oil? Do they light the lamps in the churches with wine?

Miguel. I am informed they light none in those places.

Mother. They are bad enough; but don't believe that, son Miguel! God would take daylight from them for ever if they dared to put out his lamps.

But son Miguel, you seem no thinner than usual: you must have found something you could eat contentedly, and perhaps these dishes were invented for no other purpose than to excite your wonder: a sort of wit, ay?

Miguel. Lord Dudeli is a very witty man, and has many clever things of his own, ready both

for friends and strangers, and moreover is much enriched by succeeding to Don Jorge da Cannin, in whose office he found catalogues and strings of 'em, hanging on every peg for every occasion. He showed me the labels to several of these, in his Right Honourable predecessor's own hand; which labels I mistook for doctors' prescriptions, although the writing was clear and steady. I took down the words; here they are in my new pocket-book. "For gout: for gravel: for hernia: for asthma: for gun-shot wounds: for sabre-cuts: for ophthalmia."

I observed that a broad-nibbed pen had been drawn over the words, "for gout," and apparently with violence: that in very fine characters there was written under *hernia*, "employed in the house of commons with great success:" under *sabre-cuts* and *ophthalmia*, "a division in the house upon it . . Egypt . . Walcheren . . thought too like Will Wyndham's 'killed off.'"

Mother. Gibberish! gibberish! most wit is.

Miguel. His friends assured me that his wit upon these subjects was irresistible, and will immortalise him. But immortality, my confessor told me, is become so creaky and crazy, that he would not be tempted to buy an annuity upon it at three years' purchase. He demonstrated that true immortality in this world can only be given by the pope, and only when two centuries have elapsed after the burial, and when all but His Holiness have forgotten the deeds and existence of the defunct about to be beatified. One gentleman who was present, a good catholic too, begged to differ from him. He said he certainly had seen the foliage of plants between the leaves of books, and that they must have been there a hundred years; on which principle the great men in England contrive to get their names inserted in large well-shutting volumes, called biographical; and the most malignant detractor can not lug them out again. Beside, in the Treasury and Exchequer there are others peculiarly belonging to those offices, open for the Insurance of this said immortality, and whoever is minister receives a ticket gratis: that is, the people pay for it.

Lord Dudeli gave me one of these jests daily, five-and-twenty minutes after dinner; and once, with the assistance of his cook, a sharp and satirical one at the dinner itself, under a dish-cover.

Mother. Ha! cooks are great helps to great men in wit and pleasantry. What was it he said when he came in?

Miguel. He did not enter. It was Friday, and there were several kinds of fish at table; and knowing that I could eat little else, and observing that I had been helped to a slice of turbot, and had requested a trifle of asafœtida and a few lumps of sugar and a pinch of saffron and a radish and a dandelion, a servant brought me a lobster, well enough cut into pieces, but swimming, or bemired rather, in a semiliquid paste of flour and butter: and though he saw I had turbot before me, and had heard me call for oil and vinegar and grated goat-cheese, which a civiler valet had already brought, he bowed with the gravest face in the world, and offered me the two fish together, to say nothing of the butter. I took it ill, but sate silent. To appease my just resentment, the rest of the company did actually eat both at once, and some of them so heartily, it was evident they wished me to believe it is the custom of the country.

Mother. Fit punishment! though imposed by themselves. Strange uncivilised people! It may be however that this is their way of fasting: for they have some notions of religion, though erroneous and foolish.

Miguel. Mother, nothing can escape your sagacity and penetration: you are perfectly right. And now I remember another fast of theirs, kept in perverseness on Monday. Count Dudeli had partridges at table; and I observed that he took a piece of bread poultice, brought hot to him from a hospital, and ate it with the breast of the bird. The others thought to get offices under him by doing the same; and, although several did it, there was not one that was forced to leave the company; such strong stomachs have the English, however unfortified by saffron and asafœtida. I could say more upon this subject that would stagger the faith of a capuchin: but the capuchin would be glad to hear it.

Mother. So should I then.

Miguel. The English have a university at a city they call Oxford; city they call it, not knowing that cities must have walls, and custom-house officers at the gates. There is one college in that university, where a most singular and most abominable kind of penance is inflicted; and not only the members of that, but several in others, are condemned to eat, on certain days of the year, or perhaps on one day only (let us hope it!), what they call the *New-college pudding*. Mother! I dare not tell you of what material it is composed. They would alter the form at least, if they had any decency. I should be inaccurate if I called it inhuman: but how brandy or cinnamon or pimento, or drug of any kind, can enable men to swallow one morsel, is beyond my comprehension.

Mother. The English have strange notions in regard to what appeases the wrath of God. As for the court, I have always hated it. What baseness and avarice! not to make amends for the devastation of your raiment, occasioned by the backwardness of the people in the science of saddlery. Was there no pad, velvet or rabbit-skin?

Miguel. None, upon my life!

Mother. Was it then from a brass-nail that had lost its head, or from a corner of the board that had broken out behind?

Miguel. Neither: they have no nails whatsoever, nor boards of a hand's breadth, in their saddles.

Mother. Not even the nobles?

Miguel. Not even they.

Mother. The late war then has brought them down where they should be. So pressed for tim-

ber and stores, we have nothing to fear from 'em. Since we are resolved on a rupture, I see no better way than through your pantaloon. We will remonstrate: here is a fine opening; and much may come from it if properly handled. Should we engage in war, we must all contribute. The fifty pieces . . . Metternich would not lose fifty pieces for nothing.

Miguel. He did though.

Mother. Perhaps you saw him privately some time afterward.

Miguel. He told me that his head ached violently, from the vast exertion he had made in his unsuccesful and hopeless attempt at cards with me; and that until the present time he had thought himself a calculator.

Mother. How did he proceed to cure his headache? did he go to bed and cry *credo* three-times-three?

Miguel. He forgot to inform me.

Mother. It might not have done. I have a formulary: but none shall ever hear it: for God could never punish a drunkard or demagogue who might happen to pick it up and to carry it in his mouth. Perhaps on my death-bed . . . mind, I don't promise: I only said *perhaps.* I am liberal if you are. Now tell me about the clever Prince Metternich . . so clever that nobody knows what he would be at; and at last he deceives the wisest of us.

Miguel. When we were alone, he kissed my hand affectionately and humbly, and said that henceforward he could consider me in no other light than as king of Portugal and Algarve, and not so much in pursuance of the powers entrusted to me by my august brother . . .

Mother. August blockhead! my choler rises into my throat! The Constitutional mule! Miguel! Miguel! deserve the title of the *Most Faithful,* deserve to sit among the other kings of Europe, and dethrone the lamp-lighter. Did not Prince Metternich give you this counsel?

Miguel. In truth he did no such thing.

Mother. Pretty prince! fine counsellor! what is the man fit for? what did he say then?

Miguel. He said he did not consider me the true and worthy possessor of the Lusitanian sceptre so much from any regard to the appointment of Don Pedro, his Imperial Majesty of the Brazils, while there were restrictions upon me which his Imperial wisdom showed no disposition to remove . . .

Mother. What would you have? how could he speak more plainly or more sensibly, in diplomatic language? Proceed, proceed.

Miguel. As from the prodigious genius I had displayed in matters requiring . . . "pah! pah!" cried he, "no voice can express it. Such kings want no advisers; they are only impediments to the royal spirit. What a stroke will it be of your Majesty's, to raise or countenance a slight disturbance in Lisbon, whereby the English troops will be detained from assisting the insurgents and schismatics in Greece, and from oppressing the poor catholics in Armenia, and in the East and West Indies, and in Ireland and Sumatra."

Mother. He deserves the name he has acquired in Europe.

Miguel. Why so hard upon him, mother, all on a sudden?

Mother. Hard upon him! I say again he deserves it, for the clearness and rectitude of his views. In regard to the fifty pieces, they being the fruit of the gaming-table, might be placed by me in holier hands than those they came from, and may help to bring down on us the benediction of heaven. Being king, you can not want them.

Miguel. Mother, you always prevail: do with 'em as you please.

Mother. I will spend them in prayers to turn the hearts of the English. They have many things in common with us: I myself have seen them smoke cigars: they can play at cards, and even cheat: they can whistle, and almost dance. Having been baptized, they might be brought over to our doctrines, if God would have any thing to say to them after so long and obstinate a rebellion. Well, my son, you promise to take the oath to-morrow, and to cancel it the day following?

Miguel. Solemnly.

Mother. Jesu bless you then! and San Miguel remind him!

Here is a little list of names it may be as well to run over: some trifling fines from the proud and wealthy: a few imprisonments for those who are only heirs, longer or shorter in proportion to the ages of their fathers: very rare executions; thirty or forty, it may be, for those who bring the axe on their necks by having such stiff ones. Six or seven of the more obstinate regiments may be consigned in succession to dungeons, into which the water can enter as freely as the jailer; or into the holds of ships, in which it would puzzle a Dominican to determine whether the timber or the biscuits are fullest of worms.

Let us hear mass directly in the chapel. I am hungry; and dinner is ready at noon to a moment.

NICOLAS AND MICHEL.

Nicolas. Well, my brother! you have been among the frequenters of court and coffee-house more recently than I have; pray tell me what is the opinion, or rather, what are the opinions, of people in general on our march against Constantinople.

Michel. Brother, we were not educated on the principle of noticing the ideas of the powerless. Our policy has ever been invariable, whether in the hands of the intelligent or of the ignorant. The men who surrounded Catharine, who con-

versed with her, who corresponded with her, left behind them the mark of the axe at certain distances in the forest we are penetrating, and we have only to look over the chart and give directions.

Nicolas. Very true. Other states enjoy no such advantages: intrigue runs into intrigue; duplicity doubles upon duplicity; the cable too much twisted cuts itself, and the anchor lies flat along the sand. To undo the labours of a predecessor, and to denounce the fallacy or the folly of his projects, is the chief business of a prime minister in every other cabinet. Have you been able to find out nothing in regard to their sentiments?

Michel. If anything were in them I might have found it out. Gravity, honesty, fairness, unreservedness, reciprocity, and a sincere and disinterested love of peace and order, are in the eyes and upon the lips of all diplomatists. The King of England regards you as his brother; the King of France embraces you as his son; the Emperor of Austria rode side by side with your illustrious predecessor, whose views were the same as his, and he never will believe it possible that your Imperial Majesty, equally wise and magnanimous, can change one tittle. There are those who whisper the contrary, but none heeds them.

Nicolas. Palaces should have no whispering galleries, or they should be left to the women and pages. So, Francis says he is resolved not to believe what they tell him, and what he sees: well, I am the last man in the world who would shake his belief, seeing it firm and fitting.

Michel. He added, If his majesty the Autocrat of all the Russias had declared war against the Turk to protect the Greek a few years ago, while a million or two were living, such war perhaps might have had its plea and its abettors: but since in the whole of the Morea, in the whole scene of the war, there are not forty thousand adult males surviving, nor the same number of females of an age to reproduce them; since all the boys and girls in the country do not amount to thirty thousand; it surely requires a second thought, whether war should be lighted up in the centre of Europe for so minute an object. His Majesty the Emperor of Austria is himself of a different opinion: he has received positive information from indisputable authority, from eye-witnesses, that, such was the wretchedness of the Greeks, brought on them by their rebellion, many who never had fought, came forward in the line of march, and threw stones or even berries and grass at the Turks, that they might finish their existence less criminally than by suicide and less miserably than by famine.

Nicolas. Great God! is this true?

Michel. I asked the same question of the traveller; he saw it.

Nicolas. I am ashamed of my supineness. Merciful father of mankind, forgive me!

Michel. Many were driven mad by thirst and hunger, many by desperation, many by the sight of the last child carried off by the Arabs; and there was one, he was more frantic than the rest, but he was of briefer agony, who yet remembered the name of every hill and mountain he had seen or heard of, and called on each and on all to cover him; for he had caught his infant's breath as it left the body in his house, and had not dared to go forth and bury it with christian burial.

Nicolas. If these things were false they would have been said before. Wisdom and Truth are unwinged deities, and are less to be known by their features than by their tardiness and taciturnity. I might have died and have never known half the justice of my cause. Policy is a jealous and a selfish thing; and Honour is quite as jealous, quite as selfish. Here find we more than state-papers can enwrap, more than manifestoes dare make manifest. A million hearts shall heave these wrongs to God, a million swords shall avenge them. Are there men upon earth who dare commit them, and none to say "Ye shall not do it!" What! my brother of Austria talks of moderation and forbearance. Let him open the prisons of Mantua a few moments, not for pardon, not for remission, but only that the captive may see, looking close, whether his finger has inscribed on the slippery green wall the right year of our Lord in the right place, or one upon another, ten, eleven, twelve. Let him, in his imperial bounty and apostolic piety, add a mouthful of fresh air from the marsh, and a slip of sunshine that the dogs on the outside have done with; let him, freely and boldly; I will not protest against his encouragement of secret sects and novel opinions. He talks then of the centre of Europe, does he? My torch is in the extremity of it: he may decide whether I shall carry it to the centre. Our brother Alexander grew lazy and fond of pleasure: he deferred the declaration of hostilities too long. I know not whether his delay of them cost him his life or not: certain I am our nation would have risen in arms against him, and against me likewise, had our religion been longer oppressed, our honour insulted, our armies defied, and our treaties violated. Let any potentate in Europe give me an example of so just a war. The strongest of our arguments is, the declaration of our enemy that he was deceiving us with pacific protestations, and that he never intended to comply with the arbitration he recently had accepted and long solicited. I regret that it is impossible for a king or emperor to obtain the whole truth from any man, excepting some one perhaps in his own family; and this one is generally on the least friendly terms with him. My regret would, in my own particular case, have been the lighter, if you, my dear Michel, could have carried my wishes into execution, and could have conversed, at this crisis, on terms of equality and intimacy with intelligent and well-informed strangers.

Michel. While I was at Moscow I met an Englishman, who intended to travel through the empire, and to whom, on his presentation to me, I gave all the facilities I could.

Nicolas. Are you sure he is not a spy?

Michel. If he is, I shall have a better opinion of his government than it ever has deserved in the memory of man. It has employed in no department, from the lowest to the highest, a functionary of equal perspicacity. He had left Constantinople about two months, and he confirmed to me the news that the Duke of Wellington has placed himself at the head of the administration.

Nicolas. I know not whether this event is at all unfavourable to me. It must be regarded in two points of view. During the war, while he held the command of the army, he showed the light of his countenance to those officers only whose families were strong in parliamentary interest: whether he did this according to orders from the ministry, or with private and remoter views, is at present no subject for inquiry. He must now make the fortunes of his military supporters, and not only of those, but of the new generation, their sons and nephews, who were children at the close of hostilities. These must be provided for; and war is the only means: such is the system of government in England. But England, who suffers more by beating than by being beaten, is, relatively to the other states of Europe, less powerful than she ever was; and nothing but invasion or madness could incite her, for the next half century, to take up arms. The slower the nation is, the readier will be the aristocracy, which must now become all-powerful. Popular power and popular feeling are odious to the Duke of Wellington; and he has exercised his usual judgment in seizing the moment when both are at the lowest. The few persons in the House of Commons on whom the country had any reliance, have abandoned the hopeless cause, and have made their patriotism very palatable. We may safely admit them to kiss our hands, when the pages have removed our hats and gloves from the antechamber. I had persuaded Mr. Canning to join with France in sending troops against Ibrahim. Everything was ready: the two nations would have quarrelled within six weeks. England, it must be confessed, never, in these last fifty years, had a minister so prudent and wary in continental politics as Wellington. He foresees the consequences of such a step; and, not only from hatred of the Greeks and their adherents, but from sound policy, will keep his troops away. The French are impetuous and thoughtless; they may invade the Morea, not with the design of aiding the insurgents, nor with the hope of holding the country, and thus rendering the Seven Isles of no utility to England, but in order to exchange it for Crete or Cyprus. I was unable to avert the war: I was unwilling to defer it: nor indeed could any time be more favourable for my operations, unless it should be two years hence, when the Duke of Wellington may be called to settle things upon a durable basis. The French government and I must let him have a war: the best plan will be to draw lots which shall gratify him. One or other must do it; else things in England can not go on quietly, and the aristocracy will be little better than the higher classes of the people.

Michel. The Turks appear to be more angry both with France and England than with us.

Nicolas. A sense of indignity is stronger among the Turks than among any other nation upon earth. From me they expected open war, and have it: from France and England they expected protection, and experience perfidy. To me they would rather open the gates of Constantinople, than to them the harbour of Navarino.

Let me hear the remarks of the traveller.

Michel. Before the troops began to march, he waited on the governor of Moscow with a plan of operations.

Nicolas. Depend upon it, he is a spy then. How the English are changed! The French Revolution has altered the French but little, the English totally. The Gallic twigs shook and bent and lost some leaves, but rose up again in the same direction, resumed the same form, and displayed the same fruits and foliage. Whatever was light and worthless in France seems to have been blown across the Channel, and to have taken root in England. I do not complain of military government; an excellent thing, temperately used; but I little apprehended that the English would so readily submit to it.

Michel. Something of this occurred to the traveller, who remarked that the condition of England is at present what the condition of France was at the dissolution of the Directory. Stockjobbers ruled: persons of the highest rank visited and courted them: they were raised to dignities above the defenders of the nation. The only sign of prosperity was the profusion and waste of public money. Where the taxes are enormous, said he, nobody cares who rules, or how he rules. The distress of families, penury, want, are directly and in themselves but minor evils: worse are the prostration of public honour, the prostitution of private dignity, contempt of old usages, indifference to improvement, hopelessness at last and apathy, even in those who would have given their lives to their country.

Nicolas. Spies often talk in this florid way.

Michel. When your Majesty sees the whole plan, you may think differently of the author.

Nicolas. Do you recollect it.

Michel. Yes, together with what he said to me politically.

Nicolas. I will not again interrupt you; let me hear it.

Michel. These were nearly his words.

Ere you attempt to carry a plan into execution, you must not only look toward the road before you, but sometimes on each side and behind. Russia no doubt is in good intelligence with Sweden and Prussia, whose interest it is at all times to be in harmony with her.

Nicolas. He speaks wisely: if he is not a spy, he ought at least to be a privy counsellor.

Michel. The better to ensure the friendship and co-operation of Sweden, I would resign to

her, said he, that portion of Finland which was last detached from her, together with the whole of Lapland, on condition that she supply to me her maritime force during eight months, the Emperor paying the seamen and provisioning. The king of Sweden is ambitious of possessing the entire peninsula; and what is proposed to be ceded is worth little to Russia.

I hardly dare mention what he added.

Nicolas. Speak plainly, my dear brother: he appears no fool.

Michel. He observed that the French nation is in an indescribable degree attached to the Polander; and that, not only throughout France, but equally throughout Germany, the sentiment is prevalent and universal. He recommended that, until the capture of Constantinople, no direct answer should be given to foreign ministers; that nothing should be said further than His Imperial Majesty, having shown a forbearance from hostilities unexampled in the history of any powerful nation, is resolved to show a disinterestedness yet more remarkable, and to make such cessions of conquest as will not only satisfy but astonish Europe.

Nicolas. What can he mean?

Michel. That your Majesty will grant to Mehemet Ali the possession of Syria, Arabia, Cyprus, Egypt, and Mauritania, the Euphrates being the boundary on the East in its whole extent. I may now revert to Poland?

Nicolas. Now indeed you may.

Michel. He recommends that your Majesty should cede to the king of Prussia, to be governed by his second son and the heirs of that prince, the provinces of Varsavia, Grodno, Minsk, and Volhynia, on condition that Prussia joins to it all her possessions on the right of the Vistula, and whatever she retains of ancient Poland on the left; and furthermore that Austria restores Gallicia. This compact, he says, would be disadvantageous to Prussia, unless you erected in her favour a kingdom of Dalmatia, adding to it Croatia, Bosnia, Servia, and Albania, and bounding it by the river Verdar in Macedonia, and by the ridges of Olympus.

Nicolas. What would Austria say?

Michel. He proposes that the favourite plan of Austria should be executed; though not exactly in her manner. He would allow to the Archdukes of Austria the whole of Italy, which would quietly and gladly submit to them if constitutions were granted. The Duke of Modena is detested for his avarice, his treachery, his cowardice, and his cruelty: the King of Sardinia is unpopular; his heir is distrusted and despised alike by the prince and people; and he would think himself fortunate to possess the island. What the Switzers hold in Lombardy may be recovered by payment of the money for which it was pledged. All that country, all the country from the torrent at Nervi, near Genoa, to the source of the Trebia and to the mouth of the Po, should constitute one kingdom for an archduke: another should possess the kingdom of Adria, from the mouth of the Po to the Gulf of Taranto, bounded by the Apennines on the west. The kingdom of Etruria should extend from the bridge of Nervi to the Tiber, and follow the Teverone to its source. The city of Rome, within the walls, might be the Pope's.

Nicolas. But the kingdom of Naples, must it be ceded to an archduke? would France and Spain consent to it?

Michel. Sicily is more than enough, he thinks, for kings hardly on a level either in intellect or information with the wretchedest and most sordid on the Atlantic coast of Africa. He supposes that Russia, Prussia, Austria, Sweden, and England, are unanimous. France and Spain have nearer interests, and may be called home if they stir. By these arrangements, the families of the Emperor of Austria and King of France would govern a larger population in Europe than your Majesty, and England a larger in Asia. What right or reason then has anyone of them to complain of an undue weight in the balance? Russia would be surrounded by states incapable of molesting her; while Austria would be well indemnified for a narrow and barren coast, easily to be taken from her in the first war with Russia or with France.

Nicolas. I may abstain from seizing all I could seize; but I do not like to give up anything I possess.

Michel. An objection foreseen by the traveller, who adduced many proofs of shortsightedness in politicians from what he called this distemper.

Nicolas. Will others do it if I do?

Michel. Again his very words! This reflection, he said, throws a damp on nearly all generosity, and stints the higher growth to the standard of the lower. *Will others do it if I do?* blights more good than takes growth: and, *If I do not, others will,* prompts to more evil than is allowed to lie inert.

Nicolas. Plausible! there is something in him. What were his military views?

Michel. Principally, to follow the march of Cesarini: to secure a strong position or two on the right bank of the Danube: to be perfectly sure that the governor of Servia is in your interest; and to render him completely so, by granting him the government for life: by no means to invade that country, or any part of Bosnia, or more of Bulgaria than the frontiers: to seize or blockade every port and roadstead, and to occupy or observe all the stronger of the positions, from the mouths of the Danube to the canal of Constantinople. For this purpose in particular the Swedish fleet is desirable. The expense, which may appear to be greater than of forces equally numerous that march by land, is much less. The roads of the sea are not to be broken up by the enemy's pioneers: the cattle, safely stored in the small compass of barrels, are not to be driven off: ambuscades there are none here: horses are not left behind for want of provender, for want of shoes,

for wounds, or for diseases.* Battering trains do not here consume what would almost be sufficient for the sustenance of the armies: and the broken carriages of abandoned cannon do not impede the passage of the troops. In attempting to penetrate the mountains of Balkan, in which many thousand soldiers must perish, a part only of the provisions can accompany the army; and the enemy will have daily opportunities of attacking it with advantage. He may delay it throughout the months of July and August, when the plains are burnt up, and neither provender nor water can be procured sufficiently. Fevers too will be prevalent among you; and certainly not a third of your forces can be brought, after those months and that march, against Constantinople. Coast the Black Sea, with successive armies and incessant debarcations. Water and provisions of every kind may partly be found and partly imported: places may be taken as there are opportunities, without any great care whether in order or not. Perhaps it might be more advantageous to take Sisepoli before Varna, since it would impede the provisioning both of Varna and of Bourgas. Neither Rudshuk nor Silistria need be besieged: every place lower than Silistria should be occupied by gun-boats.

Nicolas. We must go regularly to work: we must take the strong places along the Danube.

Michel. The stranger thinks differently, for this reason. In the strong places great magazines are formed, and they are well garnished with cannon; but the Turks have few waggons, few tumbrils, few beasts of burden in them; and those in the country will be seized by our Cossacks, as well as the grain, the straw, and the hay. So there is no danger of their rising in the rear of you; and, were it possible, you have always a force equal to theirs, in readiness to occupy the positions.

Nicolas. The distance is greater by the Black Sea.

Michel. Somewhat: but the march is to be performed in less time. You have always one flank protected: you have always fresh food; you have always fresh water; you have wine, brandy, medicines, iron, wood: you have, instead of heat and dust and suffocation, temperate and salubrious breezes: you have frequent and commodious places for halting, and, what always should be well considered, readier and less painful means of carrying off the sick and wounded. You never need fight unless where your fleet and gun-boats can co-operate. Quantities of projectiles to any amount may attend the army. If such as have lately been invented are employed by your forces, undiminished and healthy as they would be, Constantinople can not resist forty hours, and must fall before the end of August. The city will blaze in all quarters, partly from your fire against it, partly from the indignation of the Janisaries and their adherents, and partly from the revenge of the Armenians and Greeks. Your Majesty will then enjoy the opportunity of bestowing a forfeited empire on an inveterate enemy. By the cession of all his European dominions to you, any part of them which may be occupied by another must be evacuated and restored. By your concession of the rest, Barbary will be no longer a scourge and disgrace to the maritime powers of Europe. Mehemet may reign in Damascus or Alexandria, possessing a territory larger than France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, and the British Isles, united, and capable with proper management of supporting more inhabitants than the whole number of his present subjects.

Nicolas. In good truth, Michel, I do not fear any power in Europe. Austria may molest me: I can ruin her. One blow, one treacherous act, and I cast a firebrand into Italy, and another into Hungary, which the world upon it could not extinguish. France here would not oppose me. Who would then? The season is hot, the wood dry; a spark is enough: I would rather not blow it, lest the blaze extend too far, and the wind carry it back again toward me. There is not a government in Europe, among the greater, which a touch on the exterior might not overturn. Some are laden so heavily with debt they can not keep afloat; others swell with gross affronts; and others agonise with broken promises. Then, between ourselves, the rulers are fools and scoundrels, and I begin to suspect such characters are going out of repute.

Did the traveller say anything of his own country?

Michel. England, he said, is strong in self-defence: but, added he, if her minister had influence enough to bring about a war, the people would refuse to pay the taxes. You and she never need come in contact: you may injure each other's prosperity; you can not shake each other's power. Let France play with the Greeks until she fall asleep upon them: it is the business of England, who ought to have retained her conquest, to beware that France does not again take Egypt. Let England watch her: do you rather encourage and flatter than perplex her.

Such was the opinion of the imaginary spy.

Nicolas. Send him to me: I will give him an audience and a star, admit him as a privy councillor, and appoint him to a post on the Caspian.

Michel. I offered him my recommendations: he declined them gravely and respectfully, giving me his reason.

Nicolas. What was it?

Michel. He said that, having lately been conversant with Sophocles and Plato, he entertained the best-founded hopes, in case of a maritime war, he should be nominated, on some vacancy, as worthy of bearing His Britannic Majesty's commission of purser to a fire-ship.

* This was published seventeen months before the passing of the Balkan, and the loss of 10,000 horses and oxen.

LEOFRIC AND GODIVA.

Godiva. There is a dearth in the land, my sweet Leofric! Remember how many weeks of drought we have had, even in the deep pastures of Leicestershire; and how many Sundays we have heard the same prayers for rain, and supplications that it would please the Lord in his mercy to turn aside his anger from the poor pining cattle. You, my dear husband, have imprisoned more than one malefactor for leaving his dead ox in the public way; and other hinds have fled before you out of the traces, in which they and their sons and their daughters, and haply their old fathers and mothers, were dragging the abandoned wain homeward. Although we were accompanied by many brave spearmen and skilful archers, it was perilous to pass the creatures which the farm-yard dogs, driven from the hearth by the poverty of their masters, were tearing and devouring; while others, bitten and lamed, filled the air either with long and deep howls or sharp and quick barkings, as they struggled with hunger and feebleness or were exasperated by heat and pain. Nor could the thyme from the heath, nor the bruised branches of the fir-tree, extinguish or abate the foul odour.

Leofric. And now, Godiva my darling, thou art afraid we should be eaten up before we enter the gates of Coventry; or perchance that in the gardens there are no roses to greet thee, no sweet herbs for thy mat and pillow.

Godiva. Leofric, I have no such fears. This is the month of roses: I find them everywhere since my blessed marriage: they, and all other sweet herbs, I know not why, seem to greet me wherever I look at them, as though they knew and expected me. Surely they can not feel that I am fond of them.

Leofric. O light laughing simpleton! But what wouldst thou? I came not hither to pray; and yet if praying would satisfy thee, or remove the drought, I would ride up straightway to Saint Michael's and pray until morning.

Godiva. I would do the same, O Leofric! but God hath turned away his ear from holier lips than mine. Would my own dear husband hear me, if I implored him for what is easier to accomplish? what he can do like God.

Leofric. How! what is it?

Godiva. I would not, in the first hurry of your wrath, appeal to you, my loving lord, in behalf of these unhappy men who have offended you.

Leofric. Unhappy! is that all?

Godiva. Unhappy they must surely be, to have offended you so grievously. What a soft air breathes over us! how quiet and serene and still an evening! how calm are the heavens and the earth! shall none enjoy them? not even we, my Leofric! The sun is ready to set: let it never set, O Leofric, on your anger. These are not my words; they are better than mine; should they lose their virtue from my unworthiness in uttering them!

Leofric. Godiva, wouldst thou plead to me for rebels?

Godiva. They have then drawn the sword against you! Indeed I knew it not.

Leofric. They have omitted to send me my dues, established by my ancestors, well knowing of our nuptials, and of the charges and festivities they require, and that in a season of such scarcity my own lands are insufficient.

Godiva. If they were starving as they said they were . . .

Leofric. Must I starve too? Is it not enough to lose my vassals?

Godiva. Enough! O God! too much! too much! may you never lose them! Give them life, peace, comfort, contentment. There are those among them who kissed me in my infancy, and who blessed me at the baptismal font. Leofric, Leofric! the first old man I meet I shall think is one of those; and I shall think on the blessing he gave, and (ah me!) on the blessing I bring back to him. My heart will bleed, will burst . . and he will weep at it! he will weep, poor soul! for the wife of a cruel lord who denounces vengeance on him, who carries death into his family.

Leofric. We must hold solemn festivals.

Godiva. We must indeed.

Leofric. Well then.

Godiva. Is the clamorousness that succeeds the death of God's dumb creatures, are crowded halls, are slaughtered cattle, festivals? are maddening songs and giddy dances, and hireling praises from party-coloured coats? Can the voice of a minstrel tell us better things of ourselves than our own internal one might tell us; or can his breath make our breath softer in sleep? O my beloved! let everything be a joyance to us: it will, if we will. Sad is the day, and worse must follow, when we hear the blackbird in the garden and do not throb with joy. But, Leofric, the high festival is strown by the servant of God upon the heart of man. It is gladness, it is thanksgiving; it is the orphan, the starveling, pressed to the bosom, and bidden as its first commandment to remember its benefactor. We will hold this festival; the guests are ready: we may keep it up for weeks, and months, and years together, and always be the happier and the richer for it. The beverage of this feast, O Leofric, is sweeter than bee or flower or vine can give us: it flows from heaven; and in heaven will it abundantly be poured out again, to him who pours it out here unsparingly.

Leofric. Thou art wild.

Godiva. I have indeed lost myself. Some Power, some good kind Power, melts me (body and soul and voice) into tenderness and love. O, my husband, we must obey it. Look upon me! look upon me! lift your sweet eyes from the ground! I will not cease to supplicate; I dare not.

Leofric. We may think upon it.

Godiva. Never say that! What! think upon goodness when you can be good? Let not the infants cry for sustenance! The mother of our blessed Lord will hear them; us never, never afterward.

Leofric. Here comes the bishop: we are but one mile from the walls. Why dismountest thou? no bishop can expect it. Godiva! my honour and rank among men are humbled by this: Earl Godwin will hear of it: up! up! the bishop hath seen it: he urgeth his horse onward: dost thou not hear him now upon the solid turf behind thee?

Godiva. Never, no, never will I rise, O Leofric, until you remit this most impious tax, this tax on hard labour, on hard life.

Leofric. Turn round: look how the fat nag canters, as to the tune of a sinner's psalm, slow and hard-breathing. What reason or right can the people have to complain, while their bishop's steed is so sleek and well caparisoned? Inclination to change, desire to abolish old usages . . . Up! up! for shame! They shall smart for it, idlers! Sir bishop, I must blush for my young bride.

Godiva. My husband, my husband! will you pardon the city?

Leofric. Sir bishop! I could not think you would have seen her in this plight. Will I pardon? yea, Godiva, by the holy rood, will I pardon the city, when thou ridest naked at noontide through the streets.

Godiva. O my dear cruel Leofric, where is the heart you gave me! It was not so! can mine have hardened it!

Bishop. Earl, thou abashest thy spouse; she turneth pale and weepeth. Lady Godiva, peace be with thee.

Godiva. Thanks, holy man! peace will be with me when peace is with your city. Did you hear my lord's cruel word?

Bishop. I did, lady.

Godiva. Will you remember it, and pray against it?

Bishop. Wilt *thou* forget it, daughter?

Godiva. I am not offended.

Bishop. Angel of peace and purity!

Godiva. But treasure it up in your heart: deem it an incense, good only when it is consumed and spent, ascending with prayer and sacrifice. And now what was it?

Bishop. Christ save us! that he will pardon the city when thou ridest naked through the streets at noon.

Godiva. Did he not swear an oath?

Bishop. He sware by the holy rood.

Godiva. My Redeemer! thou hast heard it! save the city!

Leofric. We are now upon the beginning of the pavement: these are the suburbs: let us think of feasting: we may pray afterward: to-morrow we shall rest.

Godiva. No judgments then to-morrow, Leofric?

Leofric. None: we will carouse.

Godiva. The saints of heaven have given me strength and confidence: my prayers are heard: the heart of my beloved is now softened.

Leofric. (aside). Ay, ay . . they shall smart though.

Godiva. Say, dearest Leofric, is there indeed no other hope, no other mediation?

Leofric. I have sworn: beside, thou hast made me redden and turn my face away from thee, and all the knaves have seen it: this adds to the city's crime.

Godiva. I have blushed too, Leofric, and was not rash nor obdurate.

Leofric. But thou, my sweetest, art given to blushing; there is no conquering it in thee. I wish thou hadst not alighted so hastily and roughly: it hath shaken down a sheaf of thy hair: take heed thou sit not upon it, lest it anguish thee. Well done! it mingleth now sweetly with the cloth of gold upon the saddle, running here and there, as if it had life and faculties and business, and were working thereupon some newer and cunninger device. O my beauteous Eve! there is a Paradise about thee! the world is refreshed as thou movest and breathest on it. I can not see or think of evil where thou art. I could throw my arms even here about thee. No signs for me! no shaking of sunbeams! no reproof or frown or wonderment . . . I *will* say it . . . now then for worse . . . I could close with my kisses thy half-open lips, ay, and those lovely and loving eyes, before the people.

Godiva. To-morrow you shall kiss me, and they shall bless you for it. I shall be very pale, for to-night I must fast and pray.

Leofric. I do not hear thee; the voices of the folk are so loud under this archway.

Godiva (to herself). God help them! good kind souls! I hope they will not crowd about me so to-morrow. O Leofric! could my name be forgotten! and yours alone remembered! But perhaps my innocence may save me from reproach! and how many as innocent are in fear and famine! No eye will open on me but fresh from tears. What a young mother for so large a family! Shall my youth harm me! Under God's hand it gives me courage. Ah, when will the morning come! ah, when will the noon be over!

The story of Godiva, at one of whose festivals or fairs I was present in my boyhood, has always much interested me; and I wrote a poem on it, sitting, I remember, by the *square pool* at Rugby. When I showed it to the friend in whom I had most confidence, he began to scoff at the subject; and on his reaching the last line, his laughter was loud and immoderate. This conversation has brought both laughter and stanza back to me, and the earnestness with which I entreated and implored my friend *not to tell the lads;* so heart-strickenly and desperately was I ashamed. The verses are these, if anyone else should wish another laugh at me.

In every hour, in every mood,
O lady, it is sweet and good
To bathe the soul in prayer,
And, at the close of such a day,
When we have ceased to bless and pray,
To dream on thy long hair.

May the peppermint be still growing on the bank in that place!—W. S. L.

WALTON, COTTON AND OLDWAYS.

Walton. God be with thee and preserve thee, old Ashbourne! thou art verily the pleasantest place upon his earth, I mean from May-day till Michaelmas. Son Cotton, let us tarry a little here upon the bridge. Did you ever see greener meadows than these on either hand? And what says that fine lofty spire upon the left, a trowling-line's cast from us? It says methinks, "Blessed be the Lord for this bounty: come hither and repeat it beside me." How my jade winces! I wish the strawberry-spotted trout, and ash-coloured grayling under us, had the bree that plagues thee so, my merry wench! Look, my son, at the great venerable house opposite. You know these parts as well as I do, or better; are you acquainted with the worthy who lives over there?

Cotton. I can not say I am.

Walton. You shall be then. He has resided here forty-five years, and knew intimately our good Doctor Donne, and (I hear) hath some of his verses, written when he was a stripling or little better, the which we come after.

Cotton. That, I imagine, must be he! the man in black, walking above the house.

Walton. Truly said on both counts. Willy Oldways; sure enough; and he doth walk above his house-top. The gardens here, you observe, overhang the streets.

Cotton. Ashbourne, to my mind, is the prettiest town in England.

Walton. And there is nowhere between Trent and Tweed a sweeter stream for the trout, I do assure you, than the one our horses are bestriding. Those in my opinion were very wise men who consecrated certain streams to the Muses: I know not whether I can say so much of those who added the mountains. Whenever I am beside a river or rivulet on a sunny day, and think a little while, and let images warm into life about me, and joyous sounds increase and multiply in their innocence, the sun looks brighter and feels warmer, and I am readier to live, and less unready to die.

Son Cotton! these light idle brooks,
Peeping into so many nooks,
Yet have not for their idlest wave
The leisure you may think they have:
No, not the little ones that run
And hide behind the first big stone,
When they have squirted in the eye
Of their next neighbour passing by;
Nor yonder curly sideling fellow
Of tones than Pan's own flute more mellow,
Who learns his tune and tries it over
As girl who fain would please her lover.
Something has each of them to say,
He says it and then runs away,
And says it in another place,
Continuing the unthrifty chase.
We have as many tales to tell,
And look as gay and run as well,
But leave another to pursue
What we had promised we would do,
Till in the order God has fated,
One after one precipitated,
Whether we *would* on, or would *not* on,
Just like these idle waves, son Cotton!

And now I have taken you by surprise, I will have (finished or unfinished) the verses you snatched out of my hand, and promised me another time, when you awoke this morning.

Cotton. If you must have them, here they are.

Walton (reads).

Rocks under Okeover park-paling
Better than Ashbourne suit the grayling.
Reckless of people springs the trout,
Tossing his vacant head about,
And his distinction-stars, as one
Not to be touched but looked upon,
And smirks askance, as who should say
"I 'd lay now (if I e'er *did* lay)
"The brightest fly that shines above,
"You know not what *I'm* thinking of;
"What *you* are, I can plainly tell,
"And so, my gentles, fare ye well!"

Heigh! heigh! what have we here? a double hook with a bait upon each side. Faith! son Cotton, if my friend Oldways had seen these, not the verses I have been reading, but these others I have run over in silence, he would have reproved me, in his mild amicable way, for my friendship with one who, at two-and-twenty, could either know so much or invent so much about a girl. He remarked to me, the last time we met, that our climate was more backward and our youth more forward than anciently; and, taking out a newspaper from under the cushion of his arm-chair, showed me a paragraph, with a cross in red ink, and seven or eight marks of admiration, some on one side, some on the other, in which there was mention made of a female servant, who, hardly seventeen years old, charged her master's son, who was barely two older . . .

Cotton. Nonsense! nonsense! impossible!

Walton. Why, he himself seemed to express a doubt; for beneath was written, "Qu: if perjured . . which God forbid! May all turn out to his glory!"

Cotton. But really I do not recollect that paper of mine, if mine it be, which appears to have stuck against the Okeover-paling lines.

Walton. Look! they are both on the same scrap. Truly, son, there are girls here and there who might have said as much as thou, their proctor hast indited for them: they have such froward tongues in their heads, some of them. A breath keeps them in motion, like a Jew's harp, God knows how long. If you do not or will not recollect the verses on this indorsement, I will read them again, and aloud.

Cotton. Pray do not baulk your fancy.

Walton (*reads*).

> Where 's my apron? I will gather
> Daffodils and kingcups, rather
> Than have fifty silly souls,
> False as cats and dull as owls,
> Looking up into my eyes
> And half-blinding me with sighs.

Cats, forsooth! *Owls*, and cry you mercy! Have they no better words than those for civil people? Did any young woman really use the expressions, bating the metre, or can you have contrived them out of pure likelihood?

Cotton. I will not gratify your curiosity at present.

Walton. Anon then.

> Here I stretch myself along,
> Tell a tale or sing a song,
> By my cousin Sue or Bet . .
> And for dinner here I get
> Strawberries, curds, or what I please,
> With my bread upon my knees;
> And when I have had enough,
> Shake, and off to *blindman's buff*.

Spoken in the character of a maiden, it seems, who little knows, in her innocence, that *blind man's buff* is a perilous game.

You are looking, I perceive, from off the streamlet toward the church. In its chancel lie the first and last of the Cockaynes. Whole races of men have been exterminated by war and pestilence; families and names have slipped down and lost themselves by slow and imperceptible decay; but I doubt whether any breed of fish, with heron and otter and angler in pursuit of it, hath been extinguished since the Heptarchy. They might humble our pride a whit, methinks, though they hold their tongues. The people here entertain a strange prejudice against the *nine-eyes*.

Cotton. What, in the name of wonder, is that?

Walton. At your years do not you know? It is a tiny kind of lamprey, a finger long; it sticketh to the stones by its sucker, and if you are not warier and more knowing than folks in general from the south, you might take it for a weed; it wriggles its whole body to and fro so regularly, and is of that dark colour which subaqueous weeds are often of, as though they were wet through, which they are not any more than land-weeds, if one may believe young Doctor Plott, who told me so in confidence.

Hold my mare, son Cotton. I will try whether my whip can reach the window, when I have mounted the bank.

Cotton. Curious! the middle of a street to be lower than the side by several feet. People would not believe it in London or Hull.

Walton. Ho! lass! tell the good parson, your master, or his wife if she be nearer at hand, that two friends would dine with him; Charles Cotton, kinsman of Mistress Cotton of the Peak, and his humble servant Izaac Walton.

Girl. If you are come, gentles, to dine with my master, I will make another kidney-pudding first, while I am about it, and then tell him: not but we have enough and to spare, yet master and mistress love to see plenty, and to welcome with no such peacods as words.

Walton. Go, thou hearty jade, trip it, and tell him.

Cotton. I will answer for it, thy friend is a good soul: I perceive it in the heartiness and alacrity of the wench. She glories in his hospitality, and it renders her labour a delight.

Walton. He wants nothing, yet he keeps the grammar-school, and is ready to receive, as private tutor, any young gentleman in preparation for Oxford or Cambridge; but only one. They live like princes, converse like friends, and part like lovers.*

Cotton. Here he comes: I never saw such a profusion of snow-white hair.

Walton. Let us go up and meet him.

Oldways. Welcome, my friends! will you walk back into the house or sit awhile in the shade here?

Walton. We will sit down in the grass, on each side of your arm-chair, good master William. Why, how is this? here are tulips and other flowers by the thousand growing out of the turf. You are all of a piece, my sunny saint; you are always concealing the best things about you, except your counsel, your raisin-wine, and your money.

Oldways. The garden was once divided by borders: a young gentleman, my private pupil, was fond of leaping: his heels ruined my choicest flowers, ten or twenty at a time. I remonstrated: he patted me on the shoulder, and said, "My dear Mr. Oldways, in these borders if you miss a flower you are uneasy; now, if the whole garden were in turf, you would be delighted to discover one. Turf it then, and leave the flowers to grow or not to grow, as may happen." I mentioned it to my wife: "Suppose we do," said she. It was done; and the boy's remark, I have found by experience, is true.

Walton. You have some very nice flies about the trees here, friend Oldways. Charles, do prythee lay thy hand upon that green one. He has it! he has it! bravely done, upon my life! I never saw anything achieved so admirably . . not a wing nor an antenna the worse for it. Put him into this box. Thou art caught, but shalt catch others: lie softly.

Cotton. The transport of dad Walton will carry him off (I would lay a wager) from the object of his ride.

Oldways. What was that, sir?

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* I pay this tribute to my worthy old tutor, Mr. Langley of Ashbourne, under whose tuition I passed a year between Rugby and Oxford. He would take only one private pupil, and never had but me. The kindness of him and his wife to me was parental. They died nearly together; about five-and-twenty years ago. Never was a youth blest with three such indulgent and affectionate private-tutors as I was; before by the elegant and generous Doctor John Sleath at Rugby, and after by the saintly Benwell at Oxford.—W. S. L.

Cotton. Old Donne, I suspect, is nothing to such a fly.

Walton. All things in their season.

Cotton. Come, I carried the rods in my hand all the way.

Oldways. I never could have believed, master Izaac, that you would have trusted your tackle out of your own hand.

Walton. Without cogent reason, no indeed: but . . let me whisper.

I told youngster it was because I carried a hunting-whip, and could not hold that and rod too. But why did I carry it, bethink you?

Oldways. I can not guess.

Walton. I must come behind your chair and whisper softlier. I have that in my pocket which might make the dogs inquisitive and troublesome . . a rare paste, of my own invention. When son Cotton sees me draw up gill after gill, and he can do nothing, he will respect me: not that I have to complain of him as yet: and he shall know the whole at supper, after the first day's sport.

Cotton. Have you asked?

Walton. Anon: have patience.

Cotton. Will no reminding do? Not a rod or line, or fly of any colour, false or true, shall you have, dad Izaac, before you have made to our kind host here your intended application.

Oldways. No ceremony with me, I desire. Speak and have.

Walton. Oldways, I think you were curate to master Donne?

Oldways. When I was first in holy orders, and he was ready for another world.

Walton. I have heard it reported that you have some of his earlier poetry.

Oldways. I have (I believe) a trifle or two: but if he were living he would not wish them to see the light.

Walton. Why not? he had nothing to fear: his fame was established; and he was a discreet and holy man.

Oldways. He was almost in his boyhood when he wrote it, being but in his twenty-third year, and subject to fits of love.

Cotton. This passion then can not have had for its object the daughter of Sir George More, whom he saw not until afterward.

Oldways. No, nor was that worthy lady called Margaret, as was this, who scattered so many pearls in his path, he was wont to say, that he trod uneasily on them and could never skip them.

Walton. Let us look at them in his poetry.

Oldways. I know not whether he would consent thereto, were he living, the lines running so totally on the amorous.

Walton. Faith and troth! we mortals are odd fishes. We care not how many see us in choler, when we rave and bluster and make as much noise and bustle as we can: but if the kindest and most generous affection comes across us, we suppress every sign of it, and hide ourselves in nooks and coverts. Out with the drawer, my dear Oldways; we have seen Donne's sting; in justice to him let us now have a sample of his honey.

Oldways. Strange, that you never asked me before.

Walton. I am fain to write his life, now one can sit by Dove-side and hold the paper upon one's knee, without fear that some unlucky catchpole of a rheumatism tip one upon the shoulder. I have many things to say in Donne's favour: let me add to them, by your assistance, that he not only loved well and truly, as was proved in his marriage, though like a good angler he changed his fly, and did not at all seasons cast his rod over the same water; but that his heart opened early to the genial affections; that his satire was only the overflowing of his wit; that he made it administer to his duties; that he ordered it to officiate as he would his curate, and perform half the service of the church for him.

Cotton. Pray, who was the object of his affections?

Oldways. The damsel was Mistress Margaret Hayes.

Cotton. I am curious to know, if you will indulge my curiosity, what figure of a woman she might be.

Oldways. She was of lofty stature, red-haired (which some folks dislike), but with comely white eyebrows, a very slender transparent nose, and elegantly thin lips, covering with due astringency a treasure of pearls beyond price, which, as her lover would have it, she never ostentatiously displayed. Her chin was somewhat long, with what I should have simply called a sweet dimple in it, quite proportionate; but Donne said it was more than dimple; that it was peculiar; that her angelic face could not have existed without it, nor it without her angelic face; that is, unless by a new dispensation. He was much taken thereby, and mused upon it deeply; calling it in moments of joyousness the cradle of all sweet fancies, and in hours of suffering from her sedateness, the vale of death.

Walton. So ingenious are men when the spring torrent of passion shakes up and carries away their thoughts, covering (as it were) the green meadow of still homely life with pebbles and shingle, some colourless and obtuse, some sharp and sparkling.

Cotton. I hope he was happy in her at last.

Oldways. Ha! ha! here we have 'em. Strong lines! Happy, no; he was not happy. He was forced to renounce her by what he then called his evil destiny; and wishing, if not to forget her, yet to assuage his grief under the impediments to their union, he made a voyage to Spain and the Azores with the Earl of Essex. When this passion first blazed out he was in his twentieth year; for the physicians do tell us that where the genius is ardent the passions are precocious. The lady had profited by many more seasons than he had, and carried with her manifestly the fruits of circumspection. No benefice falling unto him, nor indeed there being fit preparation, she submitted to the

will of Providence. Howbeit, he could not bring his mind to reason until ten years after, when he married the daughter of the worshipful Sir George More.

Cotton. I do not know whether the arduous step of matrimony, on which many a poor fellow has broken his shin, is a step geometrically calculated for bringing us to Reason: but I have seen Passion run up it in a minute, and down it in half a one.

Oldways. Young gentleman! my patron the doctor was none of the light-hearted and oblivious.

Cotton. Truly I should think it a hard matter to forget such a beauty as his muse and his chaplain have described; at least if one had ever stood upon the brink of matrimony with her. It is allowable, I hope, to be curious concerning the termination of so singular an attachment.

Oldways. She would listen to none other.

Cotton. Surely she must have had good ears to have heard one.

Oldways. No pretender had the hardihood to come forward too obtrusively. Donne had the misfortune, as he then thought it, to outlive her, after a courtship of about five years, which enabled him to contemplate her ripening beauties at leisure, and to bend over the opening flowers of her virtues and accomplishments. Alas! they were lost to the world (unless by example) in her forty-seventh spring.

Cotton. He might then leisurely bend over them, and quite as easily shake the seed out as smell them. Did she refuse him then?

Oldways. He dared not ask her.

Cotton. Why, verily, I should have boggled at that said vale (I think) myself.

Oldways. Isaac! our young friend master Cotton is not sedate enough yet, I suspect, for a right view and perception of poetry. I doubt whether these affecting verses on her loss will move him greatly: somewhat, yes; there is in the beginning so much simplicity, in the middle so much reflection, in the close so much grandeur and sublimity, no scholar can peruse them without strong emotion. Take and read them.

Cotton. Come, come; do not keep them to yourself, dad! I have the heart of a man, and will bear the recitation as valiantly as may be.

Walton. I will read aloud the best stanza only. What strong language!

> Her one hair would hold a dragon,
> Her one eye would burn an earth:
> Fall, my tears! fill each your flagon!
> Millions fall! A dearth! a dearth!

Cotton. The Doctor must have been desperate about the fair Margaret.

Walton. His verses are fine indeed: one feels for him, poor man!

Cotton. And wishes him nearer to Stourbridge, or some other glass-furnace. He must have been at great charges.

Oldways. Lord help the youth! tell him, Izaak, *that* is poetical, and means nothing.

Izaac. He has an inkling of it, I misgive me.

Cotton. How could he write so smoothly in his affliction, when he exhibited nothing of the same knack afterward.

Izaac. I don't know; unless it may be that men's verses like their knees stiffen by age.

Oldways. I do like vastly your glib verses; but you can not be at once easy and majestical.

Walton. It is only our noble rivers that enjoy this privilege. The greatest conqueror in the world never had so many triumphal arches erected to him as our middle-sized brooks have.

Oldways. Now, master Izaak, by your leave, I do think you are wrong in calling them triumphal. The ancients would have it that arches over waters were signs of subjection.

Walton. The ancients may have what they will, excepting your good company for the evening, which (please God!) we shall keep to ourselves. They were mighty people for subjection and subjugation.

Oldways. Virgil says, "Pontem indignatus Araxes."

Walton. Araxes was testy enough under it, I dare to aver. But what have you to say about the matter, son Cotton?

Cotton. I dare not decide either against my father or mine host.

Oldways. So, we are yet no friends.

Cotton. Under favour then, I would say that we but acknowledge the power of rivers and runlets in bridging them; for without so doing we could not pass. We are obliged to offer them a crown or diadem as the price of their acquiescence.

Oldways. Rather do I think that we are feudatory to them much in the same manner as the dukes of Normandy were to the kings of France, pulling them out of their beds, or making them lie narrowly and uneasily therein.

Walton. Is that between thy fingers, Will, another piece of honest old Donne's poetry?

Oldways. Yes; these and one other are the only pieces I have kept: for we often throw away or neglect, in the lifetime of our friends, those things which in some following age are searched after through all the libraries in the world. What I am about to read he composed in the meridian heat of youth and genius.

> "She was so beautiful, had God but died
> For her, and none beside,
> Reeling with holy joy from east to west
> Earth would have sunk down blest;
> And, burning with bright zeal, the buoyant Sun
> Cried thro' his worlds *well done!*"

He must have had an eye on the Psalmist; for I would not asseverate that he was inspired, Master Walton, in the theological sense of the word; but I do verily believe I discover here a thread of the mantle.

Cotton. And with enough of the nap on it to keep him hot as a muffin when one slips the butter in.

Oldways. True. Nobody would dare to speak thus but from authority. The Greeks and Romans,

he remarked, had neat baskets, but scanty simples; and did not press them down so closely as they might have done; and were fonder of nosegays than of sweet-pots. He told me the rose of Paphos was of one species, the rose of Sharon of another. Whereat he burst forth to the purpose,

"Rather give me the lasting rose of Sharon,
But dip it in the oil that oil'd thy beard, O Aaron!"

Nevertheless, I could perceive that he was of so equal a mind that he liked them equally in their due season. These majestical verses . . .

Cotton. I am anxious to hear the last of 'em.

Oldways. No wonder: and I will joyfully gratify so laudable a wish. He wrote this among the earliest:

Juno was proud, Minerva stern,
Venus would rather toy than learn.
What fault is there in Margaret Hayes?
Her high disdain and pointed stays.

I do not know whether, it being near our dinner-time, I ought to enter so deeply as I could into a criticism on it, which the doctor himself, in a single evening, taught me how to do. Charley is rather of the youngest; but I will be circumspect. That Juno was proud may be learned from Virgil. The following passages in him and other Latin poets . . .

Cotton. We will examine them all after dinner, my dear sir.

Oldways. The nights are not mighty long; but we shall find time, I trust.

"Minerva stern."

Excuse me a moment: my Homer is in the study, and my memory is less exact than it was formerly.

Cotton. O my good Mr. Oldways! do not, in God's name! let us lose a single moment of your precious company. Doctor Donne could require no support from these heathens, when he had the dean and chapter on his side.

Oldways. A few parallel passages . . One would wish to write as other people have written.

Cotton. We must sleep at Uttoxeter.

Oldways. I hope not.

Walton. We must indeed; and if we once get into your learning, we shall be carried down the stream, without the power even of wishing to mount it.

Oldways. Well, I will draw in then.

"Venus would rather toy than learn."

Now, Master Izaak, does that evince a knowledge of the world, a knowledge of men and manners, or not? In our days we have nothing like it: exquisite wisdom! Reason and meditate as you ride along, and inform our young friend here how the beautiful trust in their beauty, and how little they learn from experience, and how they trifle and toy. Certainly the Venus here is Venus Urania; the doctor would dissertate upon none other; yet even she, being a Venus . . . the sex is the sex . . ay, Izaak!

"Her high disdain and pointed stays."

Volumes and volumes are under these words. Briefly, he could find no other faults in his beloved than the defences of her virgin chastity against his marital and portly ardour. What can be more delicately or more learnedly expressed!

Walton. This is the poetry to reason upon from morning to night.

Cotton. By my conscience is it! he wrongs it greatly who ventures to talk a word about it, unless after long reflection, or after the instruction of the profound author.

Oldways. Izaak, thou hast a son worthy of thee, or about to become so . . the son here of thy adoption . . how grave and thoughtful!

Walton. These verses are testimonials of a fine fancy in Donne; and I like the man the better who admits Love into his study late and early: for which two reasons I seized the lines at first with some avidity. On second thoughts, however, I doubt whether I shall insert them in my biography, or indeed hint at the origin of them. In the whole story of his marriage with the daughter of Sir George More there is something so sacredly romantic, so full of that which bursts from the tenderest heart and from the purest, that I would admit no other light or landscape to the portraiture. For if there is aught, precedent or subsequent, that offends our view of an admirable character, or intercepts or lessens it, we may surely cast it down and suppress it, and neither be called injudicious nor disingenuous. I think it no more requisite to note every fit of anger or of love, than to chronicle the returns of a hiccup, or the times a man rubs between his fingers a sprig of sweet-briar to extract its smell. Let the character be taken in the complex; and let the more obvious and best peculiarities be marked plainly and distinctly, or (if those predominate) the worst. These latter I leave to others, of whom the school is full, who like anatomy the better because the subject of their incisions was hanged. When I would sit upon a bank in my angling I look for the even turf, and do not trust myself so willingly to a rotten stump or a sharp one. I am not among those who, speaking ill of the virtuous, say, "Truth obliges me to confess . . the interests of Learning and of Society demand from me . . ." and such things; when this Truth of theirs is the elder sister of Malevolence, and teaches her half her tricks; and when the interests of Learning and of Society may be found in the printer's ledger, under the author's name, by the side of shillings and pennies.

Oldways. Friend Izaak, you are indeed exempt from all suspicion of malignity; and I never heard you intimate that you carry in your pocket the *letters patent* of Society for the management of her interests in this world below. Verily do I believe that both Society and Learning will pardon you, though you never talk of *pursuing*, or *exposing*, or *laying bare*, or *cutting up;* or employ any other term in their behalf drawn from the woods and forests, the chase and butchery. Donne fell into unhappiness by aiming at

espousals with a person of higher condition than himself.

Walton. His affections happened to alight upon one who was; and in most cases I would recommend it rather than the contrary, for the advantage of the children in their manners and in their professions.

Light and worthless men, I have always observed, choose the society of those who are either much above or much below them; and, like dust and loose feathers, are rarely to be found in their places. Donne was none such: he loved his equals, and would find them where he could: when he could not find them, he could sit alone. This seems an easy matter: and yet, masters, there are more people who could run along a rope from yonder spire to this grassplot, than can do it.

Oldways. Come, gentles: the girl raps at the garden-gate: I hear the ladle against the lock: dinner waits for us.

METELLUS AND MARIUS.

Metellus. Well met, Caius Marius! My orders are to find instantly a centurion who shall mount the walls; one capable of observation, acute in remark, prompt, calm, active, intrepid. The Numantians are sacrificing to the Gods in secrecy: they have sounded the horn once only; and hoarsely, and low, and mournfully.

Marius. Was that ladder I see yonder among the caper-bushes and purple lilies, under where the figtree grows out of the rampart, left for me?

Metellus. Even so, wert thou willing. Wouldst thou mount it?

Marius. Rejoicingly. If none are below or near, may I explore the state of things by entering the city?

Metellus. Use thy discretion in that.

What seest thou? Wouldst thou leap down? Lift the ladder.

Marius. Are there spikes in it where it sticks in the turf? I should slip else.

Metellus. How! bravest of our centurions, art even thou afraid? Seest thou any one by?

Marius. Ay; some hundreds close beneath me.

Metellus. Retire then. Hasten back; I will protect thy descent.

Marius. May I speak, O Metellus, without an offence to discipline?

Metellus. Say.

Marius. Listen! Dost thou not hear!

Metellus. Shame on thee! alight, alight! my shield shall cover thee.

Marius. There is a murmur like the hum of bees in the beanfield of Cereate;* for the sun is hot, and the ground is thirsty. When will it have drunk up for me the blood that has run, and is yet oozing on it, from those fresh bodies!

Metellus. How? We have not fought for many days: what bodies then are fresh ones?

Marius. Close beneath the wall are those of infants and of girls: in the middle of the road are youths, emaciated; some either unwounded or wounded months ago; some on their spears, others on their swords: no few have received in mutual death the last interchange of friendship; their daggers unite them, hilt to hilt, bosom to bosom.

* The farm of Marius, near Arpinum.

Metellus. Mark rather the living . . . what are they about?

Marius. About the sacrifice, which portends them, I conjecture, but little good, it burns sullenly and slowly. The victim will lie upon the pyre till morning, and still be unconsumed, unless they bring more fuel.

I will leap down and walk on cautiously, and return with tidings, if death should spare me.

Never was any race of mortals so unmilitary as these Numantians: no watch, no stations, no palisades across the streets.

Metellus. Did they want then all the wood for the altar!

Marius. It appears so . . I will return anon.

Metellus. The Gods speed thee, my brave honest Marius!

Marius (*returned*). The ladder should have been better spiked for that slippery ground. I am down again safe however. Here a man may walk securely, and without picking his steps.

Metellus. Tell me, Caius, what thou sawest.

Marius. The streets of Numantia.

Metellus. Doubtless; but what else?

Marius. The temples and markets and places of exercise and fountains.

Metellus. Art thou crazed, centurion! what more? speak plainly, at once, and briefly.

Marius. I beheld then all Numantia.

Metellus. Has terror maddened thee? hast thou descried nothing of the inhabitants but those carcases under the ramparts?

Marius. Those, O Metellus, lie scattered, although not indeed far asunder. The greater part of the soldiers and citizens, of the fathers, husbands, widows, wives, espoused, were assembled together.

Metellus. About the altar?

Marius. Upon it.

Metellus. So busy and earnest in devotion! but how all upon it!

Marius. It blazed under them and over them and round about them.

Metellus. Immortal Gods! Art thou sane, Caius Marius! Thy visage is scorched: thy speech may wander after such an enterprise: thy shield burns my hand.

Marius. I thought it had cooled again. Why, truly, it seems hot: I now feel it.

Metellus. Wipe off those embers.

Marius. 'Twere better: there will be none opposite to shake them upon, for some time.

The funereal horn, that sounded with such feebleness, sounded not so from the faint heart of him who blew it. Him I saw; him only of the living. Should I say it? there was another: there was one child whom its parent could not kill, could not part from. She had hidden it in her robe, I suspect; and, when the fire had reached it, either it shrieked or she did. For suddenly a cry pierced through the crackling pinewood, and something of round in figure fell from brand to brand, until it reached the pavement, at the feet of him who had blown the horn. I rushed toward him; for I wanted to hear the whole story, and felt the pressure of time. Condemn not my weakness, O Cæcilius! I wished an enemy to live an hour longer; for my orders were to explore and bring intelligence. When I gazed on him, in highth almost gigantic, I wondered not that the blast of his trumpet was so weak: rather did I wonder that Famine, whose hand had indented every limb and feature, had left him any voice articulate. I rushed toward him however, ere my eyes had measured either his form or strength. He held the child against me, and staggered under it.

"Behold," he exclaimed, "the glorious ornament of a Roman triumph!"

I stood horror-stricken; when suddenly drops, as of rain, pattered down from the pyre. I looked; and many were the precious stones, many were the amulets and rings and bracelets, and other barbaric ornaments, unknown to me in form or purpose, that tinkled on the hardened and black branches, from mothers and wives and betrothed maids; and some too, I can imagine, from robuster arms, things of joyance, won in battle. The crowd of incumbent bodies was so dense and heavy, that neither the fire nor the smoke could penetrate upward from among them; and they sank, whole and at once, into the smouldering cavern eaten out below. He at whose neck hung the trumpet, felt this, and started.

"There is yet room," he cried, "and there is strength enough yet, both in the element and in me."

He extended his withered arms, he thrust forward the gaunt links of his throat, and upon knarled knees, that smote each other audibly, tottered into the civic fire. It, like some hungry and strangest beast on the innermost wild of Africa, pierced, broken, prostrate, motionless, gazed at by its hunter in the impatience of glory, in the delight of awe, panted once more, and seized him.

I have seen within this hour, O Metellus! what Rome in the cycle of her triumphs will never see, what the Sun in his eternal course can never show her, what the Earth has borne but now and must never rear again for her, what Victory herself has envied her . . a Numantian.

Metellus. We shall feast to-morrow. Hope, Caius Marius, to become a tribune: trust in Fortune.

Marius. Auguries are surer: surest of all is perseverance.

Metellus. I hope the wine has not grown vapid in my tent: I have kept it waiting, and must now report to Scipio the intelligence of our discovery. Come after me, Caius.

Marius (*alone.*) The tribune is the discoverer! the centurion is the scout! Caius Marius must enter more Numantias. Light-hearted Cæcilius, thou mayest perhaps hereafter, and not with humbled but with exulting pride, take orders from this hand. If Scipio's words are fate, and to me they sound so, the portals of the Capitol may shake before my chariot, as my horses plunge back at the applauses of the people, and Jove in his high domicile may welcome the citizen of Arpinum.

Marius was young at the siege of Numantia, and, entering the army with no advantage of connexions, would have risen slowly; but Scipio had marked his regularity and good morals, and desirous of showing the value he placed on discipline, when he was asked who, in case of accident to him, should succeed in the chief command, replied, *Perhaps this man*, touching the shoulder of Marius.

Caius Cæcilius Metellus was the youngest of four brothers: he served as tribune before Numantia, where Scipio said of him, *Si quintum parcret mater ejus, asinum fuisse parlturam.* He was the kinsman of that Metellus by whose jealousy Marius was persecuted in the Numidian war.

END OF VOL. I.

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ERRATA.

VOL. I. PAGE 52. "Sanchia and," *dele* "and."
79. "Never to be," *dele* "to."
194. "Particles," *read* "participles."
197. "Uvoi," *read* "vuoi."
237. "Annulled our," *read* "your."
347. "Pimbino," *read* "Piombino."
368. "Mount," *read* "mound."
442. (Note). "Pensioner," *read* "perjurer."
544. "Given to them," *read* "him."
551. "Difference," *read* "indifference."
554. *Dele* passage on "Cruelty."

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